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THE HOLY LAND.

To look out upon a corner of grey wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and scolding camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd, in every kind of picturesque and strange dress; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street, still thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push your way, a little tired by your journey, a little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little or more than a little awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts of it and anticipations you have attained—and then to step out suddenly, without warning, and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller. If it were not a hotel, but some hospice or religious house such as are still to be found, the effect would be a perfect one. And it is to be said for the Mediterranée (which by this time is a hotel no longer), that it is as little like an inn, in the modern sense of the word, as can be conceived. From the house-top we look down upon the pool of Hezekiah, lying a square mirror at our feet, surrounded by houses, and their reflections in its still surface—while beyond stands full before us, upon its platform, an octagon building with its dome, sharply relieved against a low green hill which forms the background of the whole picture—while other domes, and the tall, straight, slim minarets, and glimpses of façades

and doorways, fill up the many varying lines of the town before us. And is that indeed the Mount of Olives? We look at it with the water rising to our eyes in a sudden rush. Nothing else can it be. The other points have to be told us,—*that* we identify with the strange indescribable thrill of recognition which indicates a sacred spot that we have known all our lives almost before we knew ourselves. There it lies with its scattered trees, its soft greenness, spoiled, they say (and no doubt with truth), by the buildings, and especially by the foolish tall tower rising on the top. But of that we cannot think in the first thrill of emotion. All these walls and storied places may have come into being since that Day. But there it is sure He must have walked, there mused and prayed and rested, under the sunshine, and when the stars came out over Jerusalem. I cannot think of any sensation more strangely touching, solemn, and real. The sight of the Mount of Olives is like the sudden sight of a never-doubted, always recognisable friend. We had never thought we should have lived to see it, yet there it stands, as we knew it would, as we have always known, held green and unchangeable in the safe keeping of nature, more secure than all that man's hands and skill can do. The stones can be cast down so that no one shall be found on another. But nothing can overthrow the gentle slopes, the little sacred hill.

The Holy Sepulchre is also in sight from this wonderful point of vision, and many other places of interest, yet none that touches the heart of the spectator with this sudden sense of recognition, of satisfaction, and tender awe. Among the buildings on the other side stands, rooted high among the mason-work, a solitary palm-tree which has no story or associations; yet it comes into the landscape with a curious individuality, as of a half-alien spectator gazing across the house-tops, with their endless little domes and level lines of grey-white. There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in all the after-views of Jerusalem than this first glimpse. The octagon building is the famous Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre of the platform, walled and strong, which once was filled by Solomon's Temple—the centre of religious life, the constant haunt of those pilgrims of the old world who came from all quarters of the land to keep the feast at Jerusalem. It brings a chill to the heart of the pilgrim of to-day to find that shadow of another worship and faith occupying such a place in the very heart of this wonderful scene.

And it is something of a downfall to go down afterwards into the very common, not to say vulgar, life of a hotel which has a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ordinary people round it, and where soon we are obliged to withdraw our thoughts to very commonplace matters—such as getting comfortable places and securing the eye of a hurried and anxious waiter, who has too much to do already. A convent, where we could feel ourselves guests, and where it would not be at all permissible to grumble loud or swear even *sotto voce* at the ministering monks, would be more fit. And as for our fellow-travellers, there are a great many of whom we ask ourselves in consternation, What can they possibly want here? We suppose, naturally, that some motive stronger than those which carry the crowd to Switzerland, or even to Italy, must move the minds of men

who undertake the fatigues and expense and perils of sea and land involved in a journey to Palestine. But there is little trace of this in the everyday faces that surround the long table. Indeed the curious effect which reduces everything to commonplace, and makes the most unknown and strange life at once simple and natural as soon as we fall into the way of it, is in the strongest action here. There is nothing one does not become used to after a little, often a very little, time; and before we have been twenty-four hours in Jerusalem, the crowded street called of David, along which we gazed at the uninterrupted, ever-flowing stream of human life, at first with something like a reverential feeling mingled with our curiosity, has already become to us David Street, as if it had formed part of any country town we know.

It was the Holy Week when we arrived in Jerusalem, and the throngs which filled it were numerous. The population is said to be more than doubled at this period. There were Jews come to keep the feast, so sadly maimed in its ancient ceremonial, of the Passover. There were Christians of every kind and class, drawn by the associations of the season, and a desire to be at that time in the place which witnessed the passion and resurrection of our Lord. Lastly, there was a great gathering of Mohammedans, collected for the yearly pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses, which some people say was invented in order to gather together enough of the dominant creed to hold in check the immense influx of Christians. To speak my poor mind, as a person non-political and of no account, I feel bound with all my heart to protest against the presence there, in the midst of scenes so sacred to Christendom, of the unspeakable Turk. There do not seem to be two opinions about the intolerableness of the Government, the repression of all advance, the stolid, unintelligent tyranny and endless exactions of the ruling Power It is generally said, and perhaps — I cannot tell — with some truth, that the Turkish soldier is needed to prevent the Greek and Latin Christians from flying at each other's throats. This is just the sort of thing which the cynical bystander loves to say; and which having been fact perhaps at one time, lingers on for centuries on the strength of that fact, belying after-generations. I could certainly see no sign of this strife, and it ought to be well corroborated and proved before an idea so intolerable to modern ways of thinking should be believed.

Even in such a case, however, some other expedient might be found to remove this reproach, something different from the existing state of affairs, which makes us, a Christian people, uphold and sustain the Mohammedan, that he may occupy and desecrate the ancient temples of our own faith and treat with contumely our fellow-Christians. One can scarcely wonder at the fervour of the Crusader. I should be a Crusader too, if I could, or if it would be of any practical utility. I have no desire to compromise my editor, or express anything in this magazine which goes against the tenets of Maga's political creed. I speak merely as a non-political person concerned for none of these things, yet certain of my own conviction that it is a shame and horror to leave the Holy Land in the custody of the unbeliever. The Turk may be a very fine gentleman, as people say: he may be becoming

an example of morality, the husband of one wife, &c.; but he has no right to be bolstered up by Christendom, at all events in the Holy Land. He ought to be made to withdraw from the sacred places which nations—with which at least he cannot hold up his head as on the side of good government and civilisation—concur in considering holy. Let him be maintained, if it is necessary, in Constantinople, but let him begone from Jerusalem. This is the universal voice of those who go on pilgrimages. His presence is at once a threat and an insult in the city of David, the stronghold of Zion, the place of Christ's sacrifice and burial. Were he perfectly independent and powerful, we might be compelled to submit to it; but to prop up a feeble rule in order to secure its obnoxious presence in a place dear and sacred, is a contradiction and anomaly indeed.

To say to whom Jerusalem should be confided, if indeed Christendom, moved by this protest, should at once take steps to remove the scandal, is a more difficult matter. If the time ever comes when the Jews will be able to solve that question, and by reason of their wealth or any other influence ("I am an Israelite. I am of the religion of Rothschild," said a merchant in one of the great bazaars, with perfect discrimination of the Hebrew's present distinction) acquire Jerusalem, it has not yet arrived. The Jews are the people of least account in the Holy City. They are the humble and oppressed. To see them wandering about in families in their Passover holiday, inoffensive, clean, domestic, is an altogether new light upon this singular race. The Jews in Jerusalem are a fair-skinned, red-haired people. They have no noses to speak of; their dress, that of the men at least, is the most unbecoming that can be conceived. They wear a kind of flat cap of the pork-pie order, encircled with fur, from under which falls on either side of their face a long curl such as ladies wore in England during the forties. They wear a close dress of a light tint, often (in holiday times at least) of silk or satin, with the long coat or gaberdine over it to their heels. There is an air of faded finery about these best dresses which contrasts badly with the stronger colours and manlier amplitude of the Moslem, or the Bedouin's bold, striped and solid garb. On the Friday of the Passover, at the Place of Wailing, they were present in a crowd, all of men and boys, performing their lamentations in a manner which was not impressive. I remember one man in white satin, which seemed to be of the cheap kind that ladies call *merveilleux*, while others wore feeble greens and blues of a similar fabric; and an old gentleman, fat and portly, swept past us to take his place among the worshippers in a gaberdine made of violet velvet. But these robes have nothing impressive in them,—indeed, no garment could do away with the effect of the flat fur cap, and the long corkscrew curl on either side of the faint fair-complexioned face. These Jews evidently could not take upon themselves the governance, the regulations, the police of a large town. They may indeed be of the religion of Rothschild, but it is as pensioners and dependants. They have the stamp of social inferiority and weakness upon them. They have been used all their lives to hear themselves addressed as dogs of Jews. No one speaks well of them, or trusts, or likes them. I

rebel always against such a general ill report; prejudice must have something to do with it. They are clean (at least in the Passover week) and have an amiable gentle look, and go about with their wives (humble creatures of no account, with shawls over their head and very few satin gowns) and their children streaming after them, the boys all in side curls and little fur caps. But there is no faculty of government in this subdued people. It is not to them that any one need look.

I say boldly, theoretically, in the freedom of a person wholly irresponsible, yet conscious that his editor is no doubt of a diametrically opposite opinion, that Jerusalem would be most safe either in French or British hands. We who carry tolerance to a fault, or they to whom it is the rule of a sharp and distinctly defined possibility—only invaded at home by their panic at clericalism—would make it safe and keep it so. Our curious partiality for the Greek Church, founded on I know not what, might make the balance lean a little to one side, as their national allegiance to the Latin might incline it to the other. But there certainly would be no struggle over the Holy Fire possible if either Frenchmen or Englishmen had the control, and the decorum of a Government which was at least nominally Christian, would be something gained. I should not mind whether the sentinel on duty at the Tower of David was a Zouave or a man of the 100th Foot, so long as he was not a slovenly and alien Turk. Or perhaps the great American nation, the youngest born of Christian Powers, might be intrusted with the care of this neutralised and separated State, as small as she is big, as ancient and full of memories as she is destitute of them,—a trust which no doubt would be received with enthusiasm and conscientiously carried out; in which case the present accomplished and experienced American Consul would doubtless take an important part in the newly constituted State.

These be but dreams however, and the great civilised and civilising Powers have as little to do with the city which bore the name of the City of the living God, while we and our ancestors were in the depths of primeval darkness, as the sword and coat of mail of Godfrey of Bouillon, which was shown to us by the Franciscan brothers, laid up in their chapel. There they lie, with nobody to bear them these many hundred years—a sign of possession taken, never abandoned in face of overthrow and destruction. And the hall of the Knights, with its massive arches, is still to be seen in the very heart of the Moslem sacred places, and the cross is wrought into the ornamentation of their most beautiful temples. Let us hope that these are tokens of a better dominion yet to come.

On Good Friday the little community in the hotel were officially informed of the sights that were to be seen, and the arrangements made accordingly for their benefit by the enlightened manager. The chief of these sights was the procession of the Mohammedans on their somewhat artificial pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses—the place, as says another commentator, where it is very unlikely that Moses was buried — a distinctly rival attraction, got up for the purpose. Strange to say, on such an anniversary, in such a place, many of the visitors accepted this as the event of the day, and went to see it with much

admiration of its pictorial effect, but a most curious misconception, one would think, of their own reason for being there. It is easy to understand how the persons who did this should find themselves disappointed in Jerusalem. It seemed more in accordance with the spirit of a pilgrim to concentrate the thoughts upon a very different procession which took place in those steep streets nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and which we may follow in reverence, with a sense that the external surroundings—though perhaps there is scarcely any actual stone of all the stony way still standing as it did then—are very much like what they were when the long line came out from Pilate's house, streaming forth under the arch where a little while before the central figure of that procession was set forth in His thorny circlet, that all men might see the Man who was thus crowned King of the Jews. It is a steep and rugged road as ever martyr followed, a long climb upward over the rough pavement, with here and there the excessive sunshine blazing down, alternated with deep bars of shadow from archways and beetling walls, like the sides of a ravine. Setting out upon that toilsome way, the pilgrim's first thought is that the crowds that fill it are sadly out of place, and that he would fain follow the footsteps of the Lord in quiet and solitude; but a second thought will show him that just such a crowd in their holiday clothes, and with every eye strained to see whatever new thing was occurring, must have poured out of every cross-street, and lingered at every corner, and thrust itself in the way of the stern procession: the escort of Roman soldiers, unmoved and indifferent, sharply pressing the march; the bowed form tottering under the heavy cross; the troubled spectators straggling after. As we toil along the steep and stony street we can realise, if not the thoughts of that Divine Sufferer, at least of those who followed after, toiling to keep up with the march, seeing with despair the dreadful gate, the outline of the fated mound appearing beyond, and every step bringing nearer the downfall of all their hopes. Did despair overwhelm them as they struggled on, their eyes bent upon Him in the midst, who they had hoped was to restore the kingdom to Israel? Did their hearts with a pang resign that hope, yet still hold despairing to the love they bore Him, to the faith which had become part of their being? Was there some awful tremulous expectation that still at the last moment the ten legions of angels might appear and vindicate to all the world their Master and their trust in Him? One can almost feel the throb of anguish, the desperate sense that something must come to arrest this terrible fate, the growing unwilling conviction that nothing will arrest it, that He Himself expects nothing, means nothing, but to endure and to die, while all around the staring crowd surges, putting themselves between Him and those who love Him, filling up the cumbered way.

To us who have not been trained to those aids to memory and devotion, the stations, so called,—the fallen column by the side of the street on which it is the tradition that the Divine Sufferer stumbled, the wall on which His shoulder made a dint, the lowly doorway by which Veronica stood to wipe his forehead with her handkerchief,—are, even could we accept them as real, rather interruptions than helps. And yet I cannot but follow with tender respect the movements

of a man, in European dress, with uncovered head, who goes from point to point kneeling in the dust, absorbed, kissing the place where to him those footsteps are more apparent for being thus marked and regulated. In my heart I should like to kneel there too, to kiss the stone, if even perhaps by any possibility it could have been touched by those sacred feet; but shyness and shame of undue exposure of one's most sacred feelings, and the uneasy sense of something forced, almost feigned, in any such profession of belief, withholds the English pilgrim from such demonstrations. It is enough to follow, thinking of it all, feeling the presence of just such a crowd, and the gaze and the wondering, the despair and passion of disappointment, the misery of failure, the flutter perhaps of sickening and dying hope, among those broken-hearted stragglers, toiling after Him, unable to pause, yet with scarcely courage enough to follow on to see the end of it all. For we remember that the disciples, in gloomy desperation, and the women in their anguish, knew no better, and that no one of them anticipated what to us is the certain sequel of the great story, as we have heard it from our cradles — a fact which made that *via dolorosa*, that path of sorrows, so much more terrible, as in reality the end of everything, the holiest life, the highest hope.

I cannot feel, as some people do, disconcerted or disgusted by the fables of pious tradition which have gathered about that steep laborious street. Perhaps, indeed like enough, it is not the road, or at least it is not all the road, by which that procession passed. I would rather believe that it was; and I do not wonder that adoring and simple-minded believers, touched to the heart by the sensation of finding themselves on the very spot of that central event of the world's history, should have half invented and wholly felt the different traditionary episodes of the procession. But when we reach the supposed conclusion of the dolorous way in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, my sense of reality fails. The great Church, with its crowding shrines and blazing lights, comes upon the pilgrim, in the deep emotion and impression of an actual and realisable scene, like a sudden blank, a heavy curtain falling between him and everything that is sacred and solemn. What he wants is to feel himself upon that mount open to all bystanders—to come to something that will recall the awful climax, as the street of woe has recalled the procession towards it. What he finds is a succession of narrow and darkling shrines, each covered by its little chapel, and stifling with an eager crowd; each with a blaze and dazzle of lamps that show nothing but their own wavering and smoky multiplicity. It is impossible to feel anything but the strain of an attempt at feeling when one stands over the dark orifice in the pavement where the cross has been supposed to have been erected, or enters a little lower down into the suffocating chapel where a square altar-tomb represents the Holy Sepulchre. There are some genuine ancient tombs at another corner, hidden away in the darkness, which you are allowed to see underground by the light of a taper, and which, if this were proved to be the real site of the great tragedy, might afford a more lifelike impression. But the crowding together of all these points of interest, the supposition that Joseph's new grave was within a few paces of the place of cruci-

fixion, is an idea which startles and disturbs the mind. There is nothing in the sacred narrative which gives it any warrant. The place was "nigh," we are told, but surely not within so limited a space that the steps of the crowd must have trodden all about it as they stood and gazed at the execution.

All these things confuse the pilgrim, and take away verisimilitude from the scene. All that I could do, I am obliged to say, was to fall back sympathetically upon the genuine devotion of the Russian pilgrims, who thronged the great building everywhere: peasants in fur cap, and caftan, and heavy boots, just as they had trudged from the steppe and the wilds; homely little women, with shawls or kerchiefs covering their heads. Their intent faces, full of worship and awe, their undoubting untroubled devotion, the rapture in some, the overwhelming emotion in others, the passion of entreaty in which some of them were pouring out their hearts, were half as impressive to behold as if the pilgrim of another sort had been as sure as they were of everything he saw. One follows these poor peasants with wondering admiration and sympathy; there are perhaps some lookers-on who pity their all-belief, but there are many others who will find in the faces of these simple brethren the best inspiration and comfort that this great shrine can give them. When I penetrated into the strait chapel of the holy tomb, on an occasion when the crowd was less than usual, there was one woman with a basket full of books, pictures, crosses, and other little sacred things, meant, one could not doubt, to fill a far-distant village with holy memorials, at once tokens of human love and symbols of the deepest mysteries, which she was placing to hallow them upon the stone of the sepulchre; while another on her knees was praying, unconscious of all about her, in an agony of supplication, with moving hands and rocking form. One could not understand the half-audible flood of broken words; but the eloquence of the hands, now held out in entreaty as if to a visible listener, now pressed upon the beating breast, now clasped in beseeching earnestness, could not be mistaken. What was her prayer? for the pardon of her own sins, or for some one dearer than herself, whose soul or whose life hung in the balance? He alone knew to whom, in fond human confidence of being nearer to Him in that spot where He had lain in death, she was pouring out her heart. That God might grant to her the answer and the consolation, the granting of her petition, was the echo that rose from the soul of the lookers-on! We steal away in the gloom with only this, and no more individual sentiment in our heart. She has gone home by this time, retracing the weary steps of her pilgrimage to the far-distant banks of the Volga or the Neva, over leagues and leagues of unknown roads, footsore and exhausted with the long, long terrible journey. Perhaps some time or other, in the ages to come, we shall hear whether she got the thing for which she prayed.

Never was a more wonderful mingling of strange elements than in this great temple of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greeks have one portion of it, the Latins or Roman Catholics another, the Armenians a third, and there is also a division, I think, for the Copts. In the holiest sanctuaries of all, where, as all believe, the Lord was crucified and buried, there have been struggles, sometimes ending in bloodshed, between the conflict-

ing Churches. People say that still, but for the Turkish soldiers about, such struggles would take place again. Needless to say, yet it is necessary to say it, since the vulgar mind loves to perpetuate such a report, that neither of the Churches or their authorities are responsible for these blazings-up of popular rivalry. It is the ignorant multitude that do the harm, which all the efforts of their leaders are ineffectual to restrain or undo. The special moment of danger when such unseemly strife has happened has been the moment of the supposed miracle of the holy fire, which takes place on the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter, according to the Greek calendar. On this day, in the afternoon, the Greek Patriarch comes down with a solemn procession to the Holy Sepulchre, and entering into the little chapel with his attendant bishop alone, after a short interval of hushed expectation, puts forth, through a round aperture in the wall of the sepulchre, the miraculous fire which is supposed to spring from the tomb. Nothing could be more extraordinary than the aspect of the great area below, upon which we look down from the lofty gallery that surrounds the dome. It is crowded with men, many of them in white tunic and drawers, their upper dress put aside, and everything that would impede them in running. They push and crowd and jostle, not to say fight, with arms and legs and lithe bodies that twist as if there were no bones in them, darning themselves out and in of the many-coloured, seething crowd, which is never still for a moment, to get to the spot nearest the opening. No gymnastic exercise that ever I saw exemplified the amazing variety and also grace of human movement like the evolutions of that mass, and of the white figures that twist and struggle through it. You will think, perhaps, that they are the hostile sect, and that this is the fight of warring religions of which you have heard so much. Not so. It is the struggle simply who shall first get the light: the white figures being runners intent on carrying it to all the villages about, envoys of the population which is not here. They link their arms together, and form a swaying, winding, snake-like line around the opening. Sometimes a rush will be made, and the line will be broken: sometimes an intruder will push in; upon which all who are within reach pluck at him, tearing him, one would think, in pieces, whirling him here and there, tossing him out as on the waves of an angry sea, with immense demonstration, but so little apparent harm that he is back again in a moment to another point to make another trial. After one has got over one's alarm at those wildly-plucking arms which turn one man after another about and about, and fling him here and there, the sight is beautiful as well as wonderful. They are all athletes after the supple Eastern fashion, with bodies that sway and twist and whirl like smoke or foam; and the crowd opens up and closes in, breaks, re-forms, goes through a thousand evolutions as lightly as any trained band, and with far more graceful spontaneous changes, — every man in the midst of his struggle for a place, clinging to the taper or bundle of tapers with which he is armed, and which it is his object to light, preserve, and carry off in triumph to his village or his kindred.

"This," says the Archimandrite, who has given us our places, who has been in England and America,

and speaks English well, and loves to do so, to the great comfort of the British pilgrim—"this is a legacy left to us by the Crusaders. We would give it up if we dared; for to keep up this fiction—which we never pretend to be anything but a fiction—is a heavy burden upon our consciences. But what can we do? The people believe in it. They have more faith in this visible sign, as they think it, that God is with us, than in all our teachings. The disappointment to them, the disillusion, the breaking up of their dearest convictions, is more than we can venture to face. We dare not run the risk of thus disturbing the faith of the ignorant. The Latins have done it, but we cannot make up our minds to take the risk." Thus the Church hesitates, and is ashamed, yet has not the courage of her convictions: and the imposture—if that is not too hard a word—goes on.

And certainly nothing could be less like the mystery that surrounds an imposture than the manner in which the so-called miracle is performed. After the first glimmer of fire had been handed out on this occasion, there was a long pause—the original inside having plainly gone out, and a new kindling being necessary. What the struggling crowd thought on the matter is not to be divined, but no precautions were taken to conceal the accident or cover it with any mysterious pretence; and the regretful reluctance with which the pseudo-miracle is kept up is as unconcealed as the eagerness of the crowd, in which, by the way, there is no semblance of devotion or awe. The hum and murmur of voices fill the great temple, rising up in a babel of confused sounds to the dome. Innumerable little individual struggles are taking place at every moment: sometimes a sort of chant is raised, the same indistinguishable words rising over and over again,—an attempt, apparently, to give some occupation to the crowd; but it sinks again, and the struggle goes on—who shall get nearest to the opening—who shall best reserve the means of winding or darting through the crowd to get first away. When the immediate excitement is over of this wild emulation, and the light is communicated all over the crowd, the effect is still more wonderful. Most of the men have sheafs of tapers tied together—a sort of fagot of wax and wick; and even from our lofty gallery the priest who keeps the door lets down on the end of a cord a dangling bundle, which he draws up again as soon as it is lighted, and in a moment the light has flown from hand to hand along the round. The flame blazes up below as if the area was on fire; it flies round the circle of the galleries, and reddens the great dome, an affair of a minute, —hot, smoky, stifling. The gallery is thronged with women in their abundant draperies and light veils, almost every one with a sheaf of tapers, which blaze wildly for a second, and then are deftly put out with a portion of that dangerous waving drapery which seems as if it must catch fire every moment; and then sepulchre and dome and crowd are all lost in the smoke which fills the place, black and noisome with the smell of thousands of tapers extinguished. It seems enough that they should have been lighted. They are carried away to be kept for sacred moments, for hours of death or to accompany the last sacraments. When we all streamed out half stifled into the dazzling sunshine, I saw a pretty greeting. Two young mothers met at the

head of the stairs which led down from the dome to the house-tops of the great Greek convent. One, I think, was a woman of Bethlehem, in their beautiful dress, with an infant in her arms. They paused, and gave each other a long silent pressure of the hand; then kissed, as if congratulating each other on some great event. The Lord is risen! This was written on the fair faces, smiling and happy, yet touched with a certain awe. The pretty group, in a soft halo of white veils, which subdued the blaze of the sunshine, each with her child in her arms, uplifted high in the pure air against the intense blue of the sky, made such a picture as one would not willingly forget.

It would be vain, even had I the necessary knowledge, to attempt here to discuss the question as to the authenticity of the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—which depends much on whether it can be proved to have been without the Second Wall. But it may be mentioned that one of the best of the recent Palestine explorers, Major Conder, has pointed out how harmonious with all the indications of the Gospel story is another situation, a mound outside the Damascus gate, which is known to have been the usual place of execution, and which still retains the curious conformation which suggests at once the ancient name, "the place of a skull." This lonely and solemn mound, suddenly revealed as it were to the pilgrim, commanding the great sweep of the ancient road to Damascus, and straight in the way of "all ye who pass by," is exceedingly impressive, and seems to carry with it an instant conviction—as well as a wish that it might prove the real Mount of Calvary. And when we say that under the hill there lies, in the quiet wildness of nature, an ancient garden, waste but green, and in it, blocked up with soil and stones, the place of an ancient tomb, the spectator's heart swells with the surprise as of a discovery. The silence and space fulfil all the conditions which one desires to find in a place of such solemn associations.

The other principal centre in Jerusalem is the great enclosure within which, everybody is agreed, the Temple must have stood, and which is now dominated by what is called the Mosque of Omar. As this is generally spoken of, the stranger would suppose it to be one great and somewhat mysterious building occupying the whole. But this is far from being the case. Something of the original construction of the city may be traced even by the ignorant from this point. Jerusalem, like Rome and various other famous cities, is built upon a number of little hills divided by deep valleys. Thus the Mount of Zion on which the original city must have stood, and on which Solomon's great palace was built, must have been the first of a group of three distinct eminences, with the lower mount called Moriah lying to the east of it, and beyond that the green slopes of the Mount of Olives. Solomon's city was built upon the north-eastern slopes of this first hill; while immediately before it, over the deep lines of the valley, rose the second mount separated by the ravines lying round it from Zion on one side and Olivet on the other. It is easy to imagine that the keen eye of the monarch-philosopher and poet saw at once the wonderful advantages of the site thus detached and isolated, and how he smoothed its uneven top into a broad and splendid platform, connected with the hill

upon which his palace stood by a bridge thrown over the narrow valley upon huge and splendid arches, the remains of which have been discovered by recent explorations: but, except for this one royal approach, standing out detached and separated, strongly walled and defended—a holy city beside the secular town.

Upon this platform, it would seem, there must have been left one detached summit of rock, preserved when the rest was levelled. For what reason this rock was preserved — whether as the traditional mount on which Abraham had offered his sacrifice, whether because it was particularly adapted by nature to form the altar of burnt-offerings, or whether for any other reason—there is no record. It is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures, either Old or New. But when the holy mount, lying thick with the carved stones and cyclopean blocks of the destroyed Temple, came after a long interval to be cleared and put to use again, this rocky point must have remained in silent strength of nature. And it has now, strangely enough, with that curious aim at a new effect in the midst of the old which seems a feature of the Mohammedan economy, become the central point of the whole. The nameless rock fills almost the entire area of the Mosque of Omar, which indeed has the appearance, with all its lovely ornamentation, of being the shrine and canopy of this dumb yet not unimpressive thing. It has a whole cluster of Mohammedan legends connected with it,—as the spot from which the Prophet, with the same imitation and exaggeration of the older Christian story, bettering the simple Ascension by performing it upon a miraculous mule, is supposed to have ascended to heaven. Is this silent immemorial stone the scene of Abraham's sacrifice? Was it here that young Isaac came wondering, looking round him for the victim, not knowing that it was himself, yet mild in the gentleness of his character, acquiescent, yielding meekly to the bonds with which his father in silent anguish prepared him to be offered? The sacred writers, unlike their successors, take little care for the identification of such a locality. Yet there is every reason to believe that this may be the very spot; and it may also probably have been the altar of burnt-offerings upon which the sacrifices were made through all the ages after Solomon. It is curious and significant that the creed which has no altar, no commemorative rite, and nothing that can be called a public and common worship, should thus build its most sacred shrines over voiceless stones.

Round the Dome of the Rock —as it is properly called — the wide table-land of this wonderful enclosed platform spreads. There are various small buildings, all exquisite in workmanship, scattered about the area—the lightest graceful archways, the most beautiful fountains and shrines, with a broad sweep of greensward and trees at one end, which is supposed to have been the court of the Gentiles; and at the other, the most considerable of all, the Mosque called El Aksa, once a Christian church, and still bearing the cross in the evolutions of its carved work and mosaics. This is by many supposed to have been the actual site of the Temple. I sat down outside the doors of this beautiful place, while other sight-seers went on to investigate other wonders. It was a morning of brilliant sunshine, the most serene and splendid summer day that July ever pro-

duced in England, but softer in its April freshness, and with a sky perhaps more radiantly blue than ever is seen in northern latitudes. Through a little avenue of very old cypress-trees appeared the gleaming whiteness of the scattered buildings, the wonderful blue lustre of the Damascus tiles upon the Dome of the Rock, the softness of the broad greensward beyond. On the left hand lay the terraced houses of Jerusalem, rising line upon line beyond the walls of this sacred area; on the right, with the valley of Jehoshaphat deep and narrow between, the slopes of Olivet. Sitting there all silent, not a sound to be heard, it came upon the mind with the thrill of a sensible reality that here our Lord must have been familiar, constantly coming and going; that He must have looked upon this self-same scene, probably from this very spot, pondering the great tragedy before Him, and the wilful race which would not understand nor know what they were doing. Not a stone stands upon another of the Temple which He was supposed to have blasphemed,—everything is changed except nature; but nature, steadfast and faithful, keeps her trust. It is as certain as His being that He must have looked upon the same green hill, upon the same city of habitation, and walked where we now walk, and saw what we see. Here there is no stone to kiss, no individual act of which to call up the memory, but only the certainty that here He must have been,—enough to bring the water in a flood to the pilgrim's eyes, and the blood to his heart.

There is another association here which also seemed to me exceedingly affecting. On the very lowest slope of the Mount of Olives, deep down and unseen beyond the enclosing wall of the Temple area, lies the garden which is so associated with the sacred story,—Gethsemane, the scene of the agony. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the road which traverses the narrow valley, is what is now called the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It would be the natural and nearest way by which to reach that sacred retirement. By this gate no doubt the betrayer and his stealthy band would follow the steps of the Lord to His favourite haunt, stealing down under the twilight skies to where the shade of the pale olives sheltered His prayers and mysterious anguish, and the troubled dozing of the disciples "sleeping for sorrow," confused by the strange uncomprehended tide of events, which was drawing their feet towards something they knew not what. And by this path again, no doubt, they led their prisoner back, avoiding the peopled ways, hurrying Him into the stronghold of His enemies. It is said that there exists a Moslem tradition that by this gate the Messiah is to ride into the holy place, taking back His kingdom; and consequently the precaution has been taken—a curiously ineffectual one, considering the greatness of the event—of building up the gate! There is something even in this superstition which is grateful to the imaginative mind. And the singularly touching juxtaposition of the Temple gate and the garden is still more memorable. Gethsemane itself, a site about which there is no manner of doubt, is now a garden of flowers, protected by trim palings—a modern garden, orderly and well cared for, which gives a certain shock to the mind, but rather for the first moment than permanently. For

there is something in the little group of grey, gnarled, and aged olive-trees, the old immemorial inhabitants, which calms the first disappointment. I do not know what age it is possible for an olive to attain, or whether there is the faintest chance that these tottering giants may have been saplings under the stars of that wonderful evening, but it is scarcely possible to doubt that they are of the very stock of the trees that sheltered the divine visitor. Could this place but be kept in the greenness of nature, as the grass and the abundant wild flowers lie under so many an olive-garden, there would be no spot in the world more sacred, in which the pilgrim could feel more certainly that he stood in the very steps of

> "Those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter cross."

It is to be believed that there is some widespreading natural impulse in the simple mind to adorn and ornament every place which it holds holy, and that it requires a certain growth and culture of feeling, as well as of mind, before we can understand the far greater advantage of letting alone. But we silence ourselves with the thought that it was a garden then, as now, and that for all we know it might have been a flower-garden, carefully trimmed and kept by its humble owner, and that the scent of the flowers, and the orderly tranquil growth, were soothing to Him who came thither from the noise and contentions of the city, perhaps with His seamless cloak wrapped round Him, to lie down upon the soft green mound, encircling the rugged trunks, and see the lights die out of the windows of Zion, and the stars light up through the dark branches with all the radiance of the East.

Something of the same feeling arose in the mind on the road to Bethany, where suddenly, as we made our way up the hill, our guide turned round and said, as who should state the most simple fact, "This is sometimes called the Hosanna road." The Hosanna road! There flashed at once upon us the excitement of that sudden popular movement, when the people went out to meet Him, "meek, and riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," and the children rent the air with innocent shouts, Hosanna to the son of David! and the disciples, with some sudden fond anticipation of triumph, threw down their garments in the path of the King who came in the name of the Lord. What radiant dreams must have been in the minds of these simple men of Galilee who were coming to such fame and greatness, to sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel! How they must have wondered when, as the procession swept round the shoulder of the hill, and Jerusalem suddenly rose before them in all her glory and beauty, He who was their head —the centre of the procession— paused and wept over the doomed city to whom her last opportunity was about to be offered! How little they understood Him, then or ever! —toiling to catch a meaning in words of which they would not believe the simple significance, impetuous Peter rebuking Him for His gloomy fancies! These are the holy stations, unmarked, thank heaven! by any cross or symbol, where the pilgrims of to-day will most truly feel and recognise the footsteps of the Lord.

And how strange, after all the endless anticipations, consultations with experts as to all that was to

be done and provided for, tremors about the long voyage and its possible dangers, about the climate, and the unusual, unaccustomed life, to grow familiar as a matter of everyday with the streets and names of Jerusalem, as if that wonder of the world had been Perugia or Mentone, or any other accessible and easy though foreign place! And still more strange to turn our backs soberly and silently upon the grey walls and the great tower of David, and to say to ourselves that it was over—that we had been at Jerusalem! That it should be to come was an overwhelming, scarcely credible thought; that it is over and done with is the strangest sobering reflection—a sort of symbol of life itself, which is no better than a pilgrimage, which begins with such fine hopes and fancies, which falls into such commonplace, which ends in most cases with such a dull sense of things omitted and undertakings failed. Yet I will not say that this was the case with Jerusalem. These scenes are never to be forgotten. The steep climb, overwhelming in emotion, and full of physical fatigue and effort, up the street of the passion; the evening falling over Gethsemane; the blaze of afternoon sunshine upon Jerusalem from Bethany and the Hosanna road; the still morning on the holy mount, the platform of the Temple; and outside the Damascus gate, all lonely in darker colour, the hues of riven rock and brown soil, lying under a wide expanse of cloudy sky, the tragic hillock, like a skull, as was the place that was called Golgotha,—all these are pictures that will not depart—memories of a pilgrimage more lasting than the crosslets in gold or silver, the scraps of olive-wood and dried flowers which one carries home, for no particular reason except that everybody does the same.

The only place near Jerusalem which has anything like an equal interest is Bethlehem — a white town spread upon a hillside overlooking a wider and more fertile valley than most of the deep hollows which separate the hills of Judea. An air of cheerfulness and brightness is about the place. The gay and brilliant young Eothen of half a century ago gives a playful description of his own delight in finding smiling faces and the laughter of girls upon his path in the little hill city of the Nativity; and one cannot but remember his words when the women flock out to their doors—in greater numbers, surely, than in other places—as the carriage dashes up a narrow street where the panels almost graze the walls, and the pavement seems composed of boulders like the bed of a mountain stream. This is a trifle in the East, where in towns much more important than this which is little among the cities of Judah—thriving cities like Smyrna and Beyrout — you drive over thoroughfares like water-courses at the peril of your life. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are all Christian, which is cheering to begin with; and the feminine part of them are unusually distinguished by good looks, and wear a beautiful costume — embroidered jacket with long hanging sleeves, and skirts in various colours — exceedingly picturesque and striking. Their heads are adorned with silver chains and coins encircling the forehead and falling on each side of the face, over which the women who are married wear some sort of a stiff round cap over which is arranged a long veil of the fine unbleached linen which is peculiar to the East, embroidered with a

heavy border in rich colours, of silk — red and purple and blue. This head-dress gives a kind of mild majesty to their clear tints and well-cut features; and they sell their vegetables like princesses —not in disguise, but gracefully condescending to supply their fellow-creatures with the necessities of life.

The great Church of the Nativity is, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, divided between the different creeds of Christianity—but it is unnecessary that the pilgrim should trouble himself with these distinctions. There is, I believe, no real question about the authenticity of the situation, or that the rock-cut rooms under the churches are truly the remains of the inn in which Joseph of Nazareth could find no place. It seems strange to the visitor that the little ancient house of public entertainment should be a succession of caves. But this is not at all surprising to those who are aware how much use is still made of these dwellings of nature, which are the most impervious to the sunshine, and save at least half the trouble of building. No doubt there were some chambers above for guests of superior pretensions; but there are still many cave-dwellings in Nazareth, from which came the strangers in that distant time; and there would be nothing unusual to the maiden-mother of Galilee in the little alcove, deep cut in the rock, where her mats would be spread, or even, perhaps, in the near neighbourhood of the friendly animals used to that dim imprisonment. To roof over this alcove with an altar, and to turn the manger into a chapel, with hanging lamps that make the darkness visible, was inevitable, perhaps, and it does not distract the senses as at the Holy Sepulchre. The pilgrim can yet feel in the dim silence of the sacred place a sentiment not inappropriate, a suggestion of awe and infinite tenderness. The long chamber where the stalled creatures must have stood is at right angles from this little corner,—a kind of entrance to the stable, with the rock-hewn manger opposite. A steep little stair, also cut in the rock, leads to the other chambers, and to the outlet above where the superior part of the little hostelry would be. St Jerome, with or without his lion, lived and wrote in one of these excavated rooms, but that is not a memory which we willingly mingle with that of the Child and the mother in the dim quiet below. Here He was born. The few who enter kneel before the low recess, perhaps kiss the stone, then rise like shadows and flit away. Was it here, too, that the eastern sages came from their far star-gazing plains,—great figures cloaked and turbaned, coming dazzled out of the upper air, astonished to see the lowly place in which the King of the Jews was born, with, perhaps, the rude shepherds stumbling after them confused, with their tale of the angels and the great song they had heard out of the midnight skies: and Mary languid, yet glad, with eyes accustomed to the gloom, gazed wondering upon all the wonderful visitors, whose eager looks must have searched the little nook before they could make out the whiteness of the Infant, the light in the mother's face, who laid up all these things in her heart?

How strangely changed the pictures with which we are all so familiar would have been, had it been possible for the painters of Italy to know under what conditions rustic life was lived in Pales-

tine! But unlike as it is to anything the northern imagination has dwelt upon, there is nothing discordant, nothing inharmonious. The carpets and quilts of primitive use would be laid there so simply for her bed. The warm dimness would soothe the eyes; the stirring of the cattle, innocent spectators, bring no disturbance; and all other sounds muffled in the safe quiet, underground. The stable and the manger have pointed many a moral in sermons and eloquent discourses as to the poverty and hardship that attended the divine birth, but there is no such complaint in the sacred story; and as the strangeness of the rock-hewn rooms dies away, an impression of naturalness, of simple truth to the circumstances of the place and time, grows upon the mind, and a tender awe in the heart.

Nothing inharmonious — no; except the Turkish soldier *en faction* with his musket, in the darkest corner, only discovered after the eyes have grown familiar to the gloom, and by the movement of the curved palm which he holds stealthily towards you, on the chance of a possible *bakshish*. The two ladies who had gone back alone to spend a silent moment in the little sacred place of the Nativity had been frightened by the sudden discovery of this unsuspected sentinel, and had yielded to the repeated imperative though dumb demand. He too is placed there, so says the pretence which prejudice and credulity keep up, to prevent the Latin and the Greek from deadly quarrel. I do not believe a word of it; his presence is simple insult, and no more.

The Greeks have the more splendid of the churches into which we make our way above; but the Latins have the monastery attached, and it is a kind Franciscan brother in his brown gown who brings us coffee in the long, airy, cool refectory, with its recessed window looking out over the beautiful valley; the green and fertile place where lay the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned "among the alien corn," and where the shepherds lay beneath the stars, and saw the skies open, and the herald angels come forth. It is still green and prosperous, as if a special blessing rested upon the fields and pleasant slopes that surround the rock-chamber in which the Lord of life was born: no stony ridges or scattered rocks about, such as those that give the other hillsides and ravines the air of being covered with endless ruins. I heard a curious argument in Jerusalem produced in opposition to some one who answered the usual prejudice about the Jews by saying that for himself he could not forget that our Lord in the flesh was a Jew. "No, no!" cried the debater hotly, "He was no Jew. Consider how His race was mixed: there was Ruth, who was of Moab, and Rahab of Jericho, and who knows how many more." The argument was but a poor one. Yet the story of Ruth connects itself with this city of David and of David's Son, who was his Lord, with poetic completeness. The image of the young wanderer, covered with the veil of premature widowhood, and with her loyal and loving heart, who came to the greatest glory that Hebrew women could aspire to, and became in her distant generation like Mary, the mother of the Lord—is always a beautiful and touching recollection. This, the one genealogy for the sake of which all the others were so carefully guarded, has many singular episodes, but none more attractive. And there, too, upon the mountain-side, the youngest

son of Jesse, he who was ruddy and of a fair countenance, a beautiful shepherd lad, led his flock from hill to hill, and gathered the lambs in his arms, and defended the helpless creatures at the peril of life. How many happy similitudes, how many recollections! What a world of purest poetry and heroic romance is about this spot! The well of Bethlehem alone, the devoted band who forced their way over mountain and glen and through the ring of their enemies to bring their hero and king the draught of water for which he longed—and that hero, touched to the heart, pouring out the precious draught "before the Lord," as unworthy to touch with soiled human lips what had been so dearly purchased, — what book of chivalry contains a more beautiful story? The village was "little among the thousands of Judah" in these days. But to what fame and glory over the whole world it has come!

So far as we have gone, no traveller need fear to visit these holiest places. But for the unwelcome interval of sea, which is not to be circumvented, but which the most timid nowadays encounter with so little hesitation, Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be reached in perfect ease and comfort without fear either of too fervent a sun or too difficult a way. There are many who grudge even the introduction of a carriage-road to the desecration of the wilds of Palestine, but this is a fantastic scruple. When we push our way farther north to Galilee, a less easy method and a slower progress must content the pilgrim on his further way.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER VIII.—BIRUTA.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
—POPE: *Iliad.*

SCARCELY sixteen, Biruta Massalowska had left the convent in order to wed her uncle, brother to her own father, and nearly forty years older than herself. Count Massalowski, one of the few distinguished Poles who had cared to enter the Russian diplomatic service, had long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor, when suddenly, at the age of fifty-five, an unforeseen contingency decided him upon entering the matrimonial state. His elder brother having foolishly compromised himself by agitations against the Government, was sentenced to deportation to Siberia, but managed to evade his fate by a timely flight to Switzerland, where he shortly died.

The very considerable family estates, after having been sequestrated by Government, were finally bestowed upon the younger brother, who, in contradistinction to the elder, had always been *persona grata* at the Court of St Petersburg.

But the elder one had left an only daughter, who had now become penniless; and the surviving Count, hardened old *diplomate* as he was, had not yet perfectly succeeded in getting rid of his conscience. He had not been on very good terms with his brother; but in common justice and honour he could not leave his brother's child in want, the more especially as he himself had profited by her misfortune.

His first thought had been to adopt his niece, if it did not prove too troublesome—the little Biruta, whom he dimly remembered as a fair-haired child, to whom he had sometimes given sugar-plums, which she had accepted with that languid condescension that even in childhood had marked her actions. Provided therefore with a large bag of sweetmeats, he one day appeared at the convent at Geneva, where his niece had been put to complete her education.

It was, however, something of a surprise to Count Massalowski when the parlour door opened to admit a tall regal-looking girl—regal-looking, even in the plain convent garb of austere black merino. He had not seen his niece for fully five years, and had hardly contemplated the possibility of her having passed meanwhile from child to womanhood. He hastily concealed the bag of sugar-plums, and felt for a moment considerably more embarrassed than he had ever done in the presence of a crowned head, and the crowned heads he had seen were numerous. She hardly looked like the sort of girl to be patronised or adopted; rather it was she who seemed to patronise him as she offered her hand with an imperial gesture.

Nevertheless Count Massalowski did not just at once relinquish the idea of adoption, and after some days' indecision he broached the question, explaining to Biruta that his object being to do her justice, he would adopt her formally, if the Czar's consent could be obtained. By this arrangement she would,

after his own death, inherit her father's property.

Biruta had listened to her uncle without any appearance of excitement, as he explained all this very circumstantially. The only impediment he could foresee might be a refusal, on the Czar's part, to let the daughter of a political criminal succeed to his fortune.

"Then the Czar might possibly refuse to let you adopt me?" said Biruta, when he had finished speaking.

"He might," said Count Massalowski, composedly, feeling that he would have satisfied his conscience by having made the offer. "Of course he might prevent me from adopting you,—an adoption in such a case being an act which always requires to be formally legalised by the sovereign."

"Yes, I see," said the girl, after a thoughtful pause. "But he could not prevent you from marrying me, I suppose."

Never in his whole life had the old *diplomate* felt as utterly confounded as at this audacious suggestion on the part of a convent girl of sixteen. "I—marry you?" he could only gasp.

"Why not?" said Biruta, rising to her feet, and drawing up her tall commanding figure to its fullest extent. "Why not, uncle? Look at me. Am I not big enough to be married? It would be ever so much simpler, and I would much rather be married than adopted."

He looked at her for a few bewildered minutes, and then he too began to ask himself, why not? Marriage between uncle and niece is legal in Russia, and certainly she was right in saying that she was big enough to be married. Big enough! Why, she was already now at sixteen fully taller than himself. Matrimony had never entered into the programme of his life, to be sure; but that was, after all, no reason against changing his mind at fifty-three if there were good reasons for so doing, and there were good reasons he recognised. Matrimony, which is the ruin of young *diplomates*, is the making of old ones, as he had often had occasion to remark. A high diplomatic position is always graced and consolidated by the presence of a suitable wife; and where could he find one more suitable for the purpose? A wife would certainly be more useful to him than a daughter at the present juncture of his life; and, as she had said, it would be infinitely less troublesome to put into execution. No trouble at all, in fact. He had nothing further to do but accept the offer of this tall, distinguished-looking girl, who, with her large grey eyes fixed seriously upon his, was asking her uncle to marry her.

The matter was speedily arranged, for nobody had any interest in preventing it. Rather the young girl's guardians were relieved of the disagreeable responsibility of taking care of a penniless orphan, and only too thankful to hand her over to this distinguished if somewhat antiquated suitor.

Their marriage—if marriage it can be called—was not an unhappy one, for if not precisely an ideal husband, Count Massalowski was certainly a very good uncle. He treated his wife kindly and courteously, and bestowed jewels upon her with the same lavish hand that had formerly dispensed sugar-plums. He instructed her very carefully in the intricate code of social and diplomatic etiquette, with a frank cynicism of which few men would have been capable towards a girl of sixteen, and he found in her an apt scholar.

Under his guidance Biruta's natural qualities were developed and educated to an extraordinary degree, and at twenty she was gifted with infinitely more graceful self-possession than most women have acquired by the age of forty, having acquired to perfection that sublime disregard of all social rules, which can only result from their thorough comprehension.

Admiration was of course lavished upon her, for Count Massalowski was far too worldly wise to fall into the ridiculous mistake of allowing himself to be jealous of a wife young enough to be his own daughter, nay, granddaughter; besides he had tutored her as carefully on this as on other points, and, a practised student of human nature, he knew that Biruta was a woman to be trusted.

"I wish my wife to be admired," he often repeated. "It is as necessary a part of her position as her jewels or her carriage, and the less you seem to care for admiration, the more you will get. As for love, I will not insult your understanding, my dear, by telling you that it should be avoided like the Asiatic pest, or a freshly painted door. A woman of your intelligence needs only look around to realise the disastrous effects of this pernicious epidemic. Believe me, I have tried it, and the game is not worth the candle."

Biruta did look around her with those large glassy eyes of hers, so transparent and yet so inscrutable. And what did she see? Women hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, their beauty prematurely faded, corroded by a deadly poison called Love. Broken-hearted women whom Love had deprived of all capacity for enjoyment in this world; other women whom it had deprived of wealth, of rank, of position; reputations destroyed or impaired, constitutions undermined, friendships snapped asunder, and all through Love. Men driven to acts of folly and desperation, their days cut off in the prime of life; the revolver or the poison-cup pressed into their hand by Love, Love the murderer. For one happy person a hundred made wretched by Love. Yes; decidedly her uncle was right. The game was not worth the candle.

Love! Did she even know the meaning of the word? Hardly, for a certain indolence of character had made it easy for her to escape its singeing flames. She had to make no sacrifice, to undergo no inward struggle in order to keep lovers aloof. A chilling glance from her blue-grey eye was sufficient to discourage the boldest, and this glance in course of time had grown to second nature. No man had—as yet—been able to boast of having seen Biruta's eyes lighted up by passion, or softened by emotion. If she possessed a heart, she had not herself found it out; it was like an instrument whose finest strings have not yet been played upon.

Their married life had been mostly spent between Paris and St Petersburg; then, when failing health had forced Count Massalowski to resign his official position, they had travelled about Europe from one fashionable health-resort to the other, in vain quest of a specific against death.

Biruta buried her husband at Nice, with the becoming grace and dignity which he himself had taught her, making neither affected pretence of overwhelming grief, nor indecent display of satisfaction at being released from a bondage which most women would have found very irksome. Then, after wearing mourning for six

months as befitted a niece, she returned to Russia in order to effect the sale of her very extensive properties in Russian Poland, which, according to their marriage settlement, had reverted to herself. No children having been born of the marriage, she had only herself to consider, and she wished to be perfectly free to arrange her life as best suited herself henceforth. How and where this should be she had not yet consciously asked herself; but she did not feel drawn to settle permanently in Russia—in Russian Poland least of all—on account of the poverty of the land, and its disorganised social condition. It would be wiser, too, she thought, to turn into money her father's acres, lest her right to the inheritance should ever be called in question; when, therefore, a cousin of Count Massalowski, the next male heir, made overtures respecting the family estates, which he wished to acquire, Biruta was very willing to fall in with his views on the subject.

At present Biruta resembled a plant—a fern let us call it—which has lain all winter beneath the snow, incapable of independent motion, and which now with the arrival of spring is slowly thawing back to life again. The thawing process was far from being complete as yet: it progressed slowly, sometimes by fits and starts, sometimes not at all, just according as the indolent or the energetic side of her character happened to be uppermost.

Sometimes she would spend whole days on the *chaise-longue*, yawning over the last French novel, in the oppressive atmosphere of a narcotically perfumed boudoir; then suddenly she would order her horse to be saddled, and would gallop for miles across country, regardless of wind and weather. Some days she seemed scarce able to rouse herself to the effort of penning two lines of acceptance or invitation; and then, again, there would come days when, rising with the lark, she stood till sunset at the painting easel, conscious of neither weariness nor hunger, and laying on the colour with as fierce an energy as though working for her livelihood. Music, painting, society, literature, she resorted to alternately, taking up each pursuit with enthusiasm, and laying it aside with disgust. She had as yet failed to discover any one pursuit capable of absorbing and compelling her permanent interest.

If Countess Massalowska had been a poor woman, no doubt she would have been a happy one: the necessity of providing for her daily bread would have afforded scope for talents and energy that are thrown away on the rich. What she lacked was an object in life, and clear-sighted and logical as she was, the hollow shams which suffice to so many similarly placed women could never long have satisfied her. This was the true secret of that strange mixture of indolence and energy in her character, the consciousness of possessing great power, combined with inability to direct it to a suitable object.

What was the use of doing for herself a thing which money would procure without personal exertion?

This question lay at the root of all Countess Massalowska's hitherto unfinished work. Thus, after taking lessons on the harp with feverish energy during about half a year, she one day paused and asked herself, Why? If she wished to hear good music, was it not much simpler to buy tickets for the concerts of such artists as have devoted their lives to this study? This conclusion once reached, the

harp was relegated to the lumber-room. Then she began to write a novel, but with the same result. What was the use of writing books to amuse other people, when so many other people were ready to write books to amuse her? Nor did she find painting much more satisfactory, witness the many unfinished sketches that littered the studio. When she could buy good paintings by the score, why waste her time in producing indifferent ones? What, in fact, was the use of doing anything at all which others could do for her as well or better?

It would have required some really grand object, some powerful incentive, to rouse her dormant faculties. Then indeed Countess Massalowska might have been capable of doing things which not one among ten thousand women can do. She was made of the stuff of which are fashioned Jeanne d'Arcs. Perhaps also Charlotte Cordays.

Was she a good woman?

This was a question which no one — not even her intimates — could have answered; for her beauty, position, and eccentricity combined, made up such a bewildering *ensemble* as to defy analysis. Moreover she was rich—rich enough to carry off all vices and all virtues. No vice could be odious when set in so much gold; no virtue ridiculous when clothed so gorgeously.

CHAPTER IX.—*DÉJEÛNER DANSANT.*

"Le style c'est l'homme."
—BUFFON.

It was in the house of General Gurko, the civil and military Governor of Russian Poland, that Roman Starawolski made the acquaintance of Countess Biruta Massalowska. He had gone to Warsaw in order to witness the Russian Easter festivities, which, according to the Greek calendar, fall a week later than those of the Latin Church. He had brought one or two introductions, which speedily made him acquainted with the *jeunesse dorée* of Warsaw, both Polish and Russian, which frequented the neutral ground of the Klub Mysliwski, this being about the only place in Warsaw where a potent common interest sometimes binds together the younger and more frivolous members of these two antagonistic races.

Roman, an expert rider and an adept in the jargon of the turf, was welcomed as a kindred spirit, and soon regarded as one of themselves—all who knew him being miles from suspecting that this elegant, almost dandified, young man had any more serious object in visiting the capital than the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of that bugbear *ennui*. He had come to Russia in order to visit his brother, which was very natural and proper; but seeing that the said brother resided at a dull country place, was it not still more natural that he should seek to break the monotony of his visit by an occasional trip to town? Yes; Roman must often come to Warsaw, the young exquisites agreed amongst themselves. He was a capital fellow all round, and a great acquisition to their circle. An introduction to the Governor, and an invitation to a *déjeûner dansant* to his house, followed as a matter of course; and so, without apparent effort, Roman slipped easily and smoothly into the very

heart of Russian society as represented at Warsaw.

The old castle, former residence of the Polish kings, and now inhabited by the Governor of Russian Poland, General Gurko, lies on an eminence on the left bank of the Vistula.

Terraced gardens, just now breaking out into leaf and blossom, lead down to the water's edge, where are stabled the three hundred steeds of the Governor's Cossack bodyguard.

It is afternoon, and as the day is radiantly beautiful, the windows stand open to let in the violet-scented air. The guests are assembled in a suite of rooms overhanging the gardens: old venerable apartments now stripped of many costly treasures which once adorned them, yet rich in memories of the past—gilded over with the reflection of a vanished majesty, of which nothing can rob them.

General Gurko's guests belong almost exclusively to the military and official class. There are a great many Russian officers, whose uniforms give character to the assembly, quite overpowering the subordinate number of black coats. Of Poles only such are present as are in some way connected with or dependent on the Russian Government; those only that hope to obtain something by their presence here, or who would have feared to lose something by their absence, have thought fit to accept the Governor's hospitality. No Pole of independent character and position, is ever seen within the walls of the ancient Zamek Krolewski.[1]

Women of all possible ages, and every gradation of beauty and ugliness, have come together today. Some of the pretty ones have done their best to disfigure themselves by ignorant arrangements of colour and material, and some of the ugly ones have almost succeeded in making themselves pretty by intelligent adaptation of the same. There were many handsomer women than Countess Biruta Massalowska in the room, yet none whose appearance evoked or rather compelled such general attention.

When Roman, standing in a doorway, first caught sight of her, she was leaning back in a low armchair, in an attitude of intense languor, indolently sipping a strawberry ice from off a little crystal plate. The hand, enclosed in a pale Swedish glove, appeared to find the silver spoon an intolerably heavy burden, and the head, pillowed against the crimson damask of the chair cushions, seemed to lack all strength to raise itself again from the recumbent position. Her dress was of yellowish silk and gauze, matching each other in hue, and almost matching her hair, indescribably draped and arranged in lissome folds, veiling, without concealing, the perfectly formed arms, and the splendid neck and shoulders.

Half-a-dozen men of various ages were grouped about, each trying to obtain some transient mark of attention from the impassible goddess, though apparently with scanty success; for slowly as she ate her strawberry ice, and rarely as she raised the spoon to her lips, more rarely yet did the lips unclose to answer one of the sprightly eager words or amorous sallies addressed to her. Of all these details, Roman, standing in his doorway, took note, and he noticed, besides, that one figure there was in especial, which rarely moved from

[1] Royal residence or castle.

her side—the figure of a stout thickset man, with a flat Kalmouck nose, and a short apoplectic neck, wearing the dark-blue uniform of a Russian general officer.

"What a hideously ugly man, and what a languid tiresome-looking woman!" had been his mental verdict on first catching sight of his *vis-à-vis*. "She has no life, no temperament. I wonder what the men can see in her!"

The music struck up, and dancing now began; but Countess Massalowska remained seated, deaf apparently to the entreaties of numerous suppliants. She had not danced since she was a widow, as every one knew, and there seemed to be no special reason for breaking through her habits to-day more than any other day; although to each individual man, as he proffered his request, there seemed no doubt to be most excellent reasons for making an exception in his favour.

Unexpectedly however, towards the close of the second valse, Countess Massalowska rose from her chair. Was it the music which had just changed to a more seductive strain? or was this last candidate for her favour in any way superior to his predecessors? or was it merely perhaps that she was beginning to weary of the unremitting conversations of her Kalmouck-faced admirer? Whether it were each or any of these motives that prompted her change of resolution was not very apparent. Certain it is only that she slowly rose to her feet, and calmly handing the empty crystal plate to the discomfited general, suffered herself to be led off in triumph by the lucky petitioner, to the surprise and annoyance of a score of others who had previously sued in vain.

Roman, through his eye-glass, had lost no detail of this little episode, and his gaze still followed the couple as they were gradually drawn into the vortex of dancers. He first looked at the man who had been thus rewarded above his fellows, but failed to discover aught about his appearance that seemed to mark him out for special distinction. A young man of about four-and-twenty, whom Roman remembered having seen at the Sporting Club, neither handsome nor the reverse, neither intelligent nor stupid-looking; just a commonplace neutral young man like so many others, whose fate it is to be classed in a ball-room under the gregarious designation of dancers. He knew how to dance, and that was the principal, in fact the only, point worth considering about him. He was not wanted here either to be witty or to look beautiful, but simply and solely in order to use his legs. He had exceedingly good legs, and they acquitted themselves of their important functions in a manner that was highly creditable to their owner.

Countess Massalowska, leaning on his shoulder with a sort of weary grace, allowed herself at first to be passively carried along by this skilful dancing-machine, as though it were no business of hers at all; but by the time they had once made the round of the large ball-room, and were passing by Roman for the second time, a perceptible change had come over her. Her figure was more erect, and into her face had come an expression which had not been there before. The wide-open eyes were shining as though in triumph, the pink-hued nostrils dilated as those of a race-horse nearing the goal, and from the half-parted lips the breath came quick and short. No longer limp and apathetic, she

seemed now rather to be carrying along her dancer, by the impetuous force of her own stronger nature.

"What an animated impulsive creature!" Roman now thought as he watched her. "That woman would win any prize she had set her heart upon. I would back her against the whole world."

She had not danced for long, Count Massalowski's tedious illness having kept her away from the ball-room of late years; and though she believed herself to be superior to all emotions of such purely frivolous nature, Biruta was still a young woman, whose youth would occasionally assert itself at unexpected moments.

Beneath an icy exterior, the blood coursed hot and quickly in her veins. To-day it had been roused anew by the almost forgotten sensation of dancing, by the suggestive strains of a seductive valse, by the breath of spring flowers perhaps, wafted in through the open window. She felt just then as though she could have gone on dancing for ever. But only for a minute. In the next she had caught sight of a figure in the doorway, watching her with close, and, it seemed to her, critical attention. She had not come here to offer herself as a sight to amuse the curious, and becoming suddenly aware that no one else was dancing, she made her partner conduct her back to her place.

Roman had met the gaze of her wide-open grey eyes, fixed full upon him with an expression of haughty surprise, and now he could see that she glanced again in his direction as she asked some question of her dancer. Shortly after, the young man with the good legs crossed the room and went up to Roman.

"Countess Massalowska desires me to present you to her," he said.

Slightly surprised, Roman followed his acquaintance, and was presented in due form.

Countess Massalowska did not speak at once, but after acknowledging the presentation by a very slight inclination of her regal head, she favoured Roman with a long attentive stare. When at last she spoke, her words were unexpected.

"You have a very fine profile," she said; "I was admiring it in church the other day at Stara-Wola."

Roman was not easily embarrassed; but it is hard on any man to be told in public that his profile is handsome. He coloured perceptibly, and the slight laugh with which he endeavoured to carry off his confusion was rather artificial.

The Countess went on: "You would greatly oblige me by permitting me to make use of your profile in a picture that I am engaged upon. I am in want of a model for Paris."

The words were a petition, but the tone more resembled an order. Roman's first impulse had been to refuse, but then he reflected that it was incumbent on him to cultivate every opportunity of social intercourse that came in his way; so he signified his readiness to become Countess Massalowska's Paris, and told himself that the interests of his diplomatic mission alone had influenced his resolution.

CHAPTER X.—PARIS.

"He was a very parfit gentil knight."
—CHAUCER.

Countess Massalowska inhabited a furnished villa in the Alleja Ujazdowzna, the most fashionable suburb of Warsaw, for she had already begun to break up her establishment in the country, and only went out there occasionally as necessity demanded, for superintending some arrangements connected with the division of the library and the packing of the family pictures.

The first sitting had been fixed for eleven o'clock on the day after the Governor's *déjeûner*, and at eleven, accordingly, Roman with military punctuality rang at the villa gate.

A porter, resplendent in blue cloth and silver braiding, came to inquire his wishes.

"The Countess is still asleep," he answered, when Roman had explained his errand.

"And when will she be awake?"

The porter did not know. It was impossible to say. Sometimes his gracious mistress was pleased to sleep till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, sometimes she deigned to rise at daybreak.

"And she said nothing about me? She left no message that she expected any one at eleven?"

Countess Massalowska had left no message. Perhaps she had forgotten, or perhaps she had changed her mind, for she had ordered her riding-horse to be saddled at half-past ten. It was waiting there in the stables just now.

Apparently the servants were accustomed to such vagaries on the part of their mistress, for the porter's face expressed no surprise, nor did he attempt any apology.

Roman left his card, and walked away in some irritation. However little personal vanity a man may possess, or believe himself to be possessed of, and however clear-sighted and worldly wise he may be, he is seldom able to realise such a curious circumstance as the fact of his existence having been forgotten by a woman.

"She must be a fool after all," he mentally concluded; and he began to reflect that his first impulse had been the right one, and that it was unwise ever to have assented to the fantastic whim of an eccentric woman. But he was forewarned now, and would be wiser another time. In the future he would keep out of Countess Massalowska's way, he told himself.

It was several days before he saw her again; but one afternoon, as he was coming out of the Cukiernia Lurs, the fashionable confectioner, he recognised her carriage drawn up before the entrance. The carriage being open, he could not avoid a recognition, and was about to pass on with a formal bow, when her voice arrested him.

"Paris! my Paris! You are not going to run away from me. You promised to be my model."

"And I was ready to keep my promise, Countess," returned Roman, rather stiffly. "I called at your house at the appointed hour last Wednesday."

"And I had forgotten all about it. Yes, I know. My memory is a very bad one. I only remembered when I saw your card, and then I was so sorry to have missed my model."

"The loss is not excessive," said Roman, still on his dignity.

"It is not irreparable, at all events," returned the Countess, suavely. "There will be plenty more opportunities of taking your portrait."

"But if your memory is so bad, Countess, I cannot venture to expect you to remember another time any more than the first. You will naturally forget all about my insignificant person."

Countess Massalowska looked at him with the faintest suspicion of a smile.

"You are right," she said calmly; "my memory is shockingly bad, and I might forget again, so the only way to avoid a repetition of such an accident, is to carry you off on the spot. Get into the carriage: there will still be light enough to sketch in your features to-day."

Roman still hesitated; but the footman had already opened the carriage-door, and the Countess, with an imperious gesture, was pointing to the seat opposite her. She wore the same gold bonnet that resembled a crown, and more than ever looked like a queen, entitled to blind submission on the part of her subjects. He could not but obey; and the fleet bay horses bore him off swiftly in the direction of the villa.

Here he was bidden to wait in a little boudoir of Japanese character, while Countess Massalowska changed her costume. Presently she returned, draped in a loose embroidered Holland wrapper, which she wore over her dress to protect it from the paint. The wide hanging sleeves showed her beautiful arms as plainly as had done the gauze dress at the Governor's party last week. She was accompanied by a brown bear cub, about three months old, which, trotting by her side in self-contained fashion, was evidently accustomed to be regarded as a household member.

Roman followed Biruta into the atelier, which opened on to a balcony wreathed in creepers. Here were several low ottomans covered with oriental carpets, fur rugs on the ground, and ancient armour on the walls; a palm-tree in one corner, with a grinning skeleton as *vis-à-vis* to it in the other. There were also half-a-dozen easels standing about at various angles; on each easel a picture not more than half finished. There was a Byzantine Madonna, without a nose; a couple of landscapes, of which but the skies had been laid on; a peasant girl, with one eye and a coral necklace; and a peasant man, with half a fur coat.

The picture on the last easel was a charcoal sketch intended to represent the Judgment of Paris. The three figures of Juno, Minerva, and Venus were already indicated on the canvas; while on the right side of the picture, a headless shepherd, in hand the golden apple of discord, was standing under an olive-tree.

While indicating much talent, all these sketches had a raw and hurried appearance as if — what was in fact the case — the artist had gone at each with feverish energy, discarding it abruptly whenever a newer fancy intervened.

Whether Paris would share the fate of its predecessors, or whether it would ever reach maturity, would depend upon how long the subject would continue to interest Countess Massalowska.

She took up a piece of charcoal, and rapidly began to bestow a head on the vacant torso.

She worked in silence at first, frowning a little whenever a stroke had not succeeded to her perfect satisfaction; the brittle charcoal

often snapping asunder beneath her touch. She seemed no more to regard Roman than if he had been a wax figure; but he grew uneasy under the influence of those large grey eyes, which he felt but could not see.

It was tantalising not to be able to look at her, for, turned in profile, his gaze was directed towards the balcony door.

For about twenty minutes Countess Massalowska worked on in silence; then she laid aside the charcoal with a sigh of relief.

"I think I have got the likeness. Come and see for yourself."

Roman's clean-cut profile leant itself readily to portraiture, and Countess Massalowska had certainly succeeded in hitting off the character of his delicately aquiline nose, and long curved brows and lashes.

"I tried to draw your face from memory the other day when I came back from Stara-Wola, but I could not get it right. It was such a pity I had no pencil with me that day in church," she went on composedly, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to make studies of handsome young men in church. The words were flattering certainly, but the matter-of-fact tone in which they were said removed all edge from the compliment.

"If I had only guessed your wishes, Countess, I should have been delighted to place my pencil as well as my head at your disposal," said Roman, laughing.

"Really? I am sorry I did not think of asking you. It struck me at once, on coming into church, that here was the Paris I had been seeking for. I had already put away the picture in despair, and it never would have been finished but for that lucky chance."

"Then it was chance that brought you to Stara-Wola that day? You do not usually frequent our village church?"

"Chance and a broken bridge. You know our Polish proverb of the three most worthless things in the world? A German fast, a Russian devil, and a Polish bridge. My parish church is at Wodniki, when I am living in the country; but in that last flood, just before Holy Week, the bridge over the Skriva was carried away. That is why I came to Stara-Wola. Is that where you live?"

"My brother lives there, and I am on a visit to him," explained Roman.

"And how long do you remain in the country?"

"That depends. I do not yet know," said Roman, evasively. "I may remain on into the summer if I find the life here very pleasant."

Biruta had now sat down on a low ottoman, and was pressing white oil-paint from a little zinc tube on to the palette. Presently she looked up at Roman and said, in answer to his last words—

"The life here? Do you mean life at Stara-Wola, or at Warsaw?"

"Oh, both, turn about. I want to make acquaintance again with my country. I am ashamed to find what a stranger I have become."

"I am a stranger too," said Biruta thoughtfully, and, as it seemed to Roman, a little sadly. "I know next to nothing of Poland. I have never lived here before, not since I was quite a child."

"And you do not care to live here?" now ventured Roman, who had been watching her expression.

"No," she said, after a longish pause. "I do not think I could ever accustom myself to live in this country again."

"It must appear too dull, too narrow, to any one used to a more international sort of society. I have felt that myself."

"Too narrow. Yes. And also too sad."

"Too sad?"

"To a Pole; for though my late —uncle was in Russian service, I am a Pole after all. I have only begun to realise this since I came back here last winter. Living abroad one does not feel the misfortunes of Poland in the same way, but here at home they are constantly forcing themselves upon one's notice. What cannot be remedied had best be buried out of sight."

"Yet you frequent the Russian society, Countess?"

"So do you apparently?" with another sharp glance at Roman.

He laughed somewhat constrainedly.

"Oh, I am a mere bird of passage. What I do *n'a pas de consequence.* I am here on a holiday, and I take my pleasure where I find it."

"Ah!" said Biruta, in a tone that expressed some slight disappointment.

He felt that his admission had somewhat lowered him in Countess Massalowska's estimation, and hastened to add—

"Besides, the Russian society interests me—as a study."

"An uncongenial study at best, as you will speedily find out. The old simile of the wolf and the dog never belies itself.[1] The dog can never be at ease in presence of the wolf, and only his fear teaches him to conceal his hatred."

"And does the wolf always hate the dog?" asked Roman, remembering the Kalmouck-faced general, who had made himself so conspicuous by his attentions at the Governor's party.

"Not always," replied Biruta, negligently, as with her palette-knife she began to mix a large layer of umber brown, for the darker shades of hair and moustache. "Gogo!" she exclaimed suddenly, apostrophising the cub, who was curiously snuffling round the skeleton in the corner, with an evident view to ultimate dissection. "Come here at once."

The bear stopped sniffing, and lying down submissively at Countess Massalowska's feet, was rewarded by the gift of a broken paint-brush to play with.

"You may sit down if you are tired of standing," she resumed, speaking this time to Roman; "and will you turn your head a little more to the right if you please."

She resumed her work in silence, apparently only intent on turning to best account the fast waning daylight, and Roman, having no excuse for pursuing the conversation so abruptly broken off, sat quite still, gazing out through the open balcony at the crimson sunset beyond, and wondering within himself whether Countess Massalowska would think worse or better of him, if she were acquainted with his true errand in these parts.

After a while the bear cub uttered a low growl, and then the heavy tapestry curtain which screened the atelier from the boudoir was pushed aside. A harsh rasping voice broke in upon the ears of artist and model—

"Your servant, divine Countess. Is it permitted to penetrate into the temple of the muses?"

[1] The Polish and Russian character have been compared to those of dog and wolf—the two animals which hate each other most because of their similarity.

"You may come in, General, if you choose," said Biruta, without pausing in her work.

He came in, bringing along with him an overpowering perfume of violets and magnolia, exhaled from a monstrous nosegay carried in the hand.

"I ventured to look in, in order to see how the study of the old peasant is getting on," he said, after having pressed his lips, rather hard and needlessly long, as it seemed to Roman, on Biruta's disengaged left hand. "You know what interest I take in your work."

"Then pray give me the benefit of your criticism," returned the Countess. "Do you think I have succeeded in catching the likeness?"

The General, as flattered as he was short-sighted, proceeded to adjust his spectacles on his stumpy nose.

"Ah! what is this?" he said in surprise, when he had examined the canvas. "This is not the same picture you were painting last time?"

"No," said Biruta, with a slight gesture indicating the hitherto unperceived figure near the window; "I have changed my model. Allow me to introduce him. Captain Starowolski, General Vassiljef."

"Ah!" repeated the General, after he had compared Roman's features with those of the discarded peasant on the adjacent easel; "I always said that there was a deal of character about that old peasant's face. What a pity it is, Countess, that you never finish your pictures!"

"I intend to finish this one," returned Biruta, quietly.

A COUNTRY MEMBER'S MOAN.

Is it coming, then?—a reaction from the constraint upon every family whose head can wring out the needful expense to shut up the country home at the moment when the year is getting loveliest; to exchange the fragrance born of bourgeoning tree and blossoming herb for the stale atmosphere of streets and squares, and instead of the untainted breath of the hillside or the coast, to inhale air already sucked into and expelled from myriad lungs?

When London, like a greedy leprosy eating away the beauty of vale and down, shall have grown to that scale, of which it lacks little even now; when the ceaseless Thames—

> "Like some huge giant weary of the load"—

shall fail in the task of purifying the millions of homes within his basin; when even the ocean's mightier gorge, rejecting the mountains of pollution that are hourly thrust upon it, shall begin to fling back upon our shores the indigestible impurity that we try so hard to put decently out of sight,—must we wait till *then* before our broad-acred squires awake to know that purer pleasures may be found among leafy woods and circling streams, among springing crops and dusky glens, than in the murky labyrinth of the city or the precarious verdure of the park? And if sooner or later a reaction must set in against the way well-to-do people dispose of their seasons and the seasons of those dependent on them—will it come within our own time? or must we sadly forego the enjoyment of summer in the country, and while we creep sorrowfully along the shady side of the street "babbling o' green fields," and panting like the hart after the water-brooks, reflect that at least our children will probably be wiser in their generation than we.

Speculations such as these may be born in the brain of a member of the still Imperial Parliament, as, an exile from his well-loved and tended woods and his distant stately hall, he wends his way some brilliant afternoon in July to take a part, whether silent or otherwise, in interminable wrangles in Committee of Supply, or listen to the never-ending plaint of that hopeless *femme incomprise*, Erin. But the despondency of this self-sacrificing senator has lately had a ray of hope flung across it. There are not wanting signs that the stolid patience of the well-to-do Briton is being undermined by a suspicion that he is not getting the best out of life; that, on the contrary, if the procession of the seasons is an ordinance capable of ministering to the sweetness of existence and affecting the comfort with which the journey through life may be performed, we have got into the habit of doing things at the wrong time. As was tersely said lately, the natural forces are gaining strength which in August impel the young to go to Scotland and the old to Germany.

It was this suspicion that found expression in the vote taken recently on Sir George Trevelyan's motion, that, "in the opinion of this House," the holidays should begin early in July, and that Par-

liament should reassemble in November to get through such gabble as cannot be overtaken in the first six months of the year, a motion which was only rejected by four votes in a House of 342 members. Nor can it be doubted that this minority would have become the majority had it been clearly understood among the supporters of the Government that the leader of the House, although voting for the *status quo*, was indifferent as to which lobby his usual followers went into. So bitterly has it been driven in upon the minds of members that to be kept in London till the golden sands of September are running through the vase, to watch the sunshine of a lost summer ebbing away, while blinds and shutters in the West End speak of the flight of happier mortals from the weary town—that all this is a penalty for which even the so-called sweets of office cannot compensate, and that relief from the bondage of routine must be sought and obtained.

London is eminently a city within doors; the open-air *cafés*, the *al fresco* concerts and dancing—essential features of every Southern town—are either totally wanting in our capital, or, at most, are timidly imitated, at precarious financial risk, in the exhibitions which of late years have been added to our list of crepuscular entertainments. It is obvious, then, that in such a city, where comfort can only be ensured behind plate-glass and within brick walls, winter is the time of all others for enjoyment of social pleasures, and that the proper season to revel in the verdure and tranquillity of the country must be before November gales have hurled the woodland into sodden ruin, while meadows are still deep with waving grass and gardens faint with the perfume of roses. What a perverse arbitrament it is that shuts us up in sun-baked streets, until the angry autumnal sky, stooping low over the sloppy land, stints the sunless hours of daylight! Who that has felt the ineffable sweetness of June twilight, prolonged almost to meet the approaching dawn, rich with the fragrance of unnumbered flowers, musical with the tender sounds of a midsummer night—the hum of the chafer, the pipe of the plover, the nightingale's song, the corncrake's chastened discord, the sigh of the wind in the firs, or the murmur of waves upon the beach,—who that has learned these delights will not blush when he finds himself wedged in a row of theatre-stalls, or seated at a superfluous ball-supper? Who that knows them will not revive at the first signs of a release from the bondage our own perversity has imposed?

Of course, the objection obvious to every Englishman to a rearrangement of our London and country seasons (for we are not now considering the time when the city, by its own vastness, shall have become uninhabitable) is that winter is the time for sport; and this is true, in a great measure, so far as sport is limited in meaning to the destruction of wild or pseudo-wild animals. But even in this restricted sense it is only partially true. Fox-hunting (long may it flourish!) and pheasant-shooting (an innovation in its modern form) are exclusively autumnal and winter pastimes; but there remain the important sections of grouse and partridge shooting, salmon and trout fishing, and deer-stalking, not to mention such minor pursuits as otter-hunting and sea-fishing. If the term

sport may be employed for occupations without the ingredient of bloodshed—yachting, racing, cricket contain capabilities of rural diversion not to be despised. Then the amazing development and popularity of golf in the South have admitted the Saxon to a source of enjoyment too long reserved exclusively for the sterner Caledonian. Suppose that Parliament in its wisdom were to resolve that, *coûte que coûte*, adjournment were to be made in the middle or towards the end of July, that would mean a general exodus from London in that month. We are not concerned to examine how far such a resolve would expedite or retard the transaction of the business of legislation, or what the effect might be upon the Government of the day in depriving it of the long close time afforded by the present system of adjourning, say, early in September, and reassembling in the middle of February. What we want to arrive at is an estimate of the addition to the enjoyment of living secured, under such an arrangement, to members of Parliament themselves, and to those who regulate their movements to and from the country more or less in conformity to the session.

First of all, then, there would be no interference with grouse or partridge shooting; nay, many permanent officials, as well as members of both Houses, who are now kept away from the moor or the stubble till an indefinite date of release on the rising of Parliament, would be free to make their engagements unhampered by legislative trammels. To such persons it would mean the gain of two months, beginning, say, on 15th July, and the loss of November and part of December and January. The deer forest and the salmon river would remain as open to them as at present; but from fox-hunting, save what may be undertaken from London, they would be practically debarred, and they could only take part in such battues as were arranged for October, before the long-tails are in strong feather, or were reserved for the fortnight's holiday at Christmas. Would this add to or diminish the sum of enjoyment? So far as Parliament represents the collective sense of the people concerned, it is almost certain that the next time a vote is taken on the question, it will be in favour of the change. Even in the highly artificial state of society at which we have arrived, man retains the natural instincts of an open-air animal; he feels the impulse to be out in the sunshine, and to get into snug winter quarters; and sooner or later these instincts will assert themselves by increasing the summer holiday and diminishing that in winter. There will be much grumbling at the change; habits, especially vicious or stupid ones, are not easily broken; but the change will come.

The prospect is one to suggest a review of the capabilities of country houses as places of recreation, apart from the slaughter of pheasants and the pursuit of the fox. What manner of persons ought they to be who possess these palaces of pleasure that are scattered through the length and breadth of our fair island? how far do they fill the part of skilful and successful hosts? do they make the most of the dominion of which each of them is the princess? Perhaps in some respects it is hardly a fair time to ask these questions, when those who draw their incomes from land are still staggering from the anæmia of long

years of falling rents and untilled farms; but we seem now to have entered upon a more prosperous period, in which many hospitable doors will be once more thrown open, and some of the old squires, too hardly hit to rise again, are suffering their parks to pass into the hands of those who have the needful means. New men and old acres are, sentimentally, a *mésalliance;* but let us make the best of the inevitable, and contribute, if possible, a few suggestions towards success in that highest, if most difficult, branch of hospitality, entertaining a party in a country house.

For, after all, the country is the place of holiday: radiance, space, colour, fragrance, silence broken only by sounds sweet in themselves, or softened by distance,—it is with conditions such as these that most of us invest the idea of a holiday—a rest from competition, a well-won leisure.

How far do country houses, as we have them and know them, fulfil the requirements of recreation and repose? In respect of structure and appliances of comfort, the answer must be that, in general, they fulfil them admirably. It is very rare indeed, nowadays, that a guest suffers physical discomfort in the house of a landed host. Beds, baths, fire, food—the main necessaries of existence—are, as a rule, unexceptionable; although, perhaps, some discretion is necessary on the part of the guest in regard to one component of the last named of the three—namely, wine. There is more good wine made at the present than in any former period of the world's history, but, relatively to those who can afford it, there is many times less. For one cellar fifty years ago, there are fifty or a hundred now, owned by liberal if uninstructed persons, whose hospitable instincts outrun their discrimination, wherefore they pour wine of high price and good vintage without stint before it has reached maturity. It may be safely asserted that three parts of the best wine is consumed before age has developed its virtue, mellowed its crudity, and allowed the hurtful acids to be transformed into the beneficent and palatable ethers which constitute the charm of a fine wine.

Of another sort is the host who fondly imagines that all old wine must be good. Often it happens that the fathers have laid down what was originally good liquor, and by the self-same fluid, *quantum mutatus ab illo*, the children's teeth are set on edge. Who does not writhe at the recollection of a bottle of Madeira being passed round, specially recommended by the host as having been sent twice round the Cape "by my father, sir, and worth now a guinea a glass," but, alas! faded into an acrid liquid that it is hard to imagine ever flowed from the veins of the vine? Or perhaps a flask of Stygian hue is circulated,—"'20 port, my boy; precious little of *that* going nowadays!" and you are bound to fill and refill your glass, wondering the while at the Pantagruelian palates of Georgian bucks, who were wont to slake their thirst with what suggests to your degenerate taste a compound of Harvey sauce and treacle. All this while Amphitryon, as he contemplates complacently the revolving decanters, is sipping the weak whisky-and-water to which he is limited by the advice of his physician; and you—the guest—just arrived from London to spend the Whitsun holidays in rural de-

lights, are dying to be out in the garden where the shaven lawns are spread so soft for wearied feet, and the twilight is wreathed with odours of honeysuckle and heliotrope. It is in vain: the bonds of good society restrain you; you must retain your seat and pass the bottle the prescribed number of times: coffee follows, and then you are invited to join the ladies, when, in fact, you are faint with desire to join the nightingales—with a cigar.

Discipline such as this (it is unvarying in the houses of some of the elder generation of squires) seems devised to neutralise the very colour and flavour of country life, and tempts one to exclaim that, after all, if such routine *must* be observed, it is less irksome in a town, where, if moon-rise cannot be enjoyed, it may at least be forgotten.

By the younger generation these rigours have been relaxed. Moonlight strolls are undertaken, while timely incense curls from the tip of the cigarette. If there is a lake or river, as likely as not there are well-appointed boats, more than one of which may be seen shooting from under the dark shore, bearing in its luxurious cushions a nymph who prattles gently to him who labours at the sculls. The sweetness of summer evenings are too well known by the young host and hostess to be neglected: the emancipated cit is admitted to joys to which, for many weary months, he has been a stranger. But, after return is made to the house, and the ladies have retired, he is inclined to murmur at the interminable *séance* in the billiard-room, with pipes and whisky-and-water. In vain he tries to slip away. The young host is one of those who seem to dread going to bed as they would going to the grave, and shrinks from being left alone. He pleads for companionship in a way that it is hard to resist without rudeness; and it is perhaps nearly two in the morning before, having thoroughly exhausted the somewhat limited range of subjects on which the conversation has turned, the worn-out guest is allowed to blink his way up to his comfortable bed that has been so long ready for him, and he for it.

This habit of sitting late in the smoking-room precludes anything like early hours. The modern squire, as a rule, has discontinued the practice of family prayer, and breakfast is not on the table till a loose ten. Long before it is over the dew is off the grass, the air has lost that tingling freshness that flies with the morning prime, the shadows are shrinking to noonday measure—the natural day is half over. Such spendthrifts we are of the glorious summer solstice!

Yes; in fashionable or would-be fashionable houses, morning prayer is becoming a forgotten thing. Perhaps, as conducted by the ordinary British squire, it is impressive only from its extreme simplicity, and does not count for much in the æsthetic estimate of life in a country house—that which we are concerned with exclusively in the present observations. As a rule, it seems, guests are not expected to attend; at least, as a matter of fact they don't. Should a stray one perchance mistake the prayer-bell for the summons to breakfast, the master, in gaiters and homespun, looks uncomfortable or apologetic. If the house is a small one, probably the assembly takes place in the dining-room: the stranger diffidently sidles into a remote chair, whence, being one

reserved for servants, he is nervously beckoned by the lady of the house. Three, four, six, eight, nay, ten pairs of round young eyes have been known to be focussed on the unhappy intruder, as he deposits himself in a legitimate seat—a manœuvre not to be accomplished, if the schoolboy's holidays are on, without a titter that threatens to become an explosion.

Then the rightful occupants of the serried row of seats troop in, the women-servants first in rigid order of precedence, the rear being brought up by the men; the door is closed, and the ceremony begins.

When the late Bishop Wilberforce was asked to say grace at a private dinner-party, it is recorded that he demurred, on the ground that every man is the priest of his own house. For this reason, it is to be regretted that so few men read well. In this respect they are far inferior to women. The average squire generally reads prayers as if labouring under just indignation. Often he is quite incoherent—blunders over punctuation, mangles the most familiar passages, and, in his nervousness, jangles the tea-cups. The reading of Scripture over, prayers begin. It is well if he confines himself to the noble language of the Church's confession and collects, even though these are fired off half defiantly, half timidly. Too often his wife, earnest for the welfare of his soul (which, when she first got hold of it, was in a sadly phlegmatic condition), has put into his hands some collection of family prayers, the phraseology of which is almost oriental in metaphor, abounding in abject imagery totally different from the simple words in which one of Teutonic race, left to himself, would frame a petition. It sounds strangely from the homely, stammering lips of the reader. One follows without *emportement*, and rises unrefreshed.

Let the writer present a sketch of morning prayer in which it was his privilege to join not long ago in a country house in the north of England. The young host and hostess were what is known as "smart" people, such as one might be slow to credit with thoughtful or reverent habits; nevertheless their practice was to conduct a simple service, which became not only a spiritual refreshment and a purifying influence, but a very notable feature in home life. It is true that the house was one of unusual beauty, —an Elizabethan hall with low, fretted ceilings, carved oak panelling and latticed windows, opalescent with age and set with gem-like sparks of transparent heraldry. It is also true that the host and hostess were comely beyond the common—facts that undoubtedly made the impression more vivid and lasting. Still, the impression *was* made, and can never pass away.

A recess under the wide oak staircase had been railed off centuries ago, so as to form a little chapel; seats on either side, and a reading-desk at the end, provided for all being done decently and in order. On the morning in question the host was absent; his young wife read prayers. She was all in scarlet —a *directoire* dress of scarlet. As she stood in the reading-desk, her bright figure relieved against the dark oak panels, and read the solemn words in clear, unfaltering accents, one could not but feel that if this little ceremony had been omitted, far more would have been lost to the day than the few minutes thus occupied. We cannot all live in picturesque

old houses, we cannot all be beautiful, or (with advantage) wear scarlet *directoire* gowns; but we can at least be mindful to bring to the gathering of ourselves together for worship that measure of dignity and grace which is too often conspicuous by absence.

Turning from spiritual to carnal wants, it may be doubted if the prevailing arrangement of hours for meals permits the most to be made of the day either in town or country. Dissociated from habit, and the exigencies of field-sports apart, it is difficult to see any advantage that the normal British arrangement of breakfast from 9.30 onwards, luncheon (in dimensions a dinner) at two, five o'clock tea, and dinner at eight, possesses over the Continental practice of morning coffee and mid-day *déjeûner à la fourchette*. The scale and thoroughness with which field-sports are undertaken of course render an important mid-day meal inconvenient, for no one thinks it worth while to go out for less than a day's shooting; and hunting, carried on in short winter days, must be begun betimes. But if the change advocated by Sir George Trevelyan is carried out, country houses will become once more places of summer resort, making it necessary to provide entertainment for guests other than shooting or hunting. This part of the question affects the classes rather than the masses, and the classes, Mr Gladstone informs us, are irremediably conservative. In spite of this, and with a full sense of the solemnity of the subject, we venture to submit the advantages which Continental hours seem to present when compared with those so rigidly adhered to here and now. At present the social day is bisected by luncheon, which, we maintain, has acquired a spurious and treacherous importance. Young men—(be it said that it is the prejudices of men only that require conciliation on this question, for women readily adapt their digestive organs to the most arbitrary arrangements)—young men rarely fail to do themselves justice at breakfast; but he who has arrived at or passed maturity (whenever that period may be fixed), especially one whose work lies in the town, is generally conscious of a coyness of appetite before mid-day. He recoils from the row of steaming side-dishes, and dallies with the toast-rack and the teapot. The result of this, under the influence of country air, is, that long before the luncheon-gong sounds he experiences a vacuum that requires to be considerately dealt with. He is already far hungrier than he feels in London before the principal meal of the day. If he gives the rein to his appetite, he quite unfits himself for the employment of a hot afternoon. He may have undertaken to form one of a set of lawn tennis; then certainly he will find himself indisposed to bound about a grassy court under a broiling sun. Still less will he feel inclined for horse exercise; and as for the expedition on wheels that may have been planned, driving in the open air is of all others the most soporific, and few tortures are more acute than those entailed by the effort to conquer sleep in a four-wheeled dog-cart. If, on the other hand, he limits his luncheon to the wing of a fowl and a single glass of claret, then long before dusk he will find his strength failing, and, succumbing to the meretricious seductions of the tea-table, he will jeopardise his digestion by indulgence in

chocolate cakes and sugared buns, so rendering himself hopelessly unfit to approach the crowning reward of virtue—a good dinner.

All these pitfalls would be escaped by the adoption of the more rational system. *Café au lait* or tea, with a fresh roll and fragrant butter, served in the dressing-room, disposes the mind and body to the transaction of such business as the post may bring to hand, to the study of the morning papers (which, in this ideal country house, must be brought to every guest with his hot water), or to a stroll in the park and gardens in the fresh morning air. No host intelligent enough to adopt the new system will dream of trying to entertain his guests in these morning hours. Let them, if they will, arrange morning walks between themselves, but let him beware, as he hopes for a benison, of yielding to that pride of proprietorship which tempts a man to show off his shorthorns, his horses, his pointers, or what not. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand don't care twopence for other people's shorthorns, though they may all pretend out of politeness to do so, and the thousandth will find his own way to them, and be much happier going round them alone. The host's power to please will begin with the mid-day *déjeûner*. By that time the weather will have declared itself; he himself will not wear that preoccupied air born of "letters to write" or the "bailiff to see," which sits so ungracefully on an entertainer; his mind will be free to devise amusement for the party, whom the pretty, punctual, social meal will dispose to easy good-humour.

If this alteration of hours may be held promising of enhanced attractiveness to country-house life, how much more are they so for life in London! The marvel is that people have submitted so long to the present arrangement: but to touch on that would exceed the subject under immediate consideration.

Objection to reform may be heard on the score that Continental hours suit the Continental climate, and that English weather requires special arrangements to encounter it. Against this the present writer must once more cite his own experience, and record the favourable impression of visits in two houses—one in the south of England, the other in the west of Scotland—where the modifications sketched above have been followed out with the pleasantest results.

There is, however, one point in the equipment of a country house the importance of which is emphasised by the uncertainty of our weather—namely, the supply of books. Books should be everywhere—not only in the library, but on tables ready to every hand in almost every room and in bedroom shelves. No doubt, in the last-named place they are exposed to the risk of being packed accidentally in the portmanteau of the departing guest, but the butler or housekeeper would soon learn the duty of checking involuntary biblioklepts, and there is nothing adds so much to the air of comfort in a bedroom as a few well-chosen volumes. A sympathetic host or hostess may even pay a delicate deference to the visitor's tastes by the selection of a dozen tomes for his special solace. Yet in how few houses, comparatively, is any discrimination shown in literature, or facilities of access to it provided! Libraries there are, it is true, in most houses: in older houses it is often a subject of speculation what

was the evanescent impulse under which, towards the close of the last and the beginning of this century, the shelves, now mellowed by time, were filled. To judge from the inevitable presence in such collections of 'Gil Blas,' 'Don Quixote,' Adam's 'Roman Antiquities,' Rollin's 'Ancient History,' Fénelon's 'Telemachus,' these works must have enjoyed a popularity with our great grandfathers which was nothing short of prodigious. But among these common objects of the country gentleman's library there often lurk unsuspected treasures, and a wet afternoon may prove a godsend if it gives an excuse for loitering among them. Too often, however, the library is also the master's sanctum, and even if you obtain permission to examine the books, you feel that you are on debateable ground. Books, to be enjoyed, must be free as wayside ears of corn to the traveller in the East.

"I am not ignorant," writes Robert Burton, ruefully enough, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' "how barbarously and basely for the most part our ruder gentry esteem of Libraries & books, how they neglect & contemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as *Æsop's* Cock did the Jewel he found in the dunghil; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder withal to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expences, *quot modis pereant* (saith *Erasmus*) *magnatibus pecuniæ, quantum absumant alea, scorta, compotationes, profectiones non necessariæ, pompæ, bella quæsita, ambitio, colax, morio, ludio, &c.*, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gurmundizing, drinking, sports, playes, pastimes, &c. . . . For my part, I pity these men, *stultos jubeo esse libenter*; let them go as they are, in the catalogue of *Ignoramus*."

Things are better now; still, to adopt the phraseology of Democritus junior, there should be no prescription, restriction, hindrance, bond, obligation, circumstance, or interference affecting access to books; they should be kept as handy as Sairey Gamp's bottle, so that the visitor may refresh himself as often and as soon as he feels "so dispoged." Not seldom a wayside snack of literature forms the initial of serious and fruitful study.

May it be hinted without ingratitude to the thoughtful housewives, to whom we owe the delightful freshness and brightness of country-house bedrooms, that there is still one point essential to comfort which it is the exception to find attended to: so small that allusion to it is inseparable from apology, yet bearing directly on the full enjoyment of books. Of all blameless pleasures, the consummation, some of us think, is to be found in reading in bed; not at night when the eyes are weary and should be trained to sleep, but in the morning when the white light streams through the casement, and the mind awakes alert and strong. It is then that, in the panoply of snowy sheets, the reader may have such communion with a fresh or favourite author as he can enjoy at no other hour of the twenty-four. He is in nobody's way, and nobody in his; the body is still at rest, and thought leaps lightly alongside of soaring thought. But too often, alas! a physical bar exists to the full enjoyment of this priceless hour. Ruthless hand and heedless head have arranged the bed with its foot towards the window. Unless shuttered and curtained (whereby waking on a summer morning in the country is shorn of all de-

light) the glare disturbs the slumberer betimes; the hand steals forth to seize the volume for which the head hungers, but, with the light in front, reading is impossible, sleep has been banished, and the hour that should afford a foretaste of paradise is wasted in discontented tossing. It is a crude idea of a bed that destines it only for slumber in the dark; one of its main functions is to serve as a study in the daylight, and it should be so placed as to receive that daylight conveniently.

On the same subject of books may a word be added here, in the interest of visitors' servants, whose time, it may be suspected, sometimes hangs heavily enough on their hands. Does any one ever bestow a thought upon a supply of literature for them? A bookshelf is not a common feature in the servants' hall, yet the experiment of providing it seems worth a trial. Every great circulating library disposes at the close of each year of its surplus volumes: a few of the better of these, purchased at a trifling cost, and put in substantial bindings, would form the foundation of a lasting source of recreation to a class, the intellectual wants of which are only too apt to escape attention. It is hard to say after how many days, or in what manner, bread thus cast upon the waters may not be found.

No estimate of the resources of country-house life would be complete without alluding to the garden as it is, and as it might be. About thirty or thirty-five years ago a most destructive revolution overtook horticulture in this country, under which the contents of immemorial parterres were ruthlessly rooted out to make way for ribbon-borders and bedding-out — a system which secured a brilliant display in the autumn months, when the family had returned from their annual sojourn in the metropolis. The measured procession of bloom that delighted us as children, beginning with the scattered jewellery of early spring flowers, gaining volume and variety under April showers and May sunshine till it culminated in the glorious coruscation of midsummer, afterwards dying slowly in prismatic embers of decay until the white pall of December was drawn over the scene—all this patient pageant was dispersed by the fierce decree of fashion. Crown imperials and martagon lilies were swept out, or at best huddled into the kitchen-garden; the beds remained brown and bare for nine months in the year, in order that they might glare for the remaining three with fierce blue, yellow, and scarlet. English gardens, rich with all manner of tender association, were for the time ruined; clumps of hepatica and fritillary, of unmeasured age (for the life of some of the humble flowering-plants is not less enduring than that of the oak), were torn up and flung aside, to make way for "Mrs Pollock" geraniums and "Duchess of Omnium" calceolarias. The mania affected even the owners of cottage-plots; and "bedding-out," the effects of which are magnificent enough when managed skilfully on a princely scale, pervaded even the garden of the country rector and the village doctor. Happily a reaction has been in progress for some time: gardeners are now as keen to get an old-fashioned "herbaceous" as they were ten years ago to get a new lobelia; the uniformity that oppressed the weary eye in search

of freshness and repose is giving way to a method that will restore individuality and variety to the grounds of country houses. Once more the garden will become, to those who know how to enjoy it, a source of never-ending pleasure. Once more, perhaps, we shall be allowed to return to it before its glory is dimmed by the dwindling days of autumn.

Who that has lagged wearily home along the flags on a July evening in London, what time the steam of approaching dinners steals from ten thousand areas, but has sickened to be free and far away? Who could then repeat without maddening impatience the little-known lines of the Scottish minister?—

"O western wind, so soft and low,
Long lingering by furze and fern,
Rise! from thy wings the languor throw,
And, by the marge of mountain tarn,
By rocky brook and lonely cairn,
Thy thousand bugles take, and blow
A wilder music up the fells.
. . . . . .
The west wind blows from Liddesdale,
And, as I sit between the springs
Of Bowmont and of Cayle,
To my half-listening ear it brings
All floating voices of the hill—
The hum of bees in heather-bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells,
The curlew's whistle far and shrill,
And babblings of the restless rill."

But in advocating summer as the only season in which perfect holidays may be made, and the full joys of country-house life understood, it must not be understood that those of winter are regarded lightly.

"Oh for the wood! the moan of the wood,
When the cold is waxing strong;
When the grey sod shrinks, and the dry wind bites,
And about the tracks, like troubled sprites,
The dead leaves whirl along."

The very contrast between the dreariness and dark without and the warmth and light within deepens the sense of comfort within the old walls. By day, the light that shines through streaming panes falls pleasantly on the volume, to the perusal of which one may give a whole morning; by night, the wind that shrieks about the chimney-tops and roars away over the woodland only makes the log-fire burn the more merrily.

Far be it, also, from us to depreciate the merit of field-sports. Fondly does the memory linger round the mysterious candle-light breakfasts, the drive over plashy roads to the covert-side, the gleams of uncertain sunshine upon scarlet coats and snowy leathers, the note of hound and twang of horn; nay, what heart that has once known the rapture is now so sluggish as not to stir as it recalls the piercing halloo, the glimpse of the fleet pack running almost mute across the open, the breathless struggle for a start, the priceless reward of having secured it. Neither, on a lower level, are the pleasures of the battue to be denied, when the knights of the trigger muster beside the brown copse, and the woods re-echo to a cheery fusilade. But the pleasures of the few must yield in time to the necessities of the many. The millions multiply so fast within this island, that elbow-room for field-sports is becoming less every year. The time cannot be far distant when successful game-preserving and fox-hunting will be restricted to a few specially favourable districts; and when these

potent spells are broken, who will say that if half the year must be spent in London, it should not be the winter half? All the more will this seem reasonable when it is remembered that it is not only the happiness of people who can afford field-sports that is affected, but that a whole host of humbler folks is involved — parliamentary reporters, messengers in public offices, domestic servants, shopkeepers, and shop-assistants. All these, were they consulted, would affirm with one voice that a holiday, to be a holiday, must be had in summer.

One advantage, and one only, yet one not to be lightly set aside, must be claimed for the prevailing allotment of season between town and country, and it is this. It sends those who *can* help among those who *need* help at the time of year when help is most required. If it comes to pass that fashion decrees that the well-fed and warmly clothed shall shut up their country homes in winter and repair to the town, there will be danger lest the helping hand will be wanting in the day of sorest need.

> "That out of sight is out of mind,
> Is true of most we leave behind;
> For men that will not idlers be,
> Must lend their hearts to things they see."

Yet this is not the consideration that will guide the House of Commons next time it is called upon to declare when it will take its holiday.

HERBERT E. MAXWELL.

ARTHUR HELPS.

To those who recall the literary reputation of Sir Arthur Helps a quarter of a century ago, the comparative oblivion into which his works have fallen is incomprehensible. Mr Ruskin once spoke of him as being, "like Plato and Carlyle, a true thinker" who had "become in some sort a seer, and must always be of infinite use in his generation." But when of late there was a discussion as to the best hundred books, nobody even mentioned any of the works of the author of 'Friends in Council' and 'The Spanish Conquest in America,' which, though still popular on the other side of the Atlantic, seem to be almost forgotten on this. Nor do many people remember that their author was not only a brilliant essayist, but that, as the trusted friend and correspondent of the Queen, and the intermediary between her Majesty and statesmen of all parties, he held a unique position in the political world.

His literary tastes were developed early. At Eton he was one of the founders of a School Magazine, which numbered among its contributors many clever boys who afterwards became famous men. While an undergraduate at Cambridge he wrote his 'Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd,' a collection of aphorisms which originally appeared in 1835, and has recently been republished. Some of the 'Thoughts' are excellent: "Most people seek the deep slumber of a decided opinion." "The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success." "The man of genius may be a guide, but the man of talents will be a leader." "Tolerance is the only real test of civilisation." "We must often consider, not what the wise will think, but what the foolish will say."

It would be easy to multiply examples of pithy maxims of this kind, coming within Chamfort's definition of an aphorism as "a product of the labour of a clever man intended to spare fools trouble." Throughout all his subsequent writings aphorisms are frequent, but it was not till more than thirty years later that he published another collection under the name of 'Brevia.' Both abound in that *mitis sapientia* which is universally popular; and I cannot help wondering that Mr Morley, in his delightful essay, has not referred to Helps as an illustrious exponent of this particular form of literature.

His 'Essays written in the Intervals of Business' appeared in 1843, and at once became popular. They were followed four years later by 'Friends in Council,' in which he utilised the novel idea of an essay on a particular subject being discussed by a symposium of friends. About this time Arthur Helps had some interesting experiences, for he worked under Mr Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, and subsequently under Lord Morpeth, as commissioner for the relief of the famine-stricken Irish; and in the troublous times of 1848, when revolution was in the air and the claims of the Chartists were being wildly put forward, he took an active part, in company with Charles Kingsley, in the labour struggles in London. It was then that he contributed several articles to the series of papers called

'Politics for the People,' which Kingsley edited under the name of Parson Lot. In 1848 he wrote his 'Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen,' which served as the foundation for his 'Spanish Conquest in America,' of which the successive volumes were published between 1855 and 1861.

In 1860 he succeeded the Hon. W. L. Bathurst as Clerk of the Council, an appointment which he received from Lord Palmerston, to whom he had been introduced by Macaulay as "one of the ablest men of the century," and who at Broadlands had found pleasure in cultivating the acquaintance of his neighbour at Bishops Waltham.

It was after one of Helps's visits at Broadlands that he once described to me a discussion which had taken place there as to what he called "one of the most extraordinary paradoxes ever broached by a man of Lord Palmerston's intellectual calibre"—namely, the theory, recently revived by Mr Donnelly, that Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. It is curious that the fact of this belief being entertained by the great Whig leader was never quoted in the controversy on the subject which was hotly waged a year or two ago. Helps referred to it in the following passage of his obituary notice of Lord Palmerston in the now defunct 'Fraser's Magazine,' to which he was a frequent contributor:—

"He maintained that the plays of Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, who passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity. Only last year [1864], when the subject was discussed at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston suddenly left the room and speedily returned with a small volume of dramatic criticisms, in which the same theory (originally started by an American lady) was supported by supposed analogies of thought and expression. 'There,' he said, 'read that, and you will come over to my opinion.' When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked, 'Oh, these fellows always stand up for one another, or he may have been deceived like the rest."

Helps's own opinion on the matter, however, was to the effect that the argument had struck Lord Palmerston by its ingenuity, and that he wanted leisure for a searching exposure of its groundlessness.

He used always to declare Lord Palmerston to be the most perfect of hosts,—not worrying his guests, not insisting on their seeing interesting ruins, or model farms, or even pictures, but taking infinite pains to aid them in doing as they liked in their own way, even studying Bradshaw on their behalf, and adapting domestic arrangements so as to suit their particular plans. He appeared to Helps to be a man who had the most intense interest in every branch of human effort, and even towards the end of his life delighted in new discoveries and inventions. It is true that on one occasion when he was button-holed by a tremendous *savant*, after enduring a flow of very scientific talk for a quarter of an hour, he exclaimed suddenly, "That is marvellously interesting! I must really get you to tell that to the Chancellor,"—and forthwith passed on his tormentor to Lord Westbury. But, as a rule, he would spend any amount of time in discussing new speculations and scientific projects. Helps wrote—

"Three qualifications are requisite to make a perfect bore. He must prefer hearing himself talk to the

pleasure of eliciting good conversation; the limitation of his interest in human affairs is very restricted, therefore he repeats himself largely, and, as you will observe, he is very fond of talking of the past, and of the past in the strain of Æneas, often introducing the sentence, if not the words, 'quorum pars magna fui.' At a dinner-table or in general society Lord Palmerston, though always genial, did not always shine; but when you were at home with him, or when you were at work with him, or when you were walking with him, he was a charming companion. And what was said about his avoidance of the past, and his intense interest in the present and the future, is exactly true. I saw a great deal of him in the last ten years of his life, and only remember two or three instances when he went back upon the past; but as regards our hopes and prospects for the future, he was always ready to discourse at large."

A letter printed in the 'Life of Lord Palmerston' shows that he thoroughly appreciated Helps, and on one occasion specially interposed in his behalf, when the Council Office was subjected to a sudden over-pressure of work.

Helps's Hampshire estate, Vernon Hill by name, was, if small, most charmingly situated. The house, which had been formerly the residence of Admiral Vernon, was placed on a hillside at the base of which were the ruins of an old abbey reflected in a wood-fringed lake. Far away over an undulating country the Solent was visible, and on a clear day the towers of Osborne might be seen over the silver streak of sea. Unfortunately, on this very estate was made a discovery which at first gave the prospect of unbounded wealth, but which proved most unprofitable. A bed of clay was found which was reported by experts to surpass that of the most celebrated potteries, and it is no wonder that a mind like that of Helps should have eagerly caught at what seemed to be an opportunity of creating a new industry in Hampshire. Here was a field, not only for that organisation which he made the subject of a special volume, but for the formation of a manufacturing town which might be built and ruled according to theories which he had already propounded. Unmindful of the fate of Defoe, who was ruined by pottery speculations, he entered upon the enterprise with enthusiasm, and on a very large scale. A colony of labourers was imported from Staffordshire, expensive machinery was erected, and some admirable terra cotta works were produced. The Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the scheme; and I have seen a small model which he himself had executed in Bishops Waltham clay. But the result of the undertaking was disastrous. Water-carriage was wanting; and even when a branch railway was made to the works, it was found impossible to compete successfully with Derby and Staffordshire. Works of art might be produced and find a remunerative sale; but what ought to have been the staple of the manufacture—the cups, and jugs, and basins, and ordinary earthenware — failed to command the market, and the losses of Helps, and the friends associated with him, were very large. Vernon Hill had to be sold, and for a short time Helps lived in a small villa at Croydon. Soon, however, he took up his abode in a charming house which the Queen placed at his disposal at Kew Gardens, and here he lived up to the time of his death in 1875.

He was an excellent host. The circle at Vernon Hill, and afterwards at Kew, often comprised men of letters like Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, Mr Froude, John Parker, Sir Joseph Hooker, and

Mr (now Sir) Theodore Martin; and the admirable tact of the master of the house was always successful in putting people at ease with each other. He talked admirably, and had a marvellously retentive memory, but he never forgot the rule which he puts in the mouth of one of the 'Friends in Council'—that "one ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word con-versation, and talk *with* people, not *to* them."

As head of an Office which had to enter into relation with nearly every department of Government, he gained universal esteem. He treated his subordinates almost as part of his own family, and was perpetually extending his hospitality to them. There is a story still extant in the Privy Council Office of a clerk who had received one or two remonstrances as to late arrival in the morning, and who, on again transgressing, was told that his chief had already visited his room. In some perturbation he went to his table, upon which he happened to have left the well-known work of reference entitled 'Men of the Time'; and the only official reprimand communicated to him was on a slip of paper placed in this book. It merely contained the words, "It appears to Sir Arthur Helps that Mr —— is a Man *after* his Time." Many of his minutes were in unconventional terms that were apt to startle the official mind. Now and then he broke into verse; and on one occasion when Mr Knatchbull Hugessen, who possessed a great faculty for rhyme, was Under Secretary at the Home Office, a series of inter-departmental communications as to so heavy a question as the drainage of Old Romney were all carried on in a metrical form, the final decision of the Privy Council being conveyed by the then Lord President (one of the foremost of Liberal statesmen now living) in the following lines—

"Oh the bustle, oh the clatter!
What the devil is the matter?
Why try by more than mortal verse
To make a red-tape business worse,
And waste the Home-official ink?
Does ancient Romney really stink?
Why then, my Helps, prepare your pen,
Let engineers report again,
And by the force of letters tell
How much the law abhors a smell."*

A quarter of a century ago, the atmosphere of the Privy Council Office was decidedly literary. At its head was Helps, then at the height of his powers and of his fame. The Registrar of the Judicial Committee was Mr Henry Reeve, editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and (to quote the phrase used by the public orator when Oxford gave him his D.C.L.), "republicâ literarum potentissimus." He was an intimate friend both of J. T. Delane, editor of the 'Times,' and of Higgins, generally known as "Jacob Omnium"; and it was a sight to see this trio walk down Whitehall arm-in-arm—Delane, who was over six feet in height, looking comparatively puny between his two enormous companions. The 'Greville Diaries,' edited by Mr Reeve, were soon to appear, and to arouse a tremendous hubbub in the fashionable as well as in the literary world.[1] Another member of the official staff was the Rev. W. Harness, who had been appointed, I think by Lord Melbourne, to the almost sinecure office of Receiver of Clergy Returns. He was best known as Byron's friend, from the time when

[1] Poor Helps, at the first Council after their publication, was asked by a royal personage whether he, too, kept a diary.

they were schoolfellows at Harrow; was himself, as the pages of 'Maga' have borne witness, a brilliant writer; and had been intimate with Rogers, Moore, and other celebrities, of whom he had plenty of stories to tell. Then there was the late C. V. Bayly, a great authority on old silver and china, whose little dinners, at his rooms at the corner of Berkeley Square, Helps specially affected. He was a nephew of Lady Jersey, the *grande dame* whose house used to be a political centre at the time when the patronesses of Almack's were a power in the State, and who at one time shared with her great rival, the Princesse de Lieven, the leadership of the fashionable world of London. Once when Helps and the Marquis d'Azeglio (then Italian ambassador) were dining with Bayly, he described to us a scene which he had witnessed at Lady Jersey's, when Byron came to an evening party, and was treated with such marked coldness by the assembled guests that the hostess asked her nephew to find out why they all turned their backs on the poet. It appeared that this was due to a scandalous story that had become suddenly current as to Byron's treatment of his wife; though it is significant that the charge was not the particular one afterwards published by Mrs Beecher Stowe. Bayly, who was a curious old cynic, was also a fastidious *gourmet;* and once when Helps, who never knew or cared what he was eating or drinking, said something as to dinners being a nuisance, he burst out with "My dear Helps, I entirely disagree. I would rather lose a friend than a dinner; for if I lose a friend I can go down to the club and get another, whereas if I lose a dinner the misfortune can never be retrieved, for nobody can eat two dinners in the same day." When Prince Salm-Salm was made an honorary member of the Travellers' Club, somebody asked whose son he was. "Prince Psalms?" said Bayly; "why, of course he must be King David's son." It now and then happened that some official business had to be transacted late at night at the Council Office; and the official staff used to dine there while waiting for a telegram from Lord President or Prime Minister. On such occasions the party was always very genial, and Helps used to pour out a wonderful fund of anecdote from his very retentive memory. It was a pleasant trait in his character that he gave of his very best to his subordinates, and was as brilliant for the benefit of common persons as for that of exalted personages. Public dinners he detested, and could rarely be induced to attend them. He was still less fond of literary ladies; and once, when a blue-stocking broke into a conversation with a quotation from Tacitus, he whispered that he should have much preferred her as "tacita."

Perhaps the part of his work which interested him most was that which related to animals. It fell to his lot to have to deal with the outbreak of rinderpest in 1863, and to establish a special branch of his Office for combating the infectious diseases of cattle. He was always deeply impressed with the cruelties wantonly inflicted on the brute creation; and his genuine and unaffected indignation at some case of barbarity brought to his notice often startled his friends, who were unprepared for such an outburst from so quiet a nature. One of his latest works, 'Animals and their Masters,' was devoted to this question; and as Chairman of the Transit of Ani-

mals Committee, he had the satisfaction of proposing to the Government the measures which have since prevented a recurrence of at any rate the worst tortures which used to be inflicted in the carriage of cattle by sea and by land. There was one official trial which he had to endure. An old lady, who professed to have invented a brand-new religion of which she was the high-priestess, and who actually circulated among public men, fortnightly or monthly, printed reports of the dogmas revealed to her, once obtained access to Sir Arthur Helps, who was perfectly civil to her, though her new creed in the first place had nothing to do with the Privy Council, and in the second was absolutely unintelligible. But having once made the acquaintance of so eminent a disciple, she was always wishing to complete his conversion. In vain was she denied admittance; she waylaid the unfortunate Clerk of the Council on every opportunity, and for some time he could never turn a corner without a fearful apprehension that the redoubtable Mrs C. would dart out upon him, and resume her usual discourse on the Book of Job and the White Horse of the Revelation.

He was, I think, over-sensitive to adverse criticism, of which he had perhaps not enough to allow him to grow callous to it; and the least misprints in his own books or articles annoyed him exceedingly. There was a passage from his 'Organisation in Daily Life' in which, speaking of vultures gathering to their prey, he had used the Virgilian phrase "obscene birds," which had been misprinted "obscure birds." The mistake was not noticed by any of several persons who read the proofs in succession, and I remember that his gratitude was quite effusive when his attention was called to the word just as the book was being sent to press. After all, the blunder was not a serious one, and was nothing like that of the lady traveller who wrote that the "whole wilderness was filled with erratic blocks," and who, failing to revise her proofs, found that the printers had taken on themselves to correct her geological expression, and that she was made to assert that "the whole wilderness was filled with erotic blacks"!

The post of Clerk of the Council is one which brings its holder in personal communication with prominent men of all parties. Greville had held a wonderful position as both social and political go-between. "I have had," he once lamented, "within these few days, consultations on the most opposite subjects,—men coming to be helped out of scrapes with other men's wives; a grand bother about the Duke of Cambridge's statue in the House of Lords; a fresh correspondence with Lady Palmerston about the 'Times' attacking her husband; communications with Cardinal Wiseman on ecclesiastical affairs; and so forth." Helps's advice was sought just as eagerly. But there was one marked difference between the two men. Greville was a keen politician, and manifested his bias so openly that when Lord Derby was in office he never would attend the councils, but always sent his deputy.[1] Helps, although his leanings were

[1] When Lord Derby was asked to call the Clerk of the Council to account for this dereliction of duty, he answered, quite *en grand seigneur*, "When I ring I never notice whether it is John or Thomas who answers the bell." The "Gruncher's" fury when this was repeated to him may be easily imagined.

towards the moderate Liberals of those days—who would be called ultra-Tories now—never gave rein to his political proclivities, and was on as good terms with Lord Derby as with Lord John Russell.

Men of all parties came to him for counsel — not indeed as to private "scrapes with other men's wives," but as to the weighty questions of the day. Mr Froude relates the following anecdote, which has been circulated throughout the globe in his delightful 'Oceana':—

"Sir Arthur Helps told me a story singularly illustrative of the importance which the British official mind has hitherto allowed to the distant scions of 'Oceana.' A Government had gone out; Lord Palmerston was forming a new Ministry, and in a preliminary Council was arranging the composition of it. He had filled up the other places; he was at a loss for a Colonial Secretary. This name and that were suggested and thrown aside. At last he said: 'I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come up-stairs with me, Helps, when the Council is over; we will look at the maps, and you shall show me where these places are.'"

This story shows the popular notion of the functions of a Clerk of the Council, and the only drawback to it is that it is absolutely apocryphal.

Mr Froude's memory must assuredly have played him some strange trick. In the first place, the Clerk of the Council never attends any meetings of the Privy Council at which the composition of Ministers is settled, for the excellent reason that such meetings are never held; in the second place, though Lord Palmerston filled most of the great offices of State, he never was Colonial Secretary; in the third place, Lord Palmerston could not have said "Come upstairs," because the council chamber and the library at the Privy Council Office are alike on the first floor, and there was no reason why Minister and Clerk of the Council should ascend to the garrets.

But there is a much stronger reason even than these, and it is furnished by the unassailable evidence of dates. Sir Arthur Helps was not made Clerk of the Council until June 1860, when Lord Palmerston had already been Premier just a year, and there was, as a matter of fact, no change of Administration until Lord Palmerston's death in 1865. It is perfectly certain, then, that there was no preliminary Council for arranging the places of a new Ministry, and it would be interesting to know on what foundation this curious fiction has been constructed.

But if in this particular instance Sir Arthur Helps was not called on to undertake the task of lecturing the Prime Minister on colonial geography, his advice was constantly sought in the highest quarters. The Queen soon learnt to rely much on his judgment, and for a good many years before his death he was perhaps the most trusted of all her Majesty's friends, and the most constant of her correspondents. It was he who edited the 'Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort' in 1862; and who aided her Majesty, six years later, in preparing for the press the 'Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.' It was at his suggestion that Mr (now Sir) Theodore Martin was selected to write the life of the Prince Consort; and the admirable fashion in which, *omnium consensu*, this difficult and delicate task was accomplished, has fully justified the choice. It was Sir Arthur Helps who made her Majesty acquainted with Charles

Dickens in person; but though shyness was by no means one of Dickens's characteristics, he had such a fit of it on the occasion that he could scarcely be induced to open his mouth, and one of the most amusing talkers of his day was a conversational failure at the Palace. Another of Helps's literary friends was Sir Henry Taylor, as to whose 'Philip van Artevelde' he agreed with Macaulay's verdict, that it was (in 1850) the "greatest poem that the last thirty years had produced." He frequently quoted the lines—

"Good Master Blondel-Vatre, he is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts.
You shall be told the danger of your scheme,
But not the scheme that's better. He forgets
That policy, expecting not clear gain,
Deals ever in alternatives. He's wise
In negatives, is skilful at erasures,
Expert in stepping backward, an adept
At auguring eclipses. But admit
His apprehensions, and demand, What then?
And you shall find you've turned the blank-leaf over."

His experience possibly led him to the conclusion that this type was not an uncommon one among officials and statesmen, and he was fond of throwing the quotation at their heads.

He himself wrote a couple of plays, and one of them, called "Oulita the Serf," was in his own opinion the best of all his works. The public, however, did not ratify this judgment, and it is impossible to help feeling that his affection for it was that of a parent for the weakling of his family. He published three novels; and 'Realmah,' which ran through the pages of 'Macmillan's Magazine' in 1867-68, was, in the opinion of competent judges, one of the best of his works. The story is a fanciful description of the lives and wars and polity of inhabitants of lake-dwellings in some prehistoric period: and each chapter of the narrative is followed by a report of the discussion of a knot of friendly critics to whom it is supposed to have been read, but who really talk not merely of the story, but also of all imaginable subjects unconnected with it. Here are specimens of two very different styles, both of which are characteristic of different moods of the author. The first extract relates to what Helps calls the Doctrine of Indispensables in Fiction:—

"Now, Cranmer, you are to be a villain in a novel. I assure you it is a very creditable part to assign to you. I always like the villains best. They are the only business-like people in the concern. I will be the Indispensable.

"Now try and get rid of me if you can.

"You stab me to the heart, and leave me on the ground. I assure you it is of no use. An Indispensable's heart is quite differently placed from that of any other man. The desperate wound you gave me was in fact the best surgical treatment that could be devised for a slight internal complaint which I labour under, and you will find me as lively as ever in the third volume, and ready to unmask your wicked designs.

"Or it is a dark, gusty night. We two are walking the deck alone. You politely edge me over the side of the vessel, and go to sleep in your hammock, feeling that you have done a good stroke of business. What do I do? The ship is only going nineteen knots an hour—I therefore easily swim to her and secrete myself in the stays, or the main chains, or the shrouds, or the dead-lights, or some of those mysterious places in a ship which Sir Arthur knows all about. There I stick like a barnacle, and you carry me into port with you. I can tell you that when you are just about to make a most advantageous marriage,

I shall put my head in at the church door and say 'Ha!' with a loud voice, and the whole affair will be broken off.

"Or you poison me. Bless your heart, poison has no more effect on my Mithridatic constitution than ginger-beer—probably not so much.

"You bury me. No, you don't. You don't bury *me*, but some intrusive fellow who has thrust himself in to take my place: for an Indispensable has always about him obliging persons who do that kind of work for him.

"Or you hurl me down from the cliff, three hundred feet high, and go away thinking you have now really got rid of me for good and all. But, Mr Villain, you are much mistaken. I, as an Indispensable, inevitably fall upon a sea-anemone—rather a large one, three feet square and two feet thick,—very common, however, on that part of the coast. The poor anemone is somewhat injured, and I am a little shaken, but I shall appear again at the right time with my fatal 'Ha!' and upset your marriage."

This is very excellent fooling, and at once sets us thinking of the numerous Indispensables whose acquaintance we have made in fiction, and whom now, by much practice, we are able at once to recognise in that capacity as soon as the horse begins to run away, or the storm to rise, or the house to burn, or the railway accident to threaten. We are certain that they will be smashed or drowned, or otherwise seem to be finally disposed of, and equally certain that they will turn up safe and sound towards the end of the third volume.

Here is another passage from the same book, but in a very different key. It is put into the mouth of an old clergyman who is on his deathbed:—

"I may be an enthusiast, but I think that the triumphs of Christianity are but commencing. I look forward to a time when war, which so distresses you now, Milverton, will be an obsolete thing; when the pity we have at present for the losses and miseries of other men will seem, comparatively speaking, but hardness of heart; when the grief of any one will be largely partaken by all those who know of it, and when our souls will not be isolated; when good men will allow themselves to give full way to their benevolent impulses, because no unfair advantage will be taken of their benevolence; when the weak will not traffic upon their weakness, nor the strong abuse their strength; when wealth will not be ardently sought for, except by those who feel that they can undertake the heavy burden of dispensing wealth for the good of their brethren; when men and women will be able to live together in a household without mean dissensions; when the lower seats shall be preferred; when men will differ about nice points of doctrine without adjudging to their opponents eternal condemnation; when, in short, instead of a tumult of discord ascending to heaven from this bewildered world, there shall go up one harmonious melody breathing peace and faith and love, and concord and contentment.

"Think of these sayings of mine when I have gone, my dear, and let no one persuade you that Christianity is the mere dream of a few benighted enthusiasts. I can say no more; good night—and perhaps it is good night for ever."

Once more, how delightfully the following passage as to the minor miseries of life comes home to us!

"He compared these miseries to the crumbs in the bed of a sick man who is too ill to rise for his meals. The poor wretch, he said, does what he can to brush them away; thinks, after great labour and turnings—for he can hardly move—that he has accomplished it. But when he settles down once more he is sure to find some of those detestable crumbs molesting him again, and he never gets rid of them till he is taken out of bed, perhaps for the last time."

I have preferred to take these specimens from Helps's 'Realmah,'

rather than from any of his more famous books, because I cannot help thinking that it contains the most varied types of his best work. The main story is less didactic than the Essays in 'Friends in Council,' and the conversation is more brilliant. The parties to the discussion are practically the same, and one great charm is that the marked individuality of each "friend" is never lost. The reading public used to enjoy the company of Sir John Ellesmere, the ex-Attorney General, who is full of good stories and brilliant sarcasms, but whose caustic sayings are prompted by a keen sense of fun rather than by innate savagery; of Mr Cranmer, the official personage, who is an incarnation of blue-books, and who is always bringing out awkward facts and terrible percentages for the confutation of his opponents; of Lady Ellesmere, who is as bright and charming and illogical as a clever woman can be, and who thinks that the highest testimony to her conjugal virtues would be the epitaph, "She did not mind her husband's singing very much"; of Mr Mauleverer, who is almost equal to Schopenhauer in proving that everything is as bad as it can be, and that this is the worst of all possible worlds; of Sir Arthur Godolphin, who varies Sir George Lewis's "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures," by the version, "Life would be intolerable but for its absurdities"; and of Mr Milverton, who may safely be trusted to know whatever any author has said about anything. I wonder whether the present generation is on intimate terms with that excellent company of good talkers? If not, I would suggest that the present generation should make their acquaintance. A beginning might be made with 'Realmah,' which would lead up to the various series of 'Friends in Council,' and other works on the same plan; while the 'History of the Spanish Conquest in America,' which is delightfully graphic, would furnish a *pièce de résistance*. If I am right as to the general neglect with which a great author has been visited, a good many people ought to be thankful to have their attention directed to the very fascinating form of literature of which he was the inventor. Let them, in this instance, follow the example of Samuel Rogers, who used to say, "When a new book comes out, I go to my library shelves and read an old one."

H. Preston-Thomas.

"IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."

WHEN I first heard these words I was not highly impressed by them, or by anything at the moment except the redness of the bridegroom's nose, and the surprising manner in which one of "the young ladies'" dresses had been coerced into fitting the bride. The solemnities of the service passed, in every sense, over my head, which was then not much higher than the table at which the priest stood; indeed it was only by putting forth the fullest wriggling powers of childhood that I was able to gloat in comfort on the bride's blushes from a loophole between the turf-flavoured folds of her mother's Galway cloak and the repressive elbow of my elder brother. Why the ceremony should have taken place in the vestry I cannot say, beyond that it was a custom in the little Roman Catholic chapel of which I write; just as it was in those friendly days a custom with us to go to the marriages of the tenants, and to take our share of the blessing and the sprinkled holy water.

The accustomed gold, silver, and copper were laid on the book by the bridegroom, the portentous words were spoken, with the melancholy Galway accent adding its emphasis to them, and at the next interval the priest opened the window behind him. "Run down to Mick Leonard's for a coal," he said in Irish to some one outside, and then proceeded with a most sound and simple exordium to the newly married pair. In a few minutes there appeared in the open window a hand holding a live coal of turf in a bent stick; I can see it yet, the pale fire in the white ash of the sod, thrust between us and the blue sky, and the priest's hand put out to take it, but I cannot remember now what was its mission, whether to light a candle or incense. After this came a sprinkling with holy water with something that nearly resembled a hearth-brush; a drop fell into my open mouth as I stood gaping with the detestable curiosity of my age, and its peculiar, slightly brackish flavour is always the impression that comes first when I recall that day. There was a long business of hand-shakings and huggings, and the wedding party squeezed itself out of the narrow vestry doorway, with hearts fully attuned to the afternoon's entertainment.

At the gate some shaggy horses were tied up, and having mounted one of these, much as a man would climb a tree, the bridegroom hauled his bride up behind him, and started for home at a lumbering gallop. Shouting and whooping, the other men got on their horses and pursued, and the whole clattering, bumping cavalcade passed out of sight, leaving us transfixed in admiration of the traditional "dragging home" of the bride. For me the only remaining recollections of the day are of a surfeit in the bedroom of the bride's mother, where in gluttonous solitude I partook of hot soda-bread, half a glass of luscious port, and a boiled egg; while the less honoured guests in the kitchen outside harangued and sang songs, and drank the wine of the country in its integrity.

It was not till a Sunday of last autumn that the words first heard in the whitewashed vestry recurred with their original association.

Within sight of the chapel stands the ruin of S. Annin's Church, with the ground inside and outside of it half choked with graves; mound and headstone and battered slab, with the brier wreathing them, and the limestone rock thrusting its strong shoulder up between. Here in the last light of that November day the whole parish assembled for the funeral of one of its oldest inhabitants. The usual preliminaries at the dead man's house had been much lengthened by a dispute between his relatives and the priest as to the opening of his strong-box; and when the men at length began to stamp down the last spadefuls of earth their figures were black against the fading sky, and beyond them the lake was no more than a pale streak beneath its looming hill. The knots of bystanders had become thin and dispersed by the time the less interesting stages of filling up the grave were arrived at; but the subject of the strong-box was still hotly disputed by the partisans of both sides, the men who stamped down the earth using the action as an emphasis to their assertions. I was walking to the gate, thinking of many changes that had come to pass in an absence of sixteen years, when a woman came from among the graves to meet me, and called me by my name. Dark cloak and beautiful cap-frill, and worn middle-aged face were the first impressions, and then some wraith of old association began to flit and hide about the clear features. It seemed to implore recognition while it fled, but the name would not come; the woman, with evident disappointment, spoke it herself, and the bride of twenty years ago was there under the cloak-hood.

Five minutes told the story: ill-health, an everlasting pain "out through the top of me head," a husband who takes more than is good for him (oh prophetic nuptial red nose!), and many children left to take the place of the two whose graves have felt a few minutes ago the print of their mother's knees. The churchyard emptied, the wind was raw in the twilight, and turning from reminiscence to reality the woman folded her cloak about her and set out on her four-mile walk home. Her grave hooded figure and quiet face had something melancholy and nun-like about them as she left the graveyard, or perhaps they took the gracious conventual suggestion from contrast with the companion of her walk, a neighbour's daughter, attired in a fashionable light coat and a towering hat, from which the wisps of emerald-grass drooped over the fierce fringe below it.

How strangely, how harshly different was all this! Instead of the broad-backed horse, galloping by the young corn-fields and blossoming bogs, with the large frieze-clad waist to meet her arms about, and the laughter and shouting of the pursuers coming to her ear, there is an endless tramping in the darkness, with talk of guano, and geese, and pigs' food, and anxious thoughts as to how the sick child got through the day without her. The last sound of disputing and gossiping voices died in the lane, the road beyond it was grey and solitary, suggestive more of the slow-footed funeral than of the hoof-dints of the "dragging home," and the white chapel on the hill stood bare and hideous in the gloom; impervious to the life-histories of its own making, impossible as an accessory to sentiment.

Next Shraft will see some more brides at its altar-rails (no confidential seclusion in the vestry nowadays), plighting their troth for

sickness and for health, with probably no more thought of what may be the stress of the stipulation than had their mothers or great-grandmothers in a similar case; certainly with no better ideas than they of how to support it when such stress may fall on them. Their equipment of knowledge is a strange one, a *trousseau* worth looking into, to see what in it will wash and wear during the striving years. They can milk a cow, they can fatten a pig, they can boil potatoes indifferently, they can make up linen execrably; and for other acquirements, they can read and write fairly well, if not perfectly; have not forgotten the names at least of the higher branches of arithmetic that they attained to at the national school; and perhaps have still some parrot-like jangle and tangle of recollection of the poetry of Addison, Pope, and Milton, that they learned there. What they do not know would take longer in telling, but, for the present purpose, the list may be short. They cannot cook a piece of meat, or, if they did, there would probably be death in the pot for the ordinary digestion; they cannot make soup, they cannot make a poultice. The best that an invalid can hope for at their hands is tea stewed in the ashes, gruel of an uninviting kind, and perhaps a piece of toast, well smoked over the turf fire. As for themselves, poor props and managers of their households, when illness lays hold of them, what nauseating coarsenesses of food must they receive from the husband and children who know even less than they of the possibilities of cooking! The potatoes and cabbage will be eaten contentedly year by year, by prosperous and poor alike, health and fresh air supplying a priceless savour; but when one morning some one of the household is left lying sick and helpless in the bed from which the others have got up, want of appetite may mean something near starvation. There is no lack of sympathy, there is often intense devotion, but neither is an efficient substitute for beef-tea.

These things have been freely illustrated during this spring, when, last of all Europe, Ireland lay prostrate under the influenza flail. Here, in a south-western corner of it, when London slums were falling back on their old friends the commonplace fevers, the pestilence ran in the sunny noonday, by furzy heights and windy cliffs, and the sick people lay in every cabin and farmhouse; going down before it like packs of cards, like grass before the scythe, like all things that are unresisting and unanimous. Even yet a belated victim is caught here and there; but it was in the March days, when the roads were white in the sun and the hard wind, and the easterly haze tempered the blue glare of the sea, that the new-fangled visitor was busiest, stepping in under all the peaceful thatched roofs out of the fresh weather. For one afternoon let us follow where those feverous footsteps made their way, and let it be in one of those strong March days, with the daffodils hanging their lamps in the shady places.

A downward scramble through the low furze, already muffling its spikes in bloom, a path down the face of a hill, where the sheep surely are holding on by their teeth and not grazing, some sheets of rock at the most slippery angle, and, finally, a potato-pot, a dozing white cur of the collie tribe, and some apathetic poultry, grouped before the door of a cabin that clings to its half-dozen yards of

level ground, and turns a white-washed gable, beautifully hung with ivy, to the unutterable widths of sea. Inside, the little bedroom is as dark as a cave to the eyes that come to it from the outer radiancy, and it takes half a minute to clear it up; the two huge beds, leaving only a narrow passage between, the distressing coloured print of a sacred subject, and the white face of the invalid, a strapping youth, who lies feeble and bashful, while his female relatives recite his woes in terms of the roundest, and with voices that would shatter the average constitution.

"He's turrible wake in himself, and he never shlept with the dhreadful pain in through his head. Ye'd think the life 'd lave him with it; an' sure we shteeped a cloth in whisky and rolled his head in it, and afther all he got no aise!"

Small ease indeed must have been his, throbbing and burning through the long hours, with the fumes of the reeking clout to soothe his pain. The fever has left him, and all who have been in its clutches will know what a pillaged, defeated creature it leaves behind, how dependent on constant and careful feeding, how drooping and sinking without it. Accordingly, since last night he has been given, as sole restorative, sips of milk and water—"For indeed, your honour, he has what I might call an exhausted shtummick." These skilled physicians are thriving people in their way, but it has not occurred to them to convert one of their chickens into broth for the sick boy, and they take the idea with a faint-heartedness that results in the chicken being eventually consigned to the hands of the cook at "the big house." The mysteries of a beaten-up egg having been practically expounded, and some quinine measured out, the admiration of the mother and daughter chooses, as its only adequate outlet, a shrill burst of scorn for the medicine supplied by the dispensary. The black nostrum itself is at last brought out with revilings, and with a sudden sacrificial ecstasy is poured out on the ashes of the kitchen-fire, there to have its merits tested by the crickets and the cat; and if there be truth in the character given of it, we may wish them joy of their debauch.

The next cottage stands within sight, its thatched roof-peak showing low and grey behind a blaze of furze on the ridge of the hill; but a short cut to it, arrogantly entered on, has to be circuitously and swampily repented of before the lawful *bohireen* is struck on. It is difficult to think of anything except mere surroundings on a spring day in the country, though it is well known that heroes and heroines always take such an occasion to unpack their bosoms and spread out a choice meditation on every hedge and spring flower; but the commoner sort of mind seems rather to spend itself in a stupid and delightful staring about, like country folk at a coronation. On this day, however, the usual vacuity was occupied by no less a subject than quinine, or rather, by the present deplorable lack of it. It is considered too expensive a medicine for the dispensaries, and consequently, at such a time as this, the people in this district, and possibly in others, have to do without it. That is to say, they would have to do without it, only that those ancient enemies of theirs, the upper classes and owners of the soil, find it still within the power of their shortened incomes to give quinine in

quantities both large and continuous to all who require it. But, as the people here say, "Let that pass."

Already the smoke from an open door is in the air, and half-a-dozen barelegged children scurry across a quaking manure-heap, and vanish in the obscurity inside. The victim here is the mother, and she has hung for some days within touch of death, kept alive, indeed, by the beef-tea and wine that are brought to her. Her heavy glittering eyes wander round the room, from the dirty children peeping at the door to the heap of seed-potatoes in the corner, waiting for her hand to cut them up for the sowing; while a neighbour, who has left her own house and children to come and tend her, gives an account of her state.

"We powlticed her the way your honour shown us, but afther all she gets the nights very hard, and the impression do be very sevare."

"Ay, in throth," says the patient feebly; "it thravels every bit o' me between the skin and the flesh, the same as if it 'd be walkin'."

She is pressed to say if there is anything that could tempt her languid appetite, seeing that the neighbour's ideas of a delicacy for an invalid do not soar beyond a slice of "baker's bread," or cabbage stewed in dripping; but she refuses one after another the suggested puddings and jellies, as David refused the armour that he had not proved.

"Ah, think now!" says her friend; "is there nothin' ye'd have a wish for?"

"There's not a thing"— then, after a pause, "unless it 'd be the lick of a fish's tail."

"She'd have fancies that way," put in the neighbour; "but when ye'd give her the thing, the sighth of it itself 'd be enough for her. She was smothering up in her shesht all night, and near kilt with the cough and the pain in her side, an' we gev her a half-bottle of porther, hot, with a glass of whisky in it, to reduce the impression—they'd reckon that very good—but whatever, she's very bad, the poor thing!"

A fire has been lighted on the hearth of the bedroom, probably for the first time since it was built, and the smoke puffs gamesomely down the chimney till the house is full of it. The sick woman breathes it with difficulty, but no one has contemplated the extreme measure of opening the window, and the simple method of whisking the fire itself out into the kitchen, brand by brand, is adopted. We follow in its pungent trail, meeting outside the robust odour of the red herring with which the shy appetite is to be wooed, and having skirted the revolting morasses in the yard by a stone causeway made for the purpose, we breathe the keen air of the brows and slopes with enthusiasm.

The afternoon is long, but so is already the narrative of it, and what is gone before must be both sample and surety for what came after. Perhaps it is as well. The sick faces that were in real life so vivid and so separate in their own surroundings, might, if marshalled in order for inspection, seem only a motionless sad group, alike and indistinct, with their negligences and ignorances, and the absurdities of English-speaking that their own poor mouths have committed, set above them in heartless scrolleries. Whatever is seen before sunset on that March day, of dirt, of airlessness, of savage foods, of impregnable stupidity, may be easily massed and excused in a word. With young and old it is

the same; they grope out their lives in the dark house of ignorance, and dream of no outlet from it, but, unrepining where discontent would be admirable, they cannot believe how helpless and slavish is their state.

Let us end, at all events, with a blessing. Leaving, some hours later, a house where the father, mother, and grandmother have the influenza at the same time and in the same bed, we go down to the village quay in the clear twilight, and across the coarse shingle to a cabin that leans drunkenly against the hill, and looks with a crooked little eye out over the harbour. Its single room is shared by a solitary old woman and the poultry by which she supports herself; and she sits among her hen-coops, and discourses at large of herself and her ailments, turning from time to time a motherly eye on the fowl strutting in and out of the open door.

"In throth I was very sick those nights, very sick intirely. There was one night me palate got wesht in my throath, and I come rokin' at it with the leg of a shpoon, and indeed I thought I was dead, and I alone be meself in the house. I'd hear him shtir within in the coop," pointing to a draggle-tailed barn-door cock, "and I'd say to him, 'There's not one here in the house, only you and me, Dicky, and the Lord Almighty and His Mother—that's the company I have.'"

The evening darkens while she talks on, and the fishing-boats come stealing up to their moorings through the dim reflections. The harbour becomes alive with the clank of anchor-chains; the blocks shriek as the ropes run through; and the first mast-head light shines on the water almost at the old woman's feet as she stands at her doorway to give her benediction.

"That the world may wondher at yer happiness, and that ye may have the first bed in the kingdom of heaven."

MARTIN ROSS.

COMEDY IN FICTION.

THE world grows graver as it grows older, and humanity gets duller as it becomes more civilised. Worse luck! for the fact is brought home to us every day. We are busied about many things, and bothered with many cares. We think overmuch about our manners and our neighbours; we are bilious, and gouty, and dyspeptic, or at all events we ought to be, if we are judged by appearances. What can be more dreary than a great London dinner? It seems to anticipate the indigestion that waits upon indifferent *entrées*. Theodore Hook would freeze up in that icy atmosphere of starched formality; and the Prince Regent, who was called the first gentleman of his time, would be condemned as an intolerable bore, if he were not absolved for his station. Croker, who, although snappish and somewhat cross-grained, was no bad judge, after a merry evening at Carlton House declared that Scott and the Regent in their respective manners were the best *raconteurs* he had ever heard. The one kept capping the other in a swift succession of admirable stories. But stories now are as much out of date as the songs and lyrics by Moore and Morris that gave a *bouquet* to the '72 claret at dessert. Not, be it remarked parenthetically, that we much complain of that; for a story-teller holds the courteous company at his mercy, and for one who hits the mark there are scores who mistake their vocation. Nowadays at a dinner-party the best a gifted and genial *convive* can do is to make himself quietly agreeable to the women on either side of him; his wits are wasted like the flashes from a thunder-cloud, and he does nothing to brighten the general gloom. Nevertheless, as the wise Sam Slick remarks, there is considerable human natur' in every man! which is but a free American version of the familiar old classical adage. Happily a hearty appreciation of fun and drollery still lurks in many a nook and corner; and we often come across it where we should least expect it. Detesting the modern fashion of interviewing, we should be the last to intrude on the privacies of social life. But we may whisper that the merriest dinner we have lately assisted at came off in what should have been a solemn company of venerable seigneurs, in an establishment that takes for its symbol the sage bird of Minerva. The meeting at the round table was decidedly more successful than that at another "round table" which we know of. The circumference was not very great, yet round it were assembled representatives of the Benches, both clerical and legal, with a sprinkling of men of some little distinction in arms, letters, and science. The guests were of course in evening costume; but, metaphorically, when the servants had left the room, they may be said to have exchanged it for slippers and shooting-coats. The frost had never been severe, but now the ice was broken and pulverised. We need hardly say that decorum reigned supreme, for want of decency is want of sense, and the society was something more than sensible. But short of licence, there was liberty in every shape; there was an incessant radiation of sparks from the contact of bright intellects, without

the faintest semblance of effort; even anecdotes, by way of illustration, were freely risked by veterans of the Bar and the pulpit; one happy thought suggested another; and so the hours glided by imperceptibly to an accompaniment of light-hearted laughter. When the party reluctantly broke up, latch-keys must have been generally in requisition; and, in short, as William Laidlaw remarked of a memorable meeting between Scott and Davy, "it was a very superior occasion."

That reminiscence of yesterday bears directly on the subject of fun in fiction. There is a season for mirth, as the Preacher sagely remarks, but the season comes from time to time to the most saturnine of us. We naturally turn to good novels for distraction; but more or less consciously we long to be amused, and we like our fiction light and somewhat playful. It is safe to say that all the greatest novelists have shown a strong sense of humour in some shape. There are writers whom we place in the second rank, who made their mark purely by sensation; but, like Wilkie Collins, they paid homage to the principle by striving to be humorous, although unsuccessfully. Humour in fiction may take an infinity of forms, from the broadest farce to quaint suggestion; and no one has more admirably summarised the Protean aspects of wit than Bishop Butler in a passage that has been often quoted. We are inclined to attribute the decay of the historical novel to the difficulty of introducing any natural fun in it. It needs a Shakespeare, or *cum intervallo*, a Scott or a Dumas, to conjure up the Falstaffs, the Justices Shallows, the comical clowns and the blundering peasantry of former generations; to make the medieval men in armour shake their sides; and to catch the rough flavour of the boisterous jests that made the rafters ring again in the baronial hall, when the flagons were going the rounds of the oaken tables. Scott for the life of him could not help being ludicrous sometimes, though even with his natural flow of sympathetic geniality the merriment in 'Quentin Durward' or 'Anne of Geierstein,' in 'Ivanhoe' or the chivalrous Tales of the Crusaders, is obviously strained. Dumas, with the overflowing vivacity of a light-spirited and versatile Frenchman, was perhaps scarcely less successful than Scott in the remarkable novels in which he has romanced on the dissolute histories of the Valois and the Bourbons. And Scott and Dumas are easily first among modern historical novelists. G. P. R. James was not unfrequently picturesque and dramatic; but, so far as we remember, he seldom or never laughs; and nowadays nobody reads him by any accident, unless occasionally when some intelligent tourist in the Palatinate buys the 'Heidelberg,' which is published in the Tauchnitz edition. Even then we will lay long odds that the purchaser skips a full third of the stilted pages. A few of Harrison Ainsworth's earlier novels will survive, but simply because he makes the reader sip deep of horrors, in what Thackeray pleasantly characterised as his light and playful romances. His reputation, such as it is, will rest on the rack and the quartering-block, on the horrors of famine and plague, and the dark mysteries of the dungeon; for his merry dwarfs, and his giant warders, and his headsmen drawing tankards of ale when off duty, are lamentable caricatures from the comical point of view. Even the 'Harold,' the 'Rienzi,' and the 'Last of the

Barons' of Lord Lytton, are consigned already to comparative oblivion; while 'My Novel,' with such inimitably humorous sketches as the Squire and the Parson, and the Machiavelian philanthropist of the Casino, is likely to live with the English language. Lord Lytton could put a Riccabocca in the stocks, resigning himself philosophically to patience under the red umbrella; but it surpassed powers which were less flexible than vigorously dramatic to give us to realise the rude humour of the jovial Saxons when they were carousing in bellicose anticipation before the battle of Hastings. It is certain that the humour is not there; but it might be pleaded, had not Shakespeare taught us differently, that the novelist holds the mirror faithfully to nature when he ignores the existence of fun in these days. Like Dr John Brown's famous dog, people of all ranks were taking life seriously, and for good reason. The lower classes were suffering in the blackness of despair, seldom lightened by one hopeful flicker of sunshine, and their so-called betters were busily oppressing them, when not fighting among themselves. A mad and a melancholy world, my masters! might have been the motto of all the medieval chronicles.

The historical romance at its best is dramatic, picturesque, and sensational, but the fathers of modern English fiction, on the other hand, are nothing if they are not farcical or humorous. And the humour is necessarily of the broadest kind, for it aims at the close reproduction of contemporary manners and the tone of contemporary talk, when it was the fashion to call a spade a spade. We know what Sir Robert Walpole said about the only conversation he found generally suitable to the very mixed parties of guests who gathered round his hospitable board at Houghton. And if the loosest conversation, the most ribald stories, and the most licentious jests were encouraged by the Prime Minister, we may conceive what went on at the table of a Squire Western, or at dinner and supper in the country inns where the occupants of the stage-waggons stopped to refresh themselves. Those early novelists were the veritable realists. They painted from the life exactly as they had seen it, drawing very charily on fancy or imagination. They conformed themselves to the taste of the times, or the interested advice of the booksellers. Even the super-refined Sterne has a not unfrequent outbreak of coarseness, just as he studs the pages of his 'Sentimental Journey' with what Thackeray calls "his dreary *double entendres*." But we doubt whether Fielding or Smollett even suspected they were indecent; they only copied Nature as they knew her, and scouted hypocrisy and sanctimonious pretences. For, long after the accession of the house of Hanover, the reaction against Puritanism still ran strong. Indeed what is barely indelicate in one age is considered grossly indecent in the next. Readers of the 'Life of Scott' will remember how he was asked by his old aunt, Mrs Keith of Ravelston, to get her the novels of Mrs Afra Behn, which she had enjoyed as a girl. Her dutiful nephew sent her the books, which he had procured with considerable trouble, in a sealed parcel. But before she had turned over many pages, the good lady had had more than enough. She could not understand, she said, why she blushed as an old woman at what she had read in her maidenhood as a matter of course. The mystery was

easily explained, but the story is nevertheless significant. We glanced at Mrs Behn ourself in an edition which was brought out about a dozen years ago. We did not get far enough to be either shocked or contaminated, for we found her intolerably dull. Dulness is assuredly not the fault of Fielding or Smollett; and the more often we turn to 'Tom Jones' or 'Roderick Random,' the more genuine is the admiration we feel for those admirable painters of manners. With Fielding especially the subtly humorous analysis of character is so cleverly disguised under an appearance of candid simplicity, that on a hasty perusal it is impossible to do it justice. There are innumerable telling touches of description which are rather suggested than expressed; but the charm of both Fielding and Smollett is, that characters are continually being brought out in the free-and-easy play of everyday action. With them all the world's a stage, and all the men and women are players. But as they wrote after the manners of the age, and made their hits by studying the likings of the audience, broad comedy is constantly transforming itself into screaming farce. Consequently not a few of the most effective situations which were always strong, strike us now as repulsive, and when they turn upon love, whether light or serious, they pass the limits of modern licence. The passion of Tom Jones is sensual far more than sentimental, and even the fair Sophia, with all her delicacy, is content to accept it as it is. The key to the spirit of Fielding's love-making is to be found in the final and very suggestive scene where the lady expresses some natural doubts as to her volatile admirer's future constancy. Tom does not trouble himself to swear eternal fidelity—to declare that he has seen the error of his ways, and means to tread in the paths of virtue as a reformed character. He simply leads the young beauty before a looking-glass, asks her to cast a glance at her unrivalled charms, and then say whether it is possible for a lover to be false to her. Sophia smiles at the compliment and is satisfied—though it leaves her happiness at the mercy of an attack of the small-pox. That scene seemed perfectly natural then. Now it would be condemned, not, perhaps, altogether on moral grounds, but as an artistic mistake and an outrage on the conventionalities. And if many of the scenes are strong, it follows that the language is full-flavoured to coarseness, especially when the primitive natives break out in a passion. Squire Western never stopped to pick his words; and when in the best of tempers, after the second bottle, he scattered about such flowers of speech as are current now in the Black Country. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," and our gallant soldiers were recruited from the small farmers and agricultural labourers, who swear at large and are foul-mouthed as they habitually were in the most mirth-stirring episodes of Fielding and Smollett. Hence Fielding and Smollett are meat for strong men and for nobody else. Not only so, but we are glad to think that even modern men of the world are repelled by their antiquated grossness. For ourselves, we admire their works as we admire those plays of Shakespeare for which we happen to have no especial predilection. We recognise their incontestable merits. But we confess we come to the enjoyment of them with some sense of a task, and we should never

take them up by way of relaxation towards the small hours, when the wearied brain craves innocent refreshment.

Smollett's scenes on board ship, and Fielding's story of his cruising to Lisbon in search of health, suggest sea-novels, although thereby we set the chronology of our sketching at defiance. For the best sea-novels have always perpetuated something of the licence of the older writers. The sea-novelist has been bred and brought up in a midshipman's berth, far away from the strict social proprieties; if he takes pen in hand, as a sailor, and succeeds, we may generally swear that the spirit of fun has been strong in him. He begins by looking at the humorous side of the seaman's life, which says much for the buoyancy of his temperament, when we remember the hardships and miseries to which the tars of two generations back were condemned. They were knocked out of time by pressgangs, to find themselves manacled and bleeding below battened-down hatches. They were summarily separated from the wives and families dependent on them; they were shipped for interminable cruises, when they seldom had a day's liberty on shore; they might be flogged, ironed, or keelhauled at the caprice of an autocratic captain: when struck down in an engagement, they were cut up by some surgeon's mate in a stuffy cockpit; and they were brought round to convalescence on the salt pork and weevily biscuits which bred scurvy and other diseases in healthy constitutions. As for the officers, they fared scarcely better in their different degree. And moreover, unless they had aristocratic connections or patronage, they had to scramble for each step of deferred promotion, or sicken in the cold shade of neglect, till the master's mate became the grey-haired veteran. Consequently, as matter of fact, the realistic maritime novel should be the most melancholy of all reading. But look how a life at sea is misrepresented by the jovial and comical imagination of a Marryat. He skims over improbabilities by selecting his heroes among young fellows of fortune or fair expectations. Fortune befriends them, or luck steps in, and he leads them on from one laughable scene to another. They have their trials, as who has not? to parody the remarks of Mr Guppy, when he touched gently on his mother's weakness for getting drunk. But we know all the time that those trials will prepare them for advancement, and they rise superior to them in the elasticity of youthful courage even when still feeling the pangs,—as when Peter Simple is rope's-ended by O'Brien out of the prostrating fit of sea-sickness which threatened to be indefinitely prolonged. O'Brien, though he chastens paternally, is by no means brutal. He knows that Peter, like a young bear, has all his sorrows before him; he thinks it best he should have a small instalment at once, which shall save worse suffering in the end. He lays it into the groaning sufferer with the knotted rope, and we do not say that it is a form of treatment which will be popular in a Channel packet. But Peter tumbles somehow out of his hammock, and painfully taking a seat upon his sea-chest, enjoys a biscuit and basin of pea-soup. How heartily a young fellow laughs at that sort of scene, although any well-intended discipline of the kind would be singularly disagreeable to himself! For Marryat administers anodynes in narrating atrocities,

and so he carries the sympathies of his readers along with him, which Smollett not unfrequently fails to do. So it is in the case of Mr Midshipman Easy and his friend Gascoigne, when they have had a tussle with the crew of the Sicilian felucca, and pitched the slaughtered ruffians overboard. A civil jury, to say nothing of a court-martial, would probably have brought it in "justifiable homicide." All the same, the blood of sundry of their fellow-creatures might have been supposed to weigh somewhat on the boys' consciences. But not a bit of it. Jack and Ned sit sipping the wine that was part of their prize's cargo, watching the smoke curl up from their cigars towards the lateen sail they have arranged as an awning, and congratulating themselves on the capital story they can tell the old admiral at Malta. And Marryat makes us like them all the better for it; just as we grin, though we can hardly approve, when one of Lever's joyous heroes confounds manslaughter and murder,—for cleverly managed drollery mocks at morality.

Marryat is a good man, and his novels have been preserved by the freshness of their breezy fun, while those of his contemporaries like Captain Glasscock are forgotten. Marryat is good, but Tom Cringle is far better. In fact, the old friend and contributor of 'Maga' is the British sea-novelist *par excellence*. Michael Scott was no sailor, and we believe sea-critics declare that he occasionally blunders in rigging and handling his craft. Be that as it may, the innumerable land-lubbers who revel in him have accepted all his sea-scenes as gospel. Tom afloat or ashore is apparently as realistic as Defoe in 'Robinson Crusoe,' yet everything he writes is coloured with the rich exuberance of his imagination. He excels in all manner of description, and if we desire to appreciate the brilliancy of his tropical landscapes, we have only to compare them with those of Kingsley or Trollope, which were clever enough of their kind. Eclipse is first, and the others nowhere. But Tom, with the versatility of his literary gifts, had always a morbid apprehension of boring his readers. He loved to blend his descriptions with his inimitable character-drawing, and the humorous figures with which he filled his foregrounds are always ringing the changes between the grotesque, the pathetic, and the sublime. No man could sketch the negro better, and the slaves and coloured folk in Jamaica and Cuba were always ready to his hand. Some sagacious governors might have done more for the welfare of the colony had they studied the nigger's idiosyncrasy in Tom Cringle's books. If we have a fault to find with him, it is that he was apt to carry fun into farce. Yet we believe he knew what he was about, and appreciated the charms of surprise and variety. One of the best tropical descriptions is the night scene, where the party are returning from Mrs Roseapple's ball to Sally French's tavern. They are following the fragrant cliff-path between sky and sea, embowered in the fruit and foliage of the orange-trees, when the limpid brilliancy of innumerable stars is half eclipsed by the sparkle of myriads of fire-flies. Tom has absorbed himself in that enchanting study, when all at once it strikes him he has given us enough of it. And it is quite possible he might have become wearisome had he gone on sentimentalising for another page. So we have Flamingo

and Tom, bearing the drunken skipper between them, bumping his head on the flinty road, and demolishing some scores of the fire-flies at each bump. Then Felix, in correct evening-dress, scrambling after oranges like an ape, proposes to "make a feather-bed of the navigator's carcass" when he wishes to fall soft; and next, the comic glancing off to the dramatic, we have Adderfang pulling away to the piratical schooner. And when Tom has not a comical character at hand, he snaps the sentimental threads with a sudden interruption. He has been indulging in a long poetical rhapsody beneath the frowning batteries of the Moro, looking down into the starlit depths of the channel, with the phosphorescent flashes and the spectre-like forms of the fishes. He is not only poetical, but he fears he is verging on the maudlin—when in the nick of time the steward is at his elbow announcing supper. The volatile Thomas will soon be himself again, for he dives to the gun-room, "kicking Romance to Old Nick," and "we had some wine and some fun, and there an end." Yet not altogether an end, for he takes care to add that he will never forget that dark pool, with the scenes he witnessed there by night and day.

That mingling of the grave and gay is almost invariable. The horrors of the death of the betrayed Spanish girl are brightened by the "comic business" of Transom and the pompous little medico fording the flooded river; even when the corpse lies on the bier before the altar in the chapel, the captain shoots the portly Señora Campana through the narrow window in most Smollett-like and unceremonious fashion. When the imperturbable Aaron Bang is for once looking grave over Tom's frankness as to his religious belief, the next moment he laughs away his annoyance, and is apostrophising an impudent little duck. It is just the same in the 'Cruise of the Midge,' where we have Toby Tooraloo, with his ludicrous habit of misplaced laughter, figuring as a conspicuous actor in the melodramatic *dénouement*. The more closely we analyse those old novels of Michael Scott, the higher the rank we are inclined to assign him as a humourist. The superfine may condemn some of his extravagances; but no one can deny the humorously consistent fidelity with which he makes his heroes and their more intimate friends reveal themselves in their lighter shades, in their daily walk and conversation. Even when verging on caricature they are never untrue to themselves. We doubt whether in these days of iron-sheathed men-of-war and narrow-waisted screw trading steamers we shall ever see another Tom, or even another Marryat. A sea-life will always have its sensational side, and we have been much interested by many of the romances of Mr Clark Russell. But if he interests, he seldom tries to amuse us, and we fear there is far less scope for sea-drolleries than there used to be.

We have gone adrift in a nautical digression. Scott succeeds to Smollett and Sterne. The novels of fashionable life, in which the insipid "Almack's" actually made a mark, are stale, flat, and unprofitable. You may smile at their follies, but otherwise there is not a laugh in them. Now we need hardly say we are not going to indulge in glorification of the Great Magician,—of the Napoleon who obliterated the old landmarks of fiction, and ruled supreme in the new world he had created. We speak of the author of Waverley as "the Shirra"; as the unri-

valled relater of the good stories he retouched in the telling; as the Velasquez of the varied individualities he idealised; as the man who, when his health was strong and his spirits were high, beat up Highland smugglers and ex-caterans among their stills and in their glens—who made mounted raids into Liddesdale before the days of wheeled carriages—and who never missed the chance of noting a comical or characteristic trait, whether he were drinking toddy or spearing salmon with a store-farmer, sitting demurely at the clerk's table in the Parliament Square, or supping with the Prince at Carlton House. Considering all he has done himself, and the work of his many clever imitators, it was a blissful moment for mankind when, in a search for fishing-tackle, he stumbled on the half-finished 'Waverley.' There can be no more striking proof of the sudden revolution he set agoing, or of the absolute freshness of the new and natural manner he popularised, than the impression of the first volume in manuscript on James Ballantyne. Worthy James was Scott's devoted admirer; he had decided literary tastes, and Scott regarded him as no mean critic. Yet, as he owned afterwards with shame and sorrow, he pronounced the scenes at Tully-veolan and in the village change-house vulgar. The fact was that they were all the world apart from the artificial standard of conventional inaninity set up by the Minerva Press. We do not know that there is a greater proof of Scott's genius for humour than his success with such types as the formal Scotch baron of the old French school, and the pragmatical soldier of fortune who had followed the Lion of the North. The Baron of Bradwardine, though Morritt expressed some apprehensions, was as heartily welcomed in fashionable Southern drawing-rooms as among the lairds of Perth and Angus, who had known something of his forebears. Scott was only human after all, and inclined to forget that what amused his immediate friends might be less entertaining to the great world beyond the Border. His special knowledge as a Scottish lawyer was often something of a snare to him. Candid intimates hinted, for example, that Mr Saddletree was decidedly a bore. But when that has been said, and when we have remarked that the shoemaker went rather beyond his last in depicting the humours of the fashionable company at the third-rate Spa of St Ronan's, criticism or cavilling has done its utmost. Take any one of the earlier Scotch novels, for example, and say if they are not always saturated in humour. No doubt it is continually being kept in the background, while poetry, pathos, and tragedy come to the front. But it is always there, and the cheery author is always willing to send a stray gleam through the blackness. What can be more painfully dramatic than the trial at Carlisle, when the chivalrous Vich Ian Vohr, learning the vanity of earthly things, is to pay the penalty of his ambition? It was hard to raise a laugh then without outraging the canons of good taste. Yet what can be more true to Highland simplicity than the original proposal of the devoted henchman, to go down on his personal guarantee to Glennaquoich and bring up six of the very best of the MacIvors to be "justified" in their chieftain's stead?

'Waverley' was essentially romantic, but in 'Guy Mannering,' as it was a picture of more modern manners, humour had free play. The English stranger had his first

experience of Scottish "wut" when he asks his way in the wilds of Galloway. He finds it improve on further acquaintance, when he listens to the worthy Laird of Ellangowan "maundering" away, and reproaching the silent Sampson for volubility while the lady up-stairs is in the pangs of labour. The laird is anxious about his wife, but his involuntary jocularity gets the better of pathos. It may be doubted whether Scott ever drew anything better than Dandie Dinmont: the old Liddesdale recollections, all the memories of the rides with Shortreed, and the rough-and-ready fox-hunting and badger-drawing that had been long dammed back, came upon him with a rush. How happily he hits off the once-familiar talk and habits of thought in suggestive touches! —as in the chat with the captain about the randy gipsy wife who had given him a Cassandra's warning, and the menacing promise to MacGuffog of a sackful of broken bones the next time the jailer set his foot in Liddesdale. As for Dominie Sampson, Scott had a contemporary pattern all ready to his hand in the Dominie Tamson, the tutor at Abbotsford, just as he puts Laidlaw's "what for no" in the mouth of Meg Dods. It is difficult to realise that the same man who had done Dinmont should have drawn the misanthropic bibliomaniac of Monkbarns with such living and sympathetic drollery. A certain old Mr Constable of Prestonpans is said to have been the original, to which Ramsay of Ochtertyre supplied certain characteristic traits. Scott may have borrowed a type and some traits, but all were transformed by the magic of his genius. Book-hunting may be an absorbing pursuit, and it has its sensations, but it seems a somewhat slow and musty business to the outsider. We know nothing much more spirited in the Waverley Novels than Oldbuck's enthusiastic explanations to Lovel of how he came by the choicest treasures in his collection. All the antiquary's talk, whether of Picts or *Phocæ*, old chronicles or Scottish cookery, is flavoured with the dry pungency characteristic of the man, who scarcely succeeded in being either cynic or misanthrope. And the unintentional lessons he scattered broadcast, by apologue or episode, in oriental fashion, have been laid to heart and unconsciously acted upon. Connoisseurs have been guilty of many follies, for the art of ingeniously counterfeiting even outstrips credulity. But we believe many a pseudo-antiquary has been saved from some costly extravagance by recollections of Edie Ochiltree, of the bodle and the ladle, and the Kaim of Kinprunes.

There is always abundance of spontaneous humour in all Scott's novels which approach modern times. Take 'The Pirate,' for instance. Magnus Troil is a most excellent character, for such hospitable topers are of every age; and Claud Halcro and Triptolemus Yellowley serve as admirable foils to the Udalman. And the Cuddie Headrigg of 'Old Mortality' is even better than Triptolemus, for the Scottish agriculturist was a stereotyped Conservative, drawing his thoughts and his metaphors from his absorbing occupation; and Cuddie with his pawky timidity had a rare chance of coming out strong, when tried for his life before the terrible Blood Council. But we have spoken of the difficulties—which even Scott found formidable—of introducing fun into the medieval romance. He grappled them, of course, with his resolute versatility, and not a few of the medieval scenes are infinitely creditable. Take two at

random. The one which perhaps we most thoroughly enjoy is the nocturnal drinking bout in the Hermitage of Copmanhurst, when Sir Sluggard has persuaded his saintly host to draw on his forage-stack, his cellar, and his pantry. The other is the carouse in the Castle of Plessis, where Durward had been enrolled in the Archer Guard. The dignified Lord Crawford drops in, and being left to himself, he subsides into a seat, and devotes himself to the wine-cup. When he rises to go, after delivering much sage advice against excess, the old nobleman's gait is decidedly unsteady; so with much presence of mind, and in soldier-like familiarity, he condescends to lay a hand on the shoulder of Le Balafré, and covers a graceful retreat by whispering confidentially in his ear.

But in that respect, in our candid opinion, Scott is surpassed by Dumas. Oddly enough the brilliant Frenchman seems to keep his comedy for his historical novels and his 'Impressions de Voyage.' Some of the short stories in the 'Impressions' are droll to a degree—that one, for example, about the home-sick dromedary broken loose from the caravan, which mistook the dusty wastes near Marseilles for the sands of its native Sahara. 'Monte Christo,' on the other hand, which is a masterpiece of somewhat slipshod invention, is generally as grave as it is sensational. The nearest approach to drollery we remember in it, is where the so-called Cavalcantis are presented to each other in their new relations of father and son. With the novels of the Valois period it is very different. Chicot, the Court fool, makes excellent fooling throughout; and his bitter tongue has unrivalled opportunities, considering the rare sagacity he hides beneath an affectation of folly. His monkish boon-companion Gorenflot is done in far broader style; but remembering all we have read in Rabelais and elsewhere, we do not know that even Gorenflot is much caricatured. Then there is the Captain Roquefinette of 'Le Chevalier d'Harmental,' a species of French version of Major Dalgetty; for Dumas, like Scott, took so kindly to scamps that he generally gave them redeeming virtues. As for the series of the 'Musketeers,' many of the early scenes have all the reckless *verve* of Lever's Irish novels.

When Dickens brought Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller on the stage, the farce was received with shouts of laughter; for a farce, and a screaming farce, the 'Pickwick Papers' were, and the immortal Sam is a magnificent impossibility. It is not only that wit and wisdom and apposite illustrations dropped from his lips like the pearls from those of the princess in the fairy tale; but the range of his reading had been as wide as his practical philosophy was profound. He is at home with Sterne, for he talks about the young woman who kept the Goat, &c. Though from being waggoner's boy, and sleeping under the Adelphi arches, he had been promoted to boots at the Borough Inn, he is so familiar with the interiors of respectable taverns in the city, that he can warn his master to avoid a certain table with the awkward legs. But what of all that? We fear 'Pickwick' loses flavour with advancing age, but we used to know many a young man who read and re-read it far more indefatigably than he ever searched the Scriptures. There was a time when it was as freely quoted at fast messes and other places where even the lightest fiction was at a discount, as in the daily journals and the maga-

zines. The author had taken the licence of the professional jester who never sticks at a trifle so long as he can raise a laugh. Mr Pickwick and his faithful companions are as indifferent to the conventionalities of dress and the toilet as any follower of Diogenes. They go for a week's visit in a country house in as light marching order as a Matabele warrior or a primitive Christian missionary. They are always swallowing liquor, in season and out of season; and though we have no sort of sympathy with Sir Wilfrid, we are scandalised at the frequency of Mr Pickwick's excesses. How he found his way home from the cricket-match to the Manor Farm has always been a mystery to us; and we must say that the sage in spectacles richly deserved the pillory, when he had got drunk over the jars of cold punch at the shooting luncheon. 'Pickwick' was a *tour d'esprit* that was not to be repeated, and in his subsequent books Dickens rose from broad burlesque to more chastened farce or genteel comedy. Though there was burlesque still in the picturesque characters whom Martin Chuzzlewit and Mr Tapley fell among in the Far West, the studies could not have been altogether caricatured, or they would not have stung the Americans so deeply. For ourselves, we have laughed over and enjoyed 'Martin Chuzzlewit' more than any other of Dickens's books, although the autobiographical 'Copperfield' ranks higher as a work of art, and we are far from forgetting Mr Micawber. Talking of Messrs Micawber, Toots, Tapley, Swiveller, & Co., there can be no stronger test of the lifelike humour of those fancies than the frequency with which they have pointed the speeches of statesmen and been applied to the purposes of political caricature. Mr Punch has made us familiar enough with Chancellors of the Exchequer waiting for something to turn up, and with Premiers struggling with difficulties and striving to be jolly under the circumstances. Of course it would have been well for Dickens's fame had he ceased to write when he began to read in public. "Like milestones on the Dover road," the comical characters mark a melancholy and steady decline from the Flora and Mrs General of 'Little Dorrit' to the Pumblechooks and Pips. Yet we not only like his last books from grateful associations, but for the fun that is still on tap, though the quality has sadly deteriorated. There is matter for mirth in the first chapters of 'Great Expectations,' nor is the old gout-ridden purser in the last volume by any means bad. Even the Podsnaps and Twemlows of 'Our Mutual Friend' have their merits. Dickens was a genuine humourist, but it is curious to remark that apparently he kept all his good things for his novels. There is forced fun enough in the hasty notes to his friends preserved by Mr Forster, yet hardly a fancy was funny enough to impress itself on our memory. With one notable exception, where a raven arriving to replace another, administers to the little property of the defunct, and proceeds to ransack the repositories in the back garden; and that fancy, we believe on second thoughts, was touched up on translation to 'The Uncommercial Traveller.'

We look back with mingled pleasure and melancholy to the days when Thackeray's monthly serials in the yellow covers were running neck and neck with Dickens in green, while Lever in neutral and inappropriate leaden colour was by no means a bad third. It has been the fashion since Thackeray's death to declare that he was

no cynic, and Mr Punch set the example in a graceful mortuary ode to his old and valued contributor. The assertion is more than paradoxical; it is untrue. Thackeray was essentially a cynic. Undoubtedly he delighted to analyse the vices, follies, and foibles of human nature, from the hero of "the Fatal Boots" to such finished scoundrels as Barry Lyndon. He made a reputation by the 'Snob Papers,' which search out all social weaknesses in the manner of a polite Fielding; and he established it by 'Vanity Fair,' with its wonderfully expressive and comprehensive title. He was a cynic, but he was a kindly cynic; and like some of the spasmodic fountains in the desert, his milk of human kindness would come in jets, the more refreshing from their rarity. As for example, when, *apropos* to good Dr Goodenough, and in grateful remembrance of friendly services, he breaks out in heartfelt praise of the doctors, whom he has freely satirised elsewhere. That he excelled in the loving delineation of noble character, he showed in Colonel Newcome, whose very weaknesses are the offspring of virtues, making us like him all the better. So with Dobbin, where growing affection for his subject evidently forced the satirist's hand; for the uncouth and painfully embarrassed schoolboy and subaltern goes forward gaining steadily in dignity. Thackeray's scamps and his rogues have generally attractive qualities, are often treated with extreme tenderness, and are encouraged to avail themselves of opportunities for repentance. Rawdon Crawley, the dissipated heavy dragoon, is a hardened reprobate: it may be doubted if he plays on the square with cards or dice, and he shoots Captain Marker with as little remorse as a cock-pheasant. His marriage with the worst of wives does much to change him for the better, and unselfish affection for his boy does a great deal more. We sympathise when he is arranging to be revenged on Lord Steyne; we are touched by the tears in his eyes when he is talking to his kindly sister-in-law; and we feel something approaching to respect for the old *roué* when he sails away to honourable exile in Coventry Island. "Honest" Costigan—Thackeray, who was much addicted to mannerisms, was fond of calling his most questionable characters honest — is an unmitigated and disreputable old scamp. So far as debts, duns, and pecuniary baseness go, he is a vulgarised Rawdon Crawley. Perhaps Costigan could not have helped getting drunk, but he need not have dishonoured his grey hairs by singing scandalous songs at the "Kitchen" towards the small hours. His conduct is about as contemptible as conduct need be, yet the touch of genius somehow insinuates relief, and we have all a kindness for the drunken captain. Thackeray had more sympathy with a gay and gifted Bohemian like Jack than with a selfish sensualist like Jos Sedley. There is no better comedy in the novels than the earlier career of the Collector of Boggley Wallah: the blushing youth in his gay garments making love to Becky; Mr Sedley in the bower at Vauxhall inviting the public to pledge him in rack-punch; Mr Sedley, swaggering one day in the streets of Brussels, and hurrying the next from stable to hotel, offering any money for a pair of posters; Waterloo Sedley relating his European campaigns in Hindustan, and hinting that he and the Iron Duke shared the honour of sending Napoleon to St Helena. We like the fat old gourmand, who with all his faults was free-handed enough to his

parents and his sister. But Thackeray puts his sated sensualist into a purgatory as terrible as was ever invented for the capital sin of gluttony by the realistic old Italian painters, and his end with Becky Crawley as a ministering fiend, is about as miserable as could well be imagined. There are many admirable minor touches in Thackeray which are apt to escape observation. He excelled in happy nomenclature, though we have been told that his friend "Jacob Omnium" used to help him there. 'The Newcomes' is almost a more suggestive title than 'Vanity Fair,' and what can sound better than the impregnable fortress of Dunkeradam, which figures in the veracious narrative of Major Gahagan? We take one example at random of the felicitous finish of a sentence where the wit lurks in the surprise: where we are told that Mr Percy Sievewright of the Inner Temple played on the piano, —"and very ill too."

Thinking of Jos Sedley and his gourmandism, of the pine-apples he brought home for tiffin to Russell Square, and the chilis he feelingly recommended to his inamorata, we associate Thackeray with caviare, anchovies, olives, and the piquant delicacies of refined civilisation. The writings of Lever remind us, on the contrary, of a heady, rich, and generous vintage, which ripens with maturity and mellows with age. 'Harry Rollicker,' as Thackeray happily parodied the original, passes through Arthur O'Leary into the sage and caustic Cornelius O'Dowd, and the author of the more serious fiction that followed 'Sir Brooke Fossbrooke.' For fast, brilliant, headlong fun, for a sustained flow of buoyant and exuberant spirits, there is nothing in the world to match his first military novels. He took, as a rule, the droll side of Irish life, as Carleton, who was peasant-born, had painted it in its more pathetic and darker aspects. Lever's Irish heroes stick at nothing, as their creator laughs probabilities and chronology to scorn. And the Englishmen of a good sort who go among them, are speedily indoctrinated with the tastes and mad humours of the country. They take impossible leaps in the hunting-field on half-blown horses; they take turns on the sod at twelve short paces by way of appetiser for an early breakfast; they live in a wild whirl of gaieties; they sit in each evening at mess to bouts of serious drinking. Yet their constitutions stand the incessant strain; they seem to be continually renewing their vigorous youth, and are seldom either sick or sorry. What is more remarkable is the way they manage to live on considerably less than their modest pay, for they are all hopelessly in debt. They recognise the necessity for some circulating medium by backing bills and interviewing usurers, but they decidedly overdo the Scriptural precept of taking no thought for the morrow. Yet apparently they are justified in that blind faith in the future, for the inevitable crash is indefinitely deferred. They tempt Providence by provoking crack duellists; by volunteering parenthetically, like Mr O'Malley, for desperate forlorn-hopes, with which they have no regimental concern; and by indulging in mad pranks upon outpost duty, which are more likely to lead to courts-martial than promotion. If they are not actually shot-proof, they are virtually immortal, and they rise rapidly in the service when other men would be broken. And yet we are amused, and overpersuaded, moreover, to sceptical credulity, as in the wonderland of the Arabian Nights. For Lever has all the fecundity and

fertility of the oriental *raconteur*. His Maurice Quills, his Monsoons, his O'Shaughnessys, his jovial priests of the old school, and their frolicsome parishioners, like Micky Free, are equally rich in reminiscences,—as all the reminiscences are illustrative of mad customs and strange manners, and point their moral, such as it is. Then look at the rich humour of the Dodd correspondence, an improved imitation of Humphry Clinker, which is saying a great deal for it. Of course Kenny Dodd contrives to live like a prince on the Continent on the hampered rent-roll of an Irish squireen; yet how wisely he discusses life and politics in the midst of his extravagances, and what capital stories he has to tell! —as the anecdote of the two "decent men" who had been delegated by a secret society to shoot him; who satisfactorily answered the question as to "how much they would take to let him live," and whom he amicably accompanied to the borders of his property, talking over the crops and the turns of the markets. As for the latest novels, they have sobered in their style, though there is always the underflow of the old drollery; but like the sermon in 'Gil Blas,' that smacked of the apoplexy, we have a sense that they are weighted with the gout and the gravel.

It is a very long way from Lever to George Eliot — from Harry Lorrequer to Silas Marner; and a comparison, or rather a contrast of the two, serves to illustrate the extraordinary range in the varieties of irresistible humour. In almost equal measure with Scott and Balzac, George Eliot had the Shakespearian gift of genius which enables a writer to exchange minds with his characters. Considering her age, her sex, her upbringing, and her education, we can understand her identifying herself with "the Aunts" in the 'Mill on the Floss.' But what does astound us is the inimitable *vraisemblance* of such a Teniers-like scene as that of the rustic conviviality at "The Rainbow," where the farrier, the butcher, and Mr Macey the clerk, discuss parochial matters in general, and the Red Durham and ghosts in particular. We might fancy she had been under the table taking shorthand notes. Assuredly she had not much in common with a Bob Jakin. Yet what can be more natural than the aspirations of Bob's early ambition, though the horizon was destined to expand indefinitely—"I'd sooner be a rot-catcher nor anything—I would. The moles is nothing to the rots. But, Lors! you mun ha' ferrets. Dogs is no good." Mrs Poyser is a wonderful example of the power of teaching by parable and familiar metaphor. There is practical philosophy in all she says, as there are human nature and consistency in all she does. The scene in which she gives the Squire a piece of her mind is at least as good as anything in 'Adam Bede.' And the appropriate remark with which she caps it is as good as anything in the ludicrous scene—"I've had my say out, and I shall be the easier for it all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly like a leaky barrel." We may be pardoned for remembering with pleasure that among the treasure-troves of new and retiring talent which delighted the late Editor of 'Maga,' the manuscripts of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' were the most delightful. They were the beginning of the long literary connection which changed, after the dropping of the author's veil, into close personal friendship. 'Amos Barton,' in especial, is absolutely

crowded with humorous portraiture. The gathering of the clergy round Mr Ely's hospitable table is a group by a literary Van der Helst which surpasses its companion picture of the immortal Yorkshire curates in 'Jane Eyre.'

We might ramble on indefinitely in Great Britain, without crossing either the Channel or the Atlantic, but we must bring these desultory reminiscences to a close. Yet it would be the height of ingratitude to ignore our familiar friend Anthony Trollope. Speaking personally, no novelist has given us greater pleasure; for we had got the Waverley novels literally by heart at an age when the memory is as susceptible as it is tenacious. Humour is scarcely Trollope's strong point; he shines, of course, rather in the realisation and idealisation of domestic incident and in the easy elaboration of the everyday social types. Yet Trollope's quietly humorous face was the key to his manner of writing; and all his books, not excepting the melancholy 'Macdermots of Ballycloran,' are enlivened by the spirit of fun and gaiety. Even when Trollope's folks are the reverse of humorous themselves, they may be the unconscious causes of endless humorous situations, as in the case of the henpecked Bishop of Barchester, and the domineering Mrs Proudie. So we have the sedate Mr Harding, innocent as any child, when he comes up to London to interview his counsel, dropping in to the deserted night-house in the Haymarket, with its scent of cigar-smoke and unholy shell-fish, as a suitable place to have a quiet clerical chop. So we have the pompous Dr Filgrave—a capital name by the way—moving mirth by his anger when worsted and humiliated in single combats with Dr Thorne in the sick-rooms at Greshambury and Boxall Hill. But when Trollope does lay himself out to be more decidedly comical, he not unfrequently succeeds admirably. In his gallery of celebrities there are few superior to the great Mr Moulder in 'Orley Farm,' with his abiding sense of the dignity of his commercial vocation, and his patriotic predilection for double-proof British brandy, which he possibly carries to an extreme.

Mr Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' is a wonderful book, *totus, teres, rotundus,* and all the rest of it. Though historical, the history is comparatively modern, and deals, moreover, with the manners of picturesquely Conservative counties. It enjoyed, also, the rare good fortune of founding the most improbable sensation upon actual facts. But what carries us along the Doone Trail and up to distant London almost as pleasantly as the good company of the truculent Carver and the freebooting Tom Fagus, and the ferocious judge of the Bloody Circuit, is the excellent fellowship of plain John Ridd himself. His dry native wit, his quaint colloquialisms and forms of expression, his simple and original fashion of regarding things, his shrewdly instinctive perception of subtle character, the presence of mind that never fails him, with the mighty power of thews and sinews that are in reserve behind the iron nerve, make up a personality that would seem phenomenal had we not known "Jan" as a boy and watched with Mr Blackmore his slow but sure development. Our older friend Sam Weller is a brilliant freak of the fancy. John Ridd is a child of nature, and a genuine son of Devon, though certainly nature has been singularly kind to him.

THE VALE OF IDAR:

A SERMON IN STONES.

"Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein."

—BEETHOVEN: *An die ferne Geliebte.*
Liederkreis von A. JEITTELES.

CARLYLE, when he is about to plunge the readers of his 'Frederick the Great' into an abstract of the history of the German Empire, sounds a note of warning, and bids them, before they leap, take a last look round and perceive that "the element is of a dangerous, extensive sort, mostly jungle and shaking bog." As he guides them, however, the bog becomes more passable; a point of lurid flame, a tender light, marks this or that holy or unholy personage; a humorous flash clears up transactions more or less creditable to human nature, as the case may be; and in the end the reader may profit much, and is sure of not a little diversion.

But the history of Germany is nothing to its geography—its political geography, that is. It may seem paradoxical and disrespectful to speak so of the solid centre of Europe; but it is true that its geography is the most shifting and unsteady bog-like thing that ever made the despair of a schoolmaster—desperate enough as schoolmasters are over the teaching of geography at all. Instruction and diversion cannot be obtained on any human terms whatever from the study of anything so unreasonable. A patchwork quilt is nothing to the appearance of the map of Germany. The patches which are forced by the misguided industry of woman into incongruous continuity are at least fairly of a size; they even often horribly, as in a dream, adumbrate figures in plane and solid geometry. The most irregular coast-line has an obvious *raison d'être* in the "salt, unplumbed, estranging sea;" and if the inhabitants of Cromarty must be heartily ashamed of the untidy state of what they are pleased to call their county, they must also, unless they consider that the tatterdemalion condition of Nairn keeps them in countenance, be content to look upon themselves as an ignoble exception in this well-ordered empire, and hope earnestly that some form of consolidation may yet await their fragmentary shire. There are a good many matters in Church and State of which we are told daily that to apply to them the ordinary laws of common-sense, not to speak of higher standards, is absurd. They are to be understood only in their "historical continuity." I have no doubt those two Scottish counties are historically very continuous, and that they are sown broadcast over the north of Scotland in that odd way for the best of historical reasons.

But of the divisions on the map of Germany, I know, from studies in the aforesaid History of Frederick, and from other and far drier researches, that they have many of them, if not most of them, no reason whatever but the need

and greed of men in high places; and while the eternal hills remain steadfast, and the ceaseless rivers water the plains in the same accustomed courses, while the inhabitants remain of the same race and the same speech through scores of generations, the boundaries of their dominions who rule or misrule have changed as the figures change in a kaleidoscope. German boundary-stones may well sigh with Horace Smith—

> "We have above ground seen some strange mutations;"

but, at least, the famous mummy who endured while dynasties thus rose and fell again, was not liable to frequent dislocation, nor painted in halves, or striped diagonally in all the colours of the rainbow, every time there was a new mutation; while, to this day, a German milestone can never be sure of waking up in the morning and finding itself displaying the same colours as when it went to sleep the night before.

The poet Shakespeare has been frequently convicted of gross error by the most respectable critics, besides having his very existence as a dramatist denied point-blank by some irrespectable persons. Amongst other matters he has been arraigned for speaking of Bohemia as a "desert country by the sea." Well, Bohemia has certainly no sea-coast now; it cannot even manage at any spot to peep over the top of its girdle of mountains. But what joy would it be to trace the historical continuity of Bohemia; to prove that it may have moved eastward, say from the Riviera; that respectable critics are wrong as well as pedantic; and that Shakespeare being, as some still think, a poet, not only had the best right in the world to give any country whatever a seaboard if he liked, but that, apart from all such questionably "honest" things as poetry, the actual circumstances of Bohemia quite warranted the supposition that a convenient tempest would wash you ashore on its desert coasts! It would only be an instance of the same inductive method of reasoning, and of the truly scientific spirit in which our canny Scot approached the question of Shakespeare's own nationality. Rare Ben Jonson might have been one of the Johnstones of Annandale; all the poets and men of genius in these islands before and after him, down to Mr Gladstone and Mr Ruskin, might be Scotch, said the exasperated Englishman; but could it possibly be said that Shakespeare was in any degree a Scotchman? "Weel," was the reply after some consideration,—"weel, the abeelity wad warrant the supposeeshun!"

The history of Germany would warrant *any* supposition as to its geography. Does the reader know that Austria used to lie mostly to west of the Rhine? I disregard an uncomfortable misgiving that there were two Austrias, and ask with Mrs Hemans, "Where is that country now?" Austria is no longer in Germany at all; it has become part of the still vexed Eastern question—and this though there is no town more German than Vienna. Again, in 1771, you shook the dust of Prussia off your feet five miles outside Danzig; you passed the last Prussian sentry in his pepper-pot sentry-box in the middle of the highway, where he kept watch in the grim vicinity of a malefactor hung in chains on a very solidly built gibbet—possibly an international gibbet, for this at least is an international symbol—and you went on, and lo, you were in a Polish town! Twenty-three years later the sentry was gone,

and the town of Danzig was Prussian. The battle had been fought in which Kosciusko had done neither of the things which history has expected and continues to report of him—that is, he had neither cried out "Finis Poloniæ!" *nor* fallen; but in which, nevertheless, Poland as a nation had passed away, and which inspired one whom, like a certain Nithsdale peasant speaking of Longfellow, I should call "no' just the first o' poets," to the composition of the utterly desperate stanza which ends—

"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell."

To "parse" in early youth many such stanzas of the "Pleasures of Hope" may not inevitably bring on pessimism for life, but I know from personal experience that it tends to leave one as cool-headed on the subject of the woes of the unfortunate country of Poland as Carlyle himself could desire.

And then there is Prussia. Where is Prussia not? Where Prussia came from, is told nowhere so well as in the history of its wonderful king. Where it is going to, is a matter still on the knees of the gods. It is the general element, so to speak, in which the lesser German States float like islands of more or less uncertain stability, with a great tendency towards disappearing beneath the blue; and the wonder is, that below a certain magnitude they have not been engulfed one and all long since. This absorbent quality of Prussia should be very comforting from the point of view of the distracted student. It is all the more disappointing to find any evidence of a retrogression which might thrust him back into some such state of bewilderment as is created in the mind by having, at the bidding of inhuman examiners, to draw out maps of England under the Heptarchy. There is a Greek word for a figure of speech signifying the opposite of hyperbole. It has always seemed to me that the playful term Heptarchy is applied by right of that figure of speech. But the Heptarchy, after all, is a bugbear belonging to the "remotest" and "darkest" ages, and need never be dragged out of the lumber-closet except for such degrading purposes as examinations; whereas the mutable character of German things, in spite of the hopes of fusion into one large Prussia, is of to-day, or at least of yesterday.

Is it reasonable that, in an enlightened nineteenth century, a piece of ground in the midst of Prussian territory—a very small piece of ground—should be fenced off, and have its milestones painted afresh, and its population set apart and counted — and be in fact a State? How, under such impossible conditions, can the knowledge of German geography become a "common good," as the phrase is? It cannot; far be it from me to attempt to make it so. I would ask leave to pilot my readers only to one particular spot, to this one little State; there to spy out, if it may be, the loveliness of the land, to catch a glimpse of the lives of men and women of like passions with ourselves, yet different as the soil which nurtures them differs from our own.

The beauties of the Rhine are, I am told, a hackneyed topic. Personally, I have always thought it very moderately beautiful, at least in the height of summer. Of course it has the merit of being full of water, and of rather beautiful water; and here and there a lovely little triangular town flows

out of one of the steep side valleys which furrow the mountainous country on either hand, and spreads itself along the curving bank of the great stream. But there is a certain staginess about much of the Rhine; its containing banks, however rocky, have a self-conscious intentional look; and the colouring is often distressingly ugly even in the best light. We will leave it; I will not mention it more lest it become a weariness, and I trust it will not be rash if I take for granted that the reader knows its general course, from where it begins its northward journey after it has plunged through the Lake of Constance and sharply turned the corner round the southern end of the Black Forest at Basel, to where, after passing many an ancient city, Alt Breisach and Strassburg and Speier and Worms, it reaches Mainz "the golden" and the northern limits of Germania Superior. Here it leaves the curious strip of plain in which it has been comfortably travelling due north between two ranges of mountains running parallel in the same direction—the mountains of the Palatinate on the left, the Odenwald on the right—because it meets an obstacle in the Taunus, the westerly end of the forest-covered mountain-chain which towers in a great curve east and west across the centre of Europe, and therefore has to turn westwards through the Binger Loch, a deep gorge not wholly the work of its own waters, towards the meeting-place of the rivers, "ad confluentem Mosæ et Rheni," as Cæsar has it, towards Coblenz.

The Moselle — winding as the Greek Mæander, and tortuous, one would think, with far better reason—rises nearly as far south as Basel on the western slopes of the blue Alsatian mountains the Vosges, while the eastern slopes send their waters directly to the Rhine. It sweeps in a wide north-westerly curve round the goodly corner of hill and plain and coal-field — the loss of which fills the French with rage and mourning—and passing close under the walls of Metz, turns towards the north-east, and descends step by step and bend by bend, from where the Saar joins it above Trier, "Trevir metropolis, urbs amœnissima," to its trysting-place with the Rhine. From a little above Trier, the left side of the valley of the Moselle is formed by the south-eastern slopes of the somewhat disorderly crowd of volcanic mountains known as the *Eifel*, the right side by the north-western declivities of a continuous range named in succession *Hochwald*, *Idarwald*, *Hundsrück*, and *Soon*.

This range again, about twenty-five miles broad as the crow flies across the hill, and sixty miles in length, has its south-eastern slopes also broken from time to time by valleys or deep ravines, and across the foot of these flows, almost parallel with the Moselle, another and one of the most beautiful tributaries of the Rhine, the Nahe. And on the left bank of the Nahe, reaching hardly half-way up the hill towards the Moselle, lies our little State, the Principality of *Birkenfeld an der Nahe*—the Nava of the Romans. There may be, nay there are, States smaller still, but a certain delicacy of feeling forbids our prying into their microscopic circumstances, and we may assume that Birkenfeld is a very good size as States go in Germany. Its area is about 160 square miles—that is, the area of the island of Arran almost to an acre. You can easily saunter across it in two hours of even a

warm summer's day, and walk from end to end of it between dawn and dusk. The whole tale of its inhabitants is far below that of the burgh of Leith; and even German geography books know it so little that they most libellously state that its inhabitants speak French, instead of High Dutch as they do speak. But it has a capital and other cities; it has a Government, even a privy council; it has national colours, possibly a national anthem, and a standing army; it has certainly an excellent school board, on which the Jew sits down by the Gentile, be he Catholic or Protestant, in the most enlightened manner; and it has, lastly, a real reigning prince, Prince Peter, who comes from his home nearly 300 miles off in the bleak hungry flats by the North Sea, regularly and officially, once in every five years, like any Prince Peter in a fairy tale, to do a little reigning in Birkenfeld—for a week! And the whole thing was, without with your leave or by your leave of the inhabitants, carved out of the old Archiepiscopal Electorate of Trier, then part of Prussia, just seventy years ago, and presented to the Duke of Oldenburg. Why, it is hard for an uninitiated student of the great mystery known as the Congress of Vienna to see.

The easiest way to get to most places on dry land in these evil days seems undoubtedly to go by the train. And it is to be feared, Mr Ruskin notwithstanding, that it is time to class lines of railway among the natural features of a country; there even seems some hope that, like the old coaching roads, they may deserve one day to be counted among its beauties. Be that as it may, the railway which travels from Bingen up the valley of the Nahe, and on over the hills to Metz and Paris, is a remarkably shy and discreet railway, and, particularly where it skirts the little territory of Birkenfeld, plays hide-and-seek in and out of numberless long tunnels, and round the corners of precipices and sharp edges of mountains—or where it does appear, hangs aloft on airy bridges, in the most becoming and delightful way. In less than twenty-four English miles it crosses and recrosses the Nahe on bridges twenty times, and threads its way through ten long tunnels pierced in the solid rock. No one could call a line of railway a disfigurement which subdues obstacles in as intrepid a manner as a Roman road, and which so constantly hides modestly from view just after it has achieved some triumph over contumacious rock or evasive river-bank. On this very intermittent line, the most beautiful point is the station of Oberstein, the largest town, though not the "capital," of the Principality. The line runs at a considerable height along the left bank of the Nahe—which is here a stony mountain-stream—for the space of about a mile, between the ends of two long tunnels pierced through projecting edges of rocky mountain; and the river lies back far below like the arc of a bow on the string. The little mountain town lies on either side of the river, facing towards high noon, between the railway and the circling cliff, and again and again it calls to mind that "little town by river or sea-shore, or mountain built with peaceful citadel," the living pathos of whose eternally silent streets Keats has set to a melody of words as lovely as the urn round whose fair proportions the image of that Attic townlet was moulded by the long-vanished Greek. The little German town, however, is not silent nor desolate,

but fresh and pleasant to inhabit, and full of the hum of busy life. And its citadel was certainly anything but peaceful.

The Nahe has from the outset one immense advantage over the Rhine in the extremely beautiful colouring of its rocks. It has cut its way through porphyry and sandstone of the most glorious red, and these stand up beside its banks in crags and walls many hundreds of feet high, which catch the morning or the evening light to throw it back in a fiery crimson glow, leaving deep plum-coloured shadows burning behind each rift and pinnacle—rich and dark still more by contrast with the dim soft blue of the swelling forest-crowned hills beyond.

Everything about Oberstein suggests stones—stones cut and polished. The lovely view from the station, of the town clinging to the convex hills, its very church hewn out of the face of a perpendicular rock, and of the twin castles crowning all, resembles nothing so much as a vast intaglio of exquisite workmanship and varied colour.

As the train struggles panting up the river and emerges from the tunnel just below Oberstein, about 1000 feet above sea-level, the first thing which meets the eye to the right is a series of huge escarpments of rock, locally called the Fallen Rocks, so fantastic in their ruin that a house has been built under one big fallen stone. They are a series of edges, as it were, of a strange and interesting geological formation, known as "Das Rothe Todtliegende," which is found in Bavaria, for instance, in immense thickness, but which seldom comes into view above the soil as it does here, in perpendicular, even overhanging cliffs three or four hundred feet in height. Altogether, though you may have known nothing of rocks and stones beforehand, to be at Oberstein, if only for a day, invests the science of geology with a romantic and fascinating interest. Masses of porphyry and melaphyre of various sorts, forming the mountain-side, have been poured forth hot and molten, forced up from under a superimposed world of rock by the enormous powers at work within the earth, and they appear thus side by side with aqueous and other alien formations. "Das Rothe Todtliegende" is also of a deep red, extremely hard and jagged. When the morning sun first touches the shining roofs of Oberstein, these red cliffs thrust their grim shoulders against the golden haze, edge behind edge, stern and sharp like the "flies" in some gigantic natural theatre, and the green fringe of vegetation which creeps wherever it can and softens whatever it touches, is hidden in their own shadow. The porphyry and melaphyre of which the rest of the scene consists, also rise in bare cliffs of a very fine red or reddish-grey; and to the lovers of beautiful contrasts of colour it is matter for gratitude that farther up, the mountain consists of a hidden layer of pale-greenish slate, splitting very fine and shining with a silvery light, which furnishes the townsfolk with a covering for their high-pitched roofs, which it is impossible to imagine more happily chosen to suit the background against which the gables crowd so closely.

The railway station is wholly outside, and is easy to forget, if a cultured conscience so bids, as soon as the traveller begins to descend from it on his way to what is evidently not in the least a village, but an unmistakable little town with all the dignities which 5000 inhabitants can maintain.

The river, wide and shallow among its stones in the summer time, now divides it nearly in half along its length: there was a time when it flowed more to the right; and comparatively recently the whole town was surrounded by a great wall with towers and turrets, and city gates. And it was called "Das Loch,"—the Hole. The "Loch" and its inhabitants were the real and inalienable property of the reigning Counts of Oberstein. And these puissant Counts, from their perch above, just over the town hall, full four hundred feet as straight as the plumb-line falls, with very little in the way of ammunition, or pitch, or hot lead, or live coals, or any other convenient mode of destruction, and with their own knightly hands, aided perhaps by the butler or one of the ladies of the household, could have reduced the poor Loch and its inhabitants to very little indeed; but from economical reasons they usually refrained from treating their own "Lochs" in this light-minded fashion, being fully alive to the bad taste of killing the goose that laid their golden eggs. For the present I resist the temptation to give histories of each and several of the Counts of Oberstein—fine strong fellows as they were, these Comites de Lapide—and their near neighbours and dearest enemies the Comites Silvestres, or Comites Salvatici, of the old chronicles and letters-patent. In the 'Gesta Trevirorum' we read of one of them that "hoc tempore [1367] vir erat tam robustus, ut amam vini e terra sublatam ori admoverit et inde biberit." Which I take to mean, that he used to lift a hogshead, half a hundred imperial gallons, of the good Rhine wine from the ground to his lips—and have a drink, long no doubt in proportion to the size of his cup, a bigger beaker than Alexander the Great's mug Herakles, I feel sure. Another of them, also "hoc tempore," was strong enough to knock an iron nail into a stone wall with one finger! And where is there now a bishop in these Islands who could emulate Bishop Baldwin of Trier, again "hoc tempore," Chaucer's time, who with one blow of his fist could overthrow not only a sturdy rider, but his horse as well? There stand their twin castles to this day—as if castles were the only natural consummation of towers of rock. The new castle, with the lovely oriel window jutting out high above gateway and cliff, between whose slender stone shafts the evening sunlight pours in a warm red and golden flood, is as old as 1276; the old castle was in existence at the time of William the Conqueror, if not before. The turreted walls and gateways round the town have vanished since 1809, and instead of the old drawbridges the Nahe is crossed by two beautiful three-arched bridges in red stone, exactly alike, with parapets of open stonework which are a delight to behold. Bridges, at least bridges of moderate size, ought always to be among the beautiful things in nature; but some people seem to think otherwise: the builders, for instance, of the iniquitously ugly bridge with its Brummagem cast-iron parapet, which leads across Barnes Pool to the lovely corner of Eton, where the little red gables cluster under the grey chapel, have held not only candles but huge gas-lamps to their shames, so that neither by day nor night can we lose sight of their transgression. Good red brick would make beautiful open parapets of geometrical design, something like those at Oberstein, even if we could not achieve the careful stonework

there, or indeed that of the smallest villages round, on bridges built at the present hour.

It is hard to say what attracts the eye most as we pass the upper bridge on our way into Oberstein. From looking up at the cliffs and the castles, or more properly citadels, as the German "Burg" is best rendered; from gazing at that most remarkable and indeed wholly unique object, a large Gothic church with spire and belfry, hewn two hundred feet up out of the living rock, so that it does not project but rather is embedded in the face of the perpendicular cliff, —the eye is suddenly distracted by the glitter and rainbow glow of piles of cut stones in the windows of two large shops, one at either end of the bridge—and these stones are the other "unique" feature (some English newspaper lately spoke of "our two unique Universities of Oxford and Cambridge") of the place. Castles and Burgen are plentiful as blackberries in these parts, though they have on the whole a sterner and grander character than the inevitable "castle on the Rhine"; but the church and the agate-ware of Oberstein are its distinguishing features. Stone-cutting there varies from a black and white cameo no larger than a pea, to the church, also cut out of the solid stone, and capable of seating 600 to 800 worshippers.

But if it is ill parleying fasting, sight-seeing fasting is worse still. Would not the reader, first of all, like to go to the Gasthof zur Post, there to take his ease in his inn?

If the reader is a friend of the "present writer"—a consummation devoutly to be wished—he will be sure of an enthusiastic welcome from the widow and her charming daughters who are the hostesses; will find such a welcome whether or no, modesty, however, obliges the "present writer" to confess. He will dine, on a sunny day early in September perhaps, at twelve of the clock, and will find among the various dishes of an excellent dinner — German though it be— one of such venison, that to partake of it marks an epoch in the life of even the least carnal-minded. Which venison tells a tale of miles upon miles of mountain-forest of beech and oak and pine hard by, where herds of deer have roamed, probably, since as soon as ever they could get there after the Flood. He will drink the golden wine of the lower slopes of the Nahe valley — though poor Epigonos, hardly out of a hogshead cask—and he will breathe the strong sunny hill air, and for the moment forget his cares and perplexities by no other aid than that of harmless physical comfort, and delight from sun and sky and the beauty of the earth.

I have a theory that that part of Germany in which Oberstein lies shows the most distinct traces of the Roman occupation, not only in dead earth and stone, but in the appearance and bearing of the actual inhabitants of to-day. Now, if ever there was a Roman general, say Ausonius or Quintilius Varus, come to life again, habited in a lilac cotton gown, cut rather low round a columnar throat, with a lilac cotton frill falling upon a massive chest, and with long dark hair in braids, it is in the person of the cook at the Hôtel zur Post: a mixture of a Roman general and a Delphic priestess; a human engine unerring as are the planets, in her movements among her pots and pans; a woman with a mission, who with a noble simplicity confided to me once, as I stood lost in admiration drying a small grey flannel self before the huge iron

altar filled with fire on which she performed the sacred rites, how she often lay sleepless full of thoughts and stratagems for the great work of the morrow. For twenty-two years, she said, on that self-same spot she had warred thus with food and fire. No thought of personal private joys or hopes had apparently ever intruded on this singleness of soul and purpose, this fervid devotion to the public weal, no paltry doubts shaken a world-conquering faith in herself and her calling. There she stood, majestic, voluble, eye-compelling. An army of craters belched forth odorous steam at her command; with an imperial dignity she extended her wooden sceptre to trouble some savoury mess, or thrust one grand hand and arm into a drawer, a very abyss of eggs, grasping half-a-dozen at once, which, as it were in a moment, assumed a new being as a torrent of golden froth. A wonderful, "altogether unforgettable" she, who should, if women had but their rights, be Field-Marshal of the Empire at least. But "das ewig Weibliche" has let and hindered her, the curiosity of nations has circumscribed her lot; and so she crowns, not herself, but boiled ham with her parsley, and her bays are for a flavouring of sauces and stews.

And having dined, and had coffee on the inn terrace, there is a lovely walk to the church and the castles, and down the winding road round the hill to the town again. You pass from the Post to the right down the main street, which is paved so very hard that the clatter and roar of Oberstein is quite respectable and city-like, and makes the fact that, the streets being on different levels, the back windows of the inn look out across the river and the valley, and are high above this opulent noise, quite a comfort to tired nerves. And the bright river steals silently along. The roar of London, say in Eastcheap or Holborn, is distracting certainly; but for sheer misery from noise commend me to a picturesque waterfall—a roaring cataract. Beautiful exceedingly it would be if Grey Mare's Tail and Falls of Foyers, and suchlike, fell noiselessly as of snow. Among my most purgatorial recollections is that of some days in an inn with a romantic balcony overhanging the Lynn in Devon, where it brawls down to the sea, maddening, intolerable. And yet of all lovely sounds in nature, the flute-like tinkling speech of a small water, as it gently and gaily slips from stone to stone across the open moor, is the loveliest, as you listen to it alone under the immense sky, itself your sole society.

The main street of Oberstein runs parallel with the river-houses, however, on either side. Excellently built, very pretty houses; often with broad black beams crossing some porous milk-white brick, which seemed to me fine building material—light and dry, and very warm. Most of the houses have wide wooden *loggias* and carved balconies projecting over the lower storey, often overhanging the river; and the pretty outside fan-light shutters of wood, white or delicate green, which are so delightfully comfortable in the heat; and all have the same shining, silvery green roofs, very high-pitched, and broken by charming dormer-windows. The end of the street widens into the tiny market-place, and in this is the little old Stadthaus, whose sky-line of lovely curves, with a pale-green painted moulding edging the white front, should make the joy and envy of any architect. From there the

street climbs up by stairs in narrow windings. Past a quaint little parsonage, tucked away on a ledge of rock, little gay flower-beds in front, full of carnations and balsams and myrtles, among which stood a foreign and priestly-looking, but perfectly Protestant, little gentleman watching us go by. Up through a tunnel in the rock past more small old houses, with tubs of pink oleander or cactus glowing here and there. Cats sleeping in the hot sun; numbers of fowls, used to doing nothing apparently but looking down out of window —one most unregenerate-looking old white cock standing irrelevantly on a tiny black board projecting from the blank wall of a house, and posing before us in disdainful immobility as we clambered by; little boys and girls, with eyes like blue china and hair like ripe wheat, trooping behind us in silence, till 200 feet or so above the river brings us to the church and fairly out above the town.

The church is so directly under the old castle that the squire might indeed have "met his tenants halfway" by coming down the remaining 200 feet from the castle to the church, "at the tail of a tow," to join them at public worship, if he had been so minded. To climb up or down the cliff is absolutely impossible, even for a Count of Oberstein; even for a Count of Oberstein's ghost, I should say, however little encumbered by such superfluities as, for instance, a head. A kind, little, deformed woman is glad to earn a few pence by showing the church; and while you are recovering from the first feeling of surprise at its great size, and at the sudden coolness compared with the broiling heat outside, you become aware that she is already half-way through a sort of official chant of a descriptive character, and has probably just arrived at the thrilling murder to which, according to the legend, the first chapel in the rock owed its origin.

I should be afraid to say how many times I have read that legend, — in how many different bindings—pale-green, or sad brown, or sky-blue, or salmon-pink striped with yellow: in how many different styles,—contemptuously bald matter-of-fact; passionate and heroic, in 'Ercles vein; or ornate and lachrymose, as is strangely enough the style of my sober-looking little brown tome.

If I had wished to form a theory —say of myths originating in the fall of meteorites, or in the struggle between darkness and light — I could not have studied that legend oftener, or with more anxious care; and my only fear is, that by some subtle sympathy, or perhaps "telepathically," the reader must know it only too well already. As it is, I give it hastily, and, so to speak, apologetically, in my own words, despairing of any possibility of doing what is known as "reproducing the style and spirit of the original" or originals, or of reconciling the two forms of my much investigated myth.

Two brothers — Eberhard and Werner—lived in closest amity in the old castle: the elder, as is usual with such elder brothers, more particularly Eberhards, dark of favour and violent of temper; the younger, light-haired, joyous, tender, though brave withal. Both loved the fair Bertha, the daughter of a neighbouring count; but the younger found favour in her eyes, and, all-unsuspecting of his brother's secret passion, one day stepped before him to declare his happiness and seek for sympathy. Briefly, Eberhard flew into an ungovernable rage, and, in lieu of sympathy, threw Werner out of

the castle window over the precipice. Then, driven by remorse, he went on countless pilgrimages, and returned to expiate his crime by hollowing out the rock, just above the ledge on to which his brother had fallen, into a chapel, with his own hands. And as his task was completed a sign was given—for a fount of water rose in the living rock, and remains to this day; and when bishop and abbot came to hallow the new church, Eberhard was found resting in death on the steps of the altar. The fair Bertha's fate is chronicled only in the brown pamphlet. She pined and died in the great convent of S. Hildegarde at Bingen. *Armes liebes Kind!* says the brown volume.

The second version is not found in all the histories, certainly not in the brown one. There is no lady in the case; there is a cat.

Eberhard (same characteristics as before) could not abide cats, and in an evil hour the younger brother playfully hid one in his brother's hunting-boot. Puss when trodden on behaved accordingly, and the infuriated owner of the boot cast out of the window, not the cat, as would have been the most practical thing to do, but his brother. Expiation as before; it was the age of expiations.

Some of the old stories hanging round these dark old castles and horrible crags have a touching humanity in them—this story very little. It seems that there has been a chapel in this spot from very early times; and the idea of some fearful tragedy, by falling over the sheer precipice, readily suggests itself to the imagination. The position of the spring is certainly very extraordinary—a cave at the back of the church with a little lake in it of delicious cold spring water. I almost think there is no other font, and that the baptisms take place here. There is not much else of interest inside the church, which belongs, not to the Roman Catholic, but to the Protestant congregation of Oberstein, oddly enough. There is a set of most amazing painted panels on the organ-loft, a little old glass in the windows; the Sacrarium, or Lady Chapel, or vestry, or whatever it is, behind the east end, is merely a cave in the naked rock. But there is little trace, save one or two insignificant monuments, of the lords and ladies, the Wyrichs and Emichs and Eberhards and Werners and Kunos, the Laurettas and Sidonias and Polixinas, of the old knightly times, whose wars and loves, and marryings and giving in marriage, and mighty deeds of the chase, and borrowings and pawnings, and robberies, and pilgrimages, and gifts to church and abbey, and again wars and yet more wars, fill the chronicles and *gesta* of many a city and cloister round. Again I should flee the temptation to speak of them, to write the epic of our fathers that went before us. And not our fathers only. For did not Lauretta of Sponheim, her lord being gone on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, herself wage war against Bishop Baldwin of Trier, who had seized the opportunity of the Count of Sponheim's absence at once to build a strong castle on the Count of Sponheim's land? And when the great fighting bishop, the maker of kings and emperors, the same who could fell a trooper and his horse with a single blow, was sailing down the Moselle river, the Lady Lauretta had a chain fastened across it, and took captive the bishop, and spite of ban and interdict kept him safe till he had paid her a goodly ransom, with which she in her turn built two castles more, to guard her

husband's lands against his homecoming.

I ought not, I know, to have told even this one story of my fighting barons. But they were finely human, albeit apparently totally oblivious of the "lower orders," except perhaps as more or less valuable property; and the story is one of many hundreds, and is true, and—*enfin c'était plus fort que moi.*

The view from the church is only excelled in beauty by that from the castles above, as that again is embraced in the wide and magnificent outlook from the comb of the mountain—the Hochwald—behind. In the hot afternoon sunshine, which brings out innumerable glittering and chirping creatures, whose rapture of motion and colour fills the air, while the birds are silent in the shade, we climb slantingly up the face of the steep green slopes between the cliffs. First up to the old castle, of which there is little left but one rugged tower; a few minutes farther on to the new castle, which, even after its partial destruction by the French, did not become wholly ruinous till it caught fire in 1855. The whole place, and all the slopes round it, are beautifully kept. The room with the oriel window to the west, overhanging the gateway of the keep, is in excellent preservation, roof and all. From its position, and that of some niches in the wall, I think it may have been a small chapel. The delicate stone shafts of its window frame a living picture of surpassing beauty. The mountain air is warm and clear, and the red evening sunlight fades from the river with its bridges, from steep gables and gleaming windows, and from streets, to us high above, diminished to a ribbon, where the townsfolk, moving to and fro, "appear like mice." Then creeping upwards, still reddening as it draws nearer parting, it leaves in blue shadow the vast highland forests, and the little white and red villages scattered here and there on the distant slopes across the river. It slips from solid masses of rock and cliff, and from the red stems of fir-trees near at hand, till at last, immensely far up the wide valley to the west, the sun sets in glory over the purple distance—which is France.

And now I have let the sun go down, and wrestled with yet another temptation, checked yet another overflowing of the mouth.

We have a friend—a kinder friend has no man; but that friend is an Entomologist—that is, a person who pursues happy living things to a certain death; and being a Cockney, he is altogether untroubled by any fear that he may for his sins yet experience that, the recollection of which shall wrench his frame with a woful agony, till with his ghastly tale he has split the ears of some wedding guest in Happy Hampstead or in Aldgate East. Once, out of the many times I have been there, I visited Oberstein and the Vale of Idar in the society of that Entomologist, and ever since I live in fear of him. For I am told, rumour hath that he earnestly hopes that I shall say nothing about the butterflies and moths we met on our travels, and whose rainbow corpses he nightly pinned out in rows by the yard, as I should "be sure to say something wrong." A man like that cannot of course imagine that a woman, especially one who has no natural appetite for impaling a Camberwell Beauty or a large Fritillary, or for poisoning downy moths with bodies as big as humming-birds, with deathly smells in bottles, can tell a hawk from a hand-saw, or a hawk-moth from a black beetle for the matter

of that. Of course not; and although the multitudes of lovely insects which play over those German hillsides and cling to the shrubs by the rivers, are a mere delight to me, and although I also know quite well that having once let the sun set on the green slopes over Oberstein we shall see no more butterflies, I have let the sun go down and said nothing of them—through fear of that Entomologist.

So we lean out of the window over the sheer descent, and watch the lights come out 400 feet below, and I reflect that, excepting Edinburgh, I have never seen a town which lights up so prettily. All the world is astir out of doors in the cool of the evening, and numberless cries, chiefly of human pleasure, echoing clear against the rocks, float upwards in the dark still air. The energetic throbs of bassoons, — "die taumelnde Fagotte," Beethoven used to call it,—and the melodious swing of clarionet and horn, are clearly distinguishable in a German waltz that lasts all our way down the hill and apparently for ever; for when we come home towards the inn we find it still going on, and that the baker's daughter is marrying the master-sweep, and the green shutters of the baker's house are thrown back, thronging human forms spin round across the candlelight which streams from the open windows upon the groups of neighbours gathered below, and the good citizens drink white Moselle wine, and at intervals they cry *Hoch!* in honour of bridegroom and of bride.

When first I came to Oberstein I was alone, and being an untravelled person, for the first time in my life went in a diligence of any sort. Even now I am not sure that what is called in South Germany *die Post* is a diligence. The post for the mountains starts from the inn-door at nine in the morning and carries the mails: a wonderful, fearfully solid square box, mostly painted canary-colour outside, with an undoubted horse to drag it, which in this region of female slave-labour in the shape of the much-enduring cow is by no means a matter of course; and a driver of cheerful countenance, perched on the minutest box, in a globular black hat suggesting all manner of cast-iron uses, such as a pot to boil potatoes in, or a mortar in a siege, or a diving-bell in case of a new flood. This hat is ornamented with a thing resembling a blacking-brush, and with canary-coloured paintings, and the man under it blows in a highly exhilarating manner on a long horn—the tune which has never yet been set down by mortal art. In this box, padded and cushioned with crimson plush, very suggestive of a red hot oven, and apparently perfectly filled by one passenger of the smallest dimensions, I journeyed for five long hours of a hot summer's day, fortunately in my own company only, so that I could invent every variety of draught, or, unbeknown to the driver, stand upon the step at the back for coolness, in an enormous white hat and fluttering white draperies, conducting my own 'bus as it were. I never was cool, though, for one instant during that drive; and discovering that at the various halts you could buy delicious thin yellow country wine for three-halfpence a *tumblerful* —well, in the course of that day I bought six tumblerfuls; and here I have cast my reputation for perfect abstemiousness to the winds. When on a later occasion we halted to have wine at the post-office at Idar—that Entomologist, and my brother and I—the maid brought it in in teacups, dripping along the sanded floor. It seems to me

wonderful wine; it so strongly suggests grapes. And there it was, "scalin' on the grun'," as we say in Scotland. But I wax too Anacreontic—first it was venison, now it is wine. These were not the things I thought to treat of. "Res severa est verum gaudium." Let me treat of stones.

It seems to be an axiom that if there is in this world one pursuit more diminutively profitable and typically sordid than another, it is that known as "skinning a flint." The only persons even optatively addicted to it belong to a species of miser vanished long since in company with fairies, witches, ogres, and such.

But in truth, skinning flints is a very delightful occupation.

On certain winter evenings long ago, a boy and girl used to climb the Mound and turn in at the door of a house that stood, it seemed to them, on the prettiest and most romantic spot in the most beautiful city, on the steep grass slope just below Edinburgh Castle. And there was a pleasant room, and a shaded lamp on a table by a sofa, and an invalid full of kindness and interest who displayed for their sole delight long strips of drawings, pictures of fiords, and green Norwegian glaciers sliding slowly to the sea. But especially he showed them through a large microscope transparent sections of rock and stone far beyond any imaginable magic-lantern slides in the exquisite beauty of their crystalline structure.

It is a long time ago. The brother who went with me is dead in his prime. The kindly host of the Edinburgh days is now the Director-General of the Geological Survey of Britain; and I have not learnt much of geology, or of anything else worth the knowing. But the remembrance of those evenings has never died out, and perhaps it is that old interest still which makes two or three bits of agate a little winter garden to me, an endless source of quiet pleasure. And as there might be here and there some to whom such a new-added interest would be welcome, to whom nothing in nature is mean or unworthy of attention; or others who care already for "bits of stone," who might find an attempt to give an exact account of one or two pieces interesting to them,—I would try to give as faithful a picture as I can of a few bits of Oberstein agate, and of what I believe to be the mode of their formation. I was myself much interested to find that almost all the most beautiful and striking specimens in the school collection at Eton, as well as in Mr Ruskin's collection in the Natural History Museum, were agates from the Vale of Idar.

I have in my possession two halves of a stone the size and almost exactly the shape of a goose-egg. My stone almond was found in the Vale of Idar, and to an unpractised eye would have been an ugly and valueless egg-shaped flint, covered with opaque dirty-brown skin, dinted here and there as if by pressure when soft, covered all over with what in a skin would be pores. The essential exterior characteristic is, that the stone when whole was obviously no fragment—never was a piece of anything else. It is also obvious to any one who has seen wave-worn pebbles or rocks, that this one does not owe its shape to the action of water, or indeed to any external rubbing or grinding. It was, I think, cracked in two by a blow with a hammer, and one end has been cut smooth and polished, showing a circular surface like a smooth slice off the large end of an egg; the other, the more pointed half, shows the edges of the fracture in their

natural state. The first remarkable discovery about the inside is, that the "almond" is not solid throughout, but partially hollow. The largest surface at right angles to the axis of the stone, the smooth polished section, is nearly circular, a little under two inches in diameter, and solid only to about one-third of an inch from the outside. The whole interior of this solid wall, which seems to be of exactly the same thickness from the exterior at every point, is covered with a growth of crystals of amethystine quartz, very small and densely crowded as they "grow" from the amorphous coating, but developing towards the interior into larger and more regularly shaped crystals. The outer wall consists, moreover, not of one homogeneous mass, but of successive skins one inside the other, for the polished section shows innumerable concentric circles of different degrees of opacity and of different shades of colour. Those nearest the outside are least transparent and of a bluish grey; then follow circles alternately of a dull flesh-colour and of dark transparent stone. These are so frequent and so fine, that no simile is adequate as a comparison; in some stones as many as 17,000 such linings have been counted in an inch. Scarlet flakes appear to float in the grey or transparent horn-coloured mass; and where the line of the circle undulates a little, layer after layer follows the undulation. This banding would in itself be very pretty and interesting—admitting as it does of a beautiful polish which shows every finest line and marking. But the central nest of crystals should be a source of endless pleasure ever after, to any one who has looked at it for two minutes attentively. Where the crystals are well developed they are a deep reddish lilac, and by candle-light "wine dark" like Homer's sea. Where half developed they crowd closely, they glint in the most lovely iridescence. One little glittering plane throws back a flash of peacock-blue, another burns like the red heart of fire, another shows green, another rose-red, and yet another clearest blue or silver light, and the sweet little fires change and exchange with every movement, and yet remain always steadfast and always the same.

The next stone we will examine, though weighing just five times as much as the other, is obviously only a fragment of a much larger whole. It resembles a segment of a flat brown German loaf, which in colour and size and shape the whole must have strongly resembled, and it is polished across the section. The outside is covered with a similar, but much coarser, skin than my small almond; one part of the outline at right angles to the section is quite flat, the rest like a flattened half circle, so that there is a sort of top and bottom to it. The polished surface is about 4½ inches across, and 6 inches long, and is most interesting both in its similarity to and its divergence from the pieces I have just described. There is, as before, next the rough flinty "skin," an outer shell of grey, but divided more distinctly into bandings, which follow the course of the whole outline with the most beautiful regularity. The clear dark-grey mass is, however, considerably wider at what must be called the bottom. The bandings here are more opaque—some of a beautiful olive-green colour—and all are absolutely horizontal, as if traced according to a spirit-level one above the other. The increased width at the bottom is marked off by a fine whitish band, which is at the same distance from where the grey mass ceases inwards, as are the upper and side

edges of the section. The inner edge of this grey mass therefore forms an exact repetition of the outline of the entire piece, only on a much smaller scale, 5 inches long, 2½ inches across. Suddenly the beautiful transparent blue-grey is lined with a band of brilliant, dense white, about the width of a thick stroke of the pen, then comes a bright orange band of more than three times the width, lined in its turn by a semi-opaque series of pale-grey bandings, infinitesimally fine, in all making a pearl-grey band the same width as the orange. Again there is a brilliant white line, followed by a deep red one, another fine white one, and yet another red, and then comes a growth of most lovely white quartz crystals, gradually increasing in size and regularity, many of them to half an inch in diameter, towards the interior, except along the horizontal line at the bottom as we may call it, where the crystallisation having been disturbed is only partial. And then there should have been a hollow, but instead the inner nest of crystals is quite filled with a deep red transparent stone jelly showing lines of every shade through red and orange to white, and following the outline of the crystals, layer within layer, to an almost blood-red heart. It is very beautiful. The translucency of the smooth surface, as if you were looking far into the heart of the sea, the brilliancy and yet softness of colour, the perfect evenness of the horizontal lines one within another, and the precision of the angles where they turn upwards to form the "top" of the section, the lovely iridescence of the imprisoned white crystals against the red—surely such a winter-garden is a source of pleasurable wonder and delight.

These two stones are agates, and in its various forms agate has from all ages, side by side with the most precious stones, stood to mankind as a type of imperishable beauty. The finest wares of Tyre were "emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate;" and Ezekiel's piercing lament over the city rises to its climax with the words, "Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire." And again, Isaiah, in that marvellous passage of tender consolation to her who was "as a woman forsaken, and grieved in spirit:" "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted! behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." The heavenly wisdom alone "cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire." The breastplate of Aaron the priest bore in its significant rows of precious stones not only the sapphire,

the diamond, and the emerald, but the agate, the amethyst, the onyx, the jasper—"set in gold in their inchings"—and the great gems, one on each shoulder of the high priest, which bore the graven names of the tribes holy to the Lord, were of onyx. Lastly, the beatific vision of John the Divine fashions for him a heavenly Jerusalem; the transfigured image of that beloved city whence he was exiled rises before the aged eyes of him to whom love and light were one; and he sees her "having the glory of God: her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

There is a beautiful belief common in imaginative children, that the rainbow turns to rainbow pillars of clear stone within the earth, resting in cups of gold. If only we could get there, if only we could follow, we should find the shining pillars and the golden cups, see beauty and drink delight without an end. Thinking of the order of the earth, a fairer imagination yet comes to our older years, making a symbol to us of higher and yet higher possibilities of perfection immanent in all things. There is the true enduring Iris of the earth, the rainbow really planted in cups of gold, in which we may fancy, and with a foundation of fact, an ascending order of perfectibility.

The two stones I described are agates. What that has meant to the poetic mind of peoples like the Hebrews, we have in part seen. As for what agate is, speaking chemically, it is merely the collective name for the varied forms of a combination of two elements—silicon and oxygen—which forms the most abundant solid component of the earth's crust. Silica, in sport as it were, puts itself to very humble uses. It builds up yellow wheat straws and bath sponges and suchlike trifles, and gives itself up to be eaten by animals and vegetables generally; it even permeates and indurates whole trees, so that they become virtually agates with their hollow trunks lined with a moss of crystals of amethyst; but in grim earnest, it is the very strength of the bones and ribs of the mountains—granite and porphyry and lava, white ribs and seams of quartz. In its purer forms, left to obey some vital principle at which we cannot so much as guess, which urges it still to add atom to atom in harmonious array, it is rock-crystal and amethyst and cairngorm; dissolved to a jelly it hardens again as flint and chalcedony and jasper and onyx, carnelian and sardonyx and chrysoprase. "There," in the land of Havilah, "is bdellium"—rock-crystal, that is—"and the onyx stone."

More on the surface of the earth's crust is another element, a metal of the earths which brings us one step higher in our order of perfection, for its perfect forms are harder, brighter, and more precious than any form of silica alone. The clay of our fields and rose-gardens, the porcelain which is fashioned for our cups and plates, the very dust and mud under our feet—they are part silica and part a metal of the earths called aluminium; and aluminium in its purity forms the twin stars sapphire and ruby, which are really one and the same; and slightly altered, it is the beryl and the true topaz. Purity and peace seem to be the only conditions—and given these and time, the elements of the mud we abhor may be reborn and built up into such a source of delight as an uncut sapphire or crystal of beryl, whose after-existence may be coextensive with that of the earth. We as yet are wholly ignorant even of the manner in

which this comes to pass, but it may be that the term we use, the "living" rock, is just to a degree we are only beginning to realise.

The keystone of our Order of Perfectibility is the crystal of a substance far more intimately connected with our animal life than either silicon or aluminium. It is the crystal of pure carbon—the hardest and brightest gem we know—and it is noticeable that it is one of the few minerals which are not compounds of oxygen. When carbon does combine with oxygen, it becomes something more beautiful than any mineral — a living flame of fire. In everything that, as we say, "lives" upon the earth, emanating from everything that is dying, there is carbon. The remains, made up of lime and carbon, of countless myriads of creatures which once had sense and motion, rise out of their ocean grave as hills and cliffs, and we call them chalk. And the chalk mountains in their turn are fired again, and become crystalline, and are quarried on Paros and on the hillsides of Attica and Umbria, and take form under the sculptor's chisel as a Venus of Milo, or a Hermes or a Faun. Carbon is in limestone and chalk and marble. It is the forest-tree, or the oil we burn; it is the pencil with which I write; and pearls are mere carbonate of lime. But pure carbon, built up no one knows how, on some tiniest framework of silica, is at last the diamond. It is all, I had nearly said, "a matter of form." But what is that marvellous putting on of shape and symmetry, what impulse determines blind atoms to build that wonder which we call a crystal, has never yet been searched out, hardly investigated at all.

The manner in which "almonds" of agate are formed, seems, however, pretty clear. No one with the least tincture of taste; no one, I should almost say, who has a heart, — could call it wasted time to read anything Mr Ruskin has written; but I confess that I should have been glad if, as I did not know them before, I had never between the beginning and the end of this little paper heard of 'Deucalion' and the 'Ethics of the Dust.' I have carefully refrained from finding out if there are any more books on silica by Mr Ruskin. He has set up a magnificent series of native silica in the Natural History division of the British Museum, and has written thereto a catalogue about which there is a delightful story, which unhappily I may not tell. Anyhow, both the catalogue and the collection are interesting and suggestive in the highest degree—indeed Mr Ruskin himself has the true philosopher's stone; he needs but to touch any subject whatever, and it becomes more valuable to humanity than gold. Among much, however, that is, I humbly think, confused and irrelevant in 'Deucalion,' there is one fine passage on the mysterious resting-places of gold in the earth; a second on crystallisation which it would be impertinent of me to praise, and which I can only earn thanks for quoting in full: "The second mystery is that of crystallisation; by which, obeying laws no less arbitrary than those by which the bee builds her cell, the water produced by the sweet miracles of cloud and spring freezes into the hexagonal stars of the hoar-frost; the flint which can be melted and diffused like water, freezes also, like water, into hexagonal towers of everlasting ice; and the clay which can be dashed on the potter's wheel as it pleaseth the potter to make it, can be frozen by the touch of heaven into

the hexagonal star of heaven's own colour, the sapphire."

But it is here that he goes on: "The third mystery—the gathering of crystals themselves into ranks or bands—not only is unpierced, but—which is a wonderful thing in the present century—it is even untalked about. . . . Of the structure of banded stones not a word is ever said, and, popularly, less than nothing known." Now, as for the formation of almonds of agate, which I take to be banded stones, many and strange theories have been upheld by as many theorists, "were it of hoot or cold, or moyste, or drye." Early in the last century the agates from Mount Carmel were regarded as petrified melons; near the end of the century they were looked upon as petrified chrysalids. Next there was a theory that they were shot up, ready made, out of the bowels of the earth; and when, after a time, Neptunists and Plutonists alike agreed on their more watery origin, the controversy was narrowed to the cold-water theory and the hot-water theory; perhaps we must add Mr Ruskin's theory, that there is no theory at all. There seems no reasonable doubt, however, that amygdaloidal agate is silica deposited, when in solution in water at an immensely high temperature, in interstices and hollows in rocks of volcanic origin. These rocks, upheaved as enormous masses of "dough," were like dough honeycombed with holes. Chiefly spherical at first, as is seen in dough when it "rises" undisturbed, but subject to pressure—say from below—or to the gradual yielding or forward motion of the whole mass, these holes assumed flattened or pointed spheroidal forms. Imagine such a hole left in a mass of porphyry—a rock composed largely of silica in various forms. The hole would for a long time be kept open, if in no other way, by the periodical escape of steam, set free in various ways, but which certainly escapes whenever any great mass of glowing earths or gases, which at certain enormous temperatures *absorb* even steam, falls in temperature sufficiently to release it. The steam would return through the crust of the earth under vast pressure, highly charged with silica in solution. There would thus be an upward and outward current of steam through the hole—a downward current of water charged with silica. As the silica which was gelatinous settled in these holes or vacant spaces, the upward force of the steam struggling to escape drove the ever-thickening silica jelly against the sides of the mould. The first layers of all—the "skin of the flint"—are often altered in contact with the native rock; while as layer after layer was driven against the sides in the same way, narrowing the hole, and as the upward current of steam became feebler with the gradual cooling of the depths below, and the downward infiltration slower, the inner layers tended more and more to become crystalline. As the injection of disturbing steam entirely ceased, gradually in the quietness the atoms of silica had leave "to arrange themselves," according to their own inscrutable vital power, as the crystals we have seen. Every detail of these two stones is comprehensible on the assumption that the material was at one time gelatinous, and filled its mould as I have described, and not under the undisturbed action of the force of gravity. The flat "bottom" of the larger piece shows results precisely corresponding to the behaviour of jelly in a somewhat flexible tin mould, the shape of which has been altered as the jelly was "setting." The differ-

ences in density and colour are accounted for partly by the variations in this formative process, such as differences of heat or pressure, partly by the varying presence of other substances, such as iron. Every almond of agate, on careful examination, shows one or more channels with openings on the outer skin, which have been in many instances violently forced through several already closed coatings, through which steam escaped. Even after crystals had formed all over the inside, some later filling up with silica often took place under a renewed activity of the original causes, as we have seen in the flattened almond of agate I described. All amygdaloidal agate shows a curious cleavage—"radial cleavage," it is called—regarded by Mr Ruskin as "fibres of crystallisation;" but this is of mechanical origin,—innumerable cracks, so to speak, formed within the glass-like walls of the almond by violent changes of temperature. Many almonds contain, sometimes embedded in their own substance, foreign bodies or water. The water, however, almost certainly entered by the pores of the chalcedony, and often evaporates in very dry air. The presence of foreign bodies in a constantly narrowing cavity is easily accounted for.

I have given but a rough sketch of the process by which these beautiful things—these rainbows of the dark earth—were formed; but these seem to be the main facts, and my third stone is yet to describe.

On a smooth black background of chalcedony, little more than an inch long and somewhat narrower, there rises in milk-white stone a little relief, the head of a Hermes exquisitely carved, with the delicate half-smile on the serious lips and the softest moulding of cheek and hair. This stone is another agate from the Vale of Idar. It is an onyx cut as a cameo on that sunny German mountain-top by a peasant's son—and it is the best example I have seen of an art which is universally practised in that remote country district. It is strange to find it here in a thinly peopled region wholly pastoral and agricultural in character, too far up among the hills to make even vine-culture possible; it is strange to find almost the whole male population working at an art which, more almost than any other, recalls the ancient world to us.

If in Hebrew literature the references to precious stones as such are frequent and enthusiastic, there is a curious paucity of allusion to them in their natural or merely polished state in Greek literature. And I think the reason is, that whereas the Hebrew might never grave the likeness of anything that is in the earth or in the water under the earth, and had to find his great delight in smoothness and lustre and colour, the Greek regarded every material, wood or marble, or onyx or amethyst, or ivory and gold, principally from the point of view of its adaptability to the art by which it was his delight to represent what he saw, what he imagined — above all, gods as men walking. Certain stones, it is true, had in themselves value and significance to the Greeks. Amethyst (ἀμέθυστος) means simply "not drunken," and they wore amethysts, not as a blue-ribbon, or other temperance badge—far from it—but as a charm by virtue of which they hoped to imbibe freely and escape any evil consequences. The agate, again, was regarded as a still more valuable talisman, a charm against the intoxication of

love. The word ἀχάτης occurs in a poem on precious stones ascribed to Onomacritus. Chalcedony and sardis are named after the two towns in Lydia and the Thracian Bosphorus. But it is when we come to cut and engraved stones that we touch upon the most intimate possessions and treasures, the faithful witnesses, of the life of the ancient world, — where there was no dream of sun-pictures on scraps of paper, or mechanical means of multiplying paintings or drawings; where the graven seal was the most sacred sign of possession, the bond of faith, the token of recognition; where the Greek had the image of his gods, the friend wore the likeness of his friend, the lover that of his mistress carved on a gem; and where the fleeting word indeed was scratched on tablets of wax, but sacred names and signs, epigrams and aphorisms, were cut on sardonyx, and offered in the temples of the gods, or on pillars of marble by the wayside for public instruction and edification. We touch upon the whole faith, and solemnity, and citizenship, and romance of Greek and Roman national life, records which the lapse of thousands of years have left unchanged, and which may pass unchanged to generation after generation yet unborn.

The most precious thing in all Samos was the sardonyx in the ring of King Polycrates, on which "Diodoros of Samos, Telecles's son," had cut a lyre crowned with olive-branches. Demosthenes and Aristotle wore rings with cut stones, and gems often appear in great numbers as votive offerings in the list of temple treasures. Pompey captured a large and splendid collection in the war with Mithridates, and set it up on the capitol as a votive offering. At the time of Alexander the Great and the Ptolemys, cut stones were used in great quantities, not only as rings and brooches, but on candelabra, drinking-vessels, weapons—in the later days of the Roman Empire even on carriages and litters. Inferior artists used to grave upon their wares the monogram of Pyrgoteles, the famous sculptor in gems of Alexander the Great—a bad trick of the trade not wholly unknown among ourselves. In Rome at the time of the Punic wars, only senators and knights were allowed to wear signet-rings; and at the battle of Cannæ, Hannibal calculated the number of the fallen Roman knights from the two bushels of signet-rings picked up on the battle-field. The most famous extant gems are perhaps the Gemma Augustea in Vienna, a sardonyx nearly a quarter of a yard long, on which the triumph of Augustus is cut in the rarest workmanship by Dioscorides of Rome. There are magnificently cut antique amethysts, though rock-crystal was, and is, mainly used for vases and cups. I saw a beautiful modern vase at Oberstein in the shape of a shell twelve or fourteen inches long—chiefly, however, filling me with regret for the vanished beauty of the one perfect crystal out of which it had been cut. The man asked £5 for it. A much larger cameo than the Gemma Augustea was lost in the storm of the Tuileries in 1848. About the largest extant gem—a sardonyx worked in five layers, and representing Tiberius and Livia, and various other personages—there is an odd story. It is called La Camée de la Sainte Chapelle, and was given to St Louis of France, who set it up in the Ste Chapelle as a representa-

tion of Joseph's dream! The art of cutting gems lingered on in Constantinople after the fall of the Empire, but few stones were cut in Western Europe. Charlemagne used as his seal an antique gem with the head of Jupiter Serapis; Pepin le Bref, one with a Bacchus on it. In 1555, however, Giovanni Bernardi cut stones so beautifully for Lorenzo de Medici that he was called Giovanni delle Carniole, and a contemporary of his was named Domenico dei Kamei. The Picklers, Tyrolese artists settled in Rome in the eighteenth century, cut gems so perfectly that they had to sign them to prevent their passing as veritable antiques. However, till the present century the greatest secret of the ancients, the art mentioned by Pliny of dyeing grey chalcedony black by boiling it in honey and exposing it to heat, was jealously guarded in Italy. It was brought to Paris, and then by a curious accident to Oberstein about 1820; and now many gems sold in Rome as Roman are polished and cut on the banks of the Seine or in the Vale of Idar.

The most amazing superstitions have obtained as to the power of precious stones. The subject is endless. Hebrews, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, wore stones as charms possessing all manner of virtues. Gnostics inscribed gems with mystic symbols and the magic word "Abraxas," and many a beautiful work of ancient art has been mutilated by their astrological signs and symbols. A few years ago thousands of these Abraxas gems of Alexandrian and Syrian origin were offered for sale in this remote little German valley, to be used as raw material. From the Council of Laodicea to the Synod of Tours under Charlemagne, the Church fulminated against belief in the magic virtues of stones. At the very end of the sixteenth century a learned doctor of medicine wrote a treatise on their medicinal properties. They were supposed to influence beauty and health and happiness, honour and riches. Each month had its special stone, and even the twelve apostles each a stone dedicated to him: to Peter, the jasper; to Philip, the "kindly" sardonyx; to James, the "gentle" chalcedony; and so on. The feeling has not yet died out. Opals are, for instance, still supposed to bring misfortune to the wearer. There is a story that the Empress Eugénie never would wear them—a tragic instance, if it is true, of the irony of fate in small things too.

That genial and humanly sympathetic writer, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, somewhere complains that everything reminds him of everything else, or some such misfortune. All I can say is, that that seems to me "in the nature of things," and one of those matters for which it is hopeless to apologise. It is quite hopeless, for instance, to apologise for this long digression, which has kept us waiting at the inn-door ready to start for the Vale of Idar, and has taken us into the bowels of the earth and into very strange company meanwhile. This seems rather an Irish way, I fear, of putting it, and suggests the difficulty about matter being in two places at once. Perhaps the axiom need not apply to "mind"—I sometimes think it does not; but still it may be a relief to unite body and soul again, and at last really to set forward on our journey.

SOPHIE WEISSE.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

In one of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded London stands a little whitewashed house, differing from the squalid places round it only in its perfect cleanliness—for on entering, nothing but the plainest and most necessary furnishings are to be found.

One bitter night early in February there sat, in the hardly furnished sitting-room, a young priest. He was evidently expecting some one, and some one he loved; for, from time to time, he stirred the fire and looked with something like a sigh at the meagre meal which was prepared on the table. "I must not put on coals," he said to himself; "for if the fire is really bright when he comes in, he will grudge himself the warmth. I dare not make ready a comfortable meal, for he will grudge himself the food. It is always so, for he thinks that he alone can do without rest, warmth, and comfort; for oh! how tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!"

As he sat down again the door opened to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words, and wet to the skin. It needed not his clerical dress to assure any who saw him what his calling was; for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstances, it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holiness, and the strength and sweetness mingled in it made it like the face of an angel.

"Dear brother," he said, as he came in, "I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heart so sore, that I feel helpless and dispirited as I have rarely felt before. The sin and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, and, above all, the cry of the children, are breaking my heart. And if mine — O Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and unequalled tenderness? How long, O Lord, how long?"

He sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands for a few moments, while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusual for Father Warren's face to be clouded, and so rare for his spirit to be despondent, that he felt sure something was wrong, and that overwork and constant exposure were at last beginning to tell even on his magnificent health and frame. "Now, dear Father," he said beseechingly, "do put on dry clothes, and rest this evening, and take a long quiet sleep; for if you persist in this constant self-forgetfulness, you will have to give up work altogether, and I think no greater trouble could befall you and us than that."

"Well, truly," replied Father Warren, "I am resolved to go out no more this night, for, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering said, "Father, a lady desires to see you, and begs you will not refuse her."

"Let me go," said the young priest, jumping up. "It is too hard this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her, and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more or see any one this evening."

"Do so, my son," said Father Warren, "but let it be courteously and gently said, as befits those who

speak in the name of a gentle and never weary Master."

The young man crossed himself, and left the room; he returned, however, after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

"She will have none of me, dear Father, but desires to see you and you only; and in very truth I feel myself asking for her; her pleading is so touching and her longing so earnest, that I have gone over to her side, and can resist her wish no longer."

Father Warren rose briskly and said, "Do not let her wait a moment longer. I feel to blame that she has waited so long already. Bring her in at once, I pray you;" and while the priest hastened to obey, he placed a chair near the fire, and muttering to himself, "Neither turneth a deaf ear to any poor man," he put the teapot on the table, and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visitor.

The door was gently opened by a tall lady, dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that,—a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had never seen before.

Advancing towards him, she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice, "Forgive me, dear Father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfil so well the mission which I ask you to undertake. Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

"Dear lady," answered Father Warren, "I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of God more worthy than I shall go with you."

"Nay," she said, looking wistfully at him, "I pray you, go with me yourself, for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all His erring children, I implore you come with me, and come quickly."

She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly, and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the Father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that some one had need of him, he hastily put on a cloak and left the house with her.

A strong biting wind and sharp sleety rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware of wind nor rain nor anything round her, but with firm tread and head erect she walked calmly and quietly though very rapidly on.

She moved as one with a set purpose, while a smile of hope brightened her grave face.

At last, after walking thus for a considerable distance, they came to one of those quiet old-fashioned squares, once the chosen residence of the wealthiest Londoners, but now deserted for places further from the crowded centre of the huge city.

She stopped at one of the houses, and knocking firmly and decidedly at the door, she turned round to the priest and said, "I have shown you the place and told you

of the sore need of one who lives there. I can do no more, and must go now. May the blessing of God the Father, the love of God the Son, and the help of God the Spirit go with you now."

She turned rapidly away and was quickly out of sight, leaving the priest a little bewildered at receiving so solemn a blessing from a lady and a stranger, and yet with the feeling that there was nothing unsuitable nor unbecoming in her giving it.

Before, however, he had time to collect his thoughts or explain to himself what he really felt about it all, the door was opened by a stout, comfortable, respectable servant, who seemed rather astonished at his appearance. "I have been summoned to a dying bed," he said; "pray take me at once to the room."

The woman looked perplexed, and answered—"There ain't no dying beds here, nor hasn't been this long time. Thanks be to heaven, we're all well in this house, sir!"

"There must be some mistake," replied Father Warren, "for I was conducted here by a lady who fetched me herself to the very door, and was in much anxiety and haste."

"There's no lady got no right to fetch any one here, and mistake there surely is," said the woman, rather testily; but looking at the priest, and recognising his holy character, she went on—"But you had better come in and explain it to the young master—for sure am I he wouldn't like a beggar turned from the door on a cruel night like this, let alone a holy man like you, as is well known to the poor and needy." So saying, she led the priest into a most comfortable room, where was seated alone a young man evidently waiting for his dinner, preparations for which were on the table before him.

"This reverend gentleman have been led astray, sir, by some visiting lady, and brought out of 'is 'ome, where better he would have been on a night like this, as rampaging the streets to come to a 'ouse where dying beds there is none, and nothing but health and comfort, the Lord be praised. But I knew as you would not wish him sent away, sir, for the sake of her as is gone, and perhaps you can put him in the way to find the right 'ouse."

The young man smiled, evidently well accustomed to the ways of his faithful old servant, and, rising courteously, led Father Warren to a seat by the blazing fire. "Why, you are wet through and through!" he said. "At least let me take off your cloak, and rest a little, while you tell me how I come to the honour of this visit."

The Father could not withstand the genial greeting, and, sitting down, told the young man how he came there. As he tried to do this, however, he found himself quite at a loss to explain the impression the lady had made on him, and how powerless he felt to resist her importunity, or even to question her as to where she was leading him.

His host was grieved and concerned at the useless fatigue and exposure he had gone through, and said, "I fear you have, in your ready self-sacrifice, given way too easily to some charitable lady, more zealous than judicious, who, in her desire to do much, has, to-night at least, done too much, and made a mistake in an address which we can neither of us now rectify."

Father Warren shook his head sadly, for he felt how completely

he had failed to represent truly his calm and dignified visitor, and he sighed as he thought how, after all, her mission had failed.

"I shall not let you go out again till you are thoroughly warm and fed," said the young man; "and you must just console yourself by the thought of the kindness you are doing in sharing my lonely dinner, and in giving me the pleasure of your company on such a dismal night as this."

The worn-out, hungry man yielded to the cordiality and heartiness of the bright youth's manner, and soon they were together as though they were old friends. They seemed drawn towards each other in some mysterious way, and their hearts were opened, and they spoke as neither had done for years.

"I once belonged to your Church," said the lad in rather sad, regretful tones; "but I belong to no Church now. Since my dear mother died, nothing seems of real interest, and I feel that if she were indeed living in any state, she would find some way to communicate with me, for heaven itself could bring no joy to her if I were shut outside. And indeed it is much the same with me, for I have tried every kind of life to forget my loneliness, but everything becomes dreariness without her, and I have found no one to fill her place."

"Nay, not so, dear boy," said Father Warren, very gently, "you have not tried everything — not faith and patience and perfect submission, with forgetfulness of self, the only things that can bring you peace and content."

"I do not want peace," replied the boy—for he was little more in his impetuous, loving heart—"I want happiness, I want my mother, I want my old full life back again. It cannot be true that she is living anywhere, in any condition, and has forgotten her only child, her boy, her companion, and her friend. My father died suddenly of heart disease before I was born, and my mother and I were all in all to each other; we had not a thought apart. No! she is dead indeed! gone for ever! Dust and ashes! and the sooner I am the same, the sooner will the aching of my heart be stopped, and a useless life be over!"

Father Warren was deeply moved by the passionate outcry and evident sincerity of the lad's grief. His mother had been dead for three years, and he had not allowed anything to be touched or altered in the old house. He could not bear any change in her arrangements, and her books and work lay about as if she were still a living presence there.

As they talked together it became evident that the young man had drifted into disbelief of all kinds, and was tossed about on that dreary sea, forlorn and hopeless.

It would not become me to try and repeat the powerful arguments and loving pleadings used by the faithful servant of his Master to win back this lost soul.

The life of the priest was well known to the lad, and he remembered in what terms his mother had always spoken of him; how she had told of rank and wealth put aside by him, that he might the better bring comfort and hope to the poor neglected people among whom he lived; and his heart burned within him as the holy man pleaded with him more and more strongly to return to the fold he had left, but where his place was always kept ready for him.

"Come back, come back," he said, "to the faith and the

Church which made your mother what she was—what she is. It is *you* who, by unbelief and waywardness, have raised the barrier between you. It is you who have closed the door so that her holy angel cannot come to you. Return to the Church of God. Confess your sins and receive absolution, remembering that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Open your ears and your heart now, so that, through my poor lips, you may hear your angel mother pleading with you for your soul's salvation—for another triumph for the blessed Saviour's cross."

I know not what further words he used, nor dare I venture to describe the feelings of the youth as he listened; but, after a while, his better nature conquered entirely, and kneeling before the priest, he cried, "Receive me back again, I pray you, and bless me, even me also, O my Father!"

Father Warren, however, replied thoughtfully, "I think it wiser and better, my son, that you should take this solemn step when you are calmer and have fully considered it with prayer, for surely a second backsliding would be far more grievous than a first. I will leave you now and return again to-morrow."

"Now, I beseech you, dear Father, do not leave me so, unabsolved; but if in your wisdom you think it well that I should reflect further alone, then go into my library and take there the rest you so much need for a few hours, while I remain here and think of all you have said."

To this Father Warren assented, and passed into the adjoining room, leaving the young man alone.

He looked round him before sitting down, and found in the books, magazines, little works of art, and pictures, further evidences of the refinement and intelligence which had been so marked in everything he had seen in the house. But what arrested his attention most, and fascinated while it startled him, was the picture of a beautiful lady in full evening dress which hung over an old bureau, and beneath which was a vase of white flowers, evidently placed there by some loving hand.

"Where have I seen that face before?" he thought. "It seems fresh in my memory, and yet I have seen none such for many years." He took up a book and sat down before the fire, trying to rest. Tired as he was, he could not sleep, for the picture seemed to haunt and disturb him. Again and again he rose to look at it, till suddenly it flashed across him, "The lady that brought me here to-night! How like, and yet how different!"

While he was still standing looking, his new friend entered, and said quickly, "You are looking at the portrait of my mother! It is very like her. Is she not beautiful? Can you not feel now how I must miss her sweet company every hour of the day? Is it not strange that I feel nearer her to-night than I have ever done since she died and left me alone? Indeed I feel now as if she were not really dead—as if we must meet again. Will you receive my confession now, Father, and give me absolution before I sleep, and then I think I shall feel as if the black wall between us had been broken down for ever."

"Willingly, my son," answered the good priest.

Into that solemn interview and

subsequent conversation it is not for us to intrude, but it was very late before they parted for the night, and it was arranged that they should meet again at the seven o'clock service in the Mission-room chapel the following morning.

Imagine then the disappointment of Father Warren when the service began and ended, and his young friend did not appear.

He was very sad. Accustomed as he was to disappointments of this kind, he had never felt one so keenly as this before. He had been so confident of the lad's earnestness, of the strength of his resolve, that he would not give up hope. "I will go and see him," he thought, "before I return home or break my fast. Holy Mother, go with me, I beseech thee!"

He hastened away, and not without some difficulty found the house again. He was not surprised to find the blinds down and no sign of life, for it was not yet eight o'clock. "Ah! here is the explanation," he exclaimed cheerfully. "Unaccustomed to such early hours, both servants and master are still probably asleep," and he knocked loudly at the door.

It was quickly opened by the same servant as the evening before. But oh! how changed in her appearance. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and she looked ten years older. In a voice broken by sobs she said, "He is dead. He is gone. Passed away in the night in his sleep; no sound; no cry. The best master that ever lived. He told my husband to call him very early, and when he went to do so, he found him lying calm and quiet, like a marble image." Father Warren passed by her silently into the room; and there, indeed, he found him lying calm and quiet, and very peaceful, but with such a look of bright happiness on his beautiful young face, as showed plainly that he had felt neither solitude nor fear when the Angel of Death came to fetch him away.

"Who can doubt that it was his mother who came for me last night?" said the priest to himself; "for can a mother ever forget, even in heaven, the child of her love on earth?"

GARTH GIBBON.

TWO SAGAS FROM ICELAND.

I.

GUNNAR'S DEATH.

AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJALS SAGA.

[Gunnar, forced into quarrels by Hallgerda his wife, is outlawed. The avengers of blood set on him in force and slay him after a heroic defence.]

Up started Gunnar from his sleep, as a weird and woful sound
Rang through the silence. "'Twas thy cry, my trusty guardian hound!
Foul play, dear Sam, is on thee wrought: and 'twixt us twain, I ween,
Will be short space; who kill the dog to kill the master mean."
But wherefore then hath Gunnar foes, Gunnar the stout and strong,
Yet kind and courteous past compare, no worker he of wrong?
Gunnar the pride of the country-side? A fair false ill-wed wife
Drove him on bloodshed and on broils, and now will spill his life.
Of deaths that he unwilling dealt (for none before him stood),
He willing paid awarded fines and made atonement good:
And for winters three by Thing's decree he now abroad must stay,
Or as outlawed wight with lawful right the slain men's kin might slay.
The ship lies freighted; toward the bay Gunnar and Kolskegg ride,
True brothers they, adown the dale, along the river-side:
When sudden stumbles Gunnar's steed, and throws him, that his eyes
Turned upward gaze on the fell and the farm that at the fell foot lies.
"Fair shows the fell, as never yet; white waves the corn, green glow
Our new-mown meads. Back will I ride, nor wandering forth will go."
Much did his brother him beseech not thus his foes to please,
Nor slight Njal's warning words: "To thee this voyage beyond the seas
Works honour, praise, and length of days; but, an thy terms thou break,
I do foresee swift death to thee, friends sorrowing for thy sake."
But Gunnar heard not. Then abroad fared Kolskegg, nevermore
Fated to see his brother's face, or tread dear Iceland's shore.
So wilful Gunnar sat at home. But his foemen gathered rede,
And banded them, full forty men (nor of one less was need
For such emprize), and to Lithe-end they took their stealthy way,
And by a neighbour Thorkell's help the hound they lure and slay.
Forty they were: among them chief rode Gizur, named the White,
With Geir the priest, and Thorleik's sons, and Mord of guileful spite,
Two Aununds, Thorgrim Easterling, and many more who burn
For the fell deed, yet few thereout all scatheless should return.
Wood-wrought was Gunnar's hall; clinched boards from roof-ridge doubly sloped,
Where wall met roof, there window-slits with screening shutters oped:
Above the ceiling of the hall were lofts: himself slept there,
Hallgerda, and his mother—three. For his foes with coward care

Learnt his farm-folk were all afield, nor, ere the hound was still,
Two score upon one man dared come to work their wicked will.
Gunnar awoke at the dog's death-howl; but his foemen nought could hear,
Nor know for sure were he within: so Thorgrim drew anear
To spy and list. He clomb the wall, and soon his kirtle red
To Gunnar at a window showed. Forth lunged that weapon dread
The bill, and smote him in the waist. Slipped Thorgrim's feet, his shield
Dropt loose, he tumbled from the eaves. With much ado he reeled
To where with Gizur sat the rest. "Is he at home, our foe?"
They ask. Quoth Thorgrim, "'Tis for you how that may be to know:
This know I, that his bill's at home." Dead fell he speaking so.
Upon the dead they looked not long. Sure of their prey within
Trapped in his lair, right at the house they rushed, in hope to win
Entrance by window, wall, or door: when from the eaves forth came
Arrow on arrow, wheresoe'er assailant showed, with aim
Unerring. Nought their might avails. Some seek th' outbuildings' screen,
Thence safelier to attack; but still e'en there the arrows keen
Find them, nor doth their errand speed. And so with efforts vain
They strive awhile, then draw they off to rest and charge again.
With rage redoubled they return, shoot, batter, hew, and climb;
But still the dread bow hurls its hail, until a second time
They back recoil. Then Gizur cried, "We must our onset make
With wiser heed, or nothing we by this our ride shall take."
So again they fight with a steadier might and an onslaught tough and long,
But a third time cower from the arrowy shower of Gunnar stout and strong.
And haply now they had given o'er with wounds and labour spent,
But for a chance that to their troop new heart and courage lent.
Upon the ledge of wall without Gunnar an arrow spied.
"An arrow of theirs! 'Twill shame them well," so spake he in his pride,
"From their own shaft to suffer scathe." "My son, nay do not so,
Rouse not the slack," his mother said; "they waver, let them go."
But Gunnar drew it in, and shot, and with that arrow keen
Smote sorely Eylif Aunund's son, yet did it not unseen.
"Ha!" Gizur said, "out came a hand a golden ring that wore,
And plucked an arrow from the roof. If of such wood were store
At home, it were not sought abroad. With hope renewed set on;
Not Gunnar's self can hold us off when all his shafts are gone."
Then out spake Mord amid them all, the man of guileful ways:
"Fire we the house, and at no cost burn Gunnar in the blaze."
"No, by my honour," Gizur said, "that deed shall never be—
Such craven work—not though my life lay on it. And for thee
Some counsel that may serve our need 'twere easy sure to frame,
So cunning as thou art; or is thy cunning but in name?"
Awhile Mord pondered, till he marked where lay upon the ground
Some coilèd ropes, wherewith the house in strengthening bands they bound

Ofttimes; for joist and plank and beam such girding needed well,
When whirling wind and furious storm drove sweeping down the fell.
"These ropes," quoth Mord, "o'er the jutting ends of the bearing beams we'll cast,
And to the sturdy rocks hard by the other ends make fast,
Then with windlass strain and twist amain, until from off the hall
Following perforce the tightened cord the yielding roof shall fall."
All praise the rede, all lend their hands; and, ere the chief was ware,
Off slid the roof, and to the skies the gaping lofts lay bare.
Fierce then his foes on Gunnar swarm, not hidden as before,
And climb and strike and hurl and shoot; but still his arrows pour
This way and that, where'er they charge, and, though each shift they try,
Despite of numbers they are foiled and cannot come anigh.
So doth the lordly boar at bay deal havoc 'mid the hounds,
His lightning tusks full many a side gashing with gory wounds.
"Waste we not lives, but burn the hall, I said, and say again,"
Quoth Mord; but Gizur, much in wrath, "Why thou what none are fain
To follow bidst, I know not, I; but this shall ne'er be done."
Just then upon the side roof leapt bold Thorbrand, Thorleik's son;
Who, as with other aim averse Gunnar his string back drew,
Reached from behind and deftly cut the tightened sinew through.
Gunnar with both hands clutched his bill, turned quick, and Thorbrand thrust
With such a forceful stroke that he down toppled in the dust.
Asbrand, his brother, sprang to aid; but from the wall was dashed
With broken arms, as through his shield the bill resistless crashed.
And now had Gunnar wounded eight, and two outright had slain,
Himself received two wounds, but nought recked he of wounds or pain,
Unflinching still through blows and ill, till treachery wrought his bane.
"Take of thy hair two locks; therewith shalt thou and mother mine,"
Thus Gunnar to Hallgerda spake, "another bowstring twine."
"Lies aught at stake on this?" said she. But he, "At stake my life;
For while my bow to reach them serves, to come to closer strife
They'll get no chance." And she again, "Remember now the blow
Thou gav'st me once upon the cheek. As for thy life, I trow,
I care not be it short or long." Said Gunnar, "Of his deed
Each earns due glory; for this boon with thee no more I plead."
But bitterly burst Rannveig out, "And shall such hero die
For a slap well dealt to a thievish slut in wrath at her thievery?
O wicked and unwifely thou! Long shall endure thy shame,
And Iceland's children yet unborn shall curse Hallgerda's name!"
Then round him close his vengeful foes, yet still he wards them well,
And he strook eight more with blows full sore and nigh to death, then fell
Weary and worn. Their fallen foe they do not dare to smite,
Who yet defends him and past hope prolongs a losing fight,
Baffling each hand of the caitiff band, until at length that crew,
Forty on one, with stroke on stroke the noble Gunnar slew.
Thus Gunnar died; but died not thus of Hamond's son the fame,—
Still lives it on the mouth of skalds, as lives Hallgerda's shame.

For in that arctic isle of ice, that world of wonders strange,
Where frost and fire twin empire hold, and in contrasted change
Drear Jökuls tower and frown above and meadows smile below,
And over molten rocks and sand the snow-fed torrents go,
There, long as Hecla nurses flame and bubbling geysers steam,
And the white sheep dot the pastures, and the salmon leap in the stream,
Of sturdy sires Icelandic bards shall ever love to tell
Brave blow, fierce fight, rough ride, mad leap, wild feats by fiord and fell.
A truer faith, a milder mood, now rules that northern land;
Vengeance then burned in every heart, vengeance armed every hand;
Blood blood-begotten blood begat, and broil was born of broil,
And kindred feuds ran evil round in never-ending coil.
Yet deeds of courtesy were there no less than deeds of rage;
And Gunnar peerless shone in all, and better than his age.
So we, with kinder skies and laws in weaklier times who live,
All honour due to the valour true of a ruder race may give.
And still, when winter's night is long beneath the circling Bear,
And few are afield and many at home, and by the warm fire's glare,
The women weave or knit or spin, while to refresh the task
The story and the song go round, oft will a maiden ask,
"Tell us the tale that never tires to ears Icelandic told,
How Gunnar guarded well his hall, how dear his life he sold."

II.

THE BURNING OF NJAL.

A CANTO AFTER THE ICELANDIC OF NJALS SAGA.

1.

Steadily gallop on Skeidará sand
Westwards to Woodcombe a weaponed band:
Dismounting at Kirkby to kirk they repair,
But short their leisure for shrift or prayer:
"To horse!" is the word; and up the fell steep
Again unresting their course they keep,
Till Fishwater lakes on the right hand gleam;
Then westwards they turn them down glen and stream.
And Eyjafell Jokul his mass doth show
To their left, as o'er Mœlifell's sand they go.
Soon Goda-land gaining and Markfleet's tide
Upwards to Three-corner ridge they ride;
There reining their steeds they stay their race,
For Three-corner hill was their trysting-place.

2.

Betimes on the Lord's Day they busked them from home,
At nones of the second the ridge they clomb.
What errand so urges, that night and day
In the drear late autumn they speed their way?
They speed not to wedding, to farm, or to field,
Nor summoned to Thing-mote. With sword and with shield
Well weaponed they ride, and their faces stern
Speak hearts within that for grim work burn.
They wait on the hill till at even-fall
From many a homestead were gathered all,
Six score, who on forfeit of life and land
Were sworn in this quarrel together to stand.

3.

But who are their foes in this feud of blood?
The sons of Njal, of Njal the good.
Wisest and gentlest was he, I trow,
Of Iceland's sages long ago;
Well learnèd in laws, in counsel kind,
Foreseeing with more than mortal mind.
Three sons he begat, sons tall and strong;
And Skarphedinn the eldest was bitter of tongue.
Fain then of blow was an Icelander's hand;
Ready for battle an Icelander's brand:
Rough was the age; and in quarrels fell
Njal's sons had borne them so stoutly and well,
That from every bout unscathed they came,
And many for kinsfolk killed made claim.

Njal still sought peace, would heal each strife;
But hot was hatred, and slanders rife.
Atonements fixed and the Thing's award
Skarphedinn with gibe and taunt had marred:
Blood now the avengers' thirst must slake,
For blood this tryst on the hill they make.

4.

Flosi rode chief, wise wight and stark;
Beside him Kettle, lord of the Mark;
Backed full bravely by brothers four,
The sons of Sigfus, men of power;
There rode great Gunnar's son, in spite
Eager and cruel, but craven in fight.
There many more of lesser name,
Whom kindred blood or friendship's claim
Or envy stirred to lend their blade
And join them to the murderous raid.

5.

At Bergthors-knoll the board was cleared,
Yet slept they not; for tidings were heard
Of faring and flitting of man and horse
All one way bent, as of gathering force.
And Grim and Helgi had homeward sped
(As the mother Bergthora boding said),
And wondering Njal saw vision dire
Of gaping gable and flaming fire.
All told of fate and foemen nigh,
Yet held they still their courage high,
Three brothers, and Kari, than brother not less,
And true men staunch to aid their stress.

6.

"They come!" is the cry. From the ridge they had ridden,
Their steeds in the dell they had tethered and hidden;
And now advancing steady and slow
A firm and well-knit band they show.
But awhile they halt, when they see in the yard
Of stalwart defenders so ready a guard.
Spake Flosi: "Despite our numbers strong,
This battle may be both tough and long,
If fought in the open: such price we shall pay
That few shall tell who won the day.
Though they be thirty, twice threescore we,
There are champions among them well worth three:
While some who most keenly our quarrel stirred
Will be backward in deed as forward in word."

7.

Skarphedinn marked their parleying stay:
"They deem us," quoth he, "no easy prey

Thus warned and armed." "Rather defend
The house within: he of Lithe-end,
Brave Gunnar, alone foiled forty so:
To seek close quarters these will be slow."
Thus Njal, for once the weaker way
Choosing. Skarphedinn answered: "Yea;
But generous foes on Gunnar came,
To win by fire they thought foul shame.
Far other these. Bent on our bane
No means they'll spare their end to gain."
Then Helgi spake: "Brother, 'twere ill
To cross our wise old father's will."
"Nay," quoth Skarphedinn; "the wise man *fey*
May prove unwise. But I obey.
Fox-like to stifle ill suits my breath;
Yet burn we together, I fear not death."
So entered they, lured to their doom,
The house that soon should be their tomb.

8.

"Now are they ours!" said Flosi glad;
"Men soon to die choose counsels mad.
With all our speed press we straight on,
Beset and throng the door, let none
Break forth. And compass every side,
Lest other issue forth be tried,
Postern or wicket. 'Twere our bane,
Vengeance were sure, our work were vain,
Should one alone of the brothers three
Or Kari their sister's lord go free."

9.

So Flosi with his best in front
Charged onwards, where, to bear the brunt,
Two champions in the doorway stood,
And first Skarphedinn's axe drank blood.
At him with mighty spear-thrust dashed
Bold Hroald, Auzur's son. Down flashed
The Battle-ogress blade, and hewed
The spear-head off; then, quick renewed,
A second blow beat down the shield
And cleft his brow: he tottering reeled,
And backward at full length lay dead.
"Small chance had that one," Kari said.

10.

Fierce was the onslaught, stern the play
Of thrust and blow: to force their way
Th' assailants strove, but no advance
Could make, for frequent shaft and lance
Flew forth, and many quailed before
That dauntless pair who kept the door,

By Grim and Helgi backed. Nor found
They who close hemmed the house around,
Inlet or opening; firm and sure
The stronghold doth their rage endure.

11.

At last spake Flosi: "From our foes
We win but wounds; one slain we lose
Whom least we would. By sword and spear
Methinks we force not entrance here.
And some who egged us on the most
Are dull with blow though loud in boast.
Two choices have we, to return,
Or house and all within to burn.
Death were the issue sure of one;
The other were a deed ill done
By Christian men, a grievous deed,
Yet must we do it in our need."

12.

So they gather wood, and a pile they make
Before the doors, and fire they take
And set thereto; but the women-folk
Throw whey or water, and quench in smoke,
Fast as the foemen light, till one—
Kol was he namèd, Thorstein's son—
Espied of vetches dry a stack
Against the house close to the back
Upon the hill-slope. "Light we this,
To pass the fire we cannot miss
Into the lofts above the hall;
Soon will the cross-trees burn and fall."
He spake: 'twas done; and, ere they know,
The roof above is all aglow.

13.

Then 'gan the women to wail and to weep,
But Njal spake comfort, and bade them keep
Good courage all. "This storm once past,
Ye shall," he said, "find rest at last.
Trust Him who still to save is near."
These spake he and other words of cheer.
But yet more widely overhead
The creeping flames their ruin spread.

14.

Now to the door went Njal, and cried,
"Can Flosi hear?" "Yea," he replied.
"Wilt from my sons atonement take?"
Said Njal; "or wilt thou for my sake
Let any men go forth?" But he:
"Thy sons for no price shall go free;

Till they be dead I stir not, I;
This ends our dealings, when they die.
But with women and children we wage no strife,
They and the house-carles may go with life."

15.

"Now go, Thorhalla, thou, and they
To whom 'tis given, go while ye may."
So Njal. "We part, thy son and I,
Not as we thought; yet will I try,"
She said, "if haply a loyal wife
May vengeance win for a husband's life."
But Astrid, wife of Grim, "E'en yet
Thy lord may 'scape: such foes are met
Rightly by fraud; come, Helgi, thou
Come forth with me: with cloak, I trow,
And kerchief on thy head for dress,
Thou'lt pass for woman in the press."
Such guile misliked him, but their prayer
Prevailed at last, and forth they fare.
But Flosi marked, "Tall is that dame
And broad of shoulders, take the same
And hold her." Helgi cast the cloak,
Hewed down one foeman with a stroke,
Then stricken by great Flosi's blade
With severed head in dust was laid.

16.

Again to th' entrance Flosi came,
"Good father Njal," he cried, "'twere shame
That thou shouldst guiltless burn; I give
Thee egress free,—come out and live."
"Not so," said Njal, "for I am old,
To venge my sons nor fit nor bold,
But will not live disgraced." "Thou, then,
Housewife," cried Flosi once again;
"Come out, Bergthora, for no sake
Would I thy life thus cruel take."
"Nay, Njal was husband of my youth,"
Said she; "I promised in all truth
One fate we both would alway share."
So turned they back, that faithful pair.

17.

"What counsel now?" Bergthora said.
"We will lie down upon our bed,"
Said Njal; "for rest I long have craved."
"But first," said she, "thou must be saved,
Dear grandchild Thord, nor here be burned."
"Dear minnie mine," the boy returned,
"Thou promisedst that 'gainst my will
Ne'er should I leave thee. Life were ill

After you dead: far rather I
Choose me with Njal and thee to die."

18.

She bore him with a gentle smile
Toward the bed; and Njal the while
Spake to his steward: "Bear in mind
How we do place us, so thou'lt find
Our bones hereafter; I nor turn
Nor flinch for reek or smart or burn.
See'st thou yon ox-hide? O'er us spread
That covering as we lie abed.
This done, go forth, and make good haste
To save thee living while thou mayst."
So down they lay, the loving pair,
With the lad between: they breathed a prayer,
Made sign of cross, nor stir nor word
Thereafter from that couch was heard.
"Age is soon weary," Skarphedinn said,
"Our father and mother go early to bed."

19.

Fiercer and fiercer the red flames roar,
Burning fragments bestrew the floor,
Hotter and hotter the stifling air,
But a brave heart still those brothers bear,
Skarphedinn and Grim, and Kari withal;
And fast as the firebrands sparkling fall,
Scornful they fling them abroad on their foes,
Who pitiless wait the cruel close.
No more they shoot on the men within;
"On them with weapons no fame we win,"
Said Flosi; "stand we but idle by,
Fire gains us a sure sad victory."

20.

Now nigh the hall-end fell a beam,
Slanting across. Of hope a gleam
Saw Kari: "Climb we by this," said he,
"Then leap, and haply we may go free.
For hitherward is blown the smoke,
And that may well our venture cloke.
And leap thou first." "Brother, not so;
Upon thy heels I'll following go."
"That were unwise; this weakened wood
To bear thee then will scarce hold good;
But I, though I be balked of this,
Some other outlet will not miss."
So Kari; but Skarphedinn said
Unmoved, "Go thou, and venge me dead."

21.

Then Kari ran up the beam that spanned
From floor to wall, and bore in hand
A burning bench, and flung outside
His burden. The nearest scattered them wide,
As it fell in their midst, and Kari aglow
In clothes and hair they might not know,
As down from the wall he nimbly leapt:
Then stealthily with the smoke he crept
And gained a stream, there plunging quenched
The flames upon him, and issuing drenched
Sped on smoke-screened, till in hollow ground
Safe hiding awhile and rest he found.

22.

Skarphedinn up the frail bridge sped
With unlike hap; for 'neath his tread
The burnt beam snapt; yet did he fall
Upon his feet, and at the wall
Leapt grappling, and had wellnigh scaled
The top, when crackling timbers failed
And with him toppled. "What must be,"
He said, "'tis easy now to see."

23.

Two brothers alone in life remain,
Skarphedinn and Grim. Awhile the twain
Together trode the fiery floor,
Till Grim sank down to rise no more.
Then sought Skarphedinn the gable end,
Where soon the roof down crashing penned
His prisoned steps. Nor thence he stirred,
Nor sound or groan of pain was heard;
There stern and soldier-like he stood
Beside his axe, that in the wood
Of gable wall was driven deep,—
Erect he met his deathful sleep.

24.

'Tis dawn. Behold a dreary scene!
Where life and health and stir have been,
There crumbling walls half-burnt and bare
Gape roofless to the chilly air.
The floor within, the ground without,
With relics charred are strown about,
Embers still glowing, ashes grey,
While here and there in garish day
The paler flames with fitful greed
On fuel fresh unsated feed.
Sad scene! Too well the vengeful crew
Have done the deed they sware to do.

Stillness is here, but not of peace;
Blood-feuds by bloodshed do not cease.
Burners, beware! the seed ye sow
Shall to a heavy harvest grow;
At Njal so slain, the good and wise,
All Iceland loud for vengeance cries.

25.

Anon men searched the ruined hall,
And gathered bones for burial.
Of nine that perished remains they found,
And duly laid in hallowed ground.
Skarphedinn stood, e'en as he died,
At the hall-end, and by his side
His axe: scarce burnt by fire his corse—
The planks had screened the flames' full force.
Where Njal and dame Bergthora lay,
Deep ashes first they dug away,
Then 'neath them saw the tough ox-hide,
Shrivelled by fire it was and dried;
But when they lifted it, the pair
Lay all unburnt and fresh and fair,
They and the lad: and, wondrous sight,
Njal's face and body shone so bright,
Men said such marvel ne'er had been,
Never in death such beauty seen.
A token sure of better days
To come ere long, and milder ways,
When truer faith o'er Iceland spread
Should mercy set in vengeance' stead,
Nor Njal have perished all in vain,
A gentle wight ungently slain.

W. C. Green.

THE RUSSIAN JOURNALISTIC PRESS.

THERE is one thing which any one who has seen anything, even to a small extent, of Russian society in St Petersburg, can scarcely have failed to remark—viz., the careful avoidance by Russians of all political questions connected with the internal state of their own country, when any foreigner may happen to be present.

One may have been led to believe by all that one has read and heard that Russia is somewhat misgoverned, that the officials have the character of being not wholly incorruptible, that the people are discontented and oppressed, that the finances are somewhat disordered, &c.; but of all this one will not hear a hint or a whisper in the *salons* of St Petersburg. All such topics, which are discussed with an eager interest by Russians when they can feel themselves without restraint, appear in the presence of a foreigner, more especially if he happens to hold an official position, or to be a member of the diplomatic corps, to be tacitly ignored and tabooed. Finding this to be the case, an educated foreigner who is in want of information about the country and its concerns, naturally turns to the native press.

He is aware, probably, that this is under strict censorship and control; but still he hopes that from the columns of the newspapers published in St Petersburg and the provinces he may be able to gain at any rate some clue and insight into the various shades of opinion and of thought prevalent in the country, on many of the topics which nearly concern its welfare. But in this hope he will to a great extent be disappointed. He finds to his surprise that on some important and complicated questions there not unfrequently exists a truly remarkable unanimity of opinion, even among journals which represent, or which desire at any rate to represent, the most opposite parties and political views; that other questions which might naturally be supposed to be, and which really are, burning questions, are perhaps wholly ignored, or if they are discussed at all, they are spoken of very cautiously, in a uniform tone, and regarded from the same point of view.

It is only after he has been for some time in the country that a foreigner (especially if he happens to come from a country like England, which enjoys the advantages of a free press) is able to comprehend the position of Russian journalism, and the peculiar circumstances under which it carries on the apparently precarious existence which it has to lead.

It should from the outset be borne in mind that there are several things of which all Russian Governments and Government officials stand, and have ever stood, in great dread—viz., of publicity, of talk, of free discussion or expression of thought. Such things, if indulged in even to a small extent, are apt to excite public opinion, and thereby produce all sorts of terrible consequences. The press in Russia, in fact, has always been regarded from a Governmental point of view as a hostile and essentially pernicious force, which has to be tolerated simply because it has not been found

possible to abolish it, and the Government policy towards it has generally been dictated by a narrow spirit of official bureaucratism.

There is another significant fact which can hardly fail to strike a foreigner — viz., that with the exception of one or two subsidised newspapers, the whole of the Russian press is altogether Liberal and anti-Governmental. The great preponderance of what the country possesses of worth, talent, and intelligence is found in, or really belongs to, the ranks of the Liberal opposition. The party of reaction can claim but few men of intelligence and capacity, and some of the most prominent of these, such as, for instance, the late M. Katkoff of the 'Moscow Gazette,' were renegades from the Liberal cause.

What then, it may be asked, is the position of the newspaper press at the present moment in Russia? Its condition and influence may be described as follows:—

The Russian journalistic press is under censorial supervision, and consequently can rarely give expression to public opinion, unless that opinion happens to coincide with the views of the Government. Newspapers published in the capital are allowed to appear without this supervision, while those published in the provinces are submitted to the censor before reaching the public. Without entering here into a long dissertation on the laws at present in force relating to the Russian press, it will suffice to say that any infringement of these laws is by the strict letter of the law punishable according to the degree of the offence, by the following penalties, viz.:—

1. "Cautions" published in the 'Official Gazette.'
2. Suspension for a certain period of time.
3. Prohibition to insert advertisements or sell by retail.
4. Total suppression.

These penalties are imposed in the name of the Minister of the Interior. Editors of newspapers are responsible for all matter contained in their columns; and in order that they may be guided in the selection of subjects for discussion, circulars are from time to time sent to them, indicating the topics which should be carefully avoided, or which are only to be discussed in a certain tone, or, as the stereotyped official phrase puts it, "with the greatest circumspection." Occasionally the editors are invited by the Minister to attend a meeting, in order that he may himself have an opportunity of explaining to them his wishes regarding the treatment of various topics of the day; and as a rule the wishes of his Excellency are carefully attended to, and a truly remarkable unanimity of opinion is thereafter displayed in the various journals on the topic in question. Sometimes, however, independent spirits are to be found even among Russian editors, who either refrain from referring to the subject at all, or even go so far as to express mild dissent from the policy of the day. But such instances of recalcitrant action are rare, and the misguided editor is quickly visited with the displeasure of the censor, who forthwith issues a series of "cautions"; and if the contumacy or opposition is persevered in, the suspension of the offending newspaper, or in extreme cases its total suppression, is the inevitable result.

Among the papers which have met this latter fate within the last ten years or so may be mentioned the 'Golos,' perhaps the most influential and the best conducted paper ever published in Russia. The proprietor was a man of independent means, and, what is far rarer in Russia, of independent views, and persisted in expressing opinions of his own on certain subjects, and also in doing his best to expose some of the abuses of the Administration. An editor of this kind, who displayed what would be termed in Russian official language *les tendances regrettables*, could not, of course, be tolerated, and he was forced to abandon his enterprise. I may add that the 'Golos' was a firm advocate of the late Loris Melikoff—at one time chief of the Supreme Executive Commission—and propagated the views of the Count, in return for which service the paper was supplied with information inaccessible to its less favoured rivals. The circulation of the 'Golos' was the largest of any Russian journal—viz., about 30,000 daily.

It must not, however, be supposed that the list of penalties already given exhausts the armoury of weapons at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior, and which he and his subordinates can and do wield, in order to keep the press in due submission and order. It is in many cases far more advisable to worry an obnoxious journal out of existence than to decree its suppression in the 'Official Gazette.' The latter course is rarely resorted to, inasmuch as it tends to "agitate public opinion"—which, it need hardly be said, is above all things to be avoided—and to be productive of discussion and remark. By a series of vexatious and absurd restrictions, of provisional suspensions, of prohibitions[1] to insert advertisements, or to sell by retail in the streets, and other persecutions, the carrying on of a journal can soon be rendered impossible, and this is found to be a much quieter and safer plan. The daily provincial press, indeed, may be said to have to a great extent disappeared under this course of treatment, inasmuch as among the journals which have one after another given up the struggle and been worried out of existence were some of the most influential and important which the country possessed. Another favourite expedient of the Government is to forbid a newspaper to write any articles, or even to make any comments at all, upon the very measures and topics which the journal was founded to advocate and discuss. Thus, a journal founded with the express object of defending Jewish interests, &c., would be prohibited from making any allusion whatever to the Jewish question. Again, a paper whose *raison d'être* was well known to be the discussion of internal reforms, would be forbidden perhaps to touch in any way upon domestic subjects. Once more; in the case of a provincial journal, the plan was sometimes resorted to of appointing a special censor for it, who resided at a great distance from the place where the

[1] I remember, in the autumn of 1883, a clandestine revolutionary journal ("Narodnaia Volia"), which is the only medium through which such information can be obtained, published a textual list of the secret prohibitions and ordinances which had been showered upon Russian editors for two or three years immediately preceding. The list was curious, amusing, and instructive.

paper was published, perhaps even at the other extremity of the empire. This measure is generally enough at once to give a journal its *coup de grâce*, inasmuch as the entire proofs of each issue have, in such a case, to be sent to this official and to be received back from him ere the paper could appear. It may be imagined that any "news" which was treated in this fashion could hardly be described as such when the proofs were received back from the censor, perhaps after a lapse of some eight or ten days. During the reign of the late Emperor, it was principally against the provincial papers that these various vexatious measures and persecutions were directed, and with such success that at the accession to the throne of the present Emperor nearly all the provincial papers of weight and influence had disappeared, and only the papers published in St Petersburg and Moscow remained to be dealt with. The old-established reviews also were for many years subjected to the same treatment, to such an extent that, in the year 1884, only one of any influence, as far as I could ascertain, survived, viz., the 'European Messenger.' All the remainder had been, one after another, worried out of existence.[1]

As has been already stated, the Russian papers are under the control of the censor, who in his turn is subordinate to the Minister of the Interior; but at the same time Ministers in general and other highly placed officials, by judiciously dispensing information, and if need be something more tangible, manage to ventilate their pet schemes and views in the press. It not unfrequently happens, however, that some wonderful project in process of elaboration by one Minister is "blown upon" and perhaps frustrated by premature announcement through the kind offices of a rival. Great care, however, has to be exercised in these cases; for should the offended Minister happen to be in special favour at the moment, the luckless editor who did the deed finds himself in a "warm corner," and is probably made to rue the day when he put his trust in the promises of Ministers. It happens also, occasionally, that a high official, who may have resigned his post and been disrespectfully alluded to in the press, comes into office again, and then woe be to his former detractors. The reinstated Minister takes an early opportunity of representing in influential quarters that such a newspaper is pursuing a pernicious and injurious course, and that the best interests of the State demand its suspension or perhaps its total suppression. In many cases such representations are effectual.

As may be readily imagined from the foregoing account of the harassed and worried existence which Russian editors often lead, the latter are ever on the look-out for some new method of evading the strict regulations which affect

[1] One of the most useful and able reviews (and there were formerly many such) ever published in Russia, was one entitled the 'Annals of the Country.' During the last reign this publication was suppressed, to the sorrow and regret of all who had the best interests of the country at heart. In the circular decreeing its suppression it was actually declared that the 'Annals' was a subversive organ, a sort of "Narodnaia Volia," which is the term in Russia for a clandestine revolutionary print which is published in defiance of all authority. Such statements and pretexts as these excited of course only derision.

the press, and of saying what they wish in spite of the ceaseless vigilance of the censor. The result is, that some papers have, it is said, established a sort of secret understanding with their readers. A sort of language is used, in which hints and allusions and *double entendres* figure to a certain extent, and by reading between the lines, much of what an editor would say, if he dared, is understood by his readers. Another favourite plan is to send a paragraph of news, or a comment upon some topic which they dare not insert as original matter, to some foreign contemporary. As soon as the paragraph appears in print in the columns of the foreign newspapers, they quote it as an extract, and if it is thought too strong, perhaps they preface it with an ostentatious assurance that the statements in the paragraph in question have of course no foundation in fact, &c.

Again: when any grave scandal comes to light in which Government officials are more or less implicated (or supposed to be implicated), and such occurrences in Russia have been neither few nor far between, the authorities to whom the control of the press is confided seldom fail to instruct editors as to the course or tone which should be adopted, either as to ignoring or commenting on the affair. Is there a bad railway accident, occasioned by the train running off the line and falling down an embankment, which turns out to have been caused by the railway officials having embezzled the money assigned for repairs? Some of the bolder of the papers, perhaps, give expression to the feeling of indignation which pervades the public mind, and hint at the real cause of the disaster which has perhaps cost many lives. What does the Government do? Does it order a searching inquiry? Far from it; it issues a circular to editors somewhat as follows (I quote one verbatim which was actually issued in August 1882, with reference to a fearful accident which had occurred a short time previously): "Since the disaster on the Koursk railway, several papers have published articles charging some of the employees of the Ministry of Roads with grave delinquencies. As articles of this nature are calculated to disturb the public mind, their publication will entail severe penalties on the offending journal," &c. Again: when some malversation of State funds or property (cases of which have been so frequent in Russia) is brought to light, the offending parties are perhaps put on their trial. If the peculation has been on a grand scale, and the scandal flagrant and calculated to make an *exposé* of the abuses of the administration, editors are strictly enjoined not to make any comment on the trial, or to refer to it in any way. If the foreign press gets hold of the story, and makes comments upon it, the Russian papers are forbidden to reproduce the remarks and strictures of their foreign contemporaries.

An admirable and highly useful institution in connection with the Russian press is the "responsible" editor, or "man of straw," as he is called. All "respectable" well-conducted newspapers that can afford the outlay have a "man of straw" on their staff, who in return for the use of his name draws a salary of about £200 a-year. In the event of the paper being prosecuted, say, for libel, this individual appears in court in answer to this charge, and in case of an

adverse judgment with sentence of imprisonment, he sits out the time of confinement. The advantage of such an arrangement is obvious; the "man of straw" goes to jail in place of the actual editor, and the management of the paper continues uninterrupted. The "straw" editor of the 'Novoe Vremya' was sentenced about seven or eight years ago to four months imprisonment for a libel that appeared in that journal, and strange to say he considered himself badly treated, although it was his first offence, and he had been in receipt of his salary for some years!

Of the Russian newspapers at present published at St Petersburg, the largest circulation (about 25,000 to 30,000) is enjoyed by the 'Novoe Vremya,' which owes its prosperity principally to the diversity of news which it contains as compared with its contemporaries. It professes Slavophile and *quasi* patriotic views, and is strictly opposed to everything foreign whatever, in the shape of institutions, ideas, or articles of commerce. During any political crisis, such as, for instance, the dispute between Russia and England concerning the Afghan frontier in the spring and summer of 1885, when the policy of bluster and swagger was in the ascendant, especially in military circles, the 'Novoe Vremya' is completely in its element. On the occasion referred to, having doubtless received a hint from the proper quarter that a smashing series of articles against England would not be displeasing, it gladdened the hearts of the martial and Anglophobic portion of its readers by threatening the British empire with complete annihilation by Russian legions, should that Power continue to dispute the right of the Russian eagle to perch upon and seize any portion of territory in Central Asia that might suit its fancy. It would be absurd to suppose for a moment that such unmeasured and violent attacks against England as the 'Novoe Vremya' at that time indulged in would have passed unnoticed, unless they had suited the policy of the Government. Of course when the need for them ceased, the 'Novoe Vremya' blew off steam, and turned its attention to other matters, such as, for instance, a systematic abuse of Germany's foreign policy in general and her policy towards Russia in particular.

When times are dull and the political barometer is set fair, the 'Novoe Vremya' finds its special delight in attacking the Russian Jews. During the anti-Jewish riots which took place some seven or eight years ago, the 'Novoe Vremya' proved to its own entire satisfaction that the Jews were themselves to blame for the disturbances which occurred, and that a general expulsion of all the Jews in Russia was the only panacea and happy issue out of the difficulty. It may be imagined that the expression of such views was not without results, and, in fact, they assisted greatly in fomenting this hostile feeling against the Jews which existed seven or eight years ago among the lower orders, especially in the western and south-western provinces of the empire. In this case, moreover, it suited the policy of General Ignatieff that the Jews should be abused, and that the wretched peasantry should attribute their destitute condition to the so-called spoliation of the Jews rather than to the true causes—viz., their own improvidence, inordinate taxation, and the neglect of the Government to

devise adequate means for ameliorating their position. In ordinary times, when the 'Novoe Vremya' suffers from a dearth of news (a complaint which is chronic with most Russian newspapers), the stories in its *feuilleton* form a prominent feature of the paper. As regards its influence generally, a good deal more importance is attributed abroad—*i.e.*, out of Russia—to the 'Novoe Vremya' than it really possesses. On the whole, however, it may truly be said that it is a journal very much read in Russia, that it is well thought of by the general public, and—always with the exception of the 'Moscow Gazette' during the editorship of the late M. Katkoff—that it is treated with more consideration officially than any other paper.

There are two newspapers published at St Petersburg which are subsidised by the Government. These are the 'Journal de St Petersburg' and the 'St Petersburg Vedomosti.' The 'Journal de St Petersburg' is published in French, and is the organ, *par excellence*, of the Russian Foreign Office. It is specially intended for perusal abroad, and for the edification and instruction of foreign diplomatists at the Court of St Petersburg, and for circulation in Europe. Consequently, nothing of an unfavourable or damaging character with regard to the condition of the country is ever allowed to appear in its columns. It always seemed to me that there is only one thing wanting to render the "get up" of this paper complete—viz., that it should be printed on rose-tinted paper, inasmuch as everything in it relating to the Government and the country is *couleur de rose*. From a perusal of it one might suppose that the Russians were living under the most paternal and benevolent sway, that the people were happy and contented, that the trade and finances of the country were making satisfactory progress, &c. Not a hint of the distress and poverty of the people, not a whisper of flagrant abuses, not a faint echo of the seething caldron of discontent which simmers and bubbles below the smooth surface of society in the capital, is ever allowed to be heard through the medium of its columns.

The political articles in the 'Journal' are inspired by the Foreign Office; and at any important crisis one of the clever pens there writes or inspires the articles which represent the views of that department. In the event, however, of any expression in the 'Journal' going too far and wounding the "susceptibilities" of a friendly Power, and calling forth informal remonstrance from the representative of that Power at the Court of the Czar, the Russian Foreign Office seldom fails to disclaim all knowledge of the offensive article—is in fact quite *désolé* that it should have appeared, and at the same time promises to remonstrate with the poor misguided editor, a most inoffensive individual, whose chief enjoyment used, when I was in Russia, to consist in entertaining foreign journalists with excellent tea, and with doubtful information of the prescribed tint.

In spite of all this, the 'Journal de St Petersburg' fulfils the great object for which it exists, inasmuch as its utterances impose to a great extent upon the European public who take an interest in politics. Out of Russia a good deal of importance is attributed to the utterances of the 'Journal de St Petersburg.' In Russia no

one thinks of looking in it for anything but the opinions which the Government think it necessary or advisable to put forward for the edification of the official organs of other Powers. If the 'Journal' did not exist, the articles which the rest of the press publishes would be held to be of too much importance in public estimation,—a result to be by no means desired.

The other subsidised journal, the 'St Petersburg Vedomosti,' is the organ of the Ministry of Public Education, and noted for its prosiness and the staleness of its "latest intelligence." Occasionally, however, it used to exert itself to proclaim the greatness of the Russian nation, and the terrible consequences which would ensue should any foreign Power dare to interfere with Russia's holy and civilising "missions." The former editor of this paper was the *quondam* chief of the staff of General Tchernaieff's army in Servia, and he is brother of General Komaroff of Trans-Caspian fame. A few years ago, M. Komaroff started on his own account a newspaper, the 'Svet'—*i.e.*, 'The Light'—in which he stoutly advocated Russia's advance in Central Asia in the direction of India, and from time to time adduced her indisputable claims to Herat and other portions of Afghan territory. He was supposed, and perhaps naturally, to express the views held by his brother, General Komaroff, who was then commander-in-chief of the Trans-Caspian provinces; and this circumstance, and the fact that he often published Central Asian news of a later date than his contemporaries, especially when any Central Asian topic was on the *tapis*, gave sometimes a special interest to the otherwise obscure journal over which he presided.

Another St Petersburg newspaper, which commands a modest circulation, and which, generally speaking, is conspicuous for temperate tone in dealing with foreign politics, is the 'Novosti.' From this last fact it may be surmised that continual war is being waged between the 'Novosti' and the 'Novoe Vremya,' especially on all questions affecting the Jews in Russia. The personalities in which the editors of these two journals indulge themselves in their respective papers would considerably astonish the gentlemen who edit large English newspapers. It is not unusual to read an extract in the 'Novoe Vremya' taken from the 'Novosti,' or *vice versa*, with comments such as the following: "Could anything be more ridiculous, more senseless than the article we have quoted above?" &c. This mode of conducting newspapers is not confined to the two newspapers above named, but is practised by all Russian journalists, and the stronger the satire, and more piquant the personalities, the better pleased are the readers, who enter into these squabbles with great spirit.

The remaining daily newspapers published in the capital are very insignificant, both in respect to weight and matter. Their mission seems to consist in publishing *canards* one day, in order to be able to contradict them in their next issue. They likewise contain translations of French novels of the Zola school, intended principally for the delectation of shopkeepers and sempstresses, who form the great contingent of their readers. The lower orders of Russia are not much given to literature, owing to a neglected education, and they prefer newspapers of a flimsy quality, which

are best adapted for conversion into cigarettes.

With regard to the Moscow press, the only newspaper of any importance published there is the 'Moscow Gazette,' which was, as is well known, edited and conducted for many years by the late M. Katkoff. He was a man of great talent and capacity, who enjoyed, owing to the favour with which he was regarded by the Emperor, a position in Russia which was, for an editor, or indeed for any one else, quite exceptional and unique. In short, he was for many years the central figure in Russian politics, and the founder and chief of the most powerful party which ever existed in his own country. His power, indeed, was so great in the State that he earned for himself, and with good cause, the *sobriquet* of *Le faiseur des Ministres*. Unfortunately for Russia, his views, both of politics and finance, were all retrograde, and indeed often opposed to the most elementary principles of experience and common-sense. Consequently, the evil done to the cause of civilisation in Russia by Katkoff and his paper were incalculable in extent, and for many years to come quite irreparable. Katkoff in the 'Moscow Gazette' always advocated a policy of reaction—*i.e.*, a sort of return to the *régime* of Ivan the Terrible, in whose time Western civilisation, which the 'Moscow Gazette' always maintained to be a delusion and a snare, had not spread its baneful influence over the pure Slav, &c. "Russia for the Russians" was always the motto of Katkoff, and for such a sentiment no one of course can blame him. He was always on intimate terms with M. Pobodonostseff, at that time a Minister of great influence in Russia; and indeed during the latter years of Katkoff's life, it was no secret that the views expounded by the 'Moscow Gazette' as regards internal policy were in accord with those entertained in the highest quarters. Some years ago Katkoff bitterly attacked the late Loris Melikoff, who tried hard to persuade the late Emperor to suppress his paper, but without success; and the present Emperor always supported and favoured Katkoff even more than his father did.

It is needless to say that the 'Moscow Gazette' misses no opportunity of attacking England, and is always prepared to prove that the British empire is both commercially and politically fast hastening to decay.

Since the death of Katkoff the influence of the 'Moscow Gazette' has greatly declined.

The Russian provincial press, as already explained, has long ago had nearly all its strength and vitality crushed out of it, and in its present condition is scarcely deserving of notice. The newspapers are all subjected to preliminary censorship; and when one considers that the proof-sheets have to be sent in many instances hundreds of versts to the nearest censor, and bears in mind the many restrictions against publishing local news, so as not to cast discredit on any official, be he never so petty, it will be seen that the inhabitants of Russia are not spoilt in the way of news relating either to home or foreign affairs.

The foregoing is a tolerably accurate and fair description of the Russian press as seen from the most obvious side. There is, however, another side to this question, and it is time now briefly to turn to it and see what the press, in

spite of the numerous limitations and restrictions under which it exists, has been able to effect for the benefit and advantage of the country.

It would naturally be thought by the general reader, after such a description of the Russian newspapers as has been given in the foregoing pages, that the press in that country has been able to exercise little or no influence upon the conduct of the Government, and in the course of affairs generally. Such a view would be correct enough if applied to the press as it exists to-day. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that its influence has always been so small and insignificant as at present. Within a very recent period—that is, among the more or less liberal period of from 1860-80 — the Russian journalistic press was conducted by an able band of editors, who, more or less regardless of consequences, made it their business to denounce abuses, to attack Ministers, and to expose corruption in all the departments of the State. In spite of the censorship and all its machinery; in spite of the surveillance exercised by the late Count Tolstoi over the whole production of Russian opinion and thought; in spite of his constant desire to stifle all manifestation of liberal public opinion, and to imbue others with his own ideas; in spite of all the hindrances and obstacles of which an account has been given,—the newspaper press in Russia during the period just mentioned exercised a very great influence, which was perfectly independent of the Government, whose acts it judged and criticised in the teeth of all the endeavours which were made to thwart and hamper its action. Far from its being dependent upon the Government, the latter often saw its hand forced by the newspaper press, which it was supposed to rule despotically. It must surely be deemed to have been greatly to the credit of this gallant band of editors that, hampered and worried by all sorts of vexatious regulations as they were, they succeeded in assisting their country so much in the task of reorganisation and reform. This race of editors, however, has now completely disappeared. Katkoff was the last of the race; and it is scarcely probable that Russia will see another editor so gifted as he was, who will have such powerful support in the highest quarters. During the last six or seven years there has been a most marked deterioration in the tone of the newspaper press. Even the official press has not escaped this deterioration. The two official organs, the 'Rooski Invalide' and the 'Official Journal,' which used to publish leading articles, have both decayed into mere gazettes. In a word, the degradation of the Russian press is complete, and, as a consequence, the Russian censor has, generally speaking, a comparatively easy time of it.

There is another point to be noted—viz., that a large proportion of the vast population of Russia is quite content to live without any newspaper at all, inasmuch as in many provincial towns they do not exist. With regard to this point it may be instructive to quote Mr C. Marvin, who, in a recent newspaper article on this subject, wrote as follows:—

"The Caucasus, with a population of seven millions, does not yet possess seven daily papers; and of its local press only one paper, the 'Kavkas' of Tiflis, is known to the Russian public. The five million people of

the province of Turkestan and adjoining Steppe administration are represented only by a Government gazette—the 'Turkestanski Vedomosti'; while the new Trans-Caspian territory possesses no newspaper at all. In general it may be said that, excluding the three cities of St Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, the newspapers published in Russia, which are read and quoted outside the localities in which they are published, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. In other words, quite 105 out of the 107 millions composing the population of the Russian empire may be said to rub along without any press whatever."

The causes of this indifference are not far to seek. The great mass of the population in Russia is at least fifty years behind that of Western Europe in general culture; their wants are few, and they have never been used to enjoy anything but a small and meagre supply of news and newspapers. In addition to this, the strict control and supervision under which the press has always been held has prevented the cultivation of any appetite for a more liberal supply.

In order to illustrate the sort of Egyptian darkness in which many Russian officials of even high rank are content or are obliged to live, I may mention that some five years ago, when travelling in the south of Russia, I stayed for a couple of days in a large flourishing town, where the governor, who was a very pleasant, hospitable gentleman, invited me to dinner. After dinner, my host drew me aside from the other guests, and begged me to tell him a little of what was going on in St Petersburg, &c. Did the Emperor ever now appear in public, or did he still shut himself up in Gatchina? &c. When I assured him that the Emperor and Empress went about everywhere, and that their seclusion at Gatchina was quite a thing of the past, he was much surprised, and by way of explanation said to me: "You see we do not know anything here; nothing is ever allowed to appear in the papers, and it is only by private letter or by conversation with those who come from St Petersburg that we ever learn anything." I thought to myself, if the Governor of this large flourishing town, who is the chief official of the place, knows so little of what is going on in the Russian world, the ignorance of the general public must be profound indeed. I felt, moreover, something in the same frame of mind as the Pharisee in the parable, who thanked Heaven that he was not as some other men—*i.e.*, I felt grateful that my lot in life was not that of governor of a Russian town.

Similarly, when staying with another high Government official in Central Russia, I spoke in the course of conversation of a celebrated political trial which was going on at St Petersburg, in which officers of comparatively high rank were being tried for having joined a Nihilist conspiracy, and about which every one in St Petersburg was talking. My host had never even heard of it, and was quite surprised when I related to him some particulars regarding the trial.

It will be seen, from the foregoing outline sketch of the conditions under which the newspaper and periodical press exists at present, that Russian journals and periodicals neither have nor can have much influence or importance. Of course, in a country without political life, daily papers, which are essentially political, could

not, even under the most favourable circumstances, wield the same influence as in countries like England, France, and America. A Government like that of the Czar is obliged to ignore public opinion: it must perforce, if it is to continue to exist, regulate by means of censors, secret ordinances, and other similar means what may be discussed, what may only be spoken of with the "greatest circumspection," and what must at all hazards be altogether tabooed and hushed up. A long and tedious apprenticeship has generally to be gone through by a nation ere its education is sufficiently advanced to be able to use without abusing the advantages and privileges of a free press. Certainly the Russian people have never had any chance of having any education of this kind, and as a natural consequence, if the press were to be granted its freedom in Russia to-morrow, the licence of language and criticism indulged in by all newspapers would be such that it would very soon become impossible for any Government officials to continue to carry on the duties of their respective offices. As this fact is perfectly well known and recognised by the Government of the Czar, it is not perhaps to be wondered at that it is not disposed to relax the control it has always held over the press. To a foreigner, however, residing in the country, it does seem that this control need scarcely be exercised in so arbitrary and vexatious a manner as it often is.

F. Chenevix Trench,
Major-General.

EXCHANGE WITH INDIA.

I.

In his very able articles which appear in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for March and April 1890, Mr Wood has taken a decidedly new departure in dealing with and elucidating the all-important question of "Exchange with India"; and since he appears to have hit the right nail on the head, which, if driven home, is likely to lead to a solution of the question which has vexed and sorely tried multitudes of the loyal subjects, European and Asiatic, of the Queen-Empress of Greater Britain, it may not be amiss, perhaps, to investigate and consider the subject in the light which he has brought to bear upon it.

The oceans of pamphlets, papers, and utterances with which the public has been flooded, have enveloped and shrouded the subject in impenetrable mysticism. Experts and scientists on currency are too apt, unconsciously, from the peculiar tendency of minds so exclusively employed and trained, to evolve from an irresistible inner current of thought a state of chaos of the subject-matter taken up and dealt with by them, agreeably to individual prepossessions. Hence we find that where six experts holding the "monometallic" theory step to the front to plead their views on currency, half-a-dozen equally expert currency scientists advance to do battle for the "bimetallic" theory, and thus the all-important question hangs fire, and remains unsolved, and India perishes in the interim with bankruptcy—State bankruptcy looming in the not possibly far-distant future.

It is therefore truly refreshing, if not encouraging, to find the subject more or less grappled with by an apparent outsider, untrammelled by the disadvantages under which experts and scientists on currency labour, and bringing facts, data, and postulates to bear on the question in a common-sense, intelligible manner, to indicate the action to be adopted to rehabilitate the much depreciated rupee.

In the hope that it may tend to further the object Mr Wood has in view, another outsider ventures to enter the lists, and by placing a digest of the able articles referred to before the public, to invite attention thereto in view to action being taken.

Passing over for the present certain prefatory and yet pertinently relevant remarks, let us turn to the very essence, the very root of the matter, comprehended in the expression "balance of trade." And first, the term "exchange" is but the offspring, the outcome of the commercial intercourse of two countries more or less distantly separate geographically.

Let us see (1) what is the approximate "balance of trade" as between the United Kingdom and India, constituting portions of that Greater Britain of which one speaks with pardonable pride; and second (2) what is "exchange" *proper*, and not *spurious*, as demonstrated by Mr Wood. The new departure and elucidation must not be condemned offhand as chimerical. The matter, as put before the public, is at least worthy of examination. "Balance of trade" between England and India may be intelligibly

defined by simply stating that the United Kingdom imports into India goods, merchandise, &c., by way of trade, amounting in value approximately to 34 millions sterling; and *per contra*, India imports into the United Kingdom goods, merchandise, &c., amounting in value at par to 53 millions sterling. The difference, 19 millions, is the "balance of trade" in favour of India. Let us omit at present the item "private remittances" to or from India.

The traders and merchants in India naturally look to receiving these 19 millions sterling, or the equivalent at par, Rs. 190 millions, due by the traders and merchants in the United Kingdom.

"The amount of 'balance of trade' must be paid in the standard coin of the country to which it is due. And" (contends the writer), "although such coin may be debased, or even comparatively worthless, in point of metallic value, yet there is no alternative to the remitters—the amount due *must* be paid *in that coin and no other*, unless, of course, a different mode of settlement be agreed upon between the parties."

"Exchange" is the total *cost* incurred in remitting this balance of trade to the parties to whom it is due in India. The unit of the standard coin of the country is measured in simple terms of the currency of the country from which the balance of trade is due —viz., at 2s. 0½d. or 2s. 1½d. per rupee. In the first case the total cost for remitting Rs. 100 is 4s. 6d., in the second case, 12s. 6d., thrice as much. The cost includes the purchase of the specie at par, *plus* the charge of the conveyance thereof (and all incidental charges) to India.

Mr Wood argues and demonstrates that the two standard coins employed for the purposes of the currency of the two countries possess "an intrinsic par value" legally enacted or imposed.

The standard coin for India, the rupee, has a greater metallic value than two shilling-pieces combined. And "the intrinsic par value" of a silver coin is its relative value with gold, as fixed by the currency laws of the country to which it belongs. The fact of the existence of these currency laws clearly establishes the right of the Supreme Government, controlling the administration of the two countries, to impose on its peoples or subjects, British and Asiatic, a legal standard of value relatively of the coins issued under its sanction, for the purpose of regulating the settlement of their mutual commercial transactions, one with the other as portions of the same empire, measured in terms of those coins at their intrinsic relative par value legally fixed. If there exists such a right, does it not imply a bounden duty to protect and maintain unimpaired the currency provisions made in the exercise of such right? Thus are we face to face with two facts—(1) balance of trade in favour of India imposing an obligation on those who have been instrumental in incurring the same, to meet it promptly as it arises in the course of their mercantile avocations; and (2) a legally fixed standard of value of the currency coins of the two portions of the same empire remotely separate geographically (apart from the fact that the shilling proper is but a "token" coin within the United Kingdom), having an intrinsic par value relatively, and which should be the basis of settlement of the balance of trade, modified by such trifling fluctuations as the *bonâ fide* costs incurred in conveying the same to

India may determine and justify *legally*.

To proceed, the 190 millions of rupees, being the "balance of trade" due to India, is somewhat reduced by the operation of "private remittances" from and to India, stated to be in the ratio of 50 to 10 in millions of rupees at par, and thus the "mercantile obligation" is reduced to 150 millions of rupees approximately.

We hear of another equally urgent "obligation," briefly comprehended in the familiar expression "home charges," incurred in the administration of India by the Secretary of State for India in Council. These two currents of "obligation" run on parallel lines, but in exactly opposite directions, and oddly enough, they are stated to be pretty much of the same volume, being, on the legally enacted standard of value (the intrinsic par value), in the proportion of 15 to 16 in sterling millions, the balance of indebtedness being slightly reversed.

The case stands thus as between two portions of one empire, under one Queen-Empress and one Supreme Government. The Secretary of State for India wants for the year 16 millions sterling in London to meet his "home charges." The traders and merchants of the United Kingdom in London want 150,000,000 rupees in India to meet their "mercantile obligations." The former holds in his treasuries in India 160,000,000 of rupees to meet his "home charges." The latter want for the purposes of trade 150,000,000 of rupees as urgently in India. These latter hold or have at call 15 millions sterling, and the Secretary of State requires that amount and a trifle more in London. That is, there is "surplus gold" in hand for the purchase of bills on India (to meet the rupee deficit of the banks' agents there). And *per contra*, there is a "rupee deficit" to be met by bills from the London bankers (paid for from the equivalent gold surplus in their hands).

This is the result as worked out by Mr Wood in statement or account "A. Bankers' exchange resources for payment of the balance of trade (at the par exchange of 2s. per rupee)."

And here we will leave these gentlemen to solve how it would be possible to meet the "mercantile obligation" (deficit) in India with their gold surplus in England but for the kindly offices of the Secretary of State for India, and asking the question, Are the exigencies of trade, self-imposed, to be met from the exigencies of the administration of a distant country, a portion of the same empire, to the prejudice of the peoples of that country—European, Eurasian, and native?—and pausing for a reply, pass on to the consideration of statement or account "B. Trial estimate for ascertaining the selling price of council bills (calculated at 2s. $0\frac{15}{32}$d. per rupee, the Indian mints being *closed* against coinage for the general public)."

Mr Wood, proceeding on the same data as in Account A, but introducing the factor "home charges," obtains the following result—viz., "That the bankers in London would be short by £62,500 for the purchase of bills on India to meet their rupee liabilities in full, and that the Secretary of State for India would have a surplus of Rs. 613,027 in India" *after* having secured in full the 16 millions sterling required in London to meet his "home charges."

Here, then, the London bankers

would be somewhat in a fix, more or less prejudicial to their working capital, and the Secretary of State for India would find himself in that enviable position, so much desiderated by Chancellors of the Exchequer, with a surplus after having paid all his home charges.

But Mr Wood is apparently without partiality, favour, or affection, and he again comes to the assistance of both parties. And so we are tempted to pass on to the consideration of his (statement) account "C. Final estimate for fixing the selling price of council bills as a basis for exchange operations (calculated at 2s. $0\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee—the Indian mints being *closed* against coinage for the general public)."

Proceeding again on the same principle and the same data by which he obtained the result shown in statement B, he effectually wipes off the London bankers' gold deficit, and very considerately relieves the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer from the certainty of incurring the displeasure attendant on the disposal of a surplus.

"From the above estimate," remarks Mr Wood, "it is clear that, so far as the Indian taxpayers are concerned, the selling price of council bills at the present moment should not be less than 2s. $0\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee; but it does not follow from this," says he, "that such a price should or should not be the *rate of exchange*, as that would be a matter for the bankers to determine, according to the commercial and monetary exigencies of the moment. So much for the first (and the correct) aspect of exchange operations, as they ought to exist to-day."

The Indian taxpayers' aspect of the question is here clearly demonstrated as regards the selling price of the rupee coin contributed by them to the fiscal requirements of the Secretary of State for India. Now, to understand rightly the question of exchange of coins, of a legal "standard of value" relatively, imposed by the Imperial Government, in the exercise of its lawful right, on the peoples and subjects of this great empire, composed of the British Isles and *India*, it will be necessary to examine critically and thoughtfully certain other estimates drawn up by Mr Wood from the London bankers' standpoint of view, as affecting their so-called interests and rights, legitimate or otherwise.

And so in this connection we have, first, account "D. The bankers' trial estimate for ascertaining the lowest workable rate of exchange within the limits of their own exchange resources (calculated at the exchange of 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee—the Indian mints being *open* to coinage for the general public)."

Proceeding as in account B, but excluding council bills from the account, the following is the result:—

"On comparing the figures in the two accounts D and B, it will be seen," remarks Mr Wood, "that by dispensing with the Secretary of State's bills the London bankers would have just the same and no greater gold deficit with the spurious exchange of 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee, than they would have with the approximately correct exchange of 2s. $0\frac{1}{32}$d.; while the surplus rupees in the hands of the Indian bankers (as representing the exchange equivalent of that deficit, £62,500) would be Rs. 910,816, or 297,789 *more* than they would have with the higher rate of exchange. Still, if the exchange system were a *bonâ fide* one, the gold deficit would be an obstacle to the adoption of 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d., for reasons similar to those given under the official estimate B; and therefore, to

get rid of this deficit, the bankers would be obliged to fix the exchange at a higher point of the scale."

Accordingly, Mr Wood has another trial shot, in view to fixing the lowest workable rate of exchange, consistent with the protection of the London bankers' interests. And he clearly demonstrates that the exact equilibrium is found at the exchange of 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee—the Indian mints being *open*. This he shows in his account E [see Table, p. 134]; and with reference to his several accounts, he observes—

"We have now before us what may safely be called the 'actual results' of two systems of exchange—viz., the *orthodox* and the *spurious*. The former is constructed on the true economic principle, having the par value of the rupee as its basis, combined with the proper protection of *closed mints*, and is illustrated in the accounts A, B, C. The latter also has its root in the par value of the rupee, but with *open mints*—a circumstance which (as indicated in chap. iv.) admits of the rate of exchange being fixed at the pleasure of the operators, at any point in the scale of exchange from 2s. down to the bankers' *minimum*. This is done under the pretext that the 'market price of silver' is the true basis of exchange, and warrants the downward movement; while the rates thus deduced have no reference whatever to the balance of trade, but ostensibly to the metallic value which the price of silver is *presumed* to give to the rupee. This *spurious* system is amply illustrated in the accounts D and E."

"It has been shown," writes Mr Wood, "that the *bankers' minimum*, under the spurious system of exchange we have just examined, has the effect of balancing the value of Indian imports (however small) with that of the Indian exports (however large), and cancelling or getting rid of the 'balance of trade' altogether. It has also been shown that this operation obviates the necessity for purchasing a single bill from the Secretary of State for the purpose of trade remittances to India."

The statement or account F is the "bankers' sub-minimum estimate (calculated at the exchange of 1s. $4\frac{8}{32}$d. per rupee—the Indian mints being *open* to coinage for the general public)."

This statement is drawn up to demonstrate the downward course of exchange with the present volume of trade.

For instance, at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee, the "*gold deficit*" is shown to be £62,500, and the "*silver surplus*" Rs. 910,816. But at 1s. $4\frac{8}{32}$d. per rupee, they are shown to be £500,000 and Rs. 7,384,615 respectively—that is, at each succeeding rate below 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee, both the "gold deficit" and the silver or "rupee surplus" increase in equivalent ratio.

Mr Wood very properly observes as follows:—

"Now, if the amount of trade and private remittances shown in all these accounts be approximately correct (and there is no reason to believe that they are not fairly so; see also footnote), surely it is self-evident that the London bankers or firms must at this moment be drawing on their ordinary capital to the extent of £500,000 per annum, or nearly £10,000 a-week in the aggregate, to enable them to cash the drafts from their Indian agents or corresponding firms; but unless they have supplementary gold resources to fall back upon (as it is quite clear that they have), it is equally self-evident that *no possible amount of associated capital could stand such a perpetual drain as that.*"

And lastly, by his statement G, Mr Wood proceeds to show the "loss and gain by spurious exchange (with the exchange at 1s. $4\frac{8}{32}$d. per rupee)," and he states that the loss falls (1) on Indian

consumers of the goods imported from England; (2) on private remitters in India; and (3) on the revenues—*i.e.*, the taxpayers—of India; and that the net gain falls, first, to the British traders, and second, to the Continental traders, in the proportion of 64 to 14 in millions of rupees respectively; and this has been going on, more or less, for several years.

It may be deduced, not unreasonably, from Mr Wood's articles, that a system of financial "blundering and plundering" has obtained, no doubt unwittingly, in the matter of "exchange with India" for years.

The balance of trade is legitimately begotten of the commercial transactions between the United Kingdom and India. So in like manner "exchange" is lawfully begotten of the said balance of trade, rendering it obligatory on the part of the merchants and traders of England to meet this self-imposed obligation in the standard coin of the country to which the balance of trade is due. Further, it is clear that "exchange" is simply and rightly determined in or by the total charges incurred in conveying the standard coins in which the balance of trade is alone payable to India. By the currency laws of the two countries, enacted by one and the same Supreme Legislature, their respective coinage is removed from the category of *marketable commodities*, although the metals themselves, from which the currency coins are minted, may be, and are, marketable commodities, in respect of the industries in which gold, silver, or copper may be used—that is, these lawfully enacted standard coins have *an intrinsic par correlative value*, a ratio, undisturbable by the abundance or scarcity of either of the metals, gold or silver.

It is the very essence of the currency of a country that it should be stable in the correlative properties of its coins, otherwise we shall suffer the evils depicted by Mr Wood, which the larger majority of the subjects of the Imperial Crown have endured for many years.

Let us suppose for a moment that the Secretary of State for India were to plead his inability to meet his home charges, and that he felt himself conscientiously bound to discontinue launching council bills broadcast on the London banking world, after the *ruinous* system heretofore pursued, having been enlightened and convinced of its injustice by Mr Wood's able articles, and that by way of further safeguarding the wellbeing and interests of the people of India, so intimately connected with its financial administration, he, the Secretary of State, insisted on *closing the Indian mints* against coinage for the general public. Where, under such circumstances, would the London merchants and traders go to obtain rupee bills on India to meet their obligations?

Would such action on the part of the Secretary of State, urged and pressed upon him by the over-taxed peoples of India of all classes, European or native, be otherwise than wise, fiscally sound, just, and politic? We repeat that there has been apparently "blundering and plundering," but this does not warrant a continuance of the attitude of masterly inactivity on the part of those directly and indirectly concerned, still agape at Nero's musical performance—perform he never so well in the interests of others

— whilst "the noblest trophy of British genius and the most splendid appanage of the Imperial Crown" declines and falls overwhelmed by national insolvency. True, the past is irrevocable; still it is not too late to endeavour to avert a not improbable impending financial collapse.

Cutting adrift the ineffectual fads of the bimetallist and the monometallist alike, let those who have endured for years past the evils arising from a wrongly depreciated rupee bestir themselves, and, proceeding constitutionally, seek redress on the lines indicated in the new departure taken in dealing with, and elucidating, the all-important question of the "Exchange with India." And let some effectual endeavour be made to rid ourselves from the pardonable commercial operations which have cropped up, to our serious prejudice, and thus restore the rupee to its original status as a standard coin of the Empire of Greater Britain, as established and enacted by our currency laws, apart from, and undisturbable by, the abundance or scarcity of either of the metals, gold or silver, and of which sufficient will still remain, after minting what may be required for currency purposes of the empire, as marketable commodities for the industries in such metals, and thus ensure the very essence in a national or imperial currency, undisturbable stability, within reasonable common-sense limits, as demonstrated in Mr Wood's able exposition.

W. I. GRAY, Lt.-Genl. R.A.,
Retired.

[TABLE E.

E.—The Bankers' Final Estimate for Fixing the Lowest Workable Rate of Exchange within the Limit of their own Exchange Resources. (Calculated at the Exchange of 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per Rupee—the Indian Mints being *open* to Coinage for the General Public.)

Given in a form more easily intelligible to the general reader.

Indian merchants require drafts on London for £34,000,000 (*a*) to pay for English goods bought by them in England for import into India.	
They obtain from Indian bankers "trade remittance drafts" on London to that amount, paying to Indian bankers at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d.	Rs. 494,545,454
Indian bankers also grant drafts on London for £3,437,500 (*b*) on account of "private remittances," receiving at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. . .	50,000,000
Total received for drafts on London	Rs. 544,545,454
Per contra—	
English merchants require drafts on India for (*a'*) to pay for Indian goods bought by them in India for import into England.	Rs. 530,000,000
They obtain from London bankers "trade remittance drafts" on India to that amount, paying into London bankers at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee	£36,437,500
London bankers also grant drafts on India for Rs. 14,545,454 (*b'*) on account of "private remittances," receiving at 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee .	1,000,000
Total received for drafts on India .	£37,437,500

London bankers have granted "trade remittance drafts" on India amounting to (*a'*)	Rs. 530,000,000
They have also granted "private remittance drafts" on India amounting to (*b'*) . .	14,545,454
Indian bankers are bound to honour these drafts, and do so from the sums paid in to them for drafts granted by them on London.	
Total paid by Indian bankers .	Rs. 544,545,454
Per contra—	
Indian bankers have, on their part, granted "trade remittance drafts" on London, amounting to (*a*) .	£34,000,000
They have also granted "private remittance drafts" on London, amounting to (*b*) .	3,437,500
English bankers are similarly bound to honour these drafts, and do so from the sums paid in to them for drafts granted by them on India.	
Total paid by London bankers .	£37,437,500

At the above rate of exchange the "balance of trade" is cancelled or got rid of altogether.

II.

THE following notice appeared in the 'Homeward Mail' of February 24th:—

"EXCHANGE WITH INDIA.

"The following note has been sent to us, which we print as received:—

"'The "demonetisation of silver," and its twin sister "Bimetallism," have so long held the field of debate, that it is a relief to be able to anticipate an early termination of the tiresome discussions on these topics. The "silver question," as it affects the United Kingdom, is nothing more than a matter of foreign exchange with countries having a monometallic silver standard currency. Our trade with European countries in that category is so small, however, as to be almost inappreciable compared with the vastness of our commercial relations with the Indian Empire; and the question, therefore, really resolves itself into one of exchange with India. In the forthcoming numbers of "Blackwood's Magazine" the subject will be exhaustively discussed in all its essential aspects, and so conclusively, that the problem will be solved, or claim to be solved, to actual demonstration, absolutely beyond the possibility of cavil or controversy. Our manufacturers and export merchants connected with the East India trade, who have suffered so much from the outrageous embargo placed on English goods for so many years past, will no doubt hail this news with satisfaction, and will probably make their voice heard, in no uncertain tones, both in and out of the House of Commons, in the pressing demand for an immediate restoration of the legitimate exchange, which at the present moment should not be lower (but substantially higher) than 2s. 0½d. per rupee. This solution of the question will be as welcome as it is indisputable, and will give an effectual quietus to the mischievous fallacy (to use a mild term) known as "the depreciation of the rupee."'"

The editor, it will be seen, carefully guards himself from adopting the statement it contains, and not without reason; for any one trying to unravel the tangle of ideas which the following extraordinary economic hallucinations display, feels rather at a loss to know where to begin, in face of the apparent realities and actual illusions which meet him on every page of the two articles which in due course have appeared in 'Blackwood' for March and April, from the pen of Mr J. S. Wood.

The key to the confusion in the writer's mind is a fixed belief that the rupee can be made worth 2s. if the Secretary of State for India will only consent to fix that rate of exchange. The first of the two articles concludes with a description of the monetary situation put into the mouth of an imaginary friend of the Government of India, addressing an imaginary body of exchange bankers in London, to the effect that the difficulties of Indian finance could be at once surmounted by the closure of the Indian mints to anything beyond a limited coinage of silver money, and by the Secretary of State running up the council bills to 2s.

Mr Wood's theory of the exchanges is, that besides bills required for commercial purposes in the India trade, an immense number of "extra or superfluous bills" are issued by the Secretary of State for sale to merchants; that if the rupee were to stand at 2s. none of these bills would be purchased, and the India Office would have to find some fresh means of getting gold, and the profits made by traders out of the adverse exchange from India would at once cease; but that, in order to make matters smooth for both parties, the Secretary of State lowers the price of

silver by maintaining the free mintage of that metal in India, while dealers in the exchanges, in consideration of this advantage, agree to supply him with as much gold as he may require for the business of his office. This extremely novel explanation of the working of the Indian exchange is a specimen of the violent hypotheses which the writer in 'Blackwood' is driven to resort to, in order to defend his plan for wiping out loss by exchange through an artificial enhancement of the gold value of the rupee. Arguing inversely to the ordinary logical method, from his conclusion to his premiss, he is necessarily compelled to make his facts and his arguments square with his theories, instead of deducing the latter from the former. He turns economic principles upside down, and reasons on the negative, where ordinary mortals employ the positive in such discussions.

Mr Wood begins by setting forth "the accepted economic laws in which every monetary system has its centre." We will state his opinions in his own words, abbreviating the passages we quote as far as may be possible without altering their meaning, and only transposing a sentence here and there with a view to consecutive description. We are within the mark in saying that not a single one of what he is pleased to call "accepted economic laws" is to be found in any recognised work on the subject, and that the facts which he states in proof of the operation of these laws are wholly devoid of foundation.

1. "The metallic value of a silver coin is the nominal though not necessarily the real market value of the coin; during its employment as a medium of exchange, the metallic or market value of the coin is in abeyance, and the moment it is withdrawn from circulation, its metallic or market value is at once restored."

2. "The intrinsic par value of a silver coin is its relative value with gold, as fixed by the currency laws of the country to which it belongs. This relative gold value is also its exchange value in the local markets of the country; this exchange value is also its coinage value, which again is manifestly its intrinsic par value. The intrinsic par value of the English shilling is the $\frac{1}{20}$ part of a sovereign, the intrinsic par value of the rupee is 2s. 0½d. That owing to the bimetallic par having been destroyed, the rupee has in fact been given the anomalous status of a current coin in actual circulation, and yet at the same time obsolete with its coinage or relative gold value in abeyance."

3. "Every current coin should possess, as an essential quality, stability of its intrinsic par value."

This, Mr Wood has just described, when speaking of silver money, to be its relative value with gold as fixed by currency law. From this he concludes that the intrinsic par value of silver and gold money must necessarily be a fixed value. He asserts that, in so far as England is concerned,

"This fixed par value has been established by law, and should be maintained by law, or by administrative measures directed to neutralise the fluctuating market price of silver."

"That it is the first duty of a ruler to secure this stability between silver and gold money. That as in England the Government have adopted such measures as are necessary to maintain the legal par value of the shilling, they are also bound to prevent the serious results which would follow on the instability of a standard silver coin (*e.g.*, the rupee), where the mischief would permeate the whole of the ramifications of international commerce through the daily operations of the 'foreign exchange.' That the fixity of this par value of a coin is a *sine quâ non* for all purposes of trade (especially foreign trade). Hence, whenever the market price of silver is so low as to imperil the stability

(that is, the stability in exchange with gold) of the standard silver coinage of a country, it is the duty of the Government to impose such restriction on the importation of silver bullion as may be essential to protect the coinage at all points of danger."

4. "That it is hardly correct to say that any current coin possesses what is commonly called 'purchasing power.'"

5. "That the metallic value of a coin in actual circulation is neutral and unrecognised in trade transactions; that its exchange value is independent of its metallic value."

6. Next we are told that it is "a preposterous doctrine to hold that the price of a commodity is the measure of its value, since it is not the price but the coin which is established by law for that specific purpose, which is the measure of value."

In addition to these economic novelties there are two among other matters of fact discovered by Mr Wood which must here be mentioned, as they are evidently intended to serve in part as a basis to his opinions. Firstly, that the English sovereign is legal tender for 10 rupees in India; and secondly, that both the shilling and the rupee have uniformly maintained, and still maintain, their relative gold values in the markets of their respective countries, notwithstanding the declining market price of silver bullion. Neither of these statements is correct. The English sovereign is not legal tender in India for 10 rupees or for any other sum contracted to be paid in silver. If this were the case, there would be no such thing as "loss by exchange," which is that part of the price of gold which is in excess of 10 rupees to the £1 sterling. By the Indian Coinage Act of 1870, which is the currency law of British India, all gold money is expressly excluded from legal tender in the following words: "No gold coin shall be legal tender in payment or on account." The £1 sterling is not lawful money of British India, and its acceptance in payment of a debt cannot be forced upon a creditor, as it can be in this country. About twenty years ago Government tried to set up a circulation of sovereigns in India by offering to receive them from those willing to part with them in payment of sums due to itself, as the equivalent of $10\frac{1}{4}$ rupees, and when they might be available at a public treasury to pay them away on the same terms. The sovereign being improperly valued, nothing came of this attempt, and in any case it involved no question of legal tender.

With regard to the next point, the writer no doubt means that 20s. and £1 are exchangeable; but in technical language shillings are tokens, and as such have no relative value to sovereigns in the same sense that full-value silver coins, such as rupees, dollars, or 5-franc pieces, are correctly said to have. No one who understands the functions of a token coin, would draw any inference at all in respect of the value of shillings in gold from their fixation of exchange with sovereigns. At the same time, the rupee certainly has not uniformly maintained its relative value to gold in India, having fallen about 33 per cent in seventeen years; it has lately risen slightly, and is likely to fall again by the same standard. If Mr Wood means that the relation of value subsisting between shillings and rupees (which in any case is a bullion, not a coinage, value) has not altered, when measured in gold, in spite of the declining market price of silver, he is not speaking to the point, or proving anything which bears upon his argument, for he is merely stating a truism, and telling us that a

rupee, which contains almost exactly twice as much silver as a shilling, has always been nearly twice as valuable. But his economic definitions are as indefinite as a description of colour by a colour-blind man. When he uses words in an inverted sense, and asserts the metallic and nominal value of a shilling to be one and the same thing, whereas they differ by about one-third; when he tells us that the metallic value of sovereigns is in abeyance when they are used to purchase, say, gold plate; that silver money obtains an intrinsic par value with gold money by the force of law, when we know that in the nature of things no such intrinsic parity can subsist between two kinds of money which have no common metallic basis, because intrinsic parity of value depends upon the amount of the same kind of metal which each kind of coin contains; when he commits the absurdity of describing the rupee as having an intrinsic par value with gold of 2s. 0½d. because the English sovereign is legal tender for ten rupees in India, and that it is at one and the same time a current coin in actual circulation and yet obsolete, with its relative gold value in abeyance,—he is about as fit to guide us through the labyrinth of currency contentions, as an engine-driver who cannot distinguish between the red and green signal-lamps is to drive a locomotive.

Mr Wood's theory that every current coin should have an invariable value (according to his own definition of intrinsic par value) in gold lies at the root of his scheme for wiping out "loss by exchange" in the India trade. He is therefore only consistently wrong in arguing that it is the business of Government to preserve this equilibrium; and also in maintaining that this fixity of par value (that is, of stability in the exchange) is essential for all purposes of trade, especially foreign trade, totally ignoring the circumstance that trade is carried on just as profitably under one rate of exchange as under another. What can be expected but such delusions as these from a writer who professes to believe that it is open to question whether sovereigns have any (4) purchasing power—whether, in fact, you can buy the necessaries of life with them; that the exchange value (5) of sovereigns, gold 20-franc pieces, Austrian ducats, and German 20-mark gold coins, is independent of their metallic value; and that it is a preposterous doctrine (6) to hold that price is the measure of value (say £50 as the price of a horse), while the coins which constitute the price are so. Mr Wood's attempt to frame a theory of the exchanges, in which the value of the precious metals in one another shall be independent of their metallic composition, is, as an essay in economics, wholly without point.

In a laboured illustration the author compares the loss to the Indian taxpayer by the exchange of Indian silver for English gold money to the robbing of an orchard while the owner is asleep. He entirely fails to perceive that in the latter case the thieves alone profit by the abstraction of the apples, while in the former case the remitters from India get their *quid pro quo*,—that if they have to pay more dearly for it than before, the purchase of gold at a high price saves them from some alternative or another that would cost still more; and that of the high price thus paid in silver for the accommodation a part remains in India, and all of it in the Indian trade; that so much money changing hands within the country in-

creases the trading capital in circulation, and so promotes the development of commerce and the general prosperity of the people. Those who suffer the loss are men with fixed incomes, and are certainly not to any great extent the same who make the gain, but on the balance a larger share of the profit falls to the trading class in India than to any other class anywhere else. This view of the case may be new to Mr Wood, who seems not to have got so far in his economic studies as to have learned that exchange is no robbery, and that if an Indian at one time pays 10, and at another time 15, rupees for a sovereign, in each case he gets his money's worth.

By way of introduction to Mr Wood's scheme for fixing the rate of exchange between India and England, we must, in justice to him, quote his explanation of the working of the exchanges, using, as far as a necessary abbreviation admits, his own words. He says—

"That the cause of the fall in the gold value of the rupee, amounting to 33 per cent since 1873, is commonly attributed to the declining market price of silver bullion; that there are plausible theoretical grounds for attributing the low exchange to this cause; but that, when the facts of the case are honestly examined, these grounds will disappear, and will be found to be nothing better, but something very much worse, than a worthless fiction, which falls to pieces under examination."

Also that—

"Remittances made in the foreign exchanges form the 'exchange resources' of the bankers who receive them, as distinguished from their ordinary working capital, with which these resources may be assumed to have no connection, as exchange transactions are theoretically self-adjusting, without any abnormal profit to the bankers on either side; that so long as the bankers' part in the transactions is strictly legitimate, and within the recognised lines of genuine banking operations, they cannot make any improper gains whether exchange be high or low; that if, however, that line should prove to have been overstepped, the popular view cannot be said to be erroneous." This "popular view" is described to be a "common impression in India that the low rates of exchange which have so long prevailed there, are fixed by Anglo-Indian bankers with a view to their own interests exclusively," &c.

That "because the high official authority who is responsible for the security of India fails to insist on the removal of the causes which induce the loss by exchange, a portion of the public money of India (about 80 millions of rupees a-year) is passing into other hands; and on this foundation of wrong certain Continental countries are enabled to gather in the requisite rupee capital for building up a trade with India in successful competition with our own manufacturers, and underselling us in our own markets."

That "the Secretary of State is virtually the principal Anglo-Indian banker in London, and that it is he, and he only, who possesses the real power to control the rate of exchange with India; but that he squanders his capital in a reckless and unbusiness-like manner, by transferring this power of control to the very persons who purchase his bills."

Such being Mr Wood's opinions on these points, it is no matter for surprise that he writes as follows about the council drafts in the imaginary "address" above mentioned:—

"This, then, is the whole secret of the position. To oblige you" (the exchange bankers) "that worthy gentleman" (the Government of India) "insists on the doors of his mints being kept wide open for free and unlimited coinage to all comers; and it is by this means, and by the help of his plan of competition with the bullion-dealers, that *you* secure your 33 per cent on the par value of the superfluous bills you purchase, and that *he* succeeds in obtaining the sovereigns he requires so badly."

The Secretary of State, so far from pulling down the price of silver in India by maintaining its unrestricted coinage into full-value money, contributes to the utmost of his power (under the existing currency system of India) to the very opposite result, by giving the people facilities for coining and using as much silver as they can procure, which tends to raise, not to lower, its value. This is evident from the extent of the additions made to the Indian currency during the period of declining silver. If the Secretary of State were to cease issuing drafts on the Indian treasuries, he would be obliged to buy gold in India, and ship it to London. There can be little doubt that this would prove more expensive to the Indian taxpayer than the present system; in other words, the rupee price of gold would go up, and exchange would be worse than ever. It is to no purpose for Mr Wood to argue that the India merchants and Anglo-Indian bankers buy "extra or superfluous bills," in order, by some mysterious means, to make money out of cheap silver. Their profit, if they derive any from cheap silver, is strictly limited by the volume of trade. There is no money to be made out of council drafts, except it is at the same time made by trade. If the council drafts by any artificial means were put down to 1s. the rupee, no higher value of bills would on that account be issued or purchased. If a million sterling of rupee bills were required in any one month at 1s. 4d., for all that the Secretary of State can do, the same value of bills would be required at 1s. If any superfluous or extra bills were issued, they would find no purchasers, or if any one purchased them, he would lose on them even at 1s. The fact is, that Mr Wood's theory of the exchanges is wholly visionary; and the suggestion that the Secretary of State connives with the exchange banks to keep the price of silver artificially low, is preposterous nonsense, looked at either from the point of view of fact or of economic speculation.

We forbear to follow Mr Wood through his six or seven tables of calculations directed to show the price at which council bills ought to be sold, as the figures upon which they are based are to a great extent conjectural, and are selected to support the absurd assumption that there is a fixed and intrinsic parity of value between gold and silver, which is to be found at 2s. 0½d. This hypothesis is the key to his reiterated complaint that the Secretary of State for India is principally responsible for the unfavourable rate of exchange, and that he is therefore bound to fix it at 2s. 0½d. or some figure approximating thereto, and to stop the coinage of silver money in India for the general public in order to maintain the exchange at that point. He overlooks the fact that in the early part of this century the exchange often stood at 2s. 10d. The action of commerce on the exchanges was as well understood then as it is now, and no one was foolish enough to assert a parity of gold and silver values at a fixed point, nor did London bankers, who in that day were losers by the exchange, impute improper motives to the East India Company for not regulating the exchange in their favour by keeping it down to 2s.

Mr Wood perceives that there is something unusual in the exchange being against India, while the balance of trade is in her favour, and explains it by asserting that this wholly imaginary parity of gold and silver money is dissipated in some indescribable

manner by the council bills being put up for sale to the highest bidder. As every one knows, the real explanation of the anomaly is to be found in the fact that the trade of India with gold-using countries is carried on on the basis of two distinct moneys, which, having no common metallic basis, can have no fixed parity of value. The par of value between any two coins of different currencies (as has just been said), depends on the quantity of metal of the same kind and fineness which each contains. Therefore no given amount of full-value silver money (such as the rupee is) can be said with certainty to have the same value in gold for a week running. The remedy for the inconvenience is to put the trade of India and England alike on a gold basis. If the counterpart of the £1 sterling were coined in India and made legal-tender money in that country, the parity of exchange which Mr Wood is in search of would be established at once. One Indian sovereign would be the par of one English sovereign, because the amount of fine gold in the one coin would exactly correspond with that in the other. Any variation from this point of equivalence would arise from commercial as distinct from metallic causes: the balance of trade, as it now goes forward, being in favour of India, a bill for £100 on London would cost less than 100 Indian sovereigns, perhaps 98 or 99. The balance of trade and the balance of exchange would then go together, which they never can be relied upon for doing as long as silver is falling in the gold valuation and is the only full-value legal-tender money in use in India.

These tables of calculations are, besides, implicitly involved in the theories and allegations which have already been discussed, and with them form part either of the foundation or of the superstructure of Mr Wood's system, as well as in some others, which are as follows, and which carry their own contradiction on their face:—

"Gold deficit to be met, if possible, by the sale of drafts on India (or from bank capital) to the extent of the surplus rupees in hand there."

"Surplus rupees in hand, for payment of drafts from London (sold to make up the gold deficit there)."

"The practical meaning of this operation is, that the bankers can thereby wipe out the 'balance of trade' altogether by making the value of the imports, however small, cover the value of the exports (however large); or in other words, by lowering the rate of exchange to the point at which this equalisation of values is effected, the prime cost of the whole volume of Indian imports is increased, while that of the exports is reduced in a corresponding ratio."

"It will be seen from the several accounts above referred to that each of these two systems has its own distinct 'bankers' minimum,' below which they cannot fix the daily rate of exchange without falling back on their working capital as a means of making good the certain 'gold deficit' which must arise therefrom."

"The mere fact of the existence of this impassable barrier—the gold deficit—is, in itself, incontrovertible evidence that exchange with India is in no wise dependent on, or connected with, the market price of silver, any more than with the market price of turnips."

"And if the markets of the world were in consequence flooded with silver, still cheaper and more depreciated than ever, yet that 'bankers' gold deficit' would still be there to bar the way to any further decline—in what? In the market price of silver? No, but in the rate of exchange! Silver may go down to the very lowest limit of price in the market, but—the exchange cannot and will not go down with it beyond the minimum rate fixed by the volume of trade; and this one fact alone is sufficient to shatter into a thousand fragments the rotten and worthless

fabric of exchange based on the market price of silver."

"Hence, whenever the exchange falls below the bankers' minimum of the day, and especially when it continues so, it is another infallible proof that the mechanism by which the exchange is worked, is being made to subserve some occult purpose at variance with the interests of legitimate commerce. This point presses with irresistible force, when it is remembered that the Secretary of State's bills, which are not required for trade remittances, are at the same time being showered on the market at any price that may be offered for them, and that they are invariably purchased by the bankers and others connected with the trade of India."

"If, then, the Anglo-Indian bankers are ready to purchase several millions' worth of council bills, which they do not need for the regular trade, remittances," &c.

"Every fall in the scale of exchange, from 2s. downwards, represents a corresponding increase of superfluous bills, which were available for purchase as a speculation. Similarly every fall in the exchange represents a margin of profit, be it little or much, accruing from the superfluous bills, while a continuous series of these falls means on each separate downward movement an addition to the accumulated previous gains."

"These gains invested, as they accrued, in Indian commodities, and their par value afterwards realised in gold in the European markets, to be again expended in council bills, and the money once more invested in Indian products, to be again converted into gold, profit being added to profit at each turn of the wheel."

From these quotations it would appear that some portion of the council bills, which are described as superfluous bills, are and are not required for trade purposes at one and the same time; for they are described, not once but oftener, as being issued beyond the requirements of trade, and yet as being used in strictly trade transactions —*i.e.*, the purchase of Indian commodities for sale at a profit in Europe. What do these extracts mean, except that every rupee which is paid on council bills in India is a response to a *bonâ fide* commercial demand, and is just as much required for trade purposes as the proceeds of bills of exchange ordinarily are? Were the rate for council bills arbitrarily fixed in the way Mr Wood recommends, the purchasers of silver would go elsewhere for the metal and ship it to India for coinage: they would have the same inducement to do this as they now have to buy rupees ready coined for delivery to them in India, and the expense they would thus be put to would be greater than it is now. They take their bags of rupees from the Presidency Treasuries, not to sit upon them, but to employ them in trade; and they would ship silver bullion to India for the same purpose. On the other hand, the Secretary of State would in this event be compelled to buy gold in India with rupees, and buy it irrespective of the supply, at the moment it might be required; and as no gold money circulates in India—no market for gold is to be found in that country such as exists in this—and little or no competition would arise among sellers offering gold for sale, it would therefore be difficult to keep down its price. Thus the cost of gold bought in this way would certainly be higher than that obtained by council bills. Both parties would in consequence be worse off than they are now—the merchants in being put to the expense of shipping silver to India and coining it into rupees, and the Indian taxpayer in having to pay a higher price for the gold purchased to defray the home charges.

Mr Wood's "gold deficit" is not a deficit at all. The gold is there —it is in London; only as other

people want it also, the Secretary of State has to pay a high price for it. His "surplus rupees" are equally visionary. There is never as much as half a million of public money in the Indian Treasury which is not already appropriated to some specific purpose. Mr Wood may claim for these terms the sense which his figures put upon them; but even in that case there is neither "deficit" nor "surplus," for his calculations proceed upon the economic hypothesis that 2s. 0½d. is the intrinsic par value of the rupee. As this is not the case, the whole fabric of account by which this "deficit" and "surplus" is worked out falls to pieces.

We have not sufficient space at command to notice in detail other miscellaneous delusions, such as those which refer to the effect of the cheapness of silver in the East on the Lancashire trade, the so-called "bankers' minimum," "spurious exchanges," &c.; but as Mr Wood in part justifies his attack on the Secretary of State for India by such a circumstantial misstatement of fact as the following, it is necessary to quote it at length:—

"But what has the Secretary of State for India been doing under similar circumstances during the last fifteen years, and with a coinage so vast that the silver coinage of England is only a mite in comparison? He has been purchasing bullion year after year at the same prices as those concurrently paid by the London Mint, paying the freightage thereon to India, and there keeping up three expensive mint establishments, where the silver is converted into rupees, and the coin subsequently sold to the London bankers at (in the majority of cases) less than what he paid for the bullion alone, not to speak of the cost of transit, mint expenses, insurance, and other incidental charges connected with the coinage of the metal—all of which losses have had to be borne by the Indian taxpayers and the unfortunate servants of Government in that country."

This is as completely wrong as that other error about the English sovereign being legal tender for ten rupees in India. The Indian silver currency is maintained and replenished by bullion supplied by the public. No Secretary of State ever purchased or shipped an ounce of bullion to India for the provision of the rupee currency.[1] Mr Wood concludes with giving about a page to the only serious proposition in the whole of these two articles—the closure of the Indian mints (which are, and have been for many years, only two, not three, in number, as he states) to the free coinage of silver for the general public with a view to raising the purchasing power of the rupee. There is nothing original in this suggestion. It has been discussed more than once, and been shown to be impracticable, and mischievous if it were practicable, for these among other reasons. If an artificial enhancement of its value were made to depend upon a limitation of the supply of currency, that object would never be gained, because the deficiency in the coined money issued by Government would be supplemented by a supply of perfectly good imitation rupees, furnished by private speculators, who would, of course, make a large profit out of the business. German coiners are said to be now engaged in passing excellent half-crowns—difficult even for experts to distinguish from those coined in the

[1] In 1868-69 silver was sent during the war to Abyssinia, and some of it was carried on to India; since then less than £10,000 worth of silver has gone to India on Government account, of which nearly the whole was sent from Africa and none from England.

Tower Mint—into our own currency; and in the East, deficient local currencies have at different times been replenished in much the same way with perfectly good imitation coins. Thus there would actually be no limitation on the supply, and the rupee would not rise to 2s. If, however, such a restriction could be enforced, the currencies of the native Powers who issue unalloyed silver coins which pass everywhere at their market value as silver, would be enormously increased, and become current in British India in proportion to the scarcity of the Queen-Empress's coin. In any case, great confusion and inconvenience would follow. Loss to individuals from an abrupt and artificial rise in the value of money, low prices, and a high rate of interest, would result; trade would immediately fall off, and the public revenue would be collected with difficulty; and the Indian rupee not being at the market, and in countries outside India, more valuable than the same weight of bullion, would not stand at a fraction higher in the exchange with gold than its metallic value might place it. Its artificial value in India would invest it with no more power over the exchanges than now belongs to the florin of our own token money, —that is to say, none at all.

The Government of India could scarcely make a greater financial blunder than to decline coining every ounce of silver which the public may bring to their mints, since there is no country in the world with so fine a commercial prospect before it which is at the same time so insufficiently supplied with metallic money as India. Mr Wood's expedient for neutralising the decline in the gold value of the rupee is just as visionary as his economic explanation of the working of the exchanges. They have much the same relation to the facts of commerce and currency as the speculations of a professor of natural philosophy would have, who proposed to explain the mechanism of the universe on a new system, and to argue that the actual and the apparent in the physical world did not coincide—that circles and angles have no properties peculiar to themselves, but are one and the same thing. He might say that there are some plausible theoretical reasons for holding that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, but that when looked into, such a belief would be seen to be without foundation in fact; that an ellipse is an artificial or imaginary and not a natural curve described by an immutable law of nature, and that he could show how stones may be thrown into the air which shall not fly in parabolas and come to earth again, but disappear into space. The exchanges follow natural laws, which are akin to the physical law of projectiles, and such teaching would not be a whit more practical than Mr Wood's on the economics of money. The theories, arguments, facts, and conclusions by which he proposes to solve the problem of the silver question beyond the possibility of cavil or controversy, and to restore the value of the rupee to 2s. 0½d., being such as they are, the commercial public and Parliament are likely to remain long unmoved by his persuasions.

CLARMONT DANIELL.

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10TH NOVEMBER 1882:

AN EPISODE IN THE LAND LEAGUE MOVEMENT.

"A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive."

"So ye'll have nothin' to say to me, Mary? Well, I've nothin' more to say to ye now, except a long good-bye. For I'll not shtay in this counthry to be made a fool of by ye any longer. Shtandin' up for every set in the dance-house wid me on night, maybe, and turnin' yer back on me the next. Walkin' the whole road to Mass wid me on a Sunda', and scarce lookin' at me to bid me the time o' day on Monda'. But I'll shtand it no longer. So now take me or lave me as ye like. I'll sail be the very next steamer for America, and I hope ye'll thrate the next boy that comes coortin' ye betther nor ye did me. Anyway, I'll not be here to see it. So good-bye to ye now."

And Thady Connor turned on his heel and walked quickly away, leaving Mary Reilly standing alone in the lane looking after him.

"Ah, thin, go to America, and me blessin' go wid ye," she cried after him. "A small loss ye'd be to any one if ye never came back, a sore-timpered, cranky—— Och, Thady, Thady, Thady! is it really gone ye are? Oh, wirra, wirra! what'll I do at all, at all?" And Mary, hiding her face in her apron, burst into a violent fit of crying. But it did not last long; she soon wiped her eyes, and, with head erect and firm tread, walked back to her own cottage.

It was a still evening about the middle of October. There was a frosty feeling in the air, and a mist was beginning to rise in the low ground. When Mary reached her own door, she paused a minute to look round before she went in.

A pretty scene it was in the waning light of the autumn evening, and a wild scene, too, in parts. The Reillys' cottage stood on the

edge of a cutaway bog, which, with its piled-up stacks of turf and deep holes reflecting the setting sun, looked bleak and wild enough. It was surrounded on three sides by a wood of fir and larch trees, which bounded the view there, though far away behind the woods rose some hills, called by the natives "mountains." At the back of the cottage a rich pasture-land, diversified with oat-fields and other crops, stretched as far as the eye could see, ending in the woods belonging to the "big house," about two miles distant.

Various cottages or hovels were dotted about here and there, all of the same type as Mary Reilly's, and they did not add to the civilised appearance of the scene. Low thatched cottages, most of them black and dirty, with the thatch in bad repair—all with the "dunkle," a heap of filthy refuse, in front of the house. No attempt at beautifying their homes had been made in any one instance. Where there was a garden there was nothing to be seen in it but a few cabbages —not a flower anywhere. In all the hovels the doors stood open to let out the thick volume of turf-smoke with which the house was filled.

Such as it was it was Mary's home, and she loved it dearly. She looked all round now with a softened expression in her eyes: they filled with tears, which she brushed impatiently away with her hand, and entered the house. Accustomed all her life to the smoky atmosphere, she had no difficulty in seeing the inmates. A turf-fire burned on the ground, and seated very close to it, on a sack of chaff, was a small, brown, dried-up old woman, with a red handkerchief tied round her head, smoking a short pipe. This was Mary's grandmother. Her mother, a fine-looking, middle-aged woman, stood at the other side of the fire, stirring up a mess of pig's food in a large iron pot, which had a strong but not savoury smell.

It was from her mother Mary had inherited her tall stature, masses of jet-black hair, and fine features. Her father and brother were of quite another and very inferior type,—middle-sized, with reddish complexions and flat features. They had a long net between them, which they seemed to be mending.

"Och, father," said Mary, when she saw what they were doing, "shure ye're not goin' out to-night."

"And why not?" said her father. "It'll be a fine dark night, and we ought to get a good haul of rabbits in the long wood."

"Well, I think ye might as well lave them alone. Ye'll be caught some night, and then ye'll be sorry."

"Hould yer tongue, and mind your own business," said her brother, sharply; and Mary sat down to her knitting with a dissatisfied expression of countenance. She knew that her mother agreed with her in her heart in her dislike of poaching, though she did not dare to say so; while the old woman—her father's mother—aided and abetted the men, to the best of her power, in every lawless measure.

These were bad times, the autumn of 1882, and poaching and discontent were likely to go to extremes undreamt of by Mary a few years ago. This she knew well.

The night passed quietly, the Reillys returned unmolested with their spoil of rabbits, and the next evening about sundown saw Mary strolling on again towards the field of oats, where she knew Thady Connor was working.

He soon appeared in the lane with his reaping-hook in his hand.

He started, and seemed surprised to see Mary, and would have passed her by without speaking, but she placed herself in his way in the narrow lane, and said—

"Good evenin' to ye, Thady. Did ye take yer ticket for America yet?"

"I hadn't the time to-day," he replied, shortly; "but never fear, I'll take it soon enough, and ye'll be quit of me for good and all."

"Thady," as he tried to pass her, "I've just one word to say to ye before ye go. (Whisper.) Don't take it at all, Thady, or else take two while ye're about it."

"Mary, Mary, what do ye mane?" He dropped his sickle and took her hand. "For God's sake, Mary, speak out: shure ye don't mane——"

"Throth, I do, Thady; and if ye go at all, don't go without me," and as he clasped his arms about her, she raised her blushing face to his, and their lips met in a long loving kiss.

"Well, well, Mary," said Thady, about half an hour afterwards, "I often heerd women were quare and conthrairy in their ways, but I don't believe there could be another as quare as yerself. To think ov the way ye thrated me, an' you havin' a likin' for me all the time! Arra, Mary! why did ye do it at all, at all? Me heart was nearly broke wid ye."

"Ah, then, Thady, it only shows what an ould omathaun ye are, not to know that if I didn't like ye I wouldn't have thrated ye so badly." With which purely feminine reason Thady was obliged to be satisfied, though not less puzzled than before.

"Well, Mary, before I go I want to know when I may come and ax your father for you?"

"'Deed, I don't know what to say to that, Thady. Me father and Terry are not goin' on to me likin' at all, out poochin' every dark night ov their life, and always sayin' agin' payin' the rint, an' agin' the young masther. Mother and I is fairly annoyed wid them, and th' ould woman encourages them in everything that's bad. It's my belief they wouldn't be half as bad if she wasn't in it; an' I'm afraid they belong to some o' them blackguard sacret societies, they're out so often in the evenin's now, and have a kind of a *sacret* way wid them that I don't like; and they say things about you, Thady, that they've no call to say. I don't think they've a bit likin' for you."

"Ay," said Thady, bitterly, "bekase I pay me rint honest, and mind me own work, instead av stalin' the masther's rabbits. Well, maybe I'd betther wait a bit; maybe times 'ill mend, and shure ye're worth waitin' for any way, Mary."

"Well, it's getthin' dark now, Thady, I'd betther be goin';" and with a fond embrace they parted.

A few days elapsed, during which Mary still kept her secret. Her suspicions about her father and brother had become certainty, as they now no longer concealed that they went to secret meetings at various houses of the worst character in the neighbourhood. Mary and her mother suffered much grief and anxiety on their account, but remonstrance was useless, and only brought down a tirade of abuse on their heads from the two men and the old woman.

Things had been going on so for about a week, when Mary came in one day, after a talk with Thady during the dinner-hour. Her father and brother were away for the day, doing a job of stacking oats for a farmer. She was resolved to have a talk with her mother, and perhaps tell her all

about Thady, and get her to intercede for them.

But to her disappointment she found that a "neighbour woman" had dropped in for a "kaly," and was at this moment telling a most interesting anecdote to her mother, who listened with unwavering attention.

Mary took her knitting and sat down, intending to wait until the visit was over. "Well," the woman was saying, "havin' a little business of me own in the town, I tuk the child and the dunkey-asses' car, and dhruv in. Well, whin I got into the market-place, did I take a wakeness? Biddy Muldoon kem up, and whin she seen me, she wouldn't be *off it*, but I must go down to Mrs Gibney's to get a sup o' somethin'. Well, she kem down wid me, and whin I wint in, 'Catherine,' says Mrs Gibney, 'ye're wake.' 'I *am* wake, ma'am,' says I, 'with respects to ye; I think it's the *mede-cine* I tuk——'"

Mary could stand it no longer: the anecdote seemed interminable, though to her mother apparently full of interest, as she listened with long-drawn sniffs, and ejaculations of "Well well," "Did ever ye hear the like?" "Did ye now!" &c., &c. So Mary took her knitting, and going out to a field at the back of the house, walked up and down by a thick hawthorn hedge which divided it from the next field.

Her thoughts were busy with Thady, and speculations as to her future, so that for some time she did not notice that there were voices on the other side of the hedge; nor did she until her brother's name, distinctly spoken, attracted her attention. She could not help listening then, and soon recognised the voice of the speaker to belong to a little boy, the son of a very disreputable neighbour of the name of Kelly, in whose house Mary believed unlawful meetings were frequently held.

"Ay, I was in it the whole time," the boy was saying. "They all thought I was fast asleep in bed; but I crep' down before the boys kem in, and hid behind the dhresser, and heerd every word; and whin they all wint out for a minute to see the rest o' them aff, I med off up to bed, and let on to be sound asleep when Pat and Mick kem up."

"Och, Consheen, did ye now!" in a voice of envy, mingled with admiration. "Well, ye might as well tell me somethin' about it, and I'll never let on to *wan* I know anything."

After a little persuasion, Consheen, who was evidently bursting to reveal his secret, having sworn Patsy to inviolable secrecy, proceeded to tell all he knew, while Mary listened with eager interest.

"Well, Patsy, there's two people to be 'removed' in the next month, and I lave ye to guess who they are."

Patsy having made some very bad shots, Con first withered him with scorn, and then went on to tell him.

"Why, first and foremost, *av coorse*, the young masther. He must be removed at wanst. I heerd thim say so, and they're to have a big meetin' and dhraw lots for the job some o' these nights. But the other, guess now,—ye'll never guess who the other is—not a gintleman at all, but Thady Connor."

Mary's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still, then galloped on again, while her head seemed as if it would burst, and a sound like waves roaring surged in her ears.

But she put a constraint upon

herself, and forced herself to listen. The boys now stood still in the intense interest of Con's narrative.

"Ay," he was saying when Mary again heard him, "Terry Reilly named him. He's always goin' agin' them for poochin', and he's goin' to pay his rint next Hollentide, and Terry Reilly says he's as bad as any ov the landgrabbers, and ought to be removed, and I'm of that opinion too."

Mary waited to hear no more. Putting her shawl over her head, she ran a few steps towards the lane leading to the oat-field which she had so often visited in the last week; then remembering that until work was over, Thady would be amongst other men, and she could not get a word alone with him, she paused a moment, and then turned her steps towards the "big house."

It was about four o'clock when she arrived at the Hall, and she was at once shown up to the drawing-room. Mary had always been a favourite with Miss Fitzgerald, "the young mistress," as she was generally called, though her mother had been dead for some years. She was sitting at work now, but rose and greeted Mary kindly when she came in.

"Well, Mary, how are you? and how is your mother, and the gran, and all of you? Won't you sit down? But, Mary, what is the matter?"

As Mary put the shawl down from her head, which had partially concealed her features, Miss Fitzgerald saw for the first time the stony set look of her face, and the wild agonised expression in her eyes. The girl could not speak for a second, and on finding her voice burst into a violent flood of tears. At first she could say nothing but "Oh, Miss Alice, Miss Alice! the villains, the blackguards!" But Alice led her to a sofa, and soothed her with kind words, and soon the girl was able to speak more coherently.

"Oh, Miss Alice, it's the bad news I have for you; but shure I didn't know what else to do but to come straight to yer honour and tell ye all I heerd."

"Quite right, Mary. You know I am always your friend, and have been since the days when you and Terry, and Master Edward and I, used to go fishing in Lough Ivaghan, and I have never forgotten the delicious hot oatcake and fresh butter your mother used to give us afterwards. So tell me all your troubles, Mary, and you may be quite sure you will always find both myself and my brother willing and anxious to help you in any way we can."

Alice Fitzgerald spoke on, hoping to give Mary time to control her emotion. But it seemed as if every word she said but added to the poor girl's trouble.

"Och, Miss Alice dear, shure that's what it is breaks me heart intirely. To think of your goodness to us ever and always, and now the way they're turnin' round on ye."

"On *me!* Do tell me what it all is, Mary. I am most anxious to hear."

"Well, I may as well say it out first as last, and the story is, Miss Alice, that Masther Edward is the next on the lisht to be 'removed,' as they call it. I only heerd it about a half an hour ago, and I kem straight to yer honour to see what could ye do."

Alice Fitzgerald turned very pale, but looked more angry than alarmed.

"The villains! Is it, can it be true, Mary? Have you heard it on good authority?"

"Ay, Miss, the besht at all. I

heerd that little spalpeen Consheen Kelly tellin' Patsy Muckanroo that he was at the last meetin' hid in behind the dhresser, and heerd every word iv their chat."

"Well, Mary, you are a brave true girl to come and tell me at once. I thank you with all my heart for your timely warning. But you need not be so distressed, my poor girl. Master Edward will at once apply for police protection, and then he will be quite safe."

"Och! thank God for that same. But that's not all, Miss Alice. The next afther the young masther is to be—is to be——"

"Who, Mary? Speak out; not myself, surely."

"Aw, no, Miss Alice; it's to be Thady Connor."

"Thady Connor! Oh, Mary! is *that* how it is?"

"Throth it is, Miss Alice. I'm spakin' to him this while back, and he gev me no pace nor aise till I promised to marry him—follyin' me, and botherin' me wherever I wint."

"Well, Mary, I think you have chosen very wisely. I have the highest opinion of Thady Connor in every way, besides thinking him a fine handsome young fellow." ("Och, he's not," from Mary.) "But why should you think they want to 'remove' him?"

"Well, Miss, bekase he's a quite dacent boy, and doesn't go out poochin' and dhrinkin' wid them, and bekase he's goin' to pay his rint at Hollentide, and the others is all makin' up a band to say agin' it. And, oh! Miss Alice, what'll poor Thady do at all, at all? He can't get polis to purtect him."

"Don't fret, Mary. I'll speak to Master Edward about it, and I'm sure he'll be able to think of something. And now, Mary——" but before she could finish her sentence, Mary, having caught sight of the clock, exclaimed, "Five o'clock! Och, is it five o'clock it is? I must go, Miss Alice," and putting her shawl over her head again, she took her leave, refusing all offers of refreshment.

She hurried away to meet Thady, which she did sooner than she expected. He was coming down the road, whistling gaily, with his sickle in his hand.

"Och, Mary, is that yourself, comin' to meet me? But what's on ye, Mary? Why, what is it at all, at all?" He threw down his sickle, and in the shelter of his loving arms Mary sobbed out her sad story.

"Well, bad luck to thim," was Thady's remark when he heard all Mary had to tell. "But don't be botherin' yerself about them, Mary. They're not worth it. I'd like to see the boy that 'id lay a finger on me. Don't ye think I'm able for them, Mary—eh?"

"Och, Thady, what's the use o' talkin'? Shure, I know well enough ye'd be able for two or three o' them in a fair fight. But if seven or eight o' them sets on ye some dark night, and you not thinkin' about them, what could ye do then? An' ye know well enough that's the way they'll thrate ye. Och, Thady, there's nothin' for it but to go to America. Ye were ready enough to go last week. So now go next week, if they let you live that long, and me blessin' 'ill go wid ye, Thady, and I'll go out to ye as soon as I can earn the money. If it wasn't till twenty years, I'd never look at another boy. Now say ye'll go before we part this evenin', an' I'll go home wid a light heart."

"Och, Mary, shure I can't give you an answer in such a hurry as that. What about me ould mother, Mary? the besht mother

that ever reared a boy, and she a widdy woman ever since I was born, and not a chick nor a child but meself. How could I go and lave her? And I haven't the mony to take the two of uz. Let alone that I think she'd niver be able for the journey. For you know, Mary, she's complainin' this while back, and she was very donny[1] in herself all this week."

"Och, Thady, shure I'll be a daughter to her, and mind her as well as ye could yerself: but go, Thady, do go for my sake. But I must lave ye now, for it's gettin' dark, and shure if they knew I was talkin' to you they'd have my life."

Good-nights were exchanged, and Mary hurried homewards, while Thady resumed his sickle, and walked slowly off in another direction, buried in deep thought. He whistled no more, nor was his step as light as before meeting Mary. He soon reached his home, which was but a hovel, on the other side of the bog from Mary's house. But though very small, and wretchedly poor in all its surroundings, it was as spotlessly clean as the constant turf-smoke would allow it to be. A clear turf-fire blazed on the hearth, a row of clean shining plates adorned the dresser, the floor was swept, the chairs and stools all well rubbed, — everything about the little kitchen bore evidence that the inmate was a cleaner and tidier person than the lower orders of Irish generally are. When Thady came in, his mother was sitting in a wooden arm-chair beside the fire. Her knitting lay in her lap, and her head leant back upon the dresser behind her. She slept, and the wan white look on her face struck terror to Thady's heart.

He loved his mother dearly. They had been all in all to each other for so many years, and the signs of age and failing health which she had lately begun to show grieved him intensely.

He stood for a few minutes looking sadly at the loved old face, with its delicate worn features and soft white hair smoothly banded under her neat cap. Her dress was very poor, but all clean and tidy. She opened her eyes, and seeing Thady, smiled a welcome.

"Is that you, Thady? Sit down, avick, and I'll wet the tay this minute. The kettle's boilin', but I didn't expect ye so soon."

"The field's done, mother. We got it all up to-day. But what's on ye? You don't look well at all, at all."

"I'm a bit donny, Thady, but not too bad entirely. I'm thinkin' I'll live to see ye bring a young wife to mind me and the house, and then I'll get a bit rest before I die."

"An' 'deed an' ye've earned it well, mother. Up early and down late, ever since I knew you, to keep me clane and comfortable. My blessin' and God's blessin' go wid ye, mother, for all ye've done for me all me life."

"Why, Thady, avick, what's on ye at all? Shure, why wouldn't I mind ye well, and you all I had in the world? and now I'm gettin' ould, shure you'll mind me as long as God laves me in it, and bury me dacent when I die, along o' your poor father."

"I will, mother. I'll never lave ye while I live. I'll shtand to ye while I have a breath in me body, and I'll bury ye dacent, if you don't bury me first." And the honest fellow's eyes filled with tears, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

[1] Poorly.

Though but a poor, uncouth, Irish peasant, Thady's love for the mother who had given him life, and lived but for him, was as unselfish and chivalrous as though that true heart beat beneath broadcloth instead of fustian.

He took the old woman's hand in his as he spoke, and felt that he had vowed a solemn vow before God never to leave his mother while she lived.

He was off early the next morning, having engaged to work for a farmer who lived two or three miles away.

That day Edward Fitzgerald got his first threatening letter, one of the usual type — the inevitable death's-head and cross-bones at the top, and coffin at the end, all very rudely drawn, and a badly spelt intimation that if he did not accede to all his tenants' demands, he would occupy the latter very speedily.

Fitzgerald was a fine, manly, young fellow of three- or four-and-twenty, and would have liked nothing better than to have faced his tenants single-handed, trusting to his Winchester repeater and his own unerring aim as his sole protection. Alice, however, prevailed upon him to apply for police protection, on the plea that she felt frightened, and would feel happier if he did so.

The brother and sister had a long talk together on the subject of Thady Connor, and they came to the same conclusion as Mary had already done—*i.e.*, that flight was the only remedy in his case. They agreed to help him with his passage out, and to send Mary after him whenever she wished. The poor old mother they both felt to be the greatest difficulty in the way, and Alice's kind heart bled for the cruel parting inevible between mother and son. She walked over to their cottage, intending to try and see Thady alone, and talk it over with him; but, as we know, he was absent.

It was one of those calm autumn days, with a thick mist in the valleys, which a hot sun shone through and dispersed in the higher grounds. The sky was pure unclouded blue, and the leaves, in all their last glory of red, brown, and gold, as yet untouched by frost. Very fair and calm the scene looked through which Alice walked: who would have dreamt that scenes of savage cruelty and bloodshed would so soon desecrate its peacefulness! About the same time, Mary, having fulfilled her household tasks—fed the hens and pigs, and milked the cow—went out on the hills behind the house to enjoy the lovely evening, and to indulge in her own thoughts. Bitter and painful they were, as could be seen by the fast-dropping tears which fell on her work. Some one — whom, she knew not — had told her brother of her meetings with Thady. Father, brother, and grandmother had all set upon her, and abused her unmercifully, forbidding her to have anything more to say to Thady, on pain of their severe displeasure.

Mary had fired up indignantly, and had most imprudently taken his part.

"Ay! I know why yez are all agin' him. Bekase he doesn't go out *poochin'* wid yez, and bekase he pays his rint honest. Throth, I'll tell ye it's what he says—he'd as soon take a leg o' mutton out of the butcher's shop as be stailin' the masther's rabbits; and he'd as lief pay his rint as his bill in the shop. He says it's all *wan*. He owes them both."

"Is that his chat?" said Terry, scowling darkly. "Begarras, Mary, I'm glad ye tould me. He's worse

even nor I thought, and can't be left too long in it to make mischief."

Mary had never ceased regretting her unlucky speech ever since. She knew she had done more harm than good to Thady's cause; and as she sat on the hill now, she anxiously watched the road he would come by, hoping to be able to have a word with him that night, and once more entreat of him to leave Ireland as soon as possible.

Presently she saw a figure approaching. Was it Thady? No, it was too small. As it drew nearer she recognised Consheen Kelly.

A thought struck her, and she called him to her.

"Come here, Con, I've somethin' to say to ye. Would ye like to earn a sixpence, Con?"

"To be sure I would," replied the unsuspecting youth, "barrin' it's *aisy arnt.*"

"Oh, aisy enough," replied Mary, her heart beating loudly with anxiety. "Now, Con, listen to me. I know all about yer hidin' behind the dhresser and listenin' at the meetin', and if ye don't mind yerself, I'll tell the boys *on ye.* But if ye do what I ask you, I'll never let on a word, an' I'll give you sixpence for yourself. So now, Con, what'll ye do?"

Consheen's face had undergone a variety of expressions during Mary's speech,—surprise, injured innocence, fear, greed, and finally firm determination.

"Well, Mary, I'll earn the sixpence if I can at all. But, Mary, who tould ye about the dhresser? If it was that thief Patsy Muckanroo, I'll not lave a whole bone in his body."

"It was not Patsy, it was yourself; so there now! But now, Consheen, avick, listen. I want ye to hide agin' the next meetin' at your house, and listen your best, and tell me *whin* they're goin' to 'remove' Masther Edward, and —and—Thady Connor. Ye see I know all about it, so ye may as well tell me the rest."

"What do ye want to know for?" said Con, suspiciously; "do ye want to go informin' on uz?"

"Oh, Con! is it me do the likes o' that—Terry Reilly's sister! Shure isn't he the first man in it? No; but I'll tell ye what, Con—they're hidin' it on me for fear I'd get a *fret*, maybe; but the sorra a fret I'd get. All I want is to know the night, that I may be lookin' on at the fun *unbeknownst.*"

Consheen's eyes sparkled with admiration.

"Begarras, Mary, ye're a great girl! You and I'll be behind the ditch together lookin' on" (Mary shuddered), "and as sure as eggs is eggs I'll come and tell ye as soon as I know meself. And, Mary, don't forget the sixpence."

So the compact was made, and though Mary missed seeing Thady that night, she went home with a somewhat lighter heart, feeling that she had taken some step to defend her dear boy.

Alas, poor Mary! the vengeance of cruel and unscrupulous cowards is not so easily averted.

The following day the discontented tenants went up to the "big house" in a band to make their demands for reduction of rent in person. Edward Fitzgerald came out on the steps to meet them, and listened to what they had to say. In reply, he said—

"Now, my men, if you had come to me a week ago, or even the day before yesterday, to ask for a reduction of your rents all round, I would have listened to what you had to say. I would have gone

into your cases with my agent, and wherever I thought it right and just to do so, I would have lowered the rent. But since I received this blackguard production yesterday morning" (holding up the threatening letter), "I will not abate one fraction of my rights. You shall learn that I am neither to be coerced nor threatened into making any concessions. If I can find out who is the sender of this letter, I will have him punished with the utmost rigour of the law, and may then take the rest of your cases into consideration. But until that mystery is solved, all friendly relations between us are at an end, and those who do not pay their rent in full shall be prosecuted and evicted in course of time. So now you know exactly how we stand. If any of you choose to come privately and give me reliable information as to this letter, it shall never be known beyond him and me. But unless this happens, as I said before, I shall stand upon my rights, and make no concessions whatever."

A low murmur of dissatisfaction went through the crowd, and one of the men said—

"Is that your last word?"

"Yes; it is my last word to you. And were my poor father living this day, he would say the same."

He turned and went into the house; and as the men filed away down the avenue, one said to his companion—"Faix, maybe it's nearer bein' his last word than he thinks. Th' ould masther, God rest his sowl, 'id never have been so hard."

The speaker was Terry Reilly.

The next ten days passed uneventfully away. October glided into November, and still Thady Connor had not left for America, though Mary had done her utmost to persuade him to go. "No, Mary," was all he had to say; "I'll not lave th' ould woman while she's above ground." All Mary's entreaties and tears could win no other answer. Uneducated and ignorant, he could not express himself any better. He could not explain that he felt the promise made that night to his mother as a solemn sacramental bond between himself and his God. He *felt* it, nevertheless, and never for a moment flinched in his resolution.

The bright October weather had given place to the storms and gloom of November, the leaves had nearly all gone, and the country now looked bare and desolate.

So thought Mary, as she made her way up the hill one chill rainy afternoon. She was going with some eggs to Miss Fitzgerald, and walked slowly along, wrapped in deep meditation. Presently she entered a narrow strip of woodland, and here she was suddenly greeted by Consheen Kelly.

It was past four o'clock, the rain was falling fast, and it had suddenly become so dark that she would have passed him without noticing him, had he not sprung out from the trees and caught her by the shawl. "Whisht! Mary, is that yerself? Ye're just the wan I was wantin'. Have ye e'er a sixpence about ye?" (significantly).

"Why, Con, have ye any word for me? Is it fixed yet?"

"When I'm *ped* I'll tell ye all I know, but nothin' for nothin'," said the boy, cunningly.

"How 'cute ye are, Con!" said Mary, faintly; "and 'deed I haven't a sixpence about me, but I'm goin' up to the big house now, this minute, wid eggs for Miss Alice, and I'll have money comin'

back. So will ye tell me now, Con, or will you wait till I'm comin' back? Shure ye might thrust me that long."

Mary was anxious to hear at once, in order to confer with the Fitzgeralds. She did her utmost to conceal her anxiety from Con, but the intense look in her eyes and quivering of her lips were beyond her control.

She placed her basket of eggs on the ground, and leant against a tree, wrapping her shawl tightly around her, while waiting for Con's answer.

He glanced sharply at her, then looked away, whistling softly to himself, while he thought over the matter. Mary waited, every nerve strained to the utmost tension of anxiety. Oh that she could see into that shallow cunning brain, and fathom the thoughts that flitted through it!

It would not have been a pleasant sight, Mary. Greed, self-interest, cruelty, and suspicion, rapidly chased each other. At last he spoke.

"Well, Mary, I'll thrust ye till to-morra' for me sixpence, and I'll tell ye now, for throth I must be gettin' home, it's very wet and cowld. Well, the' don't know what to do wid the young masther, bekase o' the polis, bad cess to them! So they're to begin on Thady. The' know the' can get him aisy, any night comin' home from Mick Delaney's, so they'll be there to meet him a Saturda' night, and they'll not forget to bring their shillelahs wid them, never fear."

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for tellin' me, Con," said Mary, taking up her basket. "So you and I'll be there unbeknownst Whereabouts on the road, do ye think, will the' wait?"

"Oh, just at that dark spot, beyant the cross-roads, where the two woods is."

"Well, a good night, Con, and I'll not forget the sixpence;" and she turned and walked rapidly away, while Con looked after her, remarking—

"Well, ye've got your news now, and much good may it do you."

Mary found both Alice and her brother at home. She gave her information, and they formed their plans of defence for Saturday night. Edward, taking up a huge blackthorn stick covered with formidable knobs, exulted in the thought of laying it about vigorously among the intending murderers. This was Wednesday, and Mary went home with a lighter heart, and slept more soundly than she had done for weeks. Edward had assured her, if the fellows were caught and prosecuted, it would frighten them from making any such attempt again—for a long time to come, at all events, and in the meantime *something* might happen. Mary felt hope for the future once more reviving in her bosom, and Con received a shilling instead of sixpence next day, so grateful did she feel to him for the information which she believed would save Thady's life.

Thursday passed away and Friday set in, a day of gloom and darkness and storm. Mary met Thady coming home about four o'clock — earlier than she expected. "'Deed I was *thinkin' long* to see ye, Thady," she said; "it's seldom we get a word together now."

"The day was so bad we quit work airly," he told her, so they had time for a few stolen words, unheedful of the fast-falling rain.

The Fitzgeralds had advised Mary to say nothing to Thady of

the expected fight on Saturday. They feared he might in some way betray his knowledge. "The fewer who know anything about it the better," they said; "if anything should leak out, it would spoil all." So Mary kept her own counsel, like a brave girl as she was, and after her chat with Thady, hurried home, feeling unusually cheerful.

All were there except her mother, who was in attendance upon a sick neighbour. Mary heard talking as she lifted the latch, but directly she entered a dead silence fell on the group round the fire.

The old woman looked much excited, and was grasping her stick in her hand; the father looked pale, and Terry fierce and determined. They started when Mary came in, her hair blown by the wind, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, and a happy smile on her lips. She paused for a moment with the latch in her hand, and then, as a wild blast swept in and blew the turf-ashes about, she shut the door and advanced.

"What are yez all talkin' about?" she said, taking off her wet shawl and hanging it on a nail; "did I give yez a *fret*, comin' in so suddent?"

"Ay, ye *fretened* us greatly," said Terry, drily; "and now ye'd better get us a bit of supper, for me father and I has to go out about a little business."

Mary was used to this now, so she only sighed, and proceeded to make some tea, and fetched a loaf to set the table.

As she looked at her father, a feeling of compunction came over her. He was getting to be an old man now, it struck her for the first time, and he was looking pale and ill to-night. When she had laid the table, she placed a chair for him, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said kindly—

"Ye oughtn't to go out to-night, father. It's pourin' wet, and ye don't look too well."

He looked doubtfully at her, as though he wavered in his determination, and she whispered—

"I wish ye'd quit goin' out at night, father, altogether. It's not fit for ye, and you gettin' ould."

Her grandmother, who had not heard what she said, but had watched her speaking to him, here called out—

"What are ye slutherin' yer father for, Mary? Lave him alone, and keep yer slutherin' ways for Thady Connor."

A roar of laughter greeted this witty sally, as the men seated themselves at their supper, and Mary retreated abashed, murmuring, "I wish ye'd lave *me* alone."

About eight o'clock the old gran grumbled herself off to bed, and the men rose, and putting on their coats, and taking their sticks, wished Mary a gruff good-night.

"You and yer mother 'll be in bed when we come back," said her father, "for we'll be late to-night."

As they opened the door, Mary went to look out. A wild black night it was, the rain falling in torrents, and the storm raging fiercely. With a sigh she saw them disappear into the darkness, and returned to the fireside to keep her lonely watch for her mother.

Thady had been infected by Mary's cheerfulness, and had turned towards home in good spirits, whistling merrily. But the little cottage looked gloomier than usual, he thought, as he approached it, and when he opened the door he was surprised and frightened to find it all in darkness. He struck a match at once, and then saw

that his mother was lying on the bed. He lit a candle, and approached her anxiously.

She opened her eyes as he bent over her, and held out her hand to him.

"Och, Thady! is that you, avick? and you all wet" (feeling his sleeve), "and I haven't a bit of fire or supper ready for you. I tuk a wakeness there a while ago, and threw meself on the bed, but I'm rightly now, and I'll get up and light the fire."

"Stay where ye are. Not a stir ye'll stir, an' I'll light the fire and make ye a cup of tay this minute. Shure, isn't it my turn to do it for you?" and with rough affection he forced her to lie down, and spread the quilt over her; then lit the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, while she watched him with a loving smile.

He soon made the tea, and brought her a cup, which she pronounced the best she had ever tasted; and then, feeling much revived, came and sat beside him at the fire, while he smoked his evening pipe.

"Aw, indeed, Thady, it's time ye brought home the wife. I'm gettin' terrible old and stupid, and soon I'll be no good at all, at all."

"Ye mustn't be sayin' the like o' that, mother," said Thady, huskily, and then words failed him: he knew not how to express his affection and loyalty to his old mother; but he got up, and put a pillow at her back, spread a shawl over her knees, and brightened up the fire.

"'Deed it's too good ye are to me, Thady," she said fondly, with tears in her eyes. "The saints be about you here and ever. God'll reward ye for your goodness to your ould mother."

"Ah, whisht will ye, mother?" was Thady's response, as he resumed his pipe and his stool, and silence fell upon them. The fire burned cosily, the candle was put out, and the old woman dozed in her warm corner, while Thady thought over his last conversation with Mary, and pondered over the possibility of ever bringing her home as his wife. How good she would be to the old woman! How clean and comfortable she would keep the house! And Thady smiled and sighed as he built "castles in the air."

Eight o'clock struck, and what a blast that was that came swirling down the chimney! The roar of it awoke Mrs Connor.

"God be good to us, Thady, but it's an awful night!"

"It is that, mother; and I'm thinkin' it's time we wint to bed," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I couldn't sleep wid the storrum, Thady, avick; we'll wait a bit longer."

Thady agreed, and they sat silently listening to the storm raging outside.

Presently the old woman said—

"What's that? There's some one at the door, Thady."

"Aw, no; it's only the wind shakin' it."

But a knock was distinctly heard, and his mother said, "Some poor body out in the wet, Thady. Let them in, whoever they are."

Thady rose and listened. Again a knock, and he went over to the door and opened it. He was instantly surrounded by five or six men with blackened faces, who tried to drag him out, but the wind shut the door to, and they were all shut in, in the kitchen. Thady was unarmed, and absolutely at their mercy, as they gathered round him with their huge sticks in their hands. Mrs

Connor, with a cry of alarm, rose and approached them.

"Och, boys, dear! what do yez want? Shure it's only Thady Connor, that never done harm to man nor mortal. Yez must be makin' a mistake."

"Sorra mistake," replied one in Terry Reilly's voice. "It's Thady Connor we want, and no other. But we don't want *you*, ma'am, so ye'd betther go and sit down in your corner. But ye can give Thady a good *advice*, if ye like."

"Ay," said the elder Reilly, eagerly, "give him an advice, Mrs Connor, not to pay his rint, and we'll go *quite* and aisy, and no more about it."

She looked from the fierce men with their blackened faces to Thady, pale, erect, and determined, and then said—

"I'll give him no advice. He's old enough to do for himself."

"Well, Thady, what do ye say? Will ye give your word you'll pay no rint, and let uz go? or will ye take your batin'?"

"Go on to bed, mother," said Thady. "Here, come out—out o' this, boys; this is no place to be talkin'."

"We may as well settle it as we're here," said a burly savage (Consheen Kelly's father): perhaps he thought his mother's presence might have shaken Thady's resolution. "So now, Thady, which'll ye have—no rint and no batin', or both? Take yer choice."

"I'll pay me rint while I have a shillin' in me pocket," said Thady, doggedly; "and bad luck to yez all for dishonest——"

That word was the signal.

"Hould him, boys!" cried Terry Reilly.

Two of them seized him and threw him down. The rest raised their sticks, when, with a cry of anguish, the mother, who had listened breathlessly to the short discussion, threw herself upon the prostrate form of her boy.

"Thady, Thady, avick! I'll not let them hurt ye!"

They tried to drag her from him; but she clung so tightly, they could not move her.

"He must get it *anny* way," they muttered; and shame—oh, everlasting shame!—to Irishmen, to *men*, the blows fell fast and thick upon mother and son, and the silver hair, which mingled with his brown locks, was soon bedabbled with blood.

It was done! The cruel deed was done, and, sated with vengeance, the murderers took up their sticks, and silently departed into the gloom of night and storm.

Fitting surroundings for deeds of darkness!

The morning dawned chill and gloomy. The rain had ceased, but the wind still moaned in the chimneys. Mary, who had gone to bed early, awoke early, and her first thought was, "To-night them blackguards 'ill be taken; but I wish me father wasn't in it. I'll thry and keep him in."

She got up and dressed quietly, so as not to disturb the others, and stole noiselessly into the kitchen to set the fire and fill the kettle. She put some bog-wood on the fire, and its cheery blaze soon lit up the little kitchen, and gave her light to go about. She went over to the corner for the big iron pot to put it on to boil the stirabout. As she stooped to lift it up she started back with horror.

What did she see? Only the two blackthorn sticks which always stood in that corner—but on the sticks were stains like blood. She seized one of them to examine it more closely. Good God! there was blood on it—

blood and hair! — brown hair and silver hair! O God! what could it mean? She must know, and out into the wild morning, with the first faint streaks of dawn beginning to show in the stormy sky, Mary rushed.

Straight to Thady's cottage she ran. The door was shut but not fastened inside, so it opened easily at her touch, and Mary went into the kitchen. All was silent and dark, the daylight had not yet penetrated through the narrow smoke-grimed window. Mary paused on the threshold—something, she knew not what, filled her with a vague undefinable fear. Then she moved a step forward, and her foot touched—what?

She staggered and started back, and opened the door wider.

The light came in, the first beams of the now risen sun. Oh, shut the door, Mary! Let not the blessed light shine in on such a sight,—cover it up in darkness and gloom! Hide it, bury it out of sight!

Mother and son lay clasped in each other's arms in the long sleep of death. The frail worn form of the feeble mother had been unable to shield the son from the cruel hail of blows. But she had died for him, and with him, and "in their death they were not divided."

Could a mother's heart wish for more?

. . . . . .

Years have elapsed since that dreadful morning. The Fitzgeralds have shut up the old house and gone to live in England—as Edward said, "shaking the very dust of that accursed country from their feet." Mary Reilly is with them, but no longer the same Mary. Something seems lost, something gone. She seldom speaks, and never smiles, and though she can do the easy household tasks allotted to her, still it is evident that, as they say in her country, she is not "all there."

Strange to say, she has never mentioned Thady Connor's name, and no one dares to break through the mysterious seal set on her lips. They hope the dreadful past is buried in forgetfulness, but they know not. She often seems to listen intently, and watch for some one; then resumes her work with a sigh, but still says nothing and asks no question. But it is quite evident that, as she said to Thady once, "If it were to be for twenty years, she will never look at another boy."

HELIGOLAND—THE ISLAND OF GREEN, RED, AND WHITE.

THE name Heligoland suggests to most people such ideas of distance and difficulty of access that it may be surprising to know that even in winter it is only some thirty-six hours' journey from London *vid* Flushing, though it is true so rapid a flight can only safely be ventured on when one has made a careful study of time-tables, for the winter communication between the island and Hamburg is limited to twice a-week, and an unwary traveller might find himself stranded for three days or more at Cuxhaven. It was a dreary night on the last day of February last year when the writer arrived at the Pariser Bahnhof; all day long the train had travelled through the deserted winter fields of the Netherlands and North Germany, where snow, league after league, lay dull in a murky light. In Hamburg the cold was intense; the streets were heaped with snow; and every one who could afford furs was wrapped in them to the nose. Very unlike the mild and humid weather of our country, where spring had already made half-a-dozen furtive starts; and had the severity of the cold been anticipated, no chronicler might then, at all events, have made acquaintance with winter on the North Sea. But once in Hamburg there was no use hesitating about going further, and next morning I was on board the Rostock when it turned its sharp prow from Cuxhaven harbour to crash through the acres of hummocky ice which lay widespread outside. The air was cold, but not unpleasantly so, and the experience of grinding through ice made one feel half an arctic voyager.

The sea was calmer than many a time in summer, and by three o'clock I saw my faithful boatman at hand, and in five minutes received a warm welcome on the little pier of Heligoland, and in another five minutes was settled in comfortable rooms.

Familiar as one may be with Heligoland in summer, with its glittering sea, its gay *cafés*, its operatic fishermen, its medley of princes and *Kaufleute*, of grand-duchesses and humble tourists, he can form no idea of what it is like in winter. I had heard many accounts from Heligolanders of their peculiar life in winter and of their pre-Lent festivities, and yet coming with some anticipation of what I was to see, I was more than surprised and interested. Not a *café*, not a shop seemed open. The little bay, in summer crowded with boats, had now but two or three. All the other boats were drawn up on the shore, and even along the sides of the picturesque but extremely narrow street which leads from the pier. Snow lay everywhere,—not the snow of dwellers in town, but the clean, powdery, dry snow which flits with every puff of wind, and knows no traffic save the occasional feet of the pedestrian. It need scarcely be said that in Heligoland there is no cart nor horse nor other animal save sheep—and the sheep are housed and out of sight. The sea was calm; the air was clear, and during most of my visit the sun shone with effect altogether dazzling on the constant mantle of winter. The people bear out entirely the opinion of Oetker, the island's best German historian, who spent a winter among them.

In summer they are agreeable, but certainly reserved until one knows them well; but in winter they are the most charming of hosts. "We are in winter only one big family," said Frau Jansen to me; and this is entirely true. In summer the Heligolander tries, and naturally tries to make as much money as he can, though no one could say that his prices are fancy prices; but in winter there are no strangers, and no occasion for much exertion until the fishing season begins towards the end of March. So life is spent in enjoyment of the simplest kind; and the difficulty the writer felt was rather to avoid trespassing too much on the Heligolanders' hospitality and their desire to make his stay enjoyable, than otherwise.

On the evening of the 1st March the great fancy-dress ball took place. Ordinarily the Heligolanders dance in one of two wooden buildings on the Oberland, built originally for the use of the legion raised abroad during the Crimean war. But to-night the Conversations Haus, where *Badegäste* usually dance, was *en fête* for the natives. By 9 o'clock this large room was lined three deep by rows of chairs filled with Heligoland wives and girls, who were not going to be masked. Between the central pillars stood a crowd of Heligoland youths, all in their best — and a stalwart, healthy, hearty set they are. In a gallery was the band. Soon the masquers began to come in — and for half an hour or so in ever-increasing numbers they marched two by two round the room. They were all without exception Heligoland lads and maidens; they were all (as every one is in Heligoland), if not poor certainly not rich, yet the variety and tastefulness of their costumes was such as would have done no discredit to any fancy ball in Great Britain. The ball is of course no novelty; the Heligolanders are passionately fond of dancing (like all islanders; were not the St Kildans also, until the minister put a stop to it?), and they have, besides their many week-day dances, a dance every Sunday and at least two fancy-dress balls each year. This familiarity at once enables the dancers to wear their grotesque costumes with ease of manner, and stimulates them on each occasion to new flights of millinery. Of course most of the costumes are the work of those who wear them. Sailors, and ideal representatives of all nations (even of Scotland, so far as a short and rather theatrical plaid went) were there; and the humour of the occasion was intensified by the antics of two enormous "women," who wheeled a perambulator in the supposed manner of fashionable summer visitors. Every one came to be pleased, and *was* pleased; everybody knew everybody, and no more amusing or friendly dance can well be imagined: there was excellent music, and all the band were Heligolanders.

The following day being Saturday, there was as usual no festivities of any kind; from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon is practically the Sunday of all the North Frisian islands. There is an excellent reading-room in winter for the people, amply stored with newspapers and books, and this is crowded from about five o'clock each day to eight o'clock. Upstairs on the Oberland there is in Jansen's Bier-Halle (well known to summer visitors) what is practically a Heligoland club for the older men. There Klaus or Hamke

will come, say twice or thrice a-week, to drink a glass of beer and play a game of cards with his cronies. Each party of four has its own table. No one would think of sitting at a table which by prescription is reserved for another; and each evening from twenty to thirty gather for their customary amusement. In its stillness and order this room much more nearly resembles the card-room of a West-end club than it does any restaurant known to dwellers on the mainland. In an adjoining room younger Heligolanders play billiards—Königsspiel, pool, Carambole, &c.—with rather more noise, and with that lusty chaff and good-humour which are among the most attractive features of their character. Several of them play very well indeed. Such amusements as these surely do credit to the people of this remarkable little island. There are few people of any race who get more pleasure out of life for a trifling cost than does a Heligolander. Of course he does not get daily letters or newspapers, but he does not miss them. His world is a very small one, but it has abundant interests of its own; he has unlimited opportunities for flirtation, and takes advantage of them; while the knowledge that everybody has of everybody else's position (and indeed actions) makes conduct of any seriously improper kind practically impossible. Public opinion punishes more severely than could any judge a breach of the universal good faith; for to anybody who transgresses the social decorum, such as it is, there is but one course open—compulsory self-banishment,—and to leave Heligoland for ever is to its sons more bitter than death. Crime there is none, for the like reason,—and for another, that no criminal could possibly escape except with the connivance of practically the whole population. This difficulty of escape was amusingly illustrated last year. Two housebreakers from Hamburg came across on a professional visit. They had a highly successful evening's work; every door stood open; they had only to watch when no one was by, step boldly in, and carry away what they cared for. They got altogether a very handsome booty. But they had forgotten one little detail. *There was no steamer leaving Heligoland the following day till two o'clock in the afternoon.* Long, long ere then the thefts had been discovered, the robbers lodged in prison, and the stolen property restored to its owners. When escape is impossible, villany of any kind can hardly flourish. So the Heligolanders are honest whether they like it or not; but long custom has made them honest by choice as well as by force. It is one of the rarest things for the little Heligoland prison to have any inmates: when it has any, they are there for very trivial offences, and occupy themselves in singing (as Heligolanders will always do when they get a chance), and their friends stand outside and sing in unison, to keep them company. As I have mentioned elsewhere, a Heligolander, if arrested, will go to the prison by himself, ring up the warder, and tell him he is in custody. Altogether the island is in its ways so peculiar and unconventional, that this procedure is regarded by any accidental delinquent as only natural and proper.

On the three days preceding Ash-Wednesday the Heligolanders danced every night on the Oberland, and besides, there were various singing-parties in one or other of the restaurants. Among the

dances, I was privileged to see one of the genuine old Frisian dances, never danced during the season for fear of the scoffing of tourists. I cannot describe its many movements, but at intervals the dancers form a ring, and simultaneously *duck*,—I know no other word to describe the movements; subsequently, at another marked point in the music they go down on their knees for a second; and lastly, and most curious of all, at another momentary pause they not only go on their knees, but bend forward until their noses touch the floor, then in a second they are again on their feet in a rapid waltz. This is called the "Spring danz," or jump dance. Although "Sling mien Moderken" is claimed by the Heligolanders as their typical national dance, I am inclined to think that it *may* be borrowed from the Scotch reel; and strange to say, it seems a greater favourite in summer (when visitors pay for the music being played) than in winter, when the dancers could have it for the asking.

Wild-fowl shooting and skating are among the minor amusements of winter in Heligoland. Skating-space one could scarcely look for in an island that is only one mile long, but Heligoland boasts itself complete in everything, and the skating-pond is not lacking, though it is only a somewhat circumscribed depression in the Oberland. Here, protected from the wind by high banks, young Heligolanders skate about all day to their unqualified satisfaction, and if they want a change they can almost as easily skate up and down the streets of the little town on the Unterland. All around is snow, no earth is visible,—snow on red roofs, on green palings; and all around as far as the eye can reach is the North Sea, a dazzling blue in this clear March sunshine, that makes every particle of snow gleam and shine as though sprinkled with diamonds. The air is absolutely still; no sound of traffic or of noise can reach this sequestered isle; there is nothing to do, and every man, woman, and child—save, alas! the school children—knows there is nothing to be done, no money to be earned, no visitor to go a-sailing, no ship will arrive, no post can come. Isolated as Heligoland seems in summer, it is now trebly lonely. But the loneliness is not incompatible with contentment, and not contentment alone, but real lively enjoyment of all the good things their prudence and industry in summer has enabled them to enjoy in winter.

This is the time, too, when most of the wooing is done. No real fishing begins till the middle of March, so for the first three months of the year, the Heligolander's heart, rather anticipating the spring, lightly turns to thoughts of love. All the summer long he will flirt with the German *Dienstmagd* who come over for the season; but it is comparatively rare for one of these alien maids to become settled as a Heligolander's wife. The Continental maiden is apt to weary of her island home, and the Heligolander, with the practical foresight which distinguishes him throughout his life, prefers to flirt with the Germans, but to choose his wife from among his own people—to win some girl baptised at the same font as he was baptised, taught on the same benches as he was taught, confirmed within the same old church where he was confirmed,—some girl who will be like his mother in all her knowledge of Heligoland household ways, accustomed to simple fare, not too proud to carry nets, nor take her wifely share of

the humble joys and sorrows of the fisherman's life. The women of Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed, and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is unfortunately somewhat transient, no doubt owing in large measure to the inferior fare and rough work with the nets. No idea of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one that the man is the head of the wife, and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior order: they are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord and bread-winner. The patriarchal system has scarcely died out. Each lusty, broad-shouldered son, though he may have passed his twenty-first birthday, requires to give all or nearly all his earnings to his father so long as he lives in his father's house. When he marries, and takes up house for himself, then only does the *patria potestas* come to an end. Heligolanders as a rule marry young; there are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive job, and there is plenty of money to be earned, if a man is intelligent and industrious. It may be some time before the young husband has a boat of his own, for a boat costs £25 (they are all built in the island), but he can always hire one, paying for its hire about 35 per cent of the payment he himself charges; and often he has the luck to get the present from some rich and frequent visitor, who has known him probably since he was a youngster playing at *gröschen in d'grabe*, of money to buy a boat, conditional on the donor always having the first right to its use. Heligolanders get many gifts, and it is to their credit that as a race they are so little spoiled. A regular visitor stands in a peculiar relation, however, to his boatman. Daniel or Tönnies will not engage himself in the morning to any visitor until he knows if his regular patron requires his service. He sees to coats, and fishing-tackle and bait, and everything needful, and is ever ready with good-humoured joke or gossip. Thus far he is as other boatmen. But in the evening he is also your friend. He does not exactly "shadow" you, but he is ever at hand, as companion or guide or adviser. His is the first hand you clasp as you land on the little pier; his is the last bright, sun-tanned face which bids you adieu as you leave this charming island. It would be absurd to credit the whole race with angelic virtues: like every other people they have faults; but three virtues they may claim, honesty, courtesy, and cleanliness.

The winter passes at last; with March comes the fishing, but this industry has greatly decayed. Heligoland has no proper harbour, though one could easily be constructed. For fishing as it is now conducted, boats that have to be hauled on shore cannot compete with larger vessels, and the trade is passing away. No doubt the Heligolanders do not feel the lack of fishing so much, because they make plenty of money in summer from the easier work of attending on visitors; but the summer season only lasts at the very utmost ten weeks, and if only as an occupation, the fishing industry should be encouraged. Further, it need scarcely be pointed out that if anything occurred to affect the attractiveness of Heligoland as a bathing resort,—if, for example,

the Düne were swept away, or at the very least if a succession of cold summers greatly diminished the average length of each visitor's stay,—the position of the people might be a very serious one. Fishing, whether of cod, lobster, or oysters, should be regarded as the Frisian's main source of livelihood. Fishing, to parody Sir Walter Scott's saying about literature, is the fisherman's crutch,—summer-junketings may make an excellent cane. Everything that can help the fisherman legitimately to earn his livelihood by his own proper work is commendable, and it will be an unfortunate day for this fine people when they become mere gillies of the sea and lackeys of Hamburg Jews. Sometimes (so few can find suitable employment in proper fishing-boats nowadays) the Heligolander will go away for a voyage in winter. This is an old custom of his neighbours the natives of Sylt, and has saved that island from becoming a Frisian Skye. When these people make money abroad they come home to spend it, or rather to save it; and this, too, though in a much less degree, is true of the Heligolander. With work in winter at fishing or in the merchant service, and attendance on the army of holiday-makers in summer, the dwellers in the lonely North Frisian islands should never know what poverty is,—and, it is fair to add, they very seldom do.

Turning from these prosaic details of Heligoland life, we find undoubtedly among the most interesting of Frisian legends those of the neighbouring island of Sylt, which relate to a vanished race. Just as the Picts of Scotland are credited with all manner of marvellous feats in the way of buildings, &c., so the Öndereersken, the Unterirdischen, or Underground Folk, are the subject of many a weird tale. There are several subterranean or earth-houses in Sylt, so that the name given to the people who lived in them is appropriate enough. Indeed there are probably many of these curious houses waiting to be discovered. At a time when the more intelligent people began to discredit the stories of dwarfs and brownies, the fashion seems to have crept in of explaining the curious mounds and hillocks which one finds all over the island by saying that they were the graves of heroes or giants of old times. Investigation has proved how true the old legends were; how untrue the modern. There were many elves; there were no giants. For example, near Keitum, in Sylt, there is the Tipkenhügel, with a fine view of the north, east, and south corners of Sylt. This was, tradition says, the grave of heroes who fought against the Danes in the reign of Waldemar IV. The hill was opened in 1870, and a great heap of stones was found, but no trace of human remains. South-west of Keitum lie the Oewenhügel and Klöwenhügel. There, tradition said, lay the great sea-heroes Ow and Klow — Klow in his golden ship; but when Professor Handelmann opened the mound, there was no trace of any human remains. On the other hand, we know that these mounds were the favourite trysting-places of the witches, and there they held their midnight revels. When a Sylt witch met another on their eerie errands abroad, or stumbled upon a Sylt sailor in foreign lands, the question to put to them was ever this: "Steit Oewenhoog; steit Klöwenhoog; steit Stippelstien nogh?"—Stands yet the hill of Ow, the hill of Klöw, and the Stippelstein? And the answer as the eerie ones fled

was, "Da hebben wi so mannige bliede Naght gehat"—There have we had many a blithe night.

But if the giants cannot be traced, the dwarfs can.[1] The Dänghoog, near Wenningstedt, was opened by Dr Wiebel of Hamburg in 1868. An undeniable dwelling of underground folk was discovered. It was approached in old times by a passage from the south, 27 feet long and about 2 feet high. The central chamber is 17 feet long, 10 feet broad, and 5 feet high; a fireplace was found, and the bones of a little man, clay urns, and stone weapons. Externally this dwelling is merely a swelling great mound, that no one would particularly notice. It is entered nowadays by a trap-door in the roof. The visitor descends a steep ladder and finds himself in a capacious enough chamber, lined by twelve huge blocks of, I was informed, Swedish granite, though how it got there I cannot imagine. One has the strangest feeling in the world in thus visiting the undoubted home of a race that has vanished as completely from the world as has the mastodon. Put a fire in this artificial cave, and you have the very home, not indeed of primitive man, of a man far indeed from primitive, but one who knew how to construct a most ingenious and far from uncomfortable dwelling, particularly well fitted for the inhabitant of a storm-swept island. The 'Archæological Review' for January 1890 contains an interesting diagram of the earth-house known as Maes-how in Orkney. It closely resembles the Dänghoog, except that Maes-how has cells off the central chamber, and is larger in every way. Maes-how is, or rather was, approached by a passage 53 feet long, and for the most part 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 6 inches in height. The central chamber, when complete, was about 20 feet high in the centre, and is 15 feet square.

How such dwellings as Maes-how and the Dänghoog were lit, whether there was a hole in the roof (to allow smoke to escape and air to enter), except in times of danger, we know not. Such houses are found all over what may be termed the region of Scandinavian influence; but the people who built them are certainly not the Scandinavians of history. Dates in investigating matters of this kind are mere guesses; but it is interesting to find in Mr M'Ritchie's valuable article above mentioned that Maes-how "is believed to have been invaded about a thousand years ago. It was entered in the twelfth century by some of those North-men who were on their way to the Holy Land; and these early tourists have incised various inscriptions on its inner walls. But at that date it was empty, and had been rifled many centuries before. One legendary tale places the date of its original despoliation as far back as the year 920; and states that 'Olaf the Norseman' was its invader; and that he encountered its possessor, whom he overcame — after a deadly struggle. And since 'the common traditions of the country [up to the year 1861, when it was reopened] represented it as the abode of a goblin, who was named "the Hog boy,"' it would seem that the prevailing blood of the country-people, in that district, is akin to that of this 'Olaf the

[1] In the Krockhügeln Professor Handelmann of Kiel, however, found the skeleton of a man of 6 to 7 feet; in the larger Brönshoog a skull, and in the smaller Brönshoog some human bones.

Norseman'; and that, therefore, in this instance, the popular memory reaches back for nearly a thousand years, with the most perfect precision."[1] This observation is even more true of Sylt than of the Orcadians,—for century after century for what must have been a thousand years, the story was handed on from sire to son of a race of wild men, one of whose dwellings was the Dänghoog, a story only proved to be absolutely correct in 1868, when the Dänghoog—more fortunate than Maeshow—was for the first time opened, and its ancient tenant found on the floor of his prehistoric home. Singular indeed is the tenacity of man's memory.

But, it may be asked, if tradition so truly spake of long-forgotten homes, does it tell us nothing of the people who lived in them?

Undoubtedly it does. But here we meet a difficulty of which archæology, in the strictest sense, knows nothing. We verify the tradition of subterranean homes by going down into them and seeing for ourselves the very places. But when Hansen tells us a story which he heard from a very ancient *sehr gescheidten und gemüthlichen Frau aus Braderup*, that the underground folk sang and danced in the moonlight on the mounds above their houses, but were thieves, deceitful and idle, we know that to us it will not be given to find a red cap which these Puks, as they are called, have worn, nor will the most unwearied watcher see a midnight revel on the Dänghoog. Yet the tale is not absolutely incredible. The old woman said those folk had stone axes, and we know they had, for they have been found. Nor is it in the slightest degree probable that the underground men were killed all at once by the invaders. Indeed Frisian "history" revels in accounts of the wars between the giants and the dwarfs—*i.e.*, the Frisian invaders and the indigenous population; and long after the race was conquered, in the lonelier portions of an island that was always lonely, the remnant of the people would still live in the houses that their conquerors did not envy them; would steal, since stealing was the only possible reprisal; and when they sought the air by night on the green mounds that concealed their dwellings, they may easily have been seen when they thought themselves unwatched. Although as a race the dwarfs were long extinct, small families of good folk may well have survived, curiosities in the museum of man's history, and have become by rumour the brownies and fairies of medieval Europe. Fairyland lies nearer our doors than we think. When the British Isles were invaded from the fens of Holstein and from Sylt itself, it is not difficult to understand how the legends of goblin and sprite, of wee men, and uncanny powers were brought into our islands; while Scottish travellers from the Orkneys and Perthshire, where there are numerous traces of underground houses, could confirm the tale. Indeed, while Alfred ruled England, it is not impossible that a solitary red cap or two still sat in the moonlight on the white sand-hills of Sylt, the last of a vanished race, already living anew in the minds of men as gnomes and fairies. The development may be said to have taken this form: we have (1) a race living chiefly, or at times of necessity, in under-

[1] Arch. Rev., vol. iv. p. 403.

ground houses; (2) the race conquered—the survivors living perforce in these houses for safety; (3) the race almost exterminated—those who still live are regarded, for the most part, as wicked, impish, or mischievous — but with some exceptions in the case of those who may have rewarded protection by faithful if somewhat mysterious service; (4) the race quite exterminated, living in tradition, partly (*a*) as a vanished people, but for the most part (*b*) as demons or fairies.

It is curious to find that even in this century traces of the little people are supposed to be found in words and rhymes in children's games in Sylt—words meaningless in themselves, but ascribed by tradition to the old race. If this is really so, then children again do here prove themselves the true folk-lorists. I have often doubted whether the folk-lore, and, we may add, traces of the speech of the past, are really handed down, as the saying goes, from sire to son; and I am rather inclined to take it that the links are much nearer and closer in the chain of tradition than father and boy,—it is rather the children who tell each other; the little maid of thirteen or fourteen who tells the boys of nine and ten, who again, as they grow older, pass on the same stories and the same rhymes in a very conservative way. Grown-up people have an unhappy habit when telling tales of their youth of embellishing the narrative with the aid of the experience which life has given them since they first heard the narrative. Children happily don't read much; in Sylt they could not, because there were no books, — to the present day no book has been printed in Heligolandish; and if they romanced a bit, it was only a little, for the very scene of every Sylt legend was near enough for any child to visit, and literal accuracy of detail — where such accuracy was, in fact, impossible—was probably the greatest defect of that primitive folk-lore society, the children of Sylt.

Hansen unfortunately does not seem to have noted the exact words of which he spoke; but he gives the following tale, first in German, then in the Sylt dialect.

Once upon a time three witches were belated at a midnight dance. One of them, called Glühauge, sat upon a sand-hill, and gazed at the glow of the approaching dawn; when lo! she beheld two other witches speeding towards her, one known as the "Lame Duck," for she waddled about as she came; the one behind was called the "Wild Cow," for she ran fast over the plain. Glühauge called out, in banter, to the Lame Duck: "Run, run, Lame Duck; I'll back you against the Cow, though she ate the lout" (zur Wette mit der Kuh, die den Rekel (grossen Kerl) ass)."[1] But as she spoke, at that moment uprose the sun, dispelling the twilight, and making the hill all shining. "Huh! what was that?" cried she, affrighted, and—fled to the devil: the game was done.

In Syltish:—

"Gleesooge seet üp Stinkenbarig
En glüüret ön de Daageruad.
Jü terret höör Sester
Laap, laap, lam Enk,
Hur de Kü rent,
Diar Rekel eet!
Hu! wat wiar dit?
De Daageruad spleet;
De Barig bruan önder.
Gleesooge floog naa de Hinger."

And here may I mention that

[1] This is somewhat obscure, unless *rekel* has a special meaning.

evidently the Sylt witches knew their rights as to time a great deal better than do the people who write shilling shockers about them. Witches and ghosts are nearly always represented nowadays as fleeing at the midnight hour. This is a very modern notion. The witches of olden times had a much longer time to themselves—clearly up to sunrise. It was certainly

> "That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,"

before Tam o' Shanter set out on his way home; when he beheld the witches' revel it must have been nearly one, and Burns knew the superstitions of his countrymen too well to make a mistake in his folk-lore. On Christmas Eve, indeed, English ghosts seem to have fled when the last sound of the midnight bell died away. But otherwise witches and ghosts had from sundown to sunrise for their cantrips and witcheries. In short, the idea of *an early closing hour for ghosts* is a purely modern one.

Who were this people who conquered the underground folk? The story common in the North Frisian islands is that they came from the East in the Mannigfuald, and landed between the Schelde and the Riperfurt. There are many versions of this story. One tells of a people of the Levant who, in consequence of great tumults or pressure, were forced to leave their native land and seek a new home, under the leadership of one called Uald. All seafaring people, they chose rather to journey by water than overland, and in one great ship—or in a flotilla of small ships, as is much more probable—they set sail. For some days all went well; then arose quarrels about many matters—the rule on board, the course of the ship, &c. Happily a great storm arose, which made them note how important it was for their own safety that they should be of one mind. The simplest way of securing this end, and of pacifying the angry sea-god, was obviously to throw the troublesome members of the crew overboard, and this was done with the most satisfactory results. Scarce had the last Jonah gone when the wind fell; the clouds melted away, and in the pleasant night-sky Orion, the *Mori-Roth* of the Frisians, was seen, and his belt or Peri-Pikh showed the way to the West. All was peace and joy after the storm, when, as our novelists say, "a strange thing happened." There was a plashing at the bow, and on the prow appeared the figure of a pale man with long hair and garments dripping wet.

No word did he speak, not a glance did he throw on the awe-struck seamen, but leapt at once into the darkness of the ship's hold. No one followed the stranger, but all waited in awe for his reappearance. Then from the deepest recesses of the ship came strange and awful sounds, and every man held his breath. It was as if the stranger were pleading with the spirit or god of these travelling folk for pity, for safety, for deliverance from their great sufferings. Then clear and distinct came the answer: "Hear my voice, and be obedient to my words. Justice, unity, and hope are all-essential for the good of the folk, so long as they are on the earth." The warning words of Uald (who now seems not so much captain as spiritual leader, or ship's spirit), "Justice, unity, and hope," echoed through the ship; every man heard them, and in each man's soul they sank deep. Three days and three nights was this strange conversation repeated. Then one day the stranger disap-

peared as marvellously as he came, and, as they passed a jutting rocky point, the mariners saw in the twilight the pale figure of their intercessor for the last time.

When morning broke, the bravest of the party sought the Spintje, as the lowest hold was called, and sought for any traces of the mysterious stranger or of the ship-spirit, and were rewarded by finding a Ziegenhaut—skin or parchment — with these words: "To become a just, united, and happy people ye must have laws and judges: so long as ye are on this pilgrimage, or in danger, ye must bear the yoke of a king, and do what he bids you. When ye come to land, this ye must do: settle yourselves in peace, and forget not justice, love, and hope shall dwell with you, and of them have ye the signs." And when the skin was quite unrolled, three little golden figures of these virtues were found thereon.

Many hundred years later, says our Frisian story-teller, one would find in most Frisian houses and on the ships representations of the same virtues—justice as a woman, with sword and balances; unity or love, a woman with three babes, one nestling in her bosom; hope, with one hand on her anchor and with the other holding a bird. These were carved on walls and cupboards, or worked in metal.

The reader of the writing was Freso, and he the wanderers chose to be their king, or visible Uald. But their troubles were by no means at an end, and they had many adventures before passing through the Pillars of Hercules, which the Frisians call "dit Nau." Then they entered the Atlantic, which they call "the Spanish sea." There they found great storms and thick mists, and thought they had reached the end of the world; but the courage of Freso, and of his brother, who was steersman, pulled them through. At last they saw a sail, which they took at first to be a spectre, followed it, and passed through the English Channel. Freso landed at last at Vlies or Flushing (and if we believe the chronicler Heimreich, it was in autumn 313 B.C.); Saxo, his brother, went to Hadelen; and Bruno, another leader, fixed on the Weser, and founded Brunswick.

It is difficult to know what to make of this strange tale. I am inclined to think it is made up of two or three stories of very varying dates. The oldest part probably relates to the arrival of the Frisians from over the sea, led by their god, who in later times was, by euphemistic process, turned sometimes into Uald, the Old or Elder one, sometimes into Freso: that the vessel came from the East, and passed through the Pillars of Hercules, is purely medieval embroidery, when it was the fashion to trace the descent of every people from fabulous Eastern travellers. *Where* the people came from I am not concerned here to inquire, the more that, according to local tradition, the islands were nearly depopulated at the time of the invasion of England, and were taken possession of by Jutes, whose traditions, especially as to their race's origin, may well have got mixed with the traditions of the Frisian islanders proper. Now Jutland, we know, has its legend in the younger Edda of Odin's long pilgrimage from the East, and how he came to "Reidgothland, which is now called Jutland, and there took possession of as much as he wanted."[1] It is at the least a

[1] Rydberg, Teutonic Mythology, 1889, p. 27.

possible theory—I claim no more for it—that the Jutes may have imposed the legend of an Eastern origin upon the simple Syltist's tale of the island's conquest by tall men from over the sea.

I have given this rambling tale at perhaps too great length. But there is a substratum of truth in it. The Frisians or invaders, call them what we will, were strangers to the low-lying marsh-lands and islands which they occupied, and they came over-sea, and not over-land. "Frisia" is an expression so confusing that I do not intend to pursue a subject quite foreign to this paper and try to define it, and shall simply assume that a band of hardy sailors landed in one or another of the North Frisian islands, and finding the fishing good and the bays convenient for boats, proceeded to slaughter the inhabitants, the small people, active but unskilled, of whom we have already heard. There are many legends of the fights; they were like all other battles, very bloody and very glorious—to the winning side. I think most of the accounts are entirely apocryphal. One or two points, however, are interesting. The head of the dwarfs was King Finn, and the underground house he lived in can still be seen. Finn is a very interesting name. Grimm says: "Fin is spoken of in the Traveller's Song, as ruler of the Frisians—'Fin Folcwalding weold Fresna cynne'—which confirms the statement of Nennius that his father's name was Folcwald (or Folcwalda). Again Fin appears in Beowulf. It is side by side with Fin that Beowulf introduces Hengist, a great name with the Kentishmen; must not they have been a Frisian rather than a Jutish race?"[1] This may be quite true; the Kentishmen are probably Frisians, but Sylt was in all likelihood populated by Jutes after the exodus to England, and then it was that Finn became head of the dwarfs—*i.e.*, of a vanished, or at least conquered and vanishing race.

Heligoland is not so rich in legends as is Sylt. The Heligolanders have, however, several quaint songs which are worth attention. One or two of them have been recently printed, but he will be a remarkably clever tourist who gets a Heligolander to sing them. The Heligolanders are very agreeable to casual visitors, but they keep their old customs, their legends and their songs, for the winter time, when none but their own kin as a rule are nigh. They know their green island, with its red rocks and white strand, is a quaint corner of the world, and they would fain keep it so.

[1] Deutsch Mythologie. Stallybrass, iv. 1723.

CRIME IN FICTION.

COMEDY is the salt and life of fiction, as the pathos which is the highest triumph of the artist, evoking natural emotion without sensible effort, may be said to be fiction's soul. When pathos degenerates into vapid sentiment, it is sometimes an opiate, though more often an irritant. Soporifics are very well in their way, but on the whole the patrons of the circulating libraries prefer to be excited and interested. Hence the popularity of the sensational novel, taking horrors for its subjects and criminals for its heroes, and leading the reader onwards from surprise to surprise to the dramatic *dénouement* which should be enveloped in mystery. The range of the criminal romance is wide enough in all conscience. At the best it may be the subtle masterpiece of the analytical genius of a Balzac; at the lowest, though not invariably at the worst, it may be dashed off in blood and thunder for the "penny dreadfuls" and the "shilling shockers." Much depends, of course, on the public for whom the romance is intended; and the blood-besmeared story which has a grand success in the New Cut would possibly not go down in Belgravian drawing-rooms. Yet we venture to affirm that the criminal romance pure and simple, although it may be devised with the practical instincts of a Gaboriau or toned down with the literary taste of a Bulwer, has one unfailing characteristic—it leaves an unpleasant and unwholesome flavour behind. Like the garlic in Provençal cookery, the savour may seem to be smothered for the time, but there is an *arrière goût* that comes out sooner or later. There are fascinating novels which are as edifying in their way as Thomas à Kempis or the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Like the plays of Shakespeare or the poems of Milton, they raise us for the time on the wings of heaven-born genius towards the noble ideals of the highest life. After we have smiled and wept—the weeping is a figure of speech—we feel morally better and much the happier. But after a tale of crime, however talented it may be, some taint of the disreputable company we have been keeping clings to us: we feel as if we had been conniving at their guilt, if not actually accomplices in it. There are worthy folks, as we are given to understand, with unimpeachable moral records, who come to find an actual relish in that vicarious degradation, and who draw lingering breaths of ineffable pleasure in the vitiated atmosphere of the police-cells and the jails. In rare cases, like M. Lecoq in Gaboriau's 'Crime d'Orcival,' they even give a loose rein to their perverse imaginations, and revel in the clever *escroqueries* they might have committed had the chances of their lives offered favourable opportunities. But cases of this kind are altogether exceptional. It is asserted, and we daresay with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard,' and illustrated sheets like the 'Police News,' have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed. At all events,

they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which come so naturally to their favourite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy poisoner's night-dress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head. Criminal fiction does little direct harm, in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralises the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavoured: the habitual dram-drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you cannot expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Château Yquem.

Originally, and in the classical English novelists, crime was treated incidentally and episodically. Criminals are introduced, of course, among the other figures in the mirror the novelist held up to life. Tom Jones and the far more disreputable Roderick Random had no ugly skeletons in cupboards which they kept carefully locked. They might fear the tap of a bailiff on the shoulder, they might pass a night in the round-house at St Giles, and be fined and sermonised by the magistrates at Bow Street next forenoon, but there was little chance of their figuring at the Old Bailey, or wearing the heavy irons in Newgate. Lady Bellaston was loose in morals and behaviour, but she never played the Brinvilliers, nor was she implicated in bigamy and murder. Necessarily we come across highwaymen like Mr Rifle, but then the gentlemen of the road were as familiar types in old English travelling society as the stage-waggoner, the tapster, or the ostler. Scott, as he owned himself, had an involuntary sympathy with his ruffians. In his poetry the Bertrams came to the front, while the sighing, intellectual, and sentimental Wilfreds were shoved to the wall. So in the novels the old reiving spirit would still come out, which valued a man for his courage and his sinews, and looked leniently on the manly peccadilloes of rascals who shifted for their living. "He's gaun to die game," said Dandie Dinmont, looking down on Dirk Hatteraick, when he had been mastered and garotted. "Weel, I like him nane the waur for that." And Colonel Mannering, in his different degree, expresses a very similar sentiment when both Dirk and Glossin have been run to ground. The sturdy Borderers and the gallant Indian campaigner give utterance to Scott's own feelings. His favourite criminals live in the free air, and though true enough to the life, are the lineal descendants of the Forest outlaws and of the daring buccaneers who "bartered English steel for Spanish gold." 'The Pirate' should, *par excellence*, be a criminal romance, if we judge by the title. So it is in one sense, yet there is much that is heroic in its hero, and even Goffe, and the boatswain, and the pirates of coarser mould, have nothing that is mean or sneaking about them. Instead of intruding the melodramatic scenes which would bring down the galleries in provincial theatres, the novelist stretches a point and his artistic conscience to make his buccaneers presentable in respectable society. He merely indicates how powerfully realistic he might have been had he pleased, in the fond recollections of weather-beaten veterans of former experiences on

the Spanish main, when, in their very recreations, they anticipated the horrors of the Hell to which they were hastening.

'The Pirate' is nominally a criminal romance. What we really carry away is the charming impression of the picturesque scenery of the storm-beaten Shetlands, and of the rude luxury and primitive hospitality of the lusty Udaller, that prince of good fellows. Villany must be interwoven in the novelists' webs, but with Scott's frank and honourable sympathies his villany is always rising to the surface. He prefers the manly and open action that defies rather than eludes law and morality. Lady Ashton stoops to trickery and deceit, it is true, but it is the domineering mistress of the household, the *grande dame* of the indomitable Douglas blood, who prepares the lamentable tragedy of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' Dirk Hatteraick "tips" little Harry Bertram overboard, but he explains that he did it in the heat of temper. He is ready to fight his Majesty's revenue cutter without regard to the weight of her metal, and he readily assents, in the way of business, to storming and sacking the custom-house at Portanferry. Even the Daddy Ratcliffe of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' is a bold scoundrel though a cunning one. When Scott seeks his villains in more exalted spheres, they are evidently sketched against the grain in outlines that are somewhat shadowy. The Varney of 'Kenilworth' at his best is a pale copy of Iago, as the old alchemist and poisoner is but lightly touched in the passing. The exceptions are in the unscrupulous or rascally Scotch lawyers,—the Sharpitlaws and the Glossins,—who are vigorously etched in with biting acids in the satirical zeal of professional interest, and with the confidence of intimate knowledge. But Scott's heart was never in the delineation of the class of culprits who have given occupation to the professional detectives of fiction, with their keen scent and preternatural sagacity.

The French are our masters in criminal romance. In the first place the French bring an amount of patience to their work which is rare indeed with English novelists. And the patient thought which credibly works out all possible combinations is at least as indispensable as ingenuity and acuteness to the success of the criminal novel. Alphonse Daudet, for example, apologised for the slovenliness of his 'Jack,' on the score of certain unfavourable circumstances having prevented his rewriting it twenty times, as he would otherwise have done. He may have exaggerated, but he gave expression to an undeniable truth. Take Balzac, for example, who in his own particular style stands unapproached and unrivalled. Balzac wrote by tremendous and protracted spurts, stimulating and bracing his nerves with the strongest coffee. He did not trouble himself to rewrite, as a rule, although perhaps he was even more fastidious than the author of 'Eothen' in correcting and revising his proofs. But because the workmanship was hasty and even hurried, does it follow that it was careless? On the contrary, his mind was absolutely saturated with his subjects, and no novelist ever lived in such continual intimacy with a wide world of familiar characters. His inner life was an incessant dissipation which might well have worn out a more robust man; and we can only marvel at the range and grasp of the versatile intellect which could embrace that

limitless "Comédie humaine." The very idea of working on such a width of canvas seemed madly audacious, and yet Balzac lived to realise the better part of his ambitious dreams. That intellect of his was microscopic as comprehensive. Though we may appear to be riding a metaphor to death, for no such combination in painting is conceivable, he was at once a Titian, a Rembrandt, a Michael Angelo, and a Teniers. Now his pictures blaze in the gorgeous colouring of the Venetian school; now they show the fantastic contrasts of bright light and blackest shadow; now criminals consciously predoomed to the torments of the damned remind us of Michael Angelo's terrible frescoes. Yet they are continually filled in and elaborated with a Teniers-like minuteness of touch. Balzac may be said to have set the fashion of following out an intricate network of lives through an interminable series of volumes. It is little to say that he never loses sight of any one meant to be more than a mere walking gentleman or lady. He develops an infinite variety of character, with growing years and changing circumstances, so that, with fair allowance for altered conditions, they shall invariably be true to their former selves. And any writer who has made similar attempts on the most modest scale will appreciate the triumphs of that subtle physiologist.

Since the Revolution swept away the ancient *régime*, France has been the Paradise of successful adventurers. The Press, the Bar, the Chamber of Deputies, and sometimes the Barricades, have been the stepping-stones to the highest and most lucrative places. The men of the Second Empire undoubtedly deserved much of the abuse they received; but after all, they only improved on the principles and practice of the Imperialists under the great Napoleon, of the Legitimists of the Restoration, and the constitutional monarchists. No one has painted these *parvenus* like Balzac, with the state of society and the scandals by which they profited. As a rule they could scarcely be called criminals, although they sailed uncommonly near the wind, and were generally accessible to sordid temptations. But the course of justice was systematically perverted; Crown prosecutors and removable judges, on their promotion, were always amenable to the influence of ministers, and of the *grandes dames* by whom ministers were governed, and to whom they paid their court. A Lucien de Rubenpré compromises himself under the tutelage of a Jacques Collin: he is arrested, and will be sent from the Conciergerie to the Cour d'Assizes with the moral certainty of a just condemnation. Had he been friendless and unprotected his fate was sure. No doubt he has bitter enemies, but he has powerful friends. The honour of noble families is involved. Lucien becomes the centre of a subterranean battle, in which procuresses force their way into the bedchambers of fashionable duchesses, and venerated judges of the supreme courts give significant hints to official prosecutors. So Lucien is saved,—or at least he would have been saved had he not weakly rushed upon suicide, instead of resolutely seeing matters out. In such a corrupt state of society the cynical student of humanity saw rare opportunities. The most well-meaning of men might tamper with their consciences. Even charitable doctors of exceptional talent like Bianchon, devoted to their profession, and rich beyond

their needs, become culpably tolerant. They were men of the world, and consequently men of their world. As for penniless young aspirants such as Eugene de Rastignac, the Gascon soldiers of fortune of the nineteenth century, they would sell their souls for their ambitions on small provocation. If they are ballasted with any scruples to begin with, they very soon throw them overboard. Rastignac, when a student in the *pension* of the Rue Sainte Genevieve, listens to the Mephistophelian suggestions of Collin, though he shudders at them. As he struggles forward in life he silences the whispers of conscience, and all that keeps him straight is the dread of being found out. With his supple talents, his friends of the softer sex, and his seductive manners, of course he becomes a highly considered member of ministries in point of character, and makes a fair show to the world. So it may be conceived what Balzac, with his relentless surgery, can disclose as to the innermost existence and the secret methods of the adventurers, of whom Rastignac is one of the most respectable.

We know nothing more grandly fascinating in the lurid sensations of crime than the checkered career of Jacques Collin, *alias* Vautrin, *alias* Trompe-la-Mort. Collin, in the *genre* of the diabolical and depraved, is a conception that might have done honour to the poets of the 'Inferno' or the 'Paradise Lost.' He might have given Milton's Satan useful hints as to how the ruin of the race of Adam might be compassed. He has prostituted to the vilest purposes the soaring and flexible genius which might have made him duke and peer and prime minister. His extraordinary individuality casts something like a spell over all the individuals with whom he comes in contact. His moral is equal to his physical courage: nothing daunts him, and everybody seems to realise that. A convict, with the record of numerous convictions, dragging the limb involuntarily which has been fettered in irons at the *bagne*, he confounds the shrewd intelligence of the most experienced magistrates and jailers, as, with the machinery and the subordinates he has at his disposal, he baffles the best agents of the Rue de Jerusalem. When he chooses to clothe himself in the skin and priestly dress of Herrera, accredited envoy from the Court of Madrid, he defies detection, or at least conviction. Yet when he is sent on suspicion to the common yard of the Conciergerie, he sinks at once and easily to the brutal level of his old accomplices, La Pourraile and Fil de Soie. He succeeds in bringing them back to subserviency with a glance and a whisper, though he has betrayed his trust as treasurer of their secret society, and squandered their treasure on one of his *protégés*. For the monster is not without redeeming qualities—he has a great fund of affection to lavish, and is even capable of acts of heroic self-abnegation. All that sounds improbable—incredible; yet the genius of the novelist has made Collin a reality. There can be no more flattering tribute to the *vraisemblance* of that phenomenal creation than the fact that the *cravate à la Collin* has become a fashionable article of attire among the roughs and ruffians in the purlieus of Paris.

From the wonderful series of volumes immortalising Jacques Collin, beginning with the 'Père Goriot' and ending with 'La dernière Incarnation de Vautrin,' we feel as if we had come down

to comparatively vulgar crime in opening 'La Histoire des Treize.' Yet what a wonderful effort it is, when measured against the best work of inferior writers. It is not only that the combination of the conscienceless Thirteen in the highest and the lowest ranks of society, pledged to each other body and soul, gives occasion for stirring and dramatic episode. It is not only that we follow with thrilling interest the fortunes of some luckless victim who stumbles blindly among the snares that are spread for him on every side, till finally he comes to the miserable and inevitable end. It is not only that we assist at the diabolical conceptions of schemes carried out with unparalleled audacity. But the characters are instinct with violent passions, which they control or direct for the common purpose: they even make their virtues the instruments of crimes which they must have regarded with horror while still unfettered; and if they are shocked by confessions of the most revolting cynicism in the comrades who have been loyally aiding and abetting them, at all events they suppress any show of feeling. All that would appear at the first blush to be at least as incredible as the conception of Collin. But, in fact, the adventures of those high-born and high-charactered villains are made so real to us, that we follow them with the simple faith of a child rather than with the scepticism that is always staggering over difficulties.

It is a deep drop from Balzac to Eugene Sue; and so, while the one is likely to live for ever, the other, like Giant Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is held in little regard now, and almost moribund. Yet the socialist novelist, like the Giant, was a great man in his day. The 'Mysteries of Paris,' 'The Wandering Jew,' and 'Martin the Foundling,' circulated in the *feuilleton*—we were going to say by the million—and were greedily devoured when they came out again as books. Sue, who preached equality and the contempt of riches, who made Martin the footman correspond with the Scandinavian king, furnished his Touraine chateau like a prince, and indulged the sumptuous tastes of a sybarite. He certainly hit off the popular taste, and was clever enough to deserve his ephemeral popularity. Like Balzac, he went to work on an enormous scale, and combined his complicated plots with extreme ingenuity. The intrigues of the Jesuits in 'Le Juif Errant' are carried out with great skill, especially when they have shifted to moral spheres of action, and when the strings are being pulled by the astute Rodin. Sue detested all Churches and creeds, and satirised the infamous Jesuit *con amore*. Nor are his pictures so wide of the truth as to be caricatured; but we should have ranked Rodin far higher than we do had we never read Balzac. The schemer is infinitely cunning, but nothing more; and Sue is always more melodramatic than analytical. As for the 'Mysteries of Paris,' it is melodramatic throughout, and consequently a novel of a far more commonplace type. The Maître d'Ecole, La Squelette, and the rest of them, are simply vulgar but singularly atrocious ruffians, who have graduated high in the Parisian schools of criminality. And Sue set the example to some of our own lady novelists, in never hesitating as to being sensational at the cost of possibilities. Rudolf, the disguised Duke of Gerolstein, is the prototype of the Guardsmen who train upon curaçoa and cigars

and sleepless nights for feats of incredible strength and skill. Rudolf, who is of feminine and slender *physique*, and drinks himself stupid on the vilest liquor in the Assomoirs, "rinses out" the terrible Chourineur with a shower of blows when he has caught the head of the Hercules in chancery; and knocks the still more formidable schoolmaster out of time with a couple of hits put in from the shoulder. Sue flies even more recklessly in the face of credibilities when he restores the long-lost Princess Marie to her father, as pure in mind as if she had never served an apprenticeship to the passions of the vilest ruffians of the *banlieu*.

Sue simply described criminals and their haunts, or imagined them as they might have been: he never laid himself out to propound criminal problems for the solution of ingenious and ambitious detectives. It was reserved for Gaboriau to strike out the new line which has been followed since he wrote 'L'Affaire Lerouge' by hundreds of his countrymen and of ours. He elaborated, if he did not invent, the romance which turns entirely on the detection of a crime. He glorifies and idealises the exploits of the *élite* of the handful of men who control the dangerous masses of Paris. If he is not incapable of the delineation of character—like Boisgobey, his most promising pupil—he is quite indifferent to it. The natures and temperaments of his heroes, as originally indicated, are continually contradicting themselves. He has his heroines; he is fond of arranging unequal marriages; he introduces love-affairs, but they only lead up to striking situations, and the sentimentalism and the pathos are alike fictitious. On the other hand, there are no inconsistencies in the careful construction of the plot. From the first to the final chapter it works smoothly and without a hitch. *En passant*, or incidentally, he lays himself out to explain away whatever seems improbable and incredible. He is inspired by the veritable genius of the detective business, and his superiority in his special department is undeniable. At the same time, he has his invariable "system," like his heroes of the Rue Jerusalem; and when we come to understand it, his successful ingenuity is less astonishing than it appears at first sight. He always works backwards: he argues backwards from prearranged and established facts; and his infallible seers, with their instinctive *flair*, interpret to the ignorant the signs that are clear to them. Consequently his Père Tabaret and his Monsieur Lecoq are pure creations of the fancy, parading an intelligence they do not really possess. None the less do they serve his purpose and ours, inasmuch as we credit them with gifts approaching the miraculous. We are brought to share the blind confidence of the Père Absinthe, who, dazzled by the *clairvoyance* of his clever young colleague Lecoq, asks, with the best faith in the world, what the people they had been tracking said to each other.

The personages of Gaboriau's *mises-en-scène* are generally much the same. There is the "suspect" entangled in advance in the meshes of circumstantial evidence; there is a skulking somebody else whom sooner or later we begin to fancy may have had much to say to the atrocity; there is the *juge d'instruction*, always of rare sagacity, though he changes nature and methods in the different books; and there is the shrewd but kindly old surgeon, of rough or forbidding manners, who is told off for the autopsy

of the corpse, and whose experience draws invaluable deductions. Above all, there is the brilliant detective, who, by the light of intuitive perception, follows out his profession as a science. He is an enthusiast, of course, whether he has taken to the pursuit in his ripe maturity like Tabaret, or in his boiling and ambitious *jeunesse* like Lecoq, who builds his hopes of fortune on the favour of the Prefecture. They are enthusiasts to the point that old Tabaret compromises his reputation without regret, keeping the most irregular hours; while young Lecoq is ready to sell a *masure* belonging to him, that he may take his revenge on the subtle and mysterious Mai who has befooled him on several occasions at their game of blind-man's-buff. Those enthusiasts always go in terror of their lives—for sundry convicts have sworn to slay them on their return from Cayenne, or their dismissal from forced works at Melun or Fontrevault. No wonder the criminals they have hunted down owe them a bitter grudge, for the concentrated zeal they bring to the chase seems beyond the limits of fair professional business. The Josephs Coutouriers and the other *chevaux de rétour* have no such feeling towards "the general," who represents the good old school of *gens d'armes*, although Gevrol is rough-handed and sufficiently keen. And they may well dread the instinctive astuteness of "ce diable de Tabaret," the more so that they are not in the secrets of M. Gaboriau's manner of workmanship. Take that scene at the first "instruction" of the Affaire Lerouge in the cottage where the woman has been murdered. Tabaret astounds even the judge and the commissary by the exact description he gives of the unknown murderer. He describes his height, his hat, his paletot, his cigar, and the amber mouthpiece of his cigar-holder. Had a Tabaret really evolved the personality, and clothed and equipped it from almost imperceptible indications, he might have ranked in more prosaic romance with the Joseph Balsamo of Dumas. As it is, we are bound to remember that it is a case like Lecoq's deductions at the Poivrière of those who hide knowing where to seek. Nothing shows more the extreme care of Gaboriau's workmanship than his development of the "systems" he attributes to the Tabarets and Lecoqs. In the reflection in the fiction of the imaginary facts, the whole fabric is based on logical deduction; the minutest details must be mutually self-supporting; and the demonstration of some insignificant flaw involves the collapse of the entire structure. The demonstration of one of these mathematical problems is worked out indirectly when Tabaret throws up his hands in remorseful horror at the Vicomte de Caumarin, who is charged with an atrocious murder, but is not provided with an irrefutable *alibi*. Otherwise the circumstantial evidence is complete; but that fundamental omission is sufficient to invalidate it, and Tabaret is in despair because the prosecutors, clinging to the ideas he has been labouring assiduously to drive into their heads, are bent upon sending an innocent man to the guillotine. For of course the favourite trick of the criminal novelist is to send suspicion running on a false trail, as in the case of de Caumarin, or in that of Prosper Bertomy in the 'Dossier, No. 113.' Then some detective of transcendental intelligence comes to the rescue, and the mining and countermining go briskly forward.

We remarked on the conditions of modern Parisian life, because they give the French novel-wright exceptional advantages. When Governments are corrupt and morals exceptionally lax, adventurers who have enriched themselves, and even men in high station, must have discreditable secrets they are eager to conceal. So the discovery and the trading upon them—in other words, *la chantage*—becomes a regular business. It has its risks in the shape of long sentences with hard labour, but it is extremely lucrative. No doubt Gaboriau and his imitators have exaggerated; but there is no smoke without fire, and we cannot doubt that there were many penetrable secrets which, in the jargon of criminal fiction, "are well worth a farm in Brie." It would sound ludicrously improbable to charge Lord Salisbury, or the President of his Board of Works, with sharing by arrangement in the profits of swindling contractors. But we know there were ministers of the Second Empire and the Republic who freely indulged themselves in *pots de vin*, and never quenched their insatiable greed. Troublesome enemies were sent summarily to Cayenne or New Caledonia, and there were still darker stories tolerably well authenticated. As for domestic scandals, they abounded: we have it on the official evidence of the tribunals. Darkening the colours and accentuating details, Gaboriau has turned *chantage* to excellent purpose. The most thrilling sensations of 'Le Dossier No. 113' depend upon it; and still more exciting is 'La Corde au Cou,' of which *chantage* is the theme, as it supplies the title. We follow with sympathy and indignation each new pressure of the cord, as a turn of the operator's wrist intensifies the torture. We know that the victim must live on and endure; he can never find a refuge in suicide and repose in the Morgue, since his miseries are to end in a blissful *dénouement*. But those novels on *chantage* remind us of Gaboriau's worst fault as a story-teller. Explaining the source of the secrets—and it is the same, though in a lesser degree, with his mysterious murders—he wearies us with interminable and explanatory digressions. As a clever artist he must have known it was a mistake: we can only suppose that the method paid him. An innocent suspect is under lock and key: the real offender begins to have good cause to tremble, and our interest is being wrought up to the highest pitch, when, with the "crak-crak" of some chorus in a *vaudeville*, a dramatic chapter closes, and in commencing the next we are stagnating in the back-waters of some episode of family history which came off in the provinces forty years before. On the whole, we prefer the plan of 'Monsieur Lecoq,' which devotes an entire volume to the crime, and the second and succeeding volume to its causes. Perhaps for that reason we rank the short and unpretentious 'Petit Vieux des Batignolles' among the very best of Gaboriau's books. It goes straight to the point, and is all to the purpose. And the culmination is not unworthy of that brilliantly condensed bit of workmanship, when the murderer is ineffably disgusted at his genius having been misunderstood. He had operated in the knowledge that his victim was left-handed, and the detectives would never have hunted him down, had they not—turning from the false trail—gone blundering in discreditable ignorance of the fact.

As for Boisgobey, it is difficult

to deal with him without doing him injustice. He is the pupil, and seems in most respects the mere copyist, of Gaboriau. We know not what we might have thought of him had not Gaboriau preceded him. He has originality and force, and wonderful gifts of facile composition and construction. In fact he is infinitely the more fertile of the two; indeed his fertility appeared inexhaustible, and he was in the habit of throwing off two or three novels in the year. His plots must have come rather from inspiration than slow thought, yet though some of his stories were better than others, very few of them fell far short of a satisfactory average. He was labouring hard to make hay while the sun shone, and he never let his fancy lie fallow for a moment. Latterly his plots have necessarily been weaker, and he would seem at length to have recognised that. At least, 'Le Fils de Plongeur,' which appeared the other day, is a mere tale of vicious Parisian society, and decidedly a very feeble production. He is at his best in the 'Crime de l'Opera,' which is really masterly in the way the mystery is maintained to the last. Had we not gone on M. Lecoq's plan of rejecting probabilities, and suspecting the lady who seemed altogether superior to suspicion, we should never have guessed the solution till we had reached the last chapters. And yet her guilt is duly brought home without doing any violence to our intelligence. One thing goes far to explain Boisgobey's greater fertility. He takes more licence in the way of character, or rather in the range of social position, than Gaboriau. When a Duc de Sairmeuse or a Duc de Champdocé gets mixed up in shady or criminal transactions, the probabilities must be artistically safeguarded on all sides. Boisgobey, by predilection, takes us into a world on the Bourse and the Boulevards,—a sort of Bohemian Debatable Land, remote from the *bourgeois* respectability of the Marais, and still farther removed from the Faubourg St Germain. There is no lack of factitious and ephemeral wealth, any more than of indebted and reckless poverty. But the wealth belongs to tainted capitalists, to Russian princes and Roumanian boyars of semi-savage manners and suspected antecedents; to South American proprietors of silver-mines and countless flocks and herds, who take palaces in the Champs Elysées for the season, and launch promising *lorettes* in landaus with "eight springs." With these are mixed up gay young Parisians or provincials squandering their patrimonies, and officers on long leave from Algiers, dissipating with selfish frugality the arrears of their pay. The ladies, although some of them have high-sounding titles and handsome jointures, belong, with rare exceptions, to the world of immoral adventure. These foreign gentlemen, if they do not wear "sinister expressions," are generally "unsympathetic," and of course are capable of any crime. We are shocked but not astounded at a Tartar autocrat forgetting his geography, and executing an act of summary justice behind walls and *grilles* near the Parc de Monceau, as if he had been among his serfs and his servile tribesmen on his native steppes. We consider it a strong situation, but little more, when a cosmopolitan speculator, on the eve of quitting the capital, consigns a corpse in a coffin-shaped strong-box to the compartment he has hired in the premises of a Parisian safe company. So the ladies who seek to

outshine the "horizontals" by their costly eccentricities have pretty nearly *carte blanche*. It is a mere mischance that leads to detection, even when one of them makes a special journey to Brittany to sink the missing head of her *soubrette*, whose body the police are seeking to identify. Then Boisgobey's dissipated but comparatively decent heroes are always, and not unnaturally, compromising themselves in very awkward fashion. They turn night into day, and keep the most execrable company. When not established in apartments, they have their rooms at the Grand Hotel or the Continental. A wetting serves for an introduction, especially when the stranger is of the softer sex, and slight acquaintance changes quickly to comparative intimacy. As they drink freely at *déjeûner*, dinner, and supper, they are always open to insinuating proposals or advances. The morning may bring reflection and much anxiety: the one and the other are too late. The awkward interview with the commissary of police is sure to come sooner or later; the silken meshes that have insensibly entangled the victim seem strong in the eyes of justice as links of steel. It is too late for satisfactory exculpation, and silence appears less dangerous than compromising avowals. M. Boisgobey's happiest hunting-grounds are the clubs—not exactly *tripots*, as he is careful to explain, but establishments virtually as disreputable. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission—election follows immediately on proposal. Those sumptuous haunts of the vicious only begin to fill towards the din-[illegible]our, and the serious business [illegible]nces about midnight. The [illegible]t baccarat is put up to [illegible]; the parties who lose more money than they can afford are apt to lose their heads as well, and commit themselves to all manner of follies. That is the moment when the Mephistopheles of the novel sees his chance. For a time he is safe to carry everything before him, though in the end he will be run through the body if he does not put a pistol to his brain. When the sensations are at an end, all is over. Boisgobey and his *confrères* have an unworkmanlike habit of huddling up their stage business at the last; though, indeed, it is but the frank recognition of the truth that they have scarcely attempted to interest us otherwise than melodramatically.

About ten years ago, another French writer made a brilliant but brief appearance. M. Constant Geroult was the author of 'Le Drame de la Rue du Temple,' which he followed up by 'La Bande a Fifi Vollard.' Both were extremely clever in their *genre*, although the soul-stirring situations which succeed each other so quickly were inevitably sometimes extravagant and far-fetched. A band of criminals of the worst and most dangerous kind play a running game, in which lives are the stakes on both sides, with a party of picked agents of the police, through the most infamous quarters of Paris and the *banlieu*. They are collared at last, one by one, and duly convicted and condemned. They have to contend against treachery as well as the police; but the weakness of the story is, that the actual actors in "the drama" should have kept their secrets at all, considering how many were taken into their confidence. On the other hand, and it makes these stories doubly worth noting, M. Geroult takes a new and original departure. He admits his readers to the fullest

confidence from the first: we know exactly how and by whom the murder was perpetrated; and nevertheless, and partly on that account, the interest is admirably sustained throughout.

The criminal romance, properly so called, is of comparatively recent introduction in England. All things considered, our novelists have done fairly well, but they are heavily handicapped. London is a more prosaic if not a more moral capital than Paris. We know nothing of revolutions or *émeutes*, of fighting behind barricades or the pillaging of palaces —of convulsions, in short, which mean the subversion of society. Secret associations of stealthy conspirators have never flourished even in the back streets between Soho and Leicester Squares. We have no *carrières d'Amérique* where groups of ruthless ruffians make their lair; nor stretches of suburban wilderness with night-houses like La Poivrière, where even the patrols of the constabulary go in terror of their lives. *En revanche*, our police and our worthy metropolitan magistrates drop heavily down upon gambling dens of all kinds. Our aristocrats must give swing to their vices within strictly limited spheres, and they are generally protected by the prejudices of their birth, breeding, and associations from the adventurers who appear to get a comfortable living out of the Parisian *jeunesse dorée*. Scott, in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' dealt with criminal scenes and characters with his own unrivalled vividness of portraiture. Nothing can be more thrillingly dramatic than the drop from the precincts of the learned Temple, where law and order should have sat enthroned, into the sad and sombre realms of old night and social chaos in Alsatia, enveloped in moral and material miasma. Nothing can be more admirably picturesque than the various types of skulking rascality—the drunken Duke Hildebrod, the spectre-like usurer, and the Copper Captain, whose sword is at the service of anybody so long as he can save his cowardly carcase. But the crime is all above-board; and the murder of Trapbois, and the little arrangement which wreaks heaven's vengeance on the satanic Dalgarno, are merely brought in incidentally and episodically. Talking of Alsatia, by the way, we remember a novel called 'Whitefriars,' noticed rather favourably by Christopher North in the 'Noctes,' which charmed us much in the days of our boyhood. But although it brought in Colonel Blood and Claude Duval, though it was steeped in gore through successive chapters in which crime and infamy stalked unabashed, a similar criticism will apply to that. So with Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford,' and with his 'Pelham.' In one and the other we are introduced to the vilest company—to thieves' cribs, to boozing kens, to houses of call for burglars, to ill-famed taverns on lonely heaths where gentlemen in black-crape visors stabled their well-bred roadsters, and where everybody, from the landlord to the ostler, was in league with them. But the interest of these novels of Bulwer's is sentimental; and though Paul risks the gallows when he stops a post-chaise, there is no attempt to excite us over his ultimate fate, —just as the often-told tale of 'Eugene Aram' resolves itself into a study of character.

As for Harrison Ainsworth, when he is not melodramatic, as among the gipsies and grim old sextons of 'Rockwood,' and the ladies of noble birth who have

married far beneath them and gone to the bad, he romances in realistic fashion on the records of the Newgate Calendar, and glorifies crime when wedded to courage. There is nothing secretly mysterious about the proceedings of the manly Turpin, who revives the chivalry of the middle ages on the ill-made roads of the eighteenth century, and wears his disguises so carelessly that he almost challenges arrest. Our hearts throb in sympathy when the sublime resolution of the ride from Highgate to York fires the imagination of the bold highwayman. The chivalrous Turpin has discounted death, and with pistols in his holsters and a hanger by his side, we know he will not stick at a trifle should he be cornered by the whole *posse comitatus*. But Dick is no sneaking assassin: he rejects the tempting offers of Lady Rockwood, and is quite incapable of mixing himself up in the *affaires tenebreuses* that are the favourite subjects of Boisgobey. So with Jack Sheppard. The pride of all British cracksmen, past, present, and to come, has reduced the practice of burglary to a fine art. He sets the best of the Bow Street officers at defiance, plays fast and loose with the terrible Jonathan Wild, and, till he tries the perilous game once too often, is assured that no English jail will hold him. But Jack is straightforward to quixotic folly in all his questionable dealings, and risks his neck repeatedly in the sublimity of self-sacrifice to do a service to his old friend Darrell.

Dickens seems to have imitated Ainsworth in the criminal scenes of 'Oliver Twist,' but with a lighter and more discriminating touch. There is individuality in the ruffianly Sikes, with all his fierce brutality, and still more in the venerable Fagin and the pick-pockets trained in his Academy. Whether the Rembrandt-like drawing of the old Jew in the condemned cell suggested the story, as George Cruikshank asserted, few are likely to forget it. It is the embodiment of selfish and abject terror dissociated from any touch of genuine remorse. The rat is trapped; but were he to slip through his captor's fingers and escape from the black shadows of a fearful futurity, he would rush back to his old haunts and habits. In his sketches of the most vicious society of the lowest London, Dickens sentimentalised and idealised. His thieves' paramours in especial, with their bright gleams of fine feeling and their inclinations towards the virtue of which they were pitifully ignorant, are sheer impossibilities. But in 'Oliver Twist' Dickens gave a graphic picture of the old Bow Street runners, and he threw all his humour into the dialogue when they discuss the "crack" of the crib down at Chertsey. Borrow, by the way, sketched them even more dramatically in his 'Lavengro,' somewhat in the style of Salvator Rosa, when Mr Petulengro recalls his reminiscences of the night-ambush and the death-grapple, as the Bow Street engro dropped from the boughs over the gate on to the shoulders of Jasper's formidable companion.

Though not the clever fellows they thought themselves, and though we fear they never scrupled to take bribes on occasion, Townsend and his fellow "red-breasts" did good service in their day. But as civilisation advanced, as society became more refined, and crime in consequence became more scientific, they retired in favour of the modern detective. The Bow Street man was advertised by his scar-

let waistcoat, as the bloodhound runs an open scent with jingling bells on the collar, so that there was no mistaking his presence or misunderstanding his movements. The new detective was supposed to have the art of disguising his identity and of playing any possible variety of parts with the versatility of an accomplished actor. They suited Dickens better than the rough thief-takers of the old school: he saw his opportunity, and he used it. He cultivated their society; he accompanied them in their nocturnal strolls; he drew them out and listened to their reminiscences and words of wisdom. They on their side were frank and unreserved; we dare to say they sometimes indulged their fancies. They had found a Homer to celebrate their Ulysses-like exploits in prose epics, and were proportionately proud. Dickens used them first in some excellent short tales in 'Household Words.' "That be d——d," we remember, was the involuntary tribute paid to the sagacity of a certain sergeant of the force by a certain Tally-ho Thompson, when he understood how he had been followed up and run down in a clever paper-chase of feigned correspondence. Later the shrewdest intelligence of "the Yard" was incarnated in the portly personality of Inspector Bucket, with his eloquently expressive forefinger. He is said to have been closely copied from the life, yet Dickens evidently breathed much of his own buoyant humour into him — as, for example, when he conducts the conversation with good old Grandfather Smallweed in the stately presence of "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet." Be that as it may, Bucket is the ideal detective of the best fiction — fertile in invention, ready of resource, and prompt of decision in moments of emergency, as when he wheeled about in the chaise with his smoking posters, when following the disguised Lady Dedlock towards the North. It is a highly probable touch, too, in the zealous professional, when he claps the handcuffs on his good friend George, whom he really likes and scarcely believes guilty. He makes a candid appeal to the soldier's common-sense. "On all of which accounts I should hope it was clear to you that I must have you, and that I'm damned if I don't have you."

For ingenious subtlety of intricate plot, for the artful dovetailing of innumerable and seemingly insignificant details, Wilkie Collins is the English Gaboriau and something more. His deliberate action is made to depend upon revelations of individual characters and temperaments, and he has struck out at least one personality that is likely to be immortal. He is an unequal writer, and considering the "scourging" kind of work he undertook, it is not unnatural that his imagination latterly showed signs of exhaustion. The 'Daughter of Jezebel' was among the most sensational of his comparatively recent novels, but it was somewhat coarsely melodramatic. 'Armidale,' for which, as we believe, he got a very long price from the publishers of the 'Cornhill,' is thrilling enough throughout, and in some of the scenes he almost excels himself; but it trenches too freely on the transcendental for satisfactory credibility. His most perfect novel, to our mind, is the 'Moonstone,' which is rather founded on the suspicions of a crime than a criminal romance in itself, although the high-caste zealots, charged with the recovery of the sacred gem, have cast all moral scruples

to the wind, and are ready as a matter of religious duty to perpetrate any number of murders. But the 'Woman in White,' by which he made his great reputation as a sensationalist, recommended itself more generally to the popular taste. The mystery was kept up wonderfully cleverly, but we have always thought the somewhat commonplace solution and *dénouement* unworthy of his brilliant though painstaking preliminaries. Nevertheless the novel would have deserved the best that has been said of it, had it been only for the creation of Miss Halford and of Count Fosco. We should have thought Marion Halford even more admirable, had she not been brought continually in contact with the masterly conception of the Count. Yet the combatants are not unequally matched, and we follow the battle between guile and honesty, with its shifts and surprises and changing fortunes, with ever-increasing interest. We admire Miss Halford's resolution the more, that the Count stands out to her more and more clearly as what he is represented, the sublimed concentration of infernal astuteness. He would have been about the most satisfactory embodiment of Satan we know in our fiction, had it not been for certain redeeming touches which lower him towards our common humanity. We do not mean his fondness for his pet canaries, or his amiable weakness for sweets and pastry. But he is capable of genuinely warm appreciation of Marion's courageous self-sacrifice when she is crossing his best-made plans, and menacing him with exposure. She must be crushed, of course, in the way of business; yet he would willingly spare her, could he reconcile it with his schemes. It is evidence of Wilkie Collins's genius in his particular line that his novels should have been so popular though he weighted them heavily. Nothing could be more irritating or more absurd than his habit of having everything set down categorically in writing. Servants and other uneducated persons, little addicted to literary pursuits, keep regular diaries in the pantry or cottage, and write long-winded letters of interminable length in impossible circumstances. If he can work out a finished study like Fosco, he can sink in the same book to the bathos of the exaggerated affectations of Mr Fairlie; and though it is a minor matter, no writer, not even excepting Anthony Trollope, is more addicted to mannerisms of thought as well as style. And to sum up the defects which counterbalance his rare qualities, his humour is forced, artificial, and far-fetched; although, when we had to mourn his loss the other day, some zealous friends thought it discreet to single out his humour for special commendation.

Mrs Gaskell has a good murder in 'Mary Barton,' which lends itself to powerful and pathetic situations. The honest workman, driven to despair by his troubles, who is told off by the lot to shoot an execrated employer of labour, is haunted forthwith by the Furies, and worried by the pangs of an undying remorse. The gallows would come to him as a relief, and in some sense as an absolution. There is no more impressive story arising out of the social miseries, which Disraeli describes so graphically in 'Sybil' and elsewhere. Thinking of the arbitrary authority abused by trades-unions, we are reminded of 'Put Yourself in his Place,' suggested to Charles Reade by the official inquiry into the atrocious Sheffield outrages.

But there the interest had been anticipated in parliamentary reports: the fiction could hardly improve upon the facts. 'Foul Play' is a more finished and more original production, where the ship is scuttled in the Pacific for the sake of the insurance money, and where a weak but warm-hearted man is heavily punished for one cowardly act of guilt committed on inadequate temptation. The young merchant, in striking his moral balance-sheet, must have bitterly regretted the impulsive precipitation which mistook a mole-hill for a mountain, and resorted unnecessarily to the *grands moyens*. We need say nothing of 'Never too Late to Mend,' which everybody ought to have enjoyed and read more than once, and in which the reformed London thief becomes the uncompromising "beak" of the Victoria gold-diggings.

There is a good deal of cleverly devised crime in the innumerable novels of Mrs Henry Wood, but it is generally made subsidiary to the principal *motif*. Nothing did her greater credit than 'East Lynne,' since the plot revolved round a practical impossibility, and nevertheless the novel was phenomenally popular. But there the main interest is considerably helped by the suspicion of a murder he never committed, which shadows that feeble-minded character young Hare. 'Verner's Pride' is one of her poorest stories, and is disfigured besides by the vulgar extravagances of one of the most vulgar old women she ever drew, which is saying a great deal. But that book is saved by a mysterious murder, which, according to all seeming probabilities, must have been a fratricide; and in many another story she shows an extremely ingenious knack of blending crime with an eerie infusion of the supernatural. There is nothing more enjoyable than a criminal case where ghosts or spirits ought to be called into court, if the bench could only bind them over to give evidence. But Mrs Wood was never in happier vein than when she wrote us 'Johnny Ludlow'; and such short stories as 'Hester Reed's Pills' or 'Lost in the Post' may be designated paradoxically as delightful idylls of folly or sin in peaceful rural communities.

Miss Braddon is one of those enviable authors who write with a ready and facile pen, and whose fancy within its limits seems seldom to fail them. She has written far longer than M. Boisgobey, and her books have been thrown off with nearly equal regularity and profusion. Hers is by no means a high order of art, but, nevertheless, there is much to admire in it. She tells a wonderful tale with an apparently unaffected air of simplicity, and she succeeds in interesting us in persons whom we know to be moral monstrosities. It is curious to look back to her first novel, 'The Trail of the Serpent.' We do not know in what probably obscure periodical it appeared, nor did it deserve to attract much attention. But in the preface to a later edition she says she regards it with some pride, and, from the point of view of her prospects, the pride was justifiable. It abounds in absurdities; the English is often slipshod; but it shows all the signs of a redundant imagination, and is overcrowded with suggestive incidents. With experience, of course, she became more economical of sensation, and much to the advantage of her books. She came quickly to understand artistic perspective, and learned to concentrate care and attention on the little group in the

foreground. It can never be said of Miss Braddon that she has a novel without a hero—or a heroine. She has been in the habit of designating herself as the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret'; and that is perhaps the most characteristic of her books, as her ladyship is the most infernal of her heroines. A female monster is no novelty in criminal fiction, but in some sense Lady Audley is original. In many respects she reminds us of "Miladi" in Dumas' 'Musketeers,' and possibly Miladi may have given the hint for her. Both are beautiful; both are hell-born actresses; in both the delicate body is animated by the diabolical will; both are gifted by nature with the rare personal charms which can wear an air of the most winning and candid simplicity. But in the French murderess the evil spirit is actively malignant; she has an irrepressible craving for infernal excitements, and a life of tranquil luxury would be vapid misery to her. It is very different with the fair young Englishwoman. She is the victim of those circumstances which disturb depths of depravity in her which might otherwise have slumbered unsuspected by herself. Had the worthy old baronet married the governess without a secret, she might possibly have made him an excellent wife. She would have been languidly grateful for all the good things he bestowed upon her; she would have dressed to perfection, bedecked herself with jewels, and done her duty in the station to which she was called. She would have valued that station too much to risk it rashly; and she would have been all the more likely to be faithful to her marriage vow, that her temperament was as chilly as her brain was calculating. Her crimes came of deliberate calculation. When her first husband turns up to convict her of bigamy, in her prudent respect for the law she would gladly elude him by a *supercherie*. She tries the plan of a feigned death and burial. That fails: the meddlesome idiot, unfortunately for himself, is inspired by a veritable passion; and Providence brings him down to her noble new home in the eastern counties. He must go or else be removed—there is no other alternative. So when things have come to a crisis, she cuts short an angry altercation by dropping him down the old well in the gloomy shrubbery. *Tant pis pour lui*, is her reflection; and if the secret were between the well and the shrubs and herself, it would scarcely trouble her, for she has no conscience. Fortunately, however, for the readers of the novel, both before the death of her husband and after she is living in continual terror of being found out, and sticks at nothing to avoid detection. Nor can any one deny that Nemesis has pretty well wiped out the arrears against her, when that lovely and energetic and pleasure-loving young woman is locked up in the private asylum at Villebrumeuse, by an arbitrary exercise of domestic justice. In so far she and Miladi are disposed of in a similar manner. Even Miss Braddon could not keep up a quick succession of such highly spiced fictions as 'Lady Audley' and 'Aurora Floyd'; but all her books must be pitched more or less in the same sensational key. They have all the recommendation of being readable, though it is very easy to have a surfeit of them. There is no faltering in the lady's firm touch; and in great matters as in small, she always writes with the serene self-assurance which is one of the secrets of her popularity. Whether

she is describing life in a penal settlement at the antipodes, or writing the sanguinary history of the *coup d'état* in 'Ishmael,' or sending sportsmen out with rifles in September to shoot partridges in the pheasant coverts, we are much inclined to accept all she writes as gospel. If it is not true it ought to be, so great is the air of *vraisemblance*.

Sensational stories, in moderately priced single volumes, are the fashion now, and without satirical intention, we say the shortness is in their favour. Some are as good as Mr Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' or 'Kidnapped'; others are comic and gory burlesques of the better kind of criminal extravaganzas. Considering the difficulty of hitting upon any fancies that are decently fresh, we are bound to say that not a few of them show creditable dexterity and ingenuity. But surely this sensational business must soon come to an end, or be suspended for half a generation or so. The public is getting familiarised with all manner of mysteries, in cabs, in black boxes, in garrets, and in cellars: the detectives have been told off for such intolerably hard duty, that it is clear they must soon strike in disgust, and refuse to lend themselves to those stale combinations; and the pirates, highwaymen, and bushrangers who have been indiscriminately resuscitated will find temporary rest again in their dishonoured graves. The novel-reading public revels in excitements, and is not over-critical; but of sensation, when it has degenerated into melodrama and burlesque, there must surely come satiety at the last.

GUEUTCH.

Der Sàadet, the Happy City, as the pretty fancy of the Turks has styled Constantinople, is, despite manifold disadvantages, a pleasant enough abiding-place in the winter months. For then, within doors, though Pera is not built as a winter city, the native *mangal* or charcoal brasier, and the huge porcelain stoves introduced from Vienna, make the houses very warm and cosy; while without, ladies in sedan-chairs, and men by the use of heavy over-boots and goloshes, can battle with the mud and slush of the ill-paved streets. In the early days of spring, too, Der Sàadet is delightful, for then the sun is warm and bright; the gardens of Taxim and of the "little field of the dead" are just budding into sweetness, and the charm of the Friday drive to wooded Mashlak or to Gueuk-Su, the sweet waters of the Golden Horn, is sufficient to brighten all the rest of the week. But on the approach of summer, as the days grow longer, and the glowing rays of the sun grow stronger and more searching, the Happy City can be said to be felicitous only in the wealth, the profusion, and the variety of its smells. The discomfort, indeed, of a summer residence in Constantinople is so marked, and the attraction so strong of the lovely villages that line the shores of the Bosphorus and the Marmora, that the result is a regular vernal exodus from the city of all who are not tied to it by extreme poverty. This general flitting—the *gueutch*, as it is called—is as much a feature of Constantinople life as is the Ramazan of the Turks or the gunpowder smirched Easter-feast of the orthodox Christians.

It is in the early days of June that the thrall of the *gueutch* is heaviest over Constantinople. The whole town is then on the move, and Turks and Christians alike are migrating from Stamboul and Pera to the summer villas on either shore of the Bosphorus. You have striven—every one has striven—to stave off the evil day as long as might be with futile excuses. "The country house must still be damp after the rains." "The wind from the Black Sea is very cold." "There are so few people at Therapia, that the lonely roads are hardly safe yet for the children." *Et patati, et patata.* That was all very well during May, though towards the end of the month the cook had provided daily worse and worse dinners, averring that there was nothing fresh now in the *pazar;* and the butler (whose family had already moved) had waited at breakfast with a wet cloth round his head, alleging migraine as the cause. But now every one is going; and as the days grow hotter, and the dogs lazier on the garbage-heaps, the very smells cry aloud, "Leave us—leave us to the sun and the *commissione*."[1] The *gueutch* is the one absorbing topic of conversation. With ladies calling on your wife it is continually, "Et à quand votre gueutch, madame? Nous, c'est le cinq;" or again, "I called on Madame So-and-so yesterday. Elle faisait son gueutch. Kalé! ma chère;[2] quels meubles! quelles nippes! Un vrai gueutch de palia Roukhadgi." Now as the "palia Roukhadgi" is the old-clothes man, the rag-and-bone man, the general purchaser of ruined odds and ends abandoned in your flittings, and as you know

[1] Levantine for "municipality."

[2] A Levantine slang phrase, half Greek, half French.

that like remarks will be made as to your own move, this sort of thing is not encouraging. But there! it has to be done, and had best be got over; so you resign yourself to the inevitable and to the butler, and are miserable.

It is no light matter this semestral move, that leavens the lives of Constantinopolitans. First, you have to get your house at Therapia or Buyuk deré or Yeni-Keui—fashionable resorts these, and perhaps among the loveliest spots on the Bosphorus. Last year the Demirgians' house on the quay at Therapia had filled you with envy. You did not know the Demirgians but through the open door—doors are always open on the Bosphorus. The great hall, with its tesselated pavement, its pyramids of flowers, and its soft-hued *poufs* and divans, had offered a delightful picture of taste, luxury, and cool comfort, on which, however, you felt confident you could improve; anyhow your wife had said she could, and that settled it. Moreover, the Maison Demirgian has a broad verandah looking over the water. A great attraction this on warm evenings. So you offered the owner £10 more than last year's tenants paid, and they did not outbid you. You began to understand their forbearance when, in the full pride of possession and a waterproof, you first visited the place on a pouring day in April. Ah! those green venetians have much to answer for. They conceal so much, and what they do reveal they soften and chasten into beauty. The tesselated pavement—for pride in which, mainly, you took the house—is but oil-cloth after all, and a ruined oil-cloth, too, and when you arrived the gardener's wife was stopping rat-holes in it with strips from a petroleum-tin. Then the verandah was marked "Dangerous,"—you had wondered vaguely why the Demirgians used it so little,—and it would need thorough repair before the children could go near it. The water-supply was plentiful, as advertised, but either the pump had quarrelled with the drains or the drains with the well, and the result was fearsome and unholy. The Demirgians apparently cared naught for drains, and being Armenians had survived; but former tenants had been fain to buy all their drinking supply from the water-carriers at thirty *paras* a-skin. Thus, and more, the gardener's wife, in glib and cheery deprecation. Of course there were other drawbacks, but these you only discovered by degrees, though by the end of your tenure they had been enough to satisfy the most exacting critic.

The details of the *gueutch* proper were placed in the hands of Costi the butler. He it was who interviewed and bargained with the *hammalbashi* and the *arabagibashi*, chiefs of the porters' and waggoners' guilds. And he it was who informed you, with fitting gravity, that he had secured "the men who moved the Embassy," and that your *gueutch* must be on Tuesday—a day which he should have known was most inconvenient—because Lady —— was moving on the Thursday following.

There was, of course, no protest possible against this decree, so you submitted with as good a grace as you could muster; and when you had done so, Costi was indulgent to you, and discarded the wet cloth that had bound his brows, and the cook amplified his *menu* with new and varied *côtelettes*.

If there be a redeeming feature about the business, it is that there are no preliminaries—no putting away of this, or that, or the other, that you miss acutely, in order to be prepared against the start. No;

the *gueutch* falls upon you, so to say, out of a blue sky. Your first warning is a shriek from the young ladies' room at 4 A.M. It is the *gueutch* at last. You know the cause of that shriek. Calliope, their maid, splendid and graceful in a *fustané*, a shawl, and a *fakiola*, has announced that the *hammals* have come "to take down the beds." The girls, still half asleep, as they scurry across the anteroom to the bath, have found themselves confronted by a troop of burly, smiling Armenians, who are in no wise abashed, but recognise with great cordiality the *buyuk* (big) mademoiselle, and the *kutchuk* (little) mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle Minnie; and wish them good day, and ask how they have been since last autumn, and explain volubly how Agop took Kyria Minnie's bed last year, and how old Artin always "moves" the *buyuk* mademoiselle. Calliope, laughing and chattering, laden with frocks and linen, expostulates, upbraids, and gesticulates to a dropping accompaniment of shoes and stockings, and finally shoulders the men one by one out of the room. What are they to do? They are there, and must do something — anything. Well, they must go away. They must go down-stairs. They may go to the *salon*, and take the piano.

Ah! *biano! mouseeka*, he is an old friend. They know him well, and every scratch on him is a souvenir. It takes eight of them to remove him and put him on the bullock-cart. Two of them crouch beneath him and raise him on their stalwart backs, while others unscrew his legs and his pedals, and play little tunes on his keyboard with one splay thumb. And then they get him down the broad stairway—amid shouts. "Varda, take care of the wall; oha! mind the balusters,—steady, Artin! Your hand, Stabro, your hand. Oha—oh-ho-ho! Six of them bear the body of the instrument, one the legs and pedals, and a last the music-stand, having especial care as to a fan and a china ornament that chance to be on it; and as they cross the hall to the court-yard where the patient bullocks stand waiting, they all chant a droning ditone chorus.

From the arrival of the waggons there is no peace until the last *araba* is laden, and has crawled creaking away. The *hammals* are everywhere, laughing, shouting, full of good-humour, and covered with perspiration. Now you come on half-a-dozen of them intent on an illustrated paper, their heads close together; now you meet a couple staggering down-stairs under a heavy wardrobe; or again there is old Artin, his red face all aglow, and his white moustache glistening, tenderly carrying in both hands a little worthless work-table, and careful lest a skein of silk or wool should fall and be lost. Save as regards glass or plate, there is no attempt at packing. Everything goes as it stands,—wardrobes and presses with their contents hanging in them; chests of drawers just as they are, locked or not, as the case may be — it does not matter. Very little is ever broken, and nothing is ever lost. On the contrary, articles that it was fondly hoped had disappeared for ever invariably come to light during the *gueutch*, and it must be allowed that your belongings do not look nice or attractive when stacked higgledy-piggledy on an ox-waggon. A tattered bonnet nods at you shamelessly from the top of a load. The oldest corner of the oldest drugget flaps blandly in the breeze, and refuses to be tucked in. All that is broken and common, and unclean even, stares you ruthlessly in the face, and all

that is good is hidden away, in shame perhaps of its company.

By eleven o'clock the last waggon, excepting always "the kitchen," which is the cook's especial care, has been packed and despatched. The *hammals*, who are going by boat to meet the *arabas* at Therapia, are sitting on the floor in the largest bedroom, eating black bread and melons, and making coffee in the stove. All about in the different rooms, and mostly in the hall, are a profusion of light articles that are to be carried by hand, by reason either of their fragility or their value.

Costi has provided lunch—in the drawing-room as a great concession,—and as you wander, all of you, from room to room in search of basins and soap, which are not to be found, you exclaim one to another, "Well, thank goodness, it's over!" But there is your mistake. It is not by any means over. In a few minutes a stranger looks in quite casually, *en passant*, with the news that the *arabas* are stopped at Taxim by order of the municipality. Why stopped? Oh, because your landlord had not paid his taxes, and therefore the *teskeré* or permit has been refused. This is a pretty state of things. The landlord lives in the Princes' Islands, and is sure not to have come to town to-day. On the other hand, you do not know how much he owes, or why he does not pay. So Costi disappears in one direction to find the landlord, and Stamati the *marmiton*, who has worked all through like a galley-slave, and been bullied by every one, flies off at a tangent to look up a man who is said to know something about the question. Finally, after a couple of hours the matter is settled by a young acquaintance who "knows a clerk in the *municipality*." But in the meantime it rains and rains with a will. It always does rain during the *gueutch*, and presumably that is why the *hammals* invariably pack the bedding on the top of everything—to keep the rest dry.

When the *teskeré* difficulty is settled it is time to go to the boat. The cook's *araba* has been laden with all the *batterie de cuisine*—with the meat-safe, the joints still dangling within it, and with a whole shopful of miscellaneous stores; and on the top of all sits Stamati the *marmiton*, grasping in one hand a crate of fowls and ducks whose restless heads protrude on all sides, while with the other he steadies a wicker pagoda in which is curled a little sleeping dog. This being really the last of everything, the departure of the waggon is saluted with cheers, to which Stamati, in his character of master of the event, "briefly responds."

Then comes the parade of the household forces preparatory to starting for the steamer. You wonder at the numbers of your dependants, and inquire as to strange faces whose presence under your roof you have never suspected. This bright-faced young girl who is flirting with every one is Evanthia the ironer, wife to the Croat hall-porter. The old woman with the horrible disease eating up her features is the butler's mother—she makes the jam. Her preserves you know and like, but you wish you had not seen her, poor thing. Then there is Yani, the butler's son, whose status has hitherto been undefined, but who is to blossom into a *sofragi*[1] and have a tail-coat

[1] A waiter; literally, a tableman,—a Turkish word, but always used in Levantine Greek.

this season; and there is Kiriaki, a little Greek girl in pigtails, who assists Calliope. Others there are whose names you never learn, and whose functions you never understand; but they are all there—all laden with bundles and *bric-a-brac*, work-baskets and bird-cages, and knick-knacks of one kind and another, and all chattering and full of fun.

It strikes you vaguely that the men look singularly ruffianly in hats with very small brims, worn over one eye; and you hardly recognise Monsieur Gorgie, the cook, without his white apron and cap, when with a profound bow he says that, with the permission of monsieur, he will now go and *déménager sa famille*. He goes, and presently the whole party streams in a straggling, disorganised procession down to the steamer. Through the Grande Rue you go—past the club; past the Dervish Tekké; down through the tunnel; past the Bourse, where friends, as you meet them, greet you with "Tiens, vous voilà en gueutch—bonne aventure, hein!" And so you pass on to the bridge. "Keupreu parasi, Tchelebi!" ("Bridge money, oh master!"), screams a man in a long white smock, and you stop and pay toll for innumerable followers. Calliope has stuck to your heels and follows you closely, passing shrill greetings with friends by the way. "Kali spera sas, Kali spera! And how are you? Ah, Kaiméné! . . ." and the rest is lost as you thread your way through the crush. "Dondourma! Dondourma!" shout the ice-cream sellers. "Pistachio nuts, fresh baked, fresh baked!" cry men with trays slung at their waists. Through waddling crowds of women, past the fruit-stalls, past the melon-booths, through hurrying mobs of soldiers and priests, pashas and beggars, and at last the steamer is reached.

The party straggles on board: the women seek the *haremlik*, and vanish behind a curtain; the Greeks go forward to play backgammon. You shake hands with Captain Georgi, and you are off. An hour's run brings you to Therapia, and every turn of the Bosphorus gives you a brief cruise in a new lake whose shores are of unparalleled beauty. Every ten minutes, at the different *skalas*, hosts of friends, who have somehow heard of the move, greet your servants, and through them you learn who has "come up" already, and who has not. Everything is bright, every one is pleased, and the first blot on your sunshine is when, on landing at Therapia, Eskellé, the chief *arabagi*, meets you with the news that the progress of the *arabas* is checked, because, unless the top is cut off the big wardrobe, it cannot pass under the archway of Petala's hotel. But even this trouble is at length overcome, and you find yourself in your new home, where the confusion is really much less than you had expected; where Monsieur Gorgie, in snow-white garments, is smoking his cigarette in the kitchen, and where Stamati—heaven knows how he managed it!—is cooking the inevitable *côtelettes* which, with a bowl of fresh whey, are to form your dinner. You dine, you sleep, and by the third day all is in order; but you feel, when all is said and done, that though perhaps one swallow may not make a summer, one *gueutch*, at any rate, is amply sufficient.

FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

On the great necessity there exists in this country for a wider and better provision for technical education, much has been written during the last few years; and readers of our leading reviews and magazines have had somewhat prominently brought under their notice the fact that we are very far behind the other leading European countries in this matter.

To what extent the prosperity of our skilled industries has suffered by our past neglect of this important department of education, is a question upon which difference of opinion must necessarily exist. In the interesting and valuable controversy which has taken place on the importance of technical education, consequent on the passing of the Technical Education Acts, associated with the name of Sir Henry Roscoe, the benefits which the introduction of a more widespread system of technical instruction would be calculated to exert on our commercial welfare, have been probably both over and under rated. That, however, the absence of provision for this kind of education has had a most marked effect on the prosperity of certain of our industries, is now generally admitted by all competent to judge. Which of these has been the pre-eminent sufferer, it were perhaps difficult to say. Naturally we should expect to find that the more scientific—*i.e.*, those into whose operations science enters most largely, and which consequently demand in their operatives the most technical knowledge—would have suffered most severely. And this is undoubtedly the case. It has also been very generally recognised; in fact, there has been a tendency to regard technical education as capable of benefiting only some of our more complicated manufacturing industries. The result has been that the need of technical education for certain other most important ones has been, till recently, practically ignored.

This is emphatically the case with regard to technical education in agriculture, which has, in the past, been almost totally neglected in this country.[1] Considering the enormous importance of our agriculture as a national industry, giving direct employment, as it does, to *several millions* of our population, and having a capital invested in it amounting to probably little less than *one and a half thousand millions sterling;* and taking into account, also, the fact that, as an industry, it is peculiarly liable to suffer from foreign competition—as witness its experience during the last few years,—it must strike the outsider as very singular that such should be the case.

At last, however, thanks to the energy of a few of our more advanced agriculturists, who have long advocated the cause, as well as to reasons not remotely connected with the unfortunately de-

[1] By this statement I do not for one moment mean to disparage the really excellent work which has been done by the one or two agricultural colleges we already possess. The existence, however, of one or two colleges, capable of meeting the requirements of one or two hundred students, can scarcely be regarded as affording adequate provision for the educational needs of a nation whose principal industry is agriculture.

pressed condition of our agriculture, and to the presence, in such large quantities, of foreign agricultural products in our home markets, we now seem to be within measurable distance of the introduction of a national system of agricultural education. The progress which the movement has lately made is eminently encouraging. Three years ago it received that meed of Government recognition which is generally the reward of a certain amount of agitation on any subject—viz., the appointment of a Royal Commission.[1] What, however, will be regarded by the public as an even more substantial proof of the importance of the question, was the recommendation by the members of the Commission, and subsequent vote by Parliament, of a grant of £5000, to be expended in helping to develop this important department of technical education.

The grant of £5000 has been expended for two years; and this year has been voted by Parliament for the third time. Furthermore, the establishment last year of a Board of Agriculture, with a Minister of Agriculture at its head, cannot fail to exercise a most potent influence in stimulating the movement. One of the chief duties of this Board, it may fairly be inferred, will be the promotion of agricultural education.[2]

Now, £5000 is by no means a large sum, for a country of the size and wealth of Great Britain, to spend on such an important subject, and compares very unfavourably with the enormous annual grants devoted by other leading Continental nations, notably Germany, to the same subject; yet, considering the attitude of our Government in the past towards the subvention of education of any kind, it must be frankly admitted that it indicates that the country is really awake to the importance of the question, and the grant must consequently be heartily welcomed as marking a distinct advance of public opinion, on a subject which may fairly claim to be of national importance.

It is to be hoped that the commendable action of our Government in this matter may be duly appreciated by our agriculturists generally, and that they will do, on their part, all that they can to foster this most promising movement. Indeed there are not wanting signs that the country at large is realising the importance of the question. Much valuable work, due to private enterprise, has already been accomplished; and where such work has been inaugurated, it only requires Government aid to enable it to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. The Dairy and Agricultural Education Commission may be congratulated on having stirred up all through-

[1] Viz., the Commission appointed to inquire into, and report upon, Agricultural and Dairy Schools in Great Britain which may properly receive Government Grants, and over which Sir Richard Paget presided as chairman.

[2] The allocation of the grant for the present financial year has not yet been made. Last year's grant was allocated by the newly created Department; and a report containing the names of the different colleges and institutions (twenty-five in number) receiving aid has lately been published. What scheme the Department intends to pursue the report does not indicate. It is there stated that "the date of the establishment of the Board (9th September 1889), and the necessity of allotting the majority of the grants before the end of 1889, made it impossible to prepare and adopt any new scheme. . . . It was necessary to follow the tentative policy pursued by the Privy Council in 1888-89."

out the country a healthy interest in the question. In all three countries, England, Scotland, and Wales, schemes for furthering the educational movement are on foot, and are meeting with the most encouraging results; while Ireland may be said to possess already a fair system of agricultural education of an elementary kind.

Under these circumstances, and in the face of this activity in different parts of the country, the present may be considered as a not inappropriate time for bringing before the attention of our readers one or two aspects of the question, the consideration of which may serve to emphasise its importance. It may also not be without interest and profit to glance briefly at what some of the leading Continental nations, as well as America, are doing towards promoting and developing systems of agricultural education; and finally, to indicate the little we, as a country, have already done, and are at present doing, in the matter.

The subject has already been adverted to in the pages of this magazine, in an article on "Technical Education in Agriculture," by Colonel Innes,[1] who has made some very practical suggestions as to its relations with elementary schools; and in a very clear and valuable contribution on the general subject of technical education, Professor G. G. Ramsay refers to agriculture as one of the industries in which it is most urgently required in this country.[2] I am glad to find such a sound educationist as Professor Ramsay so strongly impressed with the importance of the question. The opinion is all the more significant coming from the quarter it does; for Professor Ramsay, in the article referred to, is inclined, in my opinion, to under, rather than over, estimate the importance of technical education generally.

Speaking of the necessity of the application of science to agriculture, Professor Ramsay says: "There is no lesson which needs more to be brought home to the British mind than this at the present time. There is no branch of our trade at this moment which lies in a more hopeless state of prostration than that of agriculture; there is none which is being carried on more entirely by the old rule of thumb, and in more absolute disregard of the principles or the very existence of science." The above assertion is, perhaps, somewhat strong; yet it can scarcely be denied that, although very marked progress has been made during late years, there are still many parts of the country where it undoubtedly holds true.

It is an old objection, and begot of ignorance, that science can do nothing for the agriculturist. It is surely unnecessary, at this time of day, to offer any refutation of this statement. A man must have little acquaintance with our modern agriculture who would now seriously advance such an opinion. Were the discovery and introduction of artificial fertilisers the only service which science had rendered the agriculturist, it were sufficient to lay the latter under lasting obligation to the former; for unquestionably the use of artificial fertilisers is a necessary condition of our modern system of husbandry.

But while we should probably find few to maintain that science has done nothing for agriculture, we find many opposed to technical education in agriculture on the

[1] *Vide* June No. for 1888.

[2] *Vide* March No. for 1888.

ground that it is of little utility to the farmer. Agriculture, they argue, is not to be compared with other manufacturing industries, inasmuch as the conditions which control it are not under the command of the farmer, in the same way as the conditions which control the other manufacturing industries are under the command of the manufacturer. In short, that, while the ordinary manufacturer is an active agent in the carrying out and regulation of his business, the farmer must necessarily, from the very nature of his art, remain a more or less passive agent—the victim, very much, of climate and seasons, and of conditions which he is powerless to control: hence technical education for him is worthless; for of what benefit will it be to him to acquire a knowledge of the scientific principles of operations it is out of his power to control?

Now, although there seems to be much that is plausible in the above argument, and although it must be admitted that outside influences, beyond the farmer's control, have a very important bearing on the state of his industry, if we examine the argument more closely it will be found to be, at bottom, fallacious. It is precisely the business of the skilful farmer to overcome, or, at any rate, to make subservient to his own ends, those natural influences which he is powerless to alter. He must be prepared to accept the inevitable conditions of climate, season, situation, and fertility of land; and having done so, scheme how to make the most out of them. From this point of view agriculture may be fairly regarded as really analogous to other manufacturing industries. Thus, the chief objects which the farmer aims at may be said to be the production of organic matter in the form of crops; the production of butcher-meat, and the production of milk and other dairy products; and the great problem which he has to solve for himself, therefore, is how he may *best* and *most economically* conduct this manufacture, if we may so phrase it. He has certain raw material in the shape of the soil, the seed, and the farm animal, out of which to elaborate, as best he can, his final products. Surely, then, in the practice of an industry which has for its end the subjection and utilisation of the forces of Nature herself, there is an urgent demand that those engaged in it be as fully equipped with technical skill as possible. A fair and impartial consideration of the agricultural industry, instead of giving rise to the opinion that it is one in which technical education can be of little service, tends, I think, very much towards the very opposite conclusion — viz., that there is hardly any industry which demands a wider and more complete technical training; and I make bold to say that not a little of the sadly depressed condition of the farmer during late years, about which we have heard, unfortunately, so much, may be traceable, among other causes, to the fact that this has not been earlier recognised, and that the farmer has not had proper facilities afforded him in this country for qualifying himself by this technical training for the subsequent business of his life.

It may be safely said that there is scarcely any branch of his art in which a knowledge of its underlying principles will not equip the farmer for carrying it on in a more efficient and successful way. In none, certainly, will he be any the worse off for his technical training; while there are other most import-

ant departments in which technical knowledge is not only useful to him, but is imperatively demanded—*i.e.*, if farming is really to be carried on profitably. As an example of this, I would instance the now ever-increasing practice of artificial manuring, which I have already referred to as being a necessary condition of our modern system of agriculture. Perhaps nothing illustrates more strikingly the urgent necessity there exists for agricultural education, than the lamentable ignorance that still exists among many farmers of the very elementary principles which underlie this practice. This is all the more serious, from an economic point of view, when we remember that the amount of money spent by the farmer on artificial fertilisers alone, amounts to *several millions sterling* per annum. If, therefore, for the proper and most economical utilisation of these millions, a certain amount of technical knowledge is necessary, its absence, I need scarcely point out, must in a sense prove a *national* loss.

Another source of loss, which it is somewhat difficult to estimate, but which can, nevertheless, hardly fail to amount to something considerable, is that due to the improper precautions—or rather want of precautions—taken by the farmer in storing his *farmyard manure*. This is a subject upon which much, in the past, has been written, and the result has been that the manure-heap is now much better cared for, and its most valuable constituents no longer allowed to be so wantonly lost, than was formerly the case. Although, however, this is true, there is still a vast amount of unnecessary waste going on in hundreds of farms throughout the country, due to culpable ignorance of the fact that every shower of rain that is allowed to fall upon the manure-heap washes away the most costly of all the fertilising ingredients of the soil, and which, when thus allowed to be wasted, can be replaced only at enormous expense to the farmer's pocket.

Another department of farming in which technical knowledge is very much required is that which has to do with the rearing and feeding of stock. It is unfortunate that our knowledge of the chemistry of animal physiology is not more advanced than it is at present; and that the science of feeding is not better understood. But this, surely, is no reason why the farmer should not take advantage of such knowledge as we already possess on the subject, which will suffice to help him to "feed" on more economical lines than he could otherwise do. Moreover, it could scarcely be doubted that were the principles of feeding, so far as scientific research has been able to elucidate them, more generally known among farmers, the result would be that the practical stock-feeder would himself be in a position to supplement the general knowledge on the subject: scientific research would, at the same time, be stimulated, and much advance could scarcely fail to be made.

The only other department of agriculture I shall here advert to, in which technical education is urgently required, is that of dairy farming. The marked inferiority of much of our home dairy produce, leading to the importation of foreign butter and cheese in such large quantities into the London market, is too well known to need comment here. It has, however, had one good effect at least, for it has been largely instrumental in directing public attention to the unpalatable fact that we have been annually putting thousands

of pounds into the foreign farmer's pocket, a large portion of which might quite as well have gone into the pockets of our own farmers; and it has stirred up the agricultural community to investigate the causes of this anomalous state of matters.

That this inferiority in much of our dairy produce is due to the want of proper technical training, has already been abundantly proved by the very striking improvement in the quality of the butter and cheese produced in many parts of the country, due to itinerant instruction.[1] If further proof is required that this inferiority is really due to want of technical knowledge on the part of our dairy farmers, we have only to go to such a foreign country as Denmark, from which such large quantities of dairy produce are annually exported, and see what admirable provision is there made for technical training in dairying.

If we look abroad for the purpose of seeing how this question of agricultural education has been dealt with in America and the leading European countries, we shall be, at first sight, painfully impressed by the comparison inevitably suggested between the liberal provision made for it in these countries, and the almost total neglect it has met with in this country.

Of all countries in the world, Germany possesses the most complete and highly developed system. The State there spends, annually, *hundreds of thousands of pounds* in supporting it; its universities and technical colleges possess fully equipped faculties for the teaching of the higher branches of agricultural science. Of well-endowed experimental stations, where careful scientific research and field experiments are constantly being carried on, with the view of solving agricultural problems, it at present possesses between seventy and eighty; while of secondary, elementary, and special agricultural schools there are several thousands throughout the country.

But it is not only in Germany —which is so immeasurably in advance of this country in all educational matters, and where we should, therefore, naturally expect to see the educational side of agriculture duly appreciated— that we find a developed system. France, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland are all, more or less, well equipped in this matter. Even in America, where nature is still lavish of her gifts, and the necessity for high farming does not as yet exist to the same extent as in our own country, and where, consequently, we should naturally expect that the demand for technical education in agriculture would be less urgent, we find that the question has been dealt with in a liberal and enlightened way. Very fair provision for the higher teaching of the subject is afforded at the universities and special agricultural colleges, of which there is a considerable number. Every State has its experimental station; and only some two years ago an additional grant of £119,000 was made by the United States Government towards the upkeep of these stations. The educative influence of the United States Agricultural Department must be also

[1] An instance of this is furnished by the improvement in the make of cheese in the counties of Ayr, Wigtown, and Galloway, where, thanks to the efforts of two itinerant instructors, very marked improvement in the quality of the article produced has been effected within the last two or three years.

very great. The valuable information it collects, and from time to time publishes and liberally distributes, is worthy of imitation by our own agricultural department.[1]

It is only just, however, to state that there is a very special reason both in Germany and France for the widespread system of agricultural education which these countries possess. This is to be found in the system of military *conscription*, which obtains in both of the above countries—and which exercises a powerful influence in fostering higher education generally—inasmuch as the privilege of serving one year in the army instead of three is conditioned by the passing of a higher examination in certain subjects, and the subject naturally chosen by the farmer is agricultural science.

But the question may be asked, What has all this education done for the agriculture of these foreign countries? The question is one which it is extremely difficult to answer, for, in doing so, many considerations have to be taken into account. It is not only necessary to ask whether the agricultural prosperity of these countries, judged absolutely, is satisfactory, but also whether it is better than it would otherwise—*i.e.*, if there had been no agricultural education—have been? To answer this question fully, would involve an elaborate comparison, which it would be extremely difficult to make, besides occupying very much more space than is here at my disposal. I may, however, in passing, mention two very striking facts which strongly testify to the benefit of technical agricultural training in these countries. The first is the excellence of the Danish dairy produce, especially butter; the second is the successful introduction of the sugar-beet cultivation into Germany. The present dimensions of the German sugar-beet trade is a brilliant example of the benefits which may be derived from the application of science to agriculture. The difficulties to be met with at first were numerous, and must have seemed, in many cases, insurmountable; but thanks to the scientific manner in which this department of agriculture was carried on, difficulties were overcome, and the foundation of what is now one of Germany's most important trades was established.

As already stated, considerable activity has been lately manifested in many parts of this country on the subject of agricultural education, and the result has been that a number of dairy schools have been instituted. These, however, although calculated to do much good, are too few in number, besides being of too special a nature to exert anything but a limited influence. What we most urgently want at present is proper provision for the higher teaching of the subject at our universities or technical colleges. When we reflect that nearly all the German and American universities are equipped with not merely single chairs but, in many cases, Faculties of agriculture, it seems little short of a disgrace to this country that there are only three of our universities in which the subject is recognised, and that in none of the

[1] As an example, I may mention that when the late Mr H. M. Jenkins's Report to the Commission on Technical Education in Agriculture was published in 1884, in the form of a Blue-book, the American Government at once ordered no fewer than 20,000 copies of it to be distributed in America.

three is anything like adequate provision made for its proper teaching.

It is a striking fact that, at one time, Scotland occupied a foremost place in the matter of agricultural education, for Edinburgh University was the first university in Europe to possess a Chair of Agricultural Science. This was founded as far back as the year 1790; and for many years the lectures of the Edinburgh professor were attended by students who came from all parts of the Continent. The facilities for obtaining higher agricultural education have, however, been little increased in Scotland during the last fifty years, with the natural result that Scotland no longer holds the foremost position she once did. Instead, therefore, of students coming to Scotland from the Continent, the reverse is now almost invariably the case.

The Aberdeen University is the only other Scotch university which offers opportunities for the scientific study of agriculture. What is called the "Fordyce Course of Lectures on Agriculture" has been in existence since 1853, and lately has been very much extended in its scope. It is earnestly to be desired that all our Scotch universities should possess proper facilities for providing higher agricultural education; for until such proper facilities exist, those who are desirous of qualifying themselves as teachers of the subject in our elementary schools and elsewhere, will be unnecessarily handicapped. This important question, it is to be hoped, will receive the serious consideration of the present Scottish Universities Commission.

Within the last few years one or two lectureships on the subject have been instituted in some of the Scotch technical colleges;[1] but as no proper endowments have been obtained, they can scarcely be regarded as permanent. It would be premature to say much with regard to the success of the Scotch dairy schools. Only one has been actually started — viz., that of Kilmarnock—and it has performed its work up till now in a most satisfactory manner. There can be little doubt that they have a wide and important field of usefulness before them.

In elementary agricultural education little has as yet been done in Scotland. In some few schools, in different parts of the country, it has been introduced as a special subject, but the number of such schools is comparatively small. A scheme, which is calculated to greatly promote elementary instruction in this subject in our rural schools, was inaugurated three years ago by the Edinburgh University. It consisted in the delivering of a special course of lectures on Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry, to a large number of rural schoolmasters from different parts of the country, during the summer-time. Their expenses were paid by a Government grant of £300 in 1888, and £400 last year—specially given for this purpose. A similar scheme has been also carried out last year in connection with the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, which likewise obtained a grant of £250 in 1888, and £350 last year from Government,—the aim of both schemes being to qualify the teachers attending these special courses, for teaching the

[1] Viz., in the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, and in the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh.

subject in the elementary schools from which they came.[1]

In England, Oxford is the only university where any provision is made for the teaching of agricultural science. The chair is known as the "Sibthorpian Professorship of Rural Economy." Its present distinguished occupant—Dr J. H. Gilbert, F.R.S.—will pardon me, I am sure, when I say that its duties are almost entirely of an honorary nature, and consist of the delivering annually of a short course of lectures extending over some few weeks, and attended by a small number of students. A lectureship, also, has recently been founded in connection with Balliol College, for the purpose of qualifying civil service students with a knowledge of the principles of agriculture.

But although there is only one of the English universities in which there is any provision made for teaching agricultural science, there are admirable facilities for acquiring a thorough and complete training in the subject, afforded by one or two special agricultural colleges. As, however, they are limited in number, and the students attending them nearly all residential, the fees they are compelled to charge are necessarily high. They are, therefore, only within the reach of the wealthier agricultural classes. In point of fact, their students are chiefly made up of those desirous of qualifying themselves for the post of land-agent or farm-bailiff, sons of landed proprietors and professional men, and not a few whose ultimate destination is the colonies. It is to be clearly understood, however, that none of the special agricultural colleges have been, hitherto, in receipt of any State aid. The past history of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, which is the largest and most efficient college of the kind in England, is one of hard struggle, ever since its foundation in 1842. It is satisfactory to know that it is at length in a flourishing condition, and being taken advantage of by a large and ever-increasing number of students.[2]

In addition to these special colleges there are one or two of the higher educational institutes in England where agricultural science is taught. Of these the most important is the Normal School of Science, South Kensington, which possesses a State-endowed chair of agriculture.[3] Within the last few years, several dairy schools have also been started in different parts of the country. It may be here mentioned that the "Principles of Agriculture" is one of the subjects under the South Kensington Science and Art scheme, by teaching which properly qualified teachers throughout the country may earn grants. It has been, however, until the last year or two, very sparingly taken advantage of. Agricultural science is also taught in one or two English middle-class schools.

Coming to Wales, it is extremely pleasing to find that a most spirited movement has been on foot for

[1] I may mention that, with a view of directing and fostering the educational movement in Scotland, two Institutes of Teachers of Agriculture have been formed: the one, which has Edinburgh for its headquarters, providing for the northern and eastern portions of the country; while that which has its headquarters in Glasgow, provides for the western and southern districts.

[2] There are two other colleges of this class—viz., Downton, near Salisbury, and Aspatria, near Carlisle.

[3] Among other institutions, possessing lectureships in Agricultural Science, may be mentioned King's College and City of London College.

some years in the northern portion of the energetic little Principality, with the view of providing the country with a thorough system of agricultural education. The movement has been started and largely fostered by the University College of North Wales, in connection with which a series of extension lectures has been delivered in different Welsh towns for the last year or two. Several dairy schools have already been started, and the staff of the college has been lately increased by the appointment of lecturers on Agricultural Science and Animal Zoology, and further appointments are at present being made.

In Ireland the provision made for agricultural education—especially elementary—is, as has already been mentioned, very fair. There are a number of agricultural and dairy schools, and the subject is taught at all the country national schools as an ordinary branch of education. Moreover, all this has been done in Ireland at the expense of the State. It is to be regretted that the same amount of State aid has not been extended to England, Scotland, and Wales.

It would be unpardonable if omission were here made of the excellent services rendered to agricultural education by our two leading national agricultural societies, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. By the holding of annual examinations and the granting of diplomas to successful candidates, as well as by the publication of their 'Transactions,' they have contributed in the past, in no small degree, to the promotion of the subject. This is all the more praiseworthy when we remember that these societies, unlike many national societies—*e.g.*, the Royal Agricultural Society of Denmark—are not in any way State-aided.

Mention ought also to be made of the educative value of our agricultural literature. It is no exaggeration to say that among our present agricultural population, ten people read an agricultural paper for every one who did so even some few years ago. This great increase in the number and circulation of our agricultural papers and magazines has been accompanied by a marked improvement in their quality. Agricultural literature of a scientific and technical kind has also considerably increased; and although our agricultural scientific literature is still small, the bulk of it is of a sound and reliable nature.

Students of agricultural science have owed much in the past to the writings and published researches of such men as Liebig, Lawes, Gilbert, Warington, Voelcker, S. W. Johnson, J. C. Morton, J. F. W. Johnston, and Henry Stephens—to mention only a few names. Perhaps the best proof that the farmer of the present day is desirous of knowing the most recent teachings of science with regard to his art, is to be found in the reissue of a book which, for extent and the accuracy of its scientific knowledge, is universally admitted by all competent critics to be the most important work of its kind in the English language. I refer to 'The Book of the Farm,'[1] the fourth edition of which is at present passing through the press. The enormous advance in our

[1] The Book of the Farm. By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Fourth Edition, revised, and in great part rewritten, by James Macdonald. In Six Divisions. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

knowledge of the science of agriculture since the third edition of this encyclopædic work appeared, has necessitated the entire rewriting of many of its sections. The editing of the book was therefore a task of no ordinary kind, and the editor, Mr James Macdonald, has to be congratulated on the thoroughly efficient manner in which he has so far discharged his duty. In this work he has been assisted by many of the leading agricultural and scientific authorities of the day. The possibility of publishing such an elaborate and necessarily costly work, indicates clearly the wide interest already taken in this country in agricultural science.

Hitherto the arguments I have put forward in support of technical education in agriculture have been purely *utilitarian;* for it may be very fairly claimed that only such arguments ought to be admitted in support of technical education generally. In arguing, however, for the introduction of the elementary teaching of agricultural science in our rural schools, there are other than mere utilitarian reasons to be considered. It cannot be too strongly or too often insisted upon, in this utilitarian age, that the aim of education—and especially elementary education—is not merely, or even chiefly, to instil a certain number of facts into the juvenile mind, but also, and mainly, to awaken and train the observational faculties, and to stimulate the thinking powers. Scarcely any subject, I venture to hold, is better suited to effect this purpose than agricultural science. It is a subject that lends itself peculiarly to illustration, and is capable of creating in the mind of the country child a new interest in the common sights of everyday life, which is certain to have its effect on his future career. To quote the words of another[1]—

> "As the mind becomes more and more practised in the habitual reference of the daily phenomena which meet the eye to fixed and unaltering physical laws, not only do errors insensibly lose their ground, but that state of mind which must often have been noticed in those who have been all their life employed in agricultural processes without understanding them,—that disposition to refer everything to chance, and to regard with deadened curiosity, and a sense of hopeless mystery, the causes of effects witnessed,—becomes replaced by a state of mind as different to the other as wakefulness from sleep, and certainly not less indicative of a state of existence more useful and (if mental health and activity be happiness) more happy."

It is not my intention to bring forward here any definite proposals as to the best way of developing agricultural education in this country. One or two suggestions, however, on this point may not be out of place in concluding this paper.

One of the first questions to be answered is as to the nature of the agricultural instruction to be imparted. Ought it to be of a theoretical or practical kind? On this point there has been a considerable difference of opinion among those interested in the question. I think the motto of the greatest agricultural society[2] in the world —viz., "Practice with science"—ought to be our guide in this matter; and that where circumstances are favourable, theoretical instruction ought to be supplemented as much as possible by practical. Of course, both higher

[1] C. Wren Hoskyns.

[2] Royal Agricultural Society of England.

as well as elementary teaching must necessarily be more or less purely theoretical. Higher teaching might be most advantageously given at the universities — as is the case both in Germany and America—or at special agricultural colleges or institutes. The introduction of the subject into the universities is to be preferred to the foundation of special higher agricultural colleges or institutes, on the ground of economy; for by so doing the already existing science faculties in our universities might be largely utilised for teaching purposes. It is, however, greatly to be desired that both higher and elementary teaching should be brought in touch as much as possible with the practical side of the question. This might be effected in the case of the universities by having attached to their agricultural departments experimental stations which might both serve for the purpose of affording illustrations of the relation of theory to practice, as well as for the purpose of carrying out original research, and acting as control stations for manures, seeds, and feeding-stuffs (a function almost universally exercised in Continental and American experimental stations); while in the case of elementary teaching in country schools, recourse might be had to the method of teaching by "object lessons" as much as possible. In France—where this system of agricultural education is, on the whole, more practised than in any other country—a scheme for teaching the elements of agriculture in the country primary schools to children between seven and thirteen years of age, was introduced some years ago. The special feature of this scheme was the difference in the nature of the instruction imparted, respectively, to the boys and girls. That imparted to the former had to do with soils, manures, crops, plants, machines, cattle, and farm products; while the girls were instructed in employments and occupations specially within the province of a woman in a farm-house, such as baking, management of the dairy, milking, poultry rearing and feeding, &c.

But although higher and elementary teaching would necessarily require to be of a theoretical rather than of a practical kind, education of the intermediate class might be made largely practical. How this could be best done is naturally a somewhat difficult question to answer. In France, agricultural education of the middle class is half theoretical and half practical; and in Germany, schools of the same class are also of a semi-practical nature. In such cases there is generally a farm attached to the school. Very often, indeed, the farm belongs to the principal of the school, who works it at his own risk, receiving from the State a subvention of from £7 to £10 per annum for each pupil. These intermediate schools, however, are generally not available for the very small tenant-farmer or farm-labourer class. Provision for them has been afforded by the institution of special lower schools, evening improvement schools, and travelling lecturers. The last-named are known in France as "Departmental Professors," there being one appointed for each department of the country. Their duty is to go about lecturing—to farmers' clubs and elsewhere—on topics of immediate interest to the farmer. Their functions will be best described by an extract from a circular letter, issued by the French Minister of Agriculture, in which it is stated

that "their mission is to keep the cultivators of the soil informed respecting modern discoveries and new inventions of economical and advantageous application, so as to let them be ignorant of nothing which it is to their advantage to know, but to lead them forward in the general movement of progress, in which they participate to so small extent, owing to their isolation."

One of the suggestions made by Colonel Innes, in the article referred to at the beginning of this paper, as to the best way of developing technical instruction in agriculture, seems to me to approximate very closely to this French system of departmental professors. He very rightly, I think, strongly emphasises the importance of having the lecturers thoroughly acquainted with the practical side of farming. Until, however, better facilities are provided for higher agricultural education, there would be no small difficulty in obtaining practical teachers sufficiently qualified scientifically.

In conclusion, a word may be said on the subject of State endowment for agricultural education. The bulk of opinion, I am well aware, in this country is against the granting of State aid in support of technical education of any sort. In the case of agriculture, however, I venture to think the claims for State aid are peculiarly strong. In the first place, it is the largest and most important industry in the country, and the one upon whose prosperity the prosperity of the nation most largely depends. It is, furthermore, an industry which, from its very nature, and the isolation of those engaged in it, is less able to further its higher interests, by the inauguration and support of technical educational schemes, than any other industry in the country. It is true, indeed, that this isolation of the farming classes is no longer so great as it used to be, and co-operation among farmers is now very much more common than of old. Still there can never be the same facilities for united action in the case of agriculturists, as in the case of those engaged in other industries. In point of fact, the ordinary agriculturist takes little interest in agricultural education, and if the question is to be left to him, it would probably be a long time ere anything were done in the matter. It is on these grounds that agricultural education has special claims for Government aid.

I have said that the ordinary agriculturist takes little interest in agricultural education. To many this fact constitutes a very powerful argument in favour of allowing matters to rest very much as they are at present. But this apathy, I think, is due very largely to the fact, that the ordinary agriculturist has had little opportunity of fully estimating the importance of the question. This opinion is supported by the interest they manifest when the question is brought in detail under their notice. As one who has had some experience of lecturing to agricultural audiences in England, Scotland, and Wales, I can testify to the keen interest which the subject arouses among farmers.

C. M. Aikman.

THE VALE OF IDAR:

A SERMON IN STONES.

ONE delightful September morning we started from the inn-door at Oberstein, not in the "Post," but in a very comfortable sort of victoria with a good horse. My brother and I behind the driver, the Entomologist on the box, as being a more convenient place to leap from after specimens of Vanessa, or Atalanta, or Antiope, or other lovely creatures with sonorous names on which, for reasons, I am afraid to venture. And this he frequently did, at the peril of his life, besides being baked to the colour of a new brick by the sun on his exposed perch. The Vale of Idar, up whose entire length the journey goes, is surely a happy valley. The good white road runs constantly ascending through a green pasture, sometimes a very narrow strip between the hills, sometimes a wider little bit of plain with a tiny lake set in its border of luscious grass. Never out of England, and very rarely in England, have I seen such beautiful green grass. They were cutting the hay, a second or third crop, and the delicious smell from the haycocks on the newly shorn ground accompanied us for hours. The sides of this upland valley are very like North Devon, but richer and grander and in a brighter atmosphere. Round the corner, between Oberstein and Idar, at the mouth of the glen, there are bold crags and splendid fir-trees, from which the bright green cones hang like drops on a chandelier. The town children have swings and a play-place among these tall close firs, and their gymnastic apparatus in the open air. The school, which is excellent, is exactly half-way between the two towns, not quite a mile from each. Idar is another beautiful little mountain town, with about the same number of inhabitants as Oberstein, and it is perhaps even in a greater degree than Oberstein a seat of the peculiar art of the district. As you drive along, the large bright German windows of many of the houses give you glimpses of rooms full of casts from the antique in the original size, from which very often the gems are copied. Among the engravers of cameos in Idar there are many with most curious Latin names—one is *Herr* Julius Cæsar, neither more nor less. There are more than one Cæsar, and I noticed various other Latin surnames. I had neither time nor opportunity to question the owners as to their right of possession—and most unfortunately altogether lacked presence of mind enough in Oberstein to ask the name of that cook. This town, too, is altogether charming, as it creeps up the hillsides and into a steep side valley. The Idar brook brawls through the streets, turning mill-wheels here and there as it goes; the gardens round the little villas are bright with a profusion of roses; acacias and myrtle, oleander and cactus, and tree geraniums, stand about the doors and in the streets, and at every turn spreads the lap of the valley—such a valley as Milton's, "where the mild whispers use of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks," and where the autumn crocus purples all the ground.

The State, whatever the "State" may be, here or elsewhere, does a great deal in Birkenfeld for the peculiar industry of its members. Drawing and designing are made a great feature in the teaching at the public school, and there is a beautiful little Gewerbe Halle containing an official exhibition for the sale of good specimens of work and of natural agate. Between Oberstein and Idar we catch sight of the first of a number of lovely little buildings standing at intervals up the river in the middle of the meadow, and as it were in the water. They are nearly square in shape, with many windows, and the broad silvery slate roofs slope down nearly to the ground on either side, recalling the outspread wings of a grey pigeon. Each has a huge water-wheel, turning at a tremendous rate, and throwing bright drops on a very garden of wild flowers; meadow-sweet and purple loosestrife, river forget-me-not, and lovely pink mallow, and the velvety lemon spikes of the greater mullein.

The precious stones are cut and polished in these mills, and to step out of this sunshiny flowery world into one of them is, but for the courtesy and friendliness of the workers, a little like stepping from Paradise into the Purgatorio. Three or four huge millstones, about six feet in diameter and a foot to eighteen inches thick, are turned vertically by an endless band at about the rate of three revolutions in a second. Before the revolving edge of each lie two men, extended face downwards on a long wooden block or horse, their feet set against stretchers, to give them the necessary purchase on the millstone. The stones make a hoarse roar, which mingles with the stamping of the water-wheel and the rush of the water outside. The men, with their pale dusty faces downcast, hold bits of onyx or amethyst or tiger-eye pressed with all the weight of their body and the strength of their muscles against the remorselessly descending surface. The agate hisses and crackles under its tribulation, and becomes red and glowing, and often a large piece becomes most beautifully transparent and luminous, and, as it were, incandescent all through. Mountain islands in the west country appear to glow like that between the beholder and the setting sun sometimes.

Sawing the rough blocks and the crystals, and the final polishing, are done at other machines in the same room. The stream falls about 500 feet in seven miles, and the water-power seems to be about one horse-power to the foot of fall. It is regulated by sluices and turbines, and the stream is broken up into bright miniature mill-races, or gathered into little lakes. All along the valley the water flashes in and out of the meadow, and there are nearly seventy of the mills, sometimes ten or more in a mile, with their broad silvery roofs and whitewashed walls and merry water-wheels. To write at any length the history of the agate industry in the Vale of Idar would occasion another halt on the road even more serious than our delay at starting. But fear of my readers drives me on, and I am free to confess that I am myself afraid we might never get to our journey's end at all if I did more than touch on it. I found it a very interesting bit of special history, a wonderfully vivid presentment of a past in which the present so clearly has its roots. Fortunately for the brevity of my "historical remarks," the earliest records of the industry are lost, but it is undoubtedly very old. In

1450 the raw stones were weighed by the hundredweight, and about the time of the voyages of Christopher Columbus, we find those masterful Counts of Oberstein claiming one hundredweight out of every three. No doubt the Counts of Oberstein were owners of mills, probably just like those now in existence: even the sandstone millstones come from the neighbourhood. The finished wares were carried about by the lapidaries themselves, who played Autolycus at the courts of the nobility and gentry with buttons, sword-handles, crosses, rosaries, &c., of agate. The packman and the minstrel were near neighbours at home. For in my researches in the Palatinate I have discovered a dreadful secret. I have discovered the place where the German bands, *all* the German brass bands, grow. It is not far from Oberstein. I never went to that place.

Early in the seventeenth century, one Philip Francis, Count of Oberstein, exercised his right of paternal government over his "leibeigene Unterthanen," his personal chattels, the workers in stone, by arranging a code of guild laws for them. He declares, with a fine feeling for rectitude in others at least, that "to seduce or slacken another man's custom, befits no honest person, far less a member of a guild." Heavy fines were imposed on any one stealing off earlier than a certain day, so as to forestall the brethren of his craft at the great fair, the "Messe" at Frankfurt. Work by night or by candlelight was altogether forbidden. No lapidary was to emigrate or to teach his art to a foreigner: and much more of the same import. There is from time to time in the enactments of the guild a good deal about drinking wine; most steps and proceedings from apprenticeship to the grave are accompanied by dues in the shape of buckets of wine. Very good wine it is, as I said before: some cavillers think it thin and even sour; this seems to me a mistake. The most terrible oppression on the part of the "reigning" families comes to light incidentally in reading the old chronicles. It was not for nothing that the first thing in the erection of one of these castles was to hew out or dig the foundations, the very next to construct a handsome set of dungeons, fully furnished. Later, besides attending the fairs at Frankfurt and Leipzig, the Obersteiners "tramped" further afield with their wares. About 1766, one got to Archangel, another to Smyrna, a third to America, a fourth brought back Egyptian jasper from the banks of the Nile. The great markets were, however, England, and especially France.

At the end of last century, Oberstein and Idar, and all the country round, were given up to anarchy, and the rule of a German Robin Hood, a most audacious and incredible highwayman named Schinderhannes, whose history is romantic beyond description, and who was at last caught, and in 1803 virtuously suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Mainz with nineteen of his band—a year after the peace of Amiens had brought Oberstein a fair amount of quiet. A great deal of new raw material was sent to the valley by an Idar man settled in London, who bought tons of Indian carnelians in the East India Docks, and sent them home, talismans and ornaments of bygone Babylonians and Hindoos. Then the discovery of the art of dyeing the stones made the polishing of the finest agates for cameo-cutting possible; and when the supply at home showed signs of

failing, the discovery, by an emigrant from the valley of Idar, of immense agates in Brazil supplied the need, though the finest stones, both as to delicacy of colour and texture, are still found at home.

The present state of the industry is a fine example of frugal and orderly self-government, and for that very reason the phenomenon of the constant overlapping of population over the supply of work, and therefore the means of support, is the more striking to a thoughtful mind. The valley presents, as it were in a nutshell, every problem of political and social economy, and it presents these problems thus clearly, and on the small scale which facilitates comprehension, because the physical conditions on which the industry depends inexorably circumscribe its extent. The mind is not shocked and confused by the presence of exceptional dirt and squalor and crime on the one hand, and luxurious idleness on the other. There are no landlords; the ground is nowhere forced to bear two where it should bear one; there is nothing but the sight of the lapidaries at their painful toil to point the social moral. The difference between here and elsewhere is, that the proportion of those who earn just enough to keep them alive is very much smaller; that paupers in the strict sense of the word there are none; and above all, that every child, without distinction of class, can and must receive such an education as will render possible any development of which its faculties are capable. The mind is the more stimulated anxiously to seek after a solution, since to solve the problem perfectly on a small scale, would beget the larger hope that for all civilised peoples the Social Order may at no far-distant time become Order indeed.

The road winds up the valley, bordered on both sides for miles with mountain-ash trees. Through their screen of vermilion and dark green the oak-woods are seen rolling their yellower green down the steep sides of the valley to the purple and emerald of the crocus-covered meadows. The oak and the ash in the North Country would find it hard to match the colour and wealth of these miles of mountain trees. The peerless blue of the summer sky strikes upwards from thousands of clusters of scarlet berries glistening in the hot sun, from the green hills near at hand, and from the dark heads of the Hochwald towering in front. We drive through Hettstein, a lovely village looking like some bright illuminated drawing, spread out among the meadows, with plum-trees and apple-trees in full bearing round the quaint little farms. Before us the hills rise steeper and darker; Obertiefenbach, the next village, is at the foot of the forest-covered mountain at the head of the valley. There is a quaint clean inn with wide settles under the windows, and cans of wine for the asking. As we passed, the sound of part-singing was streaming from the open windows of the village school, and groups of peasants in long blue smocks and *sabots* stood about the door of the "Post," with the crown of Oldenburg and the usual long curved post-horn painted over it.

Beyond that, every step of the way grows more and more beautiful. The river spreads out into little lakes, and mirrors the sky and the hills and the glow of the rowans, even the orange hearts of the purple crocuses on its banks. The mills stand closer together, each prettier than the last, and the water-wheels flash merrily in the sunny air. Gradually the oaks give way more and more to pines and

firs; on the upland slopes there are stooks of short oats as you see them in Arran; a woman, with an enormous bundle of sweet-smelling hay on her head, stands waiting at the cross-road to Kirschweiler for the mail-bags to be thrown to her for some of the villages, whose church steeples and red roofs appear here and there among the forests on the crest of the mountain; a man, in a long blue smock, on the other side of the valley, is "exhorting the impenitent cow," as my brother puts it. The creature has a mild, kind face, and wears a most picturesque square of curly lambskin to protect the roots of her horns, as she is yoked by these to her burden. The cows are all of the same lovely breed, a uniform warm fawn colour melting into white on the chest, rather short legs, and long dewlaps like the "Thessalian bulls." They are cruelly used as draught animals; but it is as pretty a thing as one can see to meet a couple of the gentle handsome creatures in their woolly caps drawing a load of vine for bedding, the delicate green contrasting with their soft fawn coats, as the branches droop over the sides of the long narrow cart. This one is having "strange oaths" indeed hurled at her as she draws a heavy plough up the hill. Chiefly: "Heavens, thou toad!" or more explicitly, "Heavens, thou accursed toad!" To all of which the cow replies not at all. How should she?

A queer group presently comes careering down the road, and turns out to be a man and his three children in a little cart, drawn not by cows this time but by two big black-and-tan dogs! I refrain from any "wits" on dogcarts and dogcarts; a *horse* dogcart at any rate is a detestable conveyance, and I have never been myself conveyed in a dog dogcart. I would as soon think of proposing to my collie dog, Corrie, to draw me about, as I would think of proposing the same thing to the Queen of England. Corrie, however, greatly approves of the view that a dogcart is a cart meant to convey her in. She does everything a dog of resource and spirit can do, and that is much, to make it utterly impossible for her mistress to drive in a cart while she runs by the side. There is no human means of preventing her from sitting in the cart too; everything has been tried but mesmerism. She once lately insisted on sharing the humble bath-chair with her mistress, and nearly lost that attached dependant by all but smothering her; the career in bath-chairs had to be given up. But this is a digression, I fear: all I meant to say was, that in Kurpfalz it is by no means logical to deduce a horse or even a donkey from a carriage—most four-footed things draw carts there.

At last the meadow has dwindled away altogether on one side, and we drive along close under the mountain to the right. The forest-trees are tall and stately; great beeches shade the road with their sweeping branches. Near the last mill the Entomologist stalks his prey with more than his usual deadly certainty, and presently displays a number of the most beautiful silver-washed and green-washed Fritillaries. We even spend a bit of time hunting in vain for a very volatile little lady known as the Queen of Spain, chiefly among bushes of succory three or four feet high, of the most heavenly blue and rose colour. The valley becomes a gorge with a thousand feet of scree walling it in on either hand, a stony torrent of granite boulders, rolling down the moun-

tain-sides. Beech-trees grow to splendid height and breadth seemingly on the bare sharp boulders; gigantic pines climb, one shoulder high above the other, to the distant tops; and below us the river comes leaping and plunging from its home in the hills, forced already to turn a mill here and there, whose roofs gleam as we pass by on the road above. Suddenly we become aware that along the road something familiar has reappeared; the milestones, and the far more frequent *Chaussée Steine*, one at every few yards, are painted the too well-known black and white again: we have crossed our little state of Birkenfeld, and are in Prussian territory once more.

At the head of the valley is the most lovely spot of all. It is called das Katzenloch. Why, I do not know; I could find no connection with the gruesome legend. There is a group of white slate-roofed buildings, a forge, and a few poor dwellings, in the most perfect situation high up among firs, with that soft meadow flowing down into the valley in front with the Idar hemmed in to make a wide lake in it. The forest-covered mountain-tops are close at hand, the moor rises on one side, and the scent of the warm light air, the sense of sunshine and width and freedom, are passing beautiful. At this point both my companions deserted me. One to pursue a Camberwell Beauty, which flickered darkly before him backwards and forwards across the brook at the edge of the forest; the other —this was not *the* Entomologist —because he saw "something," something rare and exciting by the lake: he did not catch that thing. I was left to lumber along the rough road on to the edge of the moor alone, as I had been in that "Post Wagen" on my first visit. The village to which we were bound lies in the very middle of the top of the mountains. Steep as the sides of the Hochwald are, the top, like that of many other chains of hills round about, is almost flat, even slightly hollow, for the highest heads rise round it where it falls suddenly to the valleys below. We struck to the right, leaving the little Idar and the Chaussée, up a steep bad road to the west, the open moor to the left with the sun blazing on it, the forest-covered mountain we had skirted to our right. The road fairly climbed up the back of it; stretches of heather spread for miles to where in all directions the sombre virgin forests stood waiting. Mountain flowers dear to eyes that saw them first in Scotland, bluebells and bedstraw, mountain scabious and eyebright, were at my feet, and in spite of the heat the air grew keener at every step. Looking back upon the spot we had just left, we saw the roofs and the lake and the brook glistening far below, and thousands and ten thousands of tall pines, like soldiers in serried ranks, seemed marching down to it through a world of lighter green, as if to guard its sweet seclusion.

My vision plays me odd tricks sometimes. At some distance up the hill I caught sight of what I took to be a short gentleman addressing himself with rapturously outstretched arms to this enchanting landscape. It was only that loneliest of all imaginable beings, a scarecrow. The Sorrows of a Scarecrow: it seems strange that so promising a theme escaped the brotherhood of the tearful pen some three or four generations ago. Much could be made of it. Your scarecrow is condemned

from the outset to the most unromantic compliance with conventionalities, for a proper *bogart* always wears—nay, always *is*—a black coat and a top hat. He is debarred from the most glorious pursuit, the most heroic practice, the pursuit and practice of truth, for his sole task is to inspire terror by seeming, and to beget by dutiful shamming the solitude in which he yearns. He must wear all the heart he has upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, while he is dumb as the oracles, motionless as Prometheus. His very point of view is cruelly fixed for him once and for all; for if he is left alone through the vasty summer night to see the sun rise, he cannot turn to see it set, and he has never the least means in any matter of obtaining satisfaction from finding out what goes on behind his back; his unchanging monotony of loneliness is pitiable and profound; but an assemblage, a club of scarecrows off duty, it is impossible to contemplate unmoved.

Really this is beginning to look very like the tear of sentiment; a very little will do it; and no doubt for a *cœur sensible* a gentlemanly-looking bogart would be an object of pleasing pity, well suited to evoke the sympathetic sigh.

As if to add insult to injury, this particular scarecrow was keeping watch over a field suffering from what Mark Twain would call "premature balditude"—the very thinnest apology for a crop of oats, scarcely a foot high, flanked by a patch of beans so sparse that they would ultimately certainly not be measured but counted; a field from which a respectable scarecrow would not think of evicting anything. There is none of your jolly corn and vine country up here; down at Kreuznach they were ploughing the stubble; in the Vale of Idar the ripe corn stood in sheaves; here on the great mountain's back the thin oats were rustling uncut. However, a little further on both crops and pasture seemed better, and to promise some means of subsistence to the various villages now seen dotting the long plateau.

It was, I daresay, an hour's climb and drive, part of it on a flat rough road in the blazing heat, to our goal, one of the red-roofed hamlets that swam into our ken as soon as we got fairly out on to the top. There seems no special reason why the village of Kempfeld should have taken place on the particular spot it occupies more than on any other: it is not very near either forest, or water, or sheltering hill; it lies in the midst of its own fields, such as they are, as if dropped by accident on the wide upland plain. It consists of one long winding village street, roughly paved on the slope from both sides towards the middle, where there is a gutter. In front of some of the houses are very sufficient reasons for the existence of that gutter—opulent heaps suggestive of rural pursuits. But on the whole the little place is clean enough, and there are several trim houses. At the entrance of the village is a lovely little Oberförsterei—a master-forester's neat square residence, tinted buff colour, with green lattice shutters, and with sets of stags' skulls and antlers over the porch. Further on to the right there is another delightful little house, of which I shall speak presently. There are plenty of mellow red roofs, and an air of warmth and peace and home resting on everything.

What took us to this remote and unassuming hamlet was this.

Among the many stones and jewels which fill the bazaars at Kreuznach, a watering-place farther down the Nahe, where I was staying, were some good cameos and intaglios, cut, I was told, by the workmen in the Vale of Idar themselves. On further inquiry I learned that there were many good engravers; that the best *graveur*, however, cut nothing for the open market, but only to order, and was a peasant living at Kempfeld on the Hochwald. With that unsuspecting light-heartedness which urges some of us, particularly when we are demoralised by being on our travels, to rush in where angels would fear to tread, I made up my mind, after having watched one or two of the Oberstein engravers at their work, to pay this peasant a visit, and see the engraving in stone at its best; more especially as I had heard trustworthy accounts of the beauty of the drive to his mountain home. Hence the original journey in the "Post." Thinking of that journey I feel now a little as if, they being unknown to fame, I had pursued Mr Watts or Mr Millais to their country residence, with intent there and then to study them and their habits, like the most unblushing of American reviewers.

The engraver, I was told, was deaf and dumb, a circumstance which also struck my imagination; and I was also told that his brother kept the village inn, and would undertake any necessary introductions, and get him to show me his work. Accordingly, one September day, just about a year before I revisited these scenes in the society of the Entomologists, the "Post" set me down at the inn-door at Kempfeld; and I peered in and was met by a very dark-haired, rather unkempt-looking, but gentle and civil personage, who was named to me as Herr Fuchs the innkeeper, and of whom I demanded dinner. I saw that my appearance and solitary estate created some mild astonishment of the friendliest kind; but presently a wife of the same pattern came up, and I was told that though the place was scarcely fit, &c., if I would not mind the state of affairs, dinner I should have in an hour's time. It is true most of the floor of the entrance-hall was up, and the rest of it covered with wine-bottles, while the only inn parlour contained an old forester clad in grey and green, with a long iron-grey moustache, sitting there in company with some enormous flagons of wine; but there seemed nothing serious amiss, and at the worst I hoped to escape with a sufficiency of provisions, and consume them in the forest on the way back. I then, still quite unhesitatingly, explained my errand; and while a child went to fetch "the uncle, who lived next door," a little general conversation ensued, in the course of which I was asked where I was born. I explained in Scotland, but that I sojourned in England. "Oh, we know all about English people; sixteen years ago two English ladies came here, and they stayed a fortnight sketching. Strange, is it not?" It did not seem to me strange that once having got there they should have stayed to sketch; but the immunity from British tourists, which made two and a bit in sixteen years quite a large average, struck me as delightful. Afterwards I was told of an English family who year by year visit another remote and glorious spot, not at all far from the Idarwald. "Mudie," the people said their name was, and they were believed to be book-

sellers. "Oh, very large booksellers." This may be only hearsay; but if true, it certainly shows wisdom on the part of the family named Mudie.

In the meantime, the little girl came back, followed by a dark-haired man in a white linen blouse such as artists sometimes wear, in whose otherwise plain face, the only remarkable feature was a pair of astonishingly gentle and expressive brown eyes. The position of affairs had evidently been explained to him by his little niece; for, after a look round the room and the interchange of some sign with his brother, he at once courteously invited me, in somewhat guttural but perfectly intelligible speech, to come and see his work. In great wonderment, which increased more and more when I had entered the little studio on the ground-floor of a pretty two-storey house close by, I followed, and from that wonderment I have not yet quite recovered. Indeed I should find it difficult to put into words the surprise and pleasurable humiliation with which, from the first moment, I felt that in this poor peasant's son, shorn by nature of human gifts and endowments which even the meanest possess, I had come upon one of the most excellent artists, one of the few human beings finely touched with that unmistakable something we call genius, one of the most perfect gentlemen I had ever met. The incidents of my little visit were much the same as those of the one we three paid a year after, though in a somewhat different spirit, to our Hochwald friend — his surroundings entirely unchanged during the time. No lady could have been made more courteously welcome: I was told all I wanted to know, shown all I wanted to see. Made to sit and rest in the cool little *salon* above the studio, and given the most beautiful things to look at. Fine stones and gems of Carl Fuchs' own cutting—finished, or in progress; volumes of engravings of antique art; boxes of casts of antique gems, a very large collection; a wonderful set of drawings by Genelli for Dante's 'Divina Commedia'; on which we fell to talking of the Boticelli drawings for Dante, published not long before in Berlin, and finally of everything under the sun: of the mountain air and of Scotland; of Doré and the French character in general; of my friend Professor Curtius, whom he well knew by name and reputation, and the Hermes of Praxiteles; of the new reconstruction of the Nike of Paionios and of my host's longing to go to Rome and Athens, unattainable "because I am poor; and besides I could not leave my old mother,—my deafness makes her anxious when I travel." Then suddenly and to my fresh astonishment he said, "Beethoven, the greatest musician, was deaf too." Looking at this fellow-man, so abundantly intelligent and so happily absorbed in an art, in the pursuit of which the want of hearing was scarcely a lack at all, and realising what even then he missed in life, the immense tragedy of Beethoven's deafness smote upon my heart afresh. "Sunt illæ lacrimæ rerum." Rather perhaps there is an awe in things deeper than tears.

After a time the old mother appeared, a kind-looking peasant woman, in a quaint blue linen gown and shoulder-cape, and tight-fitting ungainly white mutch. Stone deaf too; since soon after her marriage, she told me, and the son had never heard a sound. The first thing on coming into the

house that had attracted my attention, and forced the fact of the habitual presence of a deaf inhabitant on me, was that the opening of the studio door caused some clever mechanism to move a number of objects in the room up and down—a sheet of cardboard on the window-pane by the lathe, a little dust-brush in another part of the room, and so on; and I well understood the repugnance a man would feel to having people come noiselessly into the room while he was bending over his work, and stand suddenly by him or watch him unnoticed. Though the mother spoke well, having learnt in the ordinary course of things before her deafness, I could not make her understand much, and had to have recourse to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" in answer to her kind speeches; but the son's power of reading from the lips of a stranger wholly unused to articulate in such a way as to facilitate his comprehension, was most remarkable. He had been taught to speak at some good school in the Taunus, I think; and though after a time, as I grew more tired, the conversation was carried on in writing, it was marvellous how like ordinary speech his talking was. The vowel-sounds were the least correct; but it was rarely possible to mistake his meaning.

I dined neither among the bottles, nor with the old Förster and his flagons of wine, nor in the forest with the fallow-deer for company; but in Herr Carl Fuchs' drawing-room, where my meal was served to me in state by the united efforts of the whole family. One little incident, Bacchic again—but really wine is not an alcoholic beverage in these parts—delighted me. They asked me which wine I wished to order, for as for water I don't think there is any at Kempfeld; and asked, moreover, if I wished "Nahe or Mosel?" All at once I realised what it is to be on a watershed, to feel that not the ever-decisive galling circumstance but pure liking determines the free resolve, that the world is all before you, where to choose. The Moselle to the left, the Nahe to the right, offered with an equal hand what each yielded; but 'tis blithe to be over the border, and so I had a tiny long-necked green bottle of sweet thin Moselle wine for a few halfpence. My dinner, which wound up with a dish of golden-yellow balls of some etherealised form of crisp sweet dough, hollow and delightfully fragile, was, I am grateful to think, paid for in the most business-like way, with much less than a shilling.

After many farewells, and a momentary visit to the old father, in a room, hung, I vow, four-poster and all, with bright canary-coloured patternless hangings, I started on my walk across the mountain "head" close by, and down through the grand beech-forest to Obertiefenbach again, where the returning coach was to pick me up.

Two little incidents of my long solitary ramble are graven on my memory, apart from its surpassing beauty.

Just at the entrance to the forest, on deep heather among fir-trees, I encountered the most lovely butterfly. It was entirely of a pure rich lemon colour, and as large as two large beech-leaves; its little legs were covered with lemon-coloured feathers, and its wings veined in strong relief like the back of a leaf exactly. Whether, besides a slight deepening of the colour at the edge of the underwings, it had other markings or not I do not

know, as though I caught it twice, hanging both times like a dead leaf from a twig, it eventually escaped, I am glad to say; and both when settled on the twig or when I had it in my hands it kept its wings folded against each other, upright on its back. That yellow butterfly is to me somewhat like Wordsworth's daffodils — a little inalienable possession of memory, even to the feeling of the cool delicate wings in my careful hand, and the clinging feathery feet.

My other adventure was with a most evil bird. I had been standing for a long time, with not a sound or a being near but a valiant little scarlet grasshopper, on the bit of massive foundation which is all that is left of a famous castle on the very top of the mountain, looking far out into the heart of Europe spread like a map before me; and gradually thinking, as one is at such moments most apt to think, not of what is before the bodily eye, but of far other things. I had turned, as if to follow the direction of my thoughts, westwards and homewards, when, in broad daylight, and in the most profound solitariness and absolute silence, a piece was suddenly bitten out of my right ear! I turned in horrified amazement, only to plunge my affrighted gaze down a gaping rose-coloured throat, within a foot of my eyes, into the very *intérieur intime* of a raven, hopping in an agony of fury on the broad wooden railing against which I had been leaning. There was no appeasing the creature. I implored it to be calm and explain itself; I called it a "bonnie wee birdie," in an ecstasy of hypocrisy: it was too furious even to caw. It merely blinked its bright eyes like lightnings, and ducked its head back into its black self as it opened its rosy mouth to an impossible width, in dumb rage motioning me off the premises. Slowly and in great humiliation I retreated down the flight of rock steps, nursing my bleeding appendage, with this implacable fowl hopping on the railing close to my only uninjured ear. It was not "between the devil and the deep sea" exactly, but something very like it, for there is a bit of a precipice on either hand, and the victorious audacity of that bird beggars description. I once hung on a ledge of rock in the farthest Hebrides taking a sea-fowl's eggs, and the mother-bird, a large person with red legs and a red nose, was like to have blinded me with her wings, and then thrown me over a hundred feet of rock into the Atlantic to feed the fishes; but she was well justified after all in her attacks, and on the whole reasonable, and let me off with a drubbing. I once also angered a swan, unconsciously, by picking his primroses, and got well beaten. I have been terribly bullied by owls, and been in adventures with four-footed things innumerable. I have been bitten by an eel, and even one fine morning, going out fishing under the shadow of Goat Fell, had a perilous encounter at close quarters with a whale; but that raven on the Wildenburg dings a'. It was not in the least ghostly, nothing could be more real; and it was beside itself as no ghost, even of policeman or beadle, ever was, with rage at my intrusion. Finally, having escorted me—that is, flatly coerced me—a considerable distance down the hill, it sidled off behind a rock, and I fled, nor cast a look behind. I was told at the forester's lower down that that was a tame raven who always lived up there, and who came to them regularly to be fed, and to take a bath in public in a big tin dish! Thus we see how a savage heart can

lurk under highly civilised manners. I saw a raven do that in their courtyard one day later; but it refused to take its Davy, and I feel sure it was a case of mistaken identity. A tame raven! good heavens, I thought, if they only knew it, there is not a more dangerous wild fowl than your tame raven living! Edgar Allan Poe's poor American ghost of a raven only uttered pessimistic remarks; this tame villatic fowl had in the broad light of day bitten a piece out of my ear, and driven me from the mountain-top single-handed, if I may say so of a raven. When the forester's daughters introduced me to a beautiful young stag, also "tame," which proved quite as frenziedly hostile as the bird of darkness, I did begin to feel that either I, or the beasts, or all of us, were bewitched, and that the next thing would be the appearance in the vast solemn forest of a venerable hag, or some other bubble of the earth quite usual and natural in fairy tales, and an immediate change of identity of all the characters, myself included.

When we three, and the driver, and the horse appeared next year in what we felt to be a considerable and consequential crowd at the Kempfeld inn, we were very speedily welcomed, and treated as old friends. Herr Carl Fuchs was fetched again, and came at once, beaming with kindness and friendly recognition, and he and my brother especially took to each other directly. The poor Entomologist, however, was reduced to his lowest terms; for besides understanding only one word of German at any time —namely, Himmel—the chances of comprehension were now more than ever obscured, and he had to be left to play the part of the interested spectator. Most of the time, I make no doubt, he was mentally killing moths; but there were lucid intervals, as I shall presently relate.

Out of all the German houses I have known, four or five interiors live in my memory with especial distinctness. One is the large magnificently groined and vaulted entrance-hall of an old country house in the far south-east, whose wide-open doors lead into a sunny porch covered with honeysuckle. Standing there on the threshold, one July day twenty years ago, I saw a Prussian orderly of Uhlans ride post-haste along the highroad, cross the bridge under the weeping willows in the drive, and throw himself off his smoking horse at the porch. We were used to orderlies; but there was a strange silent excitement among the two or three old soldiers, my white-haired host and his young soldier nephew among them, standing out there in the sun. The orderly presented some despatches. There was absolute silence save for the gentle clicking of the glasses on the tray in my hand. Then our Colonel slowly said, "Es wird Krieg mit Frankreich," and without a word the men turned back into the cool dark hall, and passed into the garden parlour, where the vine-leaves played on the diamond panes, and clusters were forming that were to ripen many weeks after the lives of more than one of those sitting solemnly together in the green shade that day had passed away in battle. That young soldier and his brother, boys of eighteen and nineteen, lay all the weary winter in the bed of one of the brooks which rise on those very Hochwald and Idarwald hills, in the stream that runs past Gravelotte, till, when the ice and snow were gone, their childless parents found them, and buried them.

And in Berlin certain dwellings:—Professor Curtius' study, the most refined and delightful human habitation imaginable; Professor Ranke's quaint simple drawing-room; and Joachim's house, with a grand piano standing in the middle of the polished floor in the music-room, from which other rooms open at either end—a beautiful spacious interior, which forms a fitting background for the majestic figure of the kindest and most delightful of hosts.

But not less distinct and beautiful in my memory are the simple studio and *salon* of Carl Fuchs in the little village of Kempfeld. The studio is down-stairs to the right, and, like all the rest of the house, has a dark-brown bees-waxed floor, polished as bright as a new chestnut. Green India-rubber plants and palms, in pots, stand about among the simple dainty furniture, a few casts from the antique on brackets against the light walls, and by the windows are the lathe and bench of tools, and a little table, on which was a collection of casts from the antique, arranged in boxes simulating a row of thick volumes.

The *salon* up-stairs has several windows draped with spotless white, a few fine old engravings on the walls, a nobly conceived life-size head of Ariadne by Herr Fuchs himself, and some other casts on brackets; a cabinet of stones, out of which came my prettiest "almond" of agate, and the most beautiful books on the little oval table by the sofa and in cases by the walls. "A man's attire and gait," says the book of Ecclesiasticus, are a trustworthy index of his nature: quite as good evidence as either of these, or better, is the kind of nest human beings make for themselves or for those they love. Some people have only to be in a room, no matter how incongruous, for a couple of days, to make the place like them, as it were. The refinement, the many objects of beauty acquired, as we knew, by dint of frugality and hard work, the incredible cleanness and finish of everything in this simple little household, seemed to me such evidence of plain living and high thinking as I have rarely seen.

What interested us most, of course, apart from the personality of our host, was his work, and he very kindly showed us everything we cared to see. The stone is cut by being pressed against a drill worked by a treadle; the points of the drill are covered with ground diamond, and are of varying fineness according to the stages of the work. A portrait gem takes about a month to do, working as long every day as the exceedingly trying nature of the work will permit. I seemed to discern an unexpressed fear of the possibility that his eyesight might fail him, through Herr Fuchs' enthusiastic account of his occupation. What his lot would be in case of such an overwhelming calamity it is terrible to contemplate. We asked the price of a portrait of a gentleman in process of being worked from a photograph—the stone about an inch and an half long, and a little more than an inch in breadth—and were told a hundred marks (£5). I do not know the actual value of these things, but I know that a small but most beautiful head of Antinous in onyx, by Herr Carl Fuchs, was valued in one of the best jeweller's shops in Edinburgh at five times the price it cost, bought, strictly in the way of business, direct from him; and I cannot help thinking that he is working immensely under the value of his gems. They are an artist's work

every one, not only in their extreme perfection of workmanship —that "rounded felicity of loveliness," to use Mr Matthew Arnold's own happy phrase, which characterises the work of the highest artists—but in strength and beauty and severity of conception, in what used to be called purity of taste. One of the finest he showed us was a head of Socrates in carnelian, on a white background, the red layer of agate superimposed upon the white, set as a man's ring in a setting of Herr Fuchs' own designing, a wonderful little work of art. The bare stone for a gem costs from 10s. to £1 or more, and there is always just the chance of its splitting or failing in some way.

I cannot but think that if the work of this simple-hearted man and admirable artist were known to others besides dealers and middlemen in Idar and in Paris, he might very easily earn enough and to spare to fulfil his one great desire, to go for a time to Italy and Greece. He had studied modelling for some time under the German sculptors, the brothers Cauer, whose studio is at Kreuznach, and the gift they brought him from Italy, the collection of casts from antique gems, has only increased his longing for Rome and Florence and Athens.

After a while we went up into the *salon*, where we established ourselves for conversation round the table by the sofa, while a bottle of some fine red wine was hospitably brought out for our entertainment. The Entomologist is a person of singularly frugal habits; but now, sitting rather helplessly in a low cushioned arm-chair, he held his glass and looked at it, and smiled and smiled, and clinked glasses with the rest, and sipped and bowed, and smiled again in response to general expressions of kindliness and amity, for the moment apparently quite abstracted from his darling care. Though from force of circumstances speechless, he was unmistakably much pleased with that wine, no native of Mosel or Nahe, but a rich red Burgundy from some neighbouring French hillside. As for me, however, my brother felt obliged to explain to our astonished and somewhat disappointed host, "She will not drink much of that; she is afraid of it." Which was true. Perhaps this does reflect a little on the want of "body" in the beverages I have hitherto lauded; but really they tasted of grapes, and they were cool and refreshing—and even I had no need to wear amethysts or any other charm to ward off any ill effects of their potency. But I suppose there are some forms of culture unattainable by the weaker sex—some things for which the male comprehension is essential. It was, for instance, of no avail that for that Entomologist I had nursed two crops of most frightful reptiles—caterpillars with bodies the colours of spinach and eggs, and with coral-red jaws and multitudinous coral feet, creatures which grew in size visibly from one quarter of an hour to another, with incredible rapacity devouring large bundles of cypress spurge which daily I had to mow for them, and yet ranging my room, or when I had succeeded in securely incarcerating them, barking at me in the night for food. It made no difference that I have sat for hours with unaverted eyes watching one of these monsters struggle out of its extremely "loud" overcoat and pack itself into a tight-fitting brown portmanteau of its own manufacture, ready to go to sleep for a year or so,—when my brother was explaining his old schoolfellow more at length to Herr Fuchs, and told him that in the space of a week

he had taken about fifty different butterflies in the valley of the Nahe, the conversation on such a topic as butterflies as a matter of course did not include the "present writer."

The rest of the talk ranged over a variety of subjects, however—Pompeii; Paris, where it transpired Herr Fuchs had for a time studied engraving in stones; the Queen's Jubilee, the accounts of which he had closely followed away in his remote corner of Europe; Eton, which he discussed by suddenly pulling out a volume of an Encyclopædia, and turning up the article on Eton for us to talk over—a method of discussion which on more abstract subjects proved exceedingly useful; the misery of having to do gems from full-face photographs of ugly people, like the one a dealer in Oberstein had insisted on commissioning me with taking to Herr Fuchs, and which he promptly refused to do; then another discussion on the relative value of Greek and Roman art, and on the question as to what the ancients had done with their fine large gems; on the endless question of the choice between poverty in the service of art, and riches on other terms, in the course of which our host remarked, *à propos* of some rich relative, "Well, it is better to serve art than to manufacture leather as my cousin does;" a wonderful account of the great snowstorms and the impassable barrier winter becomes on these heights, and the splendid sledging to be had there,—and so the time wore on till dinner appeared. It is almost impossible to realise that we had all that time been conversing with a man who could not imagine what was meant by a sound, who had never heard a human voice; whom nothing short of that heroic quality of genius could have made, not only an intelligent companion, but one of those human beings of whom we at once and instinctively feel that it is good to learn from and to serve them if we may.

When dinner began to arrive, the Entomologist remarked, *sotto voce*, "I hope he is not going to take away our glasses." And I saw him watch with anxiety, melting into satisfaction, how they were carefully appropriated to their several owners, and set on a side table while the cloth was laid. Dinner cost him struggles with his insular prejudices in the matter of food, though I have forgotten of what it consisted; but I know it wound up triumphantly with the same little Hesperidian apples of dough, compared to which even the best of baked dumplings is as clay to Nankin china, and those which remained were, as a matter of course, packed up in paper for the journey. The Entomologists made a show of reproaching me for taking them away; afterwards they ate them. Herr Fuchs dined with us, and then set us on our journey as far as the Wildenburg. This is the site of an old baronial castle on the mountain's head about two miles off,—the spot on which I fell in with a bird of which I should wish to speak with the utmost respect. The road strikes across the moor from Kempfeld, and enters the forest by a solemn aisle of dark pines gradually ascending. Then it winds round the summit, through beeches chiefly, and again through pines, and finally brings you out on the bare rocky top. We left the carriage at the Forsthaus, and climbed up through the westering sunshine. It is a delightful thing to be on the very summit of a mountain, if only because nothing but the clouds can cast a shadow between you and the sun. But

the summit of the Wildenburg is a spot of peculiar beauty, of peculiar lustre. The neighbouring heights seem to send a greeting from their dark glistening fellowship of firs. Straight in front, as far as Oberstein, rolls the Vale of Idar, looking more lovely the more minutely the eye follows its fair green track, while other valleys open below us, dotted like ours with peaceful red-roofed villages. Beyond, on the other side of the Nahe, rise the austere heights of the Winterhauch — the Winter's Breath—a noble mountain-forest, mostly owned by a certain Graf Puricelli, whose chief forester bears the sonorous name of Borosino von Hochstern. Beyond the Winterhauch spreads the long chain of the greater Haardt; to the south-east rises the blunt majestic head of the Donnersberg—the Mons Jovis of the Romans—and behind it the eye travels far across the hidden valley of the Rhine to the faint blue lines of the Odenwald and Spessart, and round to the north, beyond the solid mass of the Hunsrück, to Taunus and Westerwald. To the east spreads the glorious upland country of the Bliesgau, from whose slopes the waters flow north to the Nahe, south into France. And behind lies the comb of the Hochwald, its villages spread out as on a map, and its dark heads rising against the cloudless sky. Erbeskopf, Idarkopf, Hüttgeswasen — these are their names: and to their familiar society, and to his peaceful beautiful toil, our friend returned; while we, after many a kindly farewell, passed down the forest-covered mountain-side to the valley of Idar below.

"Dort im ruhigen Thal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein."
—BEETHOVEN: *An die ferne Geliebte.*

SOPHIE WEISSE.

KENNETH MACRAE.

I.

Orpheus' lute it warbled well,
Over hill and over dell,
Making trees with pleasure dance,
Steeping rocks in love's fond trance;
And the lays of mighty Pan
Stopped the river as it ran—
His reed-pipe calmed the bubbles,
And soothed the wild bees' troubles;
Paganini's violin spoke,
E'en when half its strings were broke;—
But music's own soul enchanted lay
In the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

II.

On the banks of sweet Lochawe
First the light of day he saw,—
Fitting home for Nature's child,
'Midst the mountains bleak and wild;
High into the balmy air
Cruachan rears his forehead bare,
While beneath the Awe, sweet stream,
Glances onward like a dream;
While Orion's bright beams burn
Like a halo round Kilchurn;—
There, careless, he whiled youth's summer day
Amidst the heather, young Kenneth Macrae.

III.

And the music of the dell
Into Kenneth's soul deep fell;
And the beauties of the glen,
And the tales of valiant men,
And the glories of the dead,
And the valour of days fled,
Sank into his soul, and then,
On his pipes they lived again.
Brighter far than gay cascade,
Sweeter far than mountain maid,—
Like a sweet dream of heaven, they say,
Were the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

IV.

High up on the mountain-side,
Where rushed torrents in their pride,
There amidst the tufted heather,
There in fair and stormy weather,
Ever o'er his chieftain's sheep
Kenneth would his vigil keep;
And his pipes, so weird and shrill,
Echoed o'er the lonely hill,—
The wild cat paused upon her spring,
The blackcock hovered on the wing;
And the linnet hushed his song, they say,
To list to the pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

V.

At a wedding or a fair
Kenneth and his pipes were there,
With their music wondrous sweet,
That made hearts forget to beat:
Playing pibrochs, warlike strains,
Nerving arms for battle plains;
Playing love's soft lullaby,
Leaving but a yearning sigh;
Playing coronachs sad and low,
Till each heart was bathed in woe;—
For hope and anguish and love, they say,
Were born of the pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

VI.

But like death-knell from afar
Tidings came of opening war;
News was spread through every glen
The country wanted fighting men—
Brave men bred among the heather,
Who would fight and die together,
Who the Highland kilt would wear,
And the Highland claymore bear.
Tempted from their native land,
By the beck of glory's hand,
Many a brave fellow went, they say,
And foremost of all was Kenneth Macrae.

VII.

Where before war's hand blood-red,
Fair peace shrieked and wildly fled,
While the world with bated breath
Watched Crimea's vale of death,
High above the deaf'ning roar,
From the plains that reeked with gore,
Upward to the trembling sky,
Rose the bagpipes' music high;—
Standing there, death's shadow 'neath,
Cool as if on his native heath,
Playing his pibrochs so wild, they say,
Cheering his comrades, brave Kenneth Macrae.

VIII.

He inspired the Ninety-third,
As they ne'er before were stirred;
Nerved that thin red line of steel,
Till the shattered foemen reel;
At his music, fierce and high,
Scotchmen deemed it gain to die.
High above the cannon's peal,
And the deaf'ning clash of steel,
Pointing out the path of duty,
With a weird unearthly beauty,
Clear and undaunted that awful day,
Rose the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

IX.

When the drooping wings of night
Gathered o'er the ghastly sight—
When the dreadful fight was done,
And the victory was won;
Where, upon the gory plain,
Stiffened lay the gallant slain,
'Midst the dead did Kenneth go,
Alone with mournful step and slow;
And the coronach's sad wail
Trembled on the weeping gale,—
O'er many a comrade dead, they say,
Wept the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

X.

But when the dark wreath had passed
That o'er Inkerman was cast,
And the veil of darkness fell
O'er the host who fought so well;
While the night hours slowly crept,
And fierce battle weary slept,
There amidst the trenches red,
They found fearless Kenneth dead:
In his hand clasped his claymore,
Slung behind his pipes he bore;
There, cold and pale and lifeless, he lay,
And his pipes were still, brave Kenneth Macrae.

XI.

Never more in Awe's sweet glen
Will his pipes be heard again;
No more will his music shrill
Echo o'er the lonely hill:
He has passed through death's cold river,
And his voice is still for ever.
Never more on battle-field
He his bold claymore will wield;
He will never rise again
From that blood-red battle plain;—
But the like will never be heard, they say,
To the pibroch pipes of Kenneth Macrae.

JAMES GRAHAM.

THE BAMBOO.

"Even the sun himself, with all his power, cannot throw light into the dark hollows of the amboo."—*Burmese Classic.*

"THE friend of man" is the title which the affection of mankind has given to an animal whose faithfulness surpasses that of more intelligent creatures, who bestows on his human master a more absolute devotion than on any creature of his own kind, and who, for his blind love, which not even ill-treatment can lessen, has been raised almost to the level of humanity, and has earned a recognised place by the side of man.

The creatures of the vegetable world are separated from us by too wide a gulf for any such relation as this. Men have been known to kiss the flowers for their beauty; and nothing can exceed the tender care they receive from man, or the charm of their living response to his kindness. But the link of simple life which binds them to ourselves as kindred members of the commonwealth of living things, is too slight for our rough apprehension, and must ever remain a mystery:—

"If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows."

Yet if anything short of intelligent will could deserve a special distinction such as that which has been assigned to the dog alone among dumb animals, then in the vegetable kingdom, too, there is a living creature which may aspire to the dignity and title of the friend of man.

There is a plant which, wild as it is, and sown broadcast over whole continents, yields to none in a graceful beauty, which rises at times even to grandeur, yet whose nature is so versatile, whose homely uses are so many, that to it has been given a wholly exceptional power to influence the life, and even in some ways to determine the character, of the people who live under its shade. Throughout vast regions of the Eastern hemisphere the bamboo is truly man's familiar friend. There are countries where it seems to supply almost every human requirement, and where the feathery masses of its foliage, drooping like the weeping-willow over road and river and village, bespeak an ideal of life beyond the reach of less primitive communities. Here man is unspoilt by artificial wants, untouched by the march of thought or of science, and nature unsolicited supplies with lavish hand his simple needs. It is an ideal which it seems almost sacrilege to disturb, and in presence of which the highest aim of the foreign intruder should be to preserve its primary conditions intact. No better example can be cited of the land of the bamboo than one of those Indo-Chinese provinces, of which Burma is the best known to Europeans.

Like the fir in northern climates, it is the bamboo which here gives an unmistakable stamp to the rural landscape, while it is literally the framework and foundation of nearly every work of man. It is no exaggeration to say that the same jungles which give cover to wild animal life of every form and tribe, exert a beneficent influence also on every step of the life of their human inhabitants.

The Burmese child plays with bamboo toys in a house of which roof and walls and floor are for

the most part made from the same generous plant. Through boyhood and manhood and old age this helpful comrade is ever by his side. On land or water, in peace or war, in the homes of rich and poor, in art and manufactures, in the market and the field, at feast and funeral, this is the substance of all that man most needs and values for ornament or use. Towns and villages are built from its stems and leaves; the fisherman's rod, and float, and raft; the hunter's snare; it bridges the torrent, bears water from the well, and irrigates the fields. It is food and medicine for cattle, and even for men; and there is music, too, not only in the rustle of its leaves, but in its woody heart, from which more than one musical instrument is made.

Let a brief tribute here be paid to the outward beauty of this strangely gifted plant. In all the vegetation of the tropics, among palms and tree-ferns and towering forest-trees, nothing will be found endowed with a more attractive grace than the bamboo grove, such as shadows mile after mile of the Burmese country-road or creek. Springing from the earth on either side in closely serried clusters, the smooth green stems, jointed at regular intervals, taper upwards in an arc which can hardly be seen to leave the perpendicular, till at the height of perhaps a hundred feet they are lost in a tracery of delicate foliage, where the branches meet overhead and cast a dense cool shade on the roadway below.

It is impossible to traverse these living gothic aisles without a deep impression of their grandeur. Often in sight of some dazzling sunset, of crystal cave, or rainbow among mountain lakes,—thought can find expression only by comparison with building or painting or pageant of the stage; and to me the silent stateliness of the bamboo grove has always most recalled the sense of vastness, of symmetry, and of incomparable finish which, in such a building as St Peter's at Rome, strikes the mind with unfeigned and unexpected awe.

And as the face is the index of mind, so the external beauty of the bamboo forest covers a train of characteristics by which every unit of which it is composed is adapted to practical utility in a thousand ways.

To note something of the physical structure of the bamboo, and a few of its most common uses, will be to give some conception of the wealth of its resources. In observing its nature, the difference between the male and female plant will be at once noticed. In the male bamboo the substance of the stem is solid throughout, and, light though it is, there is no stronger or tougher staff than that on which the old man leans in Burma or Siam, or that with which in these countries men take the law into their own hands and administer the summary punishment known as "bamboo backshish."

But it is from the far more abundant branches of the female plant that the wants of mankind are so bountifully supplied. Built like a modern man-of-war in watertight compartments, each joint of the stem is separated from the next on either side by a thick solid partition; and it would be hard to describe how this simple construction adapts it to practical use, or how much may be manufactured with ease from a single stem. To make a water-bucket, for example, it is only necessary to cut off a length of the branch near the root, where the girth is

large, leaving the bulk-head at one end untouched. With a handle easily made from the higher part of the same branch, the bucket is complete,—finished and polished by nature, lighter and probably more water-tight and better fitted for rough usage than any manufactured rival. In the same way, at the extremity of the branch, are to be found—almost ready-made—thimbles and pipe-bowls and pipe-stems of any size required.

The same tubes, if split perpendicularly at regular intervals without being cut through, may be flattened out so as to form an almost level flooring for boat or cottage. Endless other illustrations may be given of the marvellous way in which the bamboo, by its generous and ever-ready help, seems to court the friendship of man.

If the houses in a Burmese village are largely built of bamboo materials, nearly everything within them seems to come ultimately from the same source. Beds and furniture, matting and sun-shades, bird-cages and baskets, fans and umbrellas, all owe their chief substance to the bamboo; while in a land where lacquer so largely takes the place of earthenware, the same material is conspicuous as the groundwork of unnumbered household vessels—from the labourer's rice-platter, bought for a few pence, to the costly vase or betel-box of pliant texture and finest polish. In all alike the lacquer, which gives to each vessel its charm of colour or finish, is laid over a framework of fine bamboo wicker. Then, if we leave the house for field or river, we are everywhere met by the same ubiquitous material. It is this which, either as stout railing or living hedge, encloses the garden or field. With this the villager climbs the toddy-palm in quaint shoes made for the purpose. His shelter in the country cart, in his boat it is transformed into masts and yards, and decks and awnings, and forms the main part of the permanent structures in which whole families live for months together on a Burmese river.

In war too, no less than in peace, the bamboo holds an honourable place. The main strength of many a formidable stockade is the *chevaux de frise* of stout pointed bamboo. It serves for flag-staff and spear-shaft and sword-sheath, and even for one of the most telling weapons of offence. In front of every position of the enemy in a Burmese war, among mimosa-thorns and grass and scrub, the ground is sown with invisible caltrops in the form of simple sharp-pointed lengths of split bamboo—a weapon inflicting deep poisonous wounds, and which proves more harassing to infantry, whether in skirmish or charge, than any valour of the enemy or any natural strength of earthwork or stockade.

But it is not for the natives of the country only that the favours of the bamboo are reserved. As the sun shines on the evil and on the good, so the bamboo is the faithful servant of the foreigner no less than of its own countrymen.

It is a well-known characteristic of Burma, as compared with most Indian provinces, that the traveller in rural districts has no need to burden himself with tents. This is partly owing to Buddhist liberality, which gives free shelter in monasteries, and in frequent rest-houses, built as works of religious merit. But no less thanks are due to nature also, which plants at every turn the inexhaustible bamboo groves, from which, with no other aid than a woodman's knife, may be made all that the

traveller needs for use or comfort. Owing to the universal presence of this invaluable plant, there is no country where barracks and hospitals, houses and offices, stables and outbuildings, can be so quickly and cheaply, and even substantially constructed; and there is not an emergency great or small in which in the Englishman's house, in such a country, the services of the bamboo are not the instant and effective resource.

If temporary shelter is needed for man or beast; if unexpected visitors descend with a host of followers, in a few hours they may be as comfortably housed as if they had been long expected. If fuel is wanted for cooking, stakes or trellis for the garden; if a tobacco-pipe has to be cleaned, even if needles and thread are exhausted,—the bamboo will supply what is wanted with a readiness which would hardly be believed.

Truly a wonderful material it is, lending itself by every quality of its nature to the special service of man. Its larger stems combine strength and lightness in a manner equalled by neither timber nor metal. Its lighter branches bend to carry the labourer's baskets. Its joints invite the manufacture of cups and buckets. Its toughness and polished smoothness provide the carver with material admirably suited to his art. Its hollow tubes seem made for water-pipes, its dry fibrous leaves for thatch. Its lightness adapts it for ladders and scaffolding; and the ease with which it splits, into layers of any thickness, for the weaving of matting and for basket-work of every kind. Lavishly as iron is strewn under the feet of more hardy nations, there is thus provided for the Oriental in the wildest jungles a no less abundant store of simple wealth, suited to his special requirements, responding readily to the slightest effort, and encouraging the exercise of every form of ingenuity.

A striking illustration of the influence of the bamboo on the ways, and even on the character of the people, may be found in observing one of the most frequent incidents of Burmese life—a house or village on fire. In a country where the smoking of tobacco is limited neither by age nor sex, nor time nor place, and where houses are thatched, and for half the year dry as tinder, it will be understood that men become familiar with the phenomena of fire. It is less easy to realise the comparative indifference with which such a visitation can be received, or to credit the truth that to the easy-going population of this primitive region even fire itself seems robbed of its terrors.

When we think of what is meant by fire in house or village in Western countries,—to be turned out of doors to the mercy of the elements; to lose at a stroke the investments of a scanty capital, or the stock of household furniture which can ill be replaced; to run terrible risks, even of life itself,—it is hard to understand that there are countries where such incidents form no part of the accompaniments of the most destructive fire. At a spark from cigar or pipe a Burmese village is ablaze, and in a few hours whole streets are in ashes. But in the flutter and excitement that ensues, we look in vain for any such evidence of ruin or despair as a similar calamity elsewhere brings inevitably in its train. Loss of life at a Burmese fire is almost unknown. The simple household stuff is quickly emptied from the single-storeyed cottages, and heaped under the trees by the roadside; to a people who live habitually an

outdoor life there is no hardship in passing the night under the open sky; and when the fire has once gained an irresistible hold, it is a sight for philosophers to see the calmness of the villagers as they sit and smoke quietly in groups watching the progress of the flames. In a few days the ephemeral city rises again in clean and orderly streets, and beyond a few main supports of timber, or in the houses of the leading townsmen, from end to end of the street, and from floor to roof of every house, the bamboo from the jungle hard by has supplied, at the cost of labour only, the principal material of which it is built.

My sketch may fitly close with the mention of a phase of Burmese national life than which none is more characteristic, and which may be said to depend on the bamboo for its very origin and maintenance. In the easy round of Burmese existence, there is no occasion too trivial or too grave for the display of a form of native skill unique in kind, in harmony with the national mind, and specially attractive to the foreign observer. This is the art by which, with marvellous dexterity, they delight to manufacture every fantastic form of figure and structure which the popular mind of an imaginative people can conceive.

In no city of the Empire does the Indian Viceroy make his progress through triumphal arches of such exceptional taste and quaintness as those which adorn the Burmese capital. Nowhere in the world is the funeral pageant at once so solemn and so free from the dismal gloom by which the ceremonies of a Western burial are so commonly disfigured. The coffin, overlaid with gilding and rich mouldings of brilliant colour, is borne on a gaily decorated car, shadowed by golden umbrellas and studded with figures of angels and mythical creatures of many forms. The triumphal progress of the funeral is at least in outward accord with the spirit which breathes in our own burial service, which thanks God for the deliverance of the departed, but which with us seems too often contradicted by the sombre indications of a hopeless grief at variance with the professions of our faith.

But the lightest pretext is enough in this country to set busy fingers to work weaving in endless succession, to the dictation of a wild fancy, the mythic dragons and angels, the airy palaces and castles, monasteries and pagodas of fantastic beauty, tigers and elephants, boats and rafts, princes and clowns, which give so rare a charm to the spectacle of Burmese marriage-feast or religious procession, and especially to that of the popular drama. And again in every scene alike, at the foundation of things, the cause and essence of art and its expression, is found the same living substance. It is this, as we have seen, which has furnished material for the houses of both players and spectators, and for almost all that they contain; and it is from the wands and strips and pillars of the ever-present bamboo that even the fanciful creations of Eastern imagination are woven into tasteful and tangible existence.

P. Hordern.

THE NEW-FOUND WORLD AND ITS HERO.

It is a marvellous testimony to the fulness and variety of experiences undergone by the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition on its adventurous march through "Darkest Africa," that the exciting details which had been so liberally laid before the public have not in any great degree anticipated the interest of Mr Stanley's book.[1] The numerous addresses, lectures, and after-dinner speeches have merely served to indicate the novelty and foreshadow the vastness of the field which Mr Stanley in the volumes before us now opens up. The subject concerns the interests of many millions of our fellow-creatures, of whose existence we were not aware till very recently; the opening of fields for enterprise which ought to satisfy the urgent cravings of Europe for the next half-century; the healing of the world's open sore, and the spread of Christian civilisation over an immense area. But large as the subject is, our attention is constantly diverted to the commanding figure of the explorer himself, whose indomitable energy, decision of character, and rigid will have achieved such a victory over nature's sternest and most primitive forces. The man not less than his work challenges our interest, and provokes an enthusiasm which, casting a glamour over sober criticism, makes us diffident of dealing with such a personality according to the ordinary canons of judgment. In such a case one does not think first of ordinary literary criticism. We have something in that kind to offer, but we do not care to begin without first attempting to do candid justice to the greatness of the subject and of the author.

Look at the new-found world. It was a fine saying of Stanley about his master Livingstone that, by his long journey from Bechuanaland in the south to Nyangwé and Ujiji in the north, and again by his pilgrimage from Quillimane on the east to St Paul de Loanda on the west, the prince of African travellers had traced the Cross, the holy symbol of peace and goodwill to men, upon the centre of Africa. The new map shows how, with truth, the same figure may be applied to the work of those who have followed Livingstone, — Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Junker, Grenfell, and Stanley himself. It is more than thirty years since we began to have some knowledge of this portion of the earth's surface, but for practical purposes it is less than half that period, and each year of the last fifteen, notably the present year, has added largely to our information. From Banana Point on the Atlantic to Mombasa on the Indian Ocean is some 1600 miles in an air-line, quite 2000 by the roads hitherto used; and from the Zambesi on the south to the Albert Lake on the north is about the same distance. These may be taken as the limits of the new-found world. Within these it contains thousands of miles of navigable water, — 1600 on the Congo, at least 1500 on its afflu-

[1] In Darkest Africa; or, the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By Henry M. Stanley. Two volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.

ents—the Kasai, the Oubangi, and the Aruwimi,—and over 1100 on those four great lakes which lie in a chain from 16° S. to 2° N. of the equator, forming its most striking and important feature. There are other great lakes — Bangweolo, Moero, the Albert Edward, and others — the value of which for civilisation will no doubt be ascertained before long; but already Europe has begun to perceive the incalculable importance of the chain of inland seas—Nyasa, Tanganika, Victoria, and Albert —as supplying, with the Shiré at one end and the Nile at the other, a waterway from Quillimane to Cairo. The products of this vast territory are of untold value, including everything that the vegetable and animal kingdoms yield for human use; and it may reasonably be expected that when colonisation begins discoveries will be made, as already in the south and west, of large mineral wealth. The carrying of African produce to the seaboard has till now largely supported the traffic in human beings, which some three years ago attained such monstrous proportions as to force on the ear of Christendom a divine voice, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." No change for the better has as yet taken place; but for the first time in history the great Powers have sat in conference over philanthropic measures applicable to the ghastly problem, and one large part of the interest pertaining to our new-found world will consist in watching how far these measures prove effectual. Already we have had something like a crisis in European diplomacy, arising from the eager competition of Germany and Britain as to which nation shall first make a highway from the east coast at right angles to the great central waterway, and so tap its rapidly developing commerce. As for population, there would be no propriety in offering a guess, though a hundred millions would not be over the mark; it is more to the purpose to say that wherever the traveller goes he finds, even in the depths of the forest, swarms of human beings displaying the vices of a savage state, but many of them exhibiting also considerable skill in metallurgy and domestic arts, and all of them those mental and spiritual qualities which render their elevation certain, so soon as their civilised brethren shall begin to treat them with common justice, not to say Christian goodwill.

Here, then, is a world newly brought within our ken, and every chapter, almost every page, of this book supplies highly suggestive materials to the thousands who are naturally inquisitive about its present condition and the prospects of its future.

As for the writer of the book, the world has already, and with singular emphasis, assigned him a place among those who possess not an adventitious and temporary, but a real and enduring greatness. Without any aid of birth or office, he has performed, during these twenty years, unequalled feats of courage and endurance commanding the highest honour. He has written his name in indelible letters on the surface of Africa. You cannot speak of Central Africa now without naming Stanley, and explaining why certain Falls and a certain Pool a thousand miles apart bear his name; and to describe Stanley without reference to the land in which he has spent most of his days since 1871 would be to describe the plot of Hamlet without reference to the Prince of Den-

mark himself. He is a Napoleon for largeness of conception, a will of steel, and personal courage. It would be satisfactory if we could pause here and not have to push the parallel farther. But as with all men of genius and determination, his object and his object alone fills his mind, and men, time, place, and circumstances are only contributories to be moulded in the direction of its attainment. He sees his goal, and he presses towards it, through all dangers, all privations, and all difficulties. All who implicitly obey him and efficiently assist him receive their meed of secondary praise; but for those who fail, whether through his own miscalculations or their own errors, he has nothing but censure, which is all the more galling when it takes the form of contemptuous excuse. We are sorry to say that "*gloria victis*" is a motto with which Mr Stanley is evidently unacquainted. The wondrous success which has attended his career has made him intolerant of failure, and perhaps incapable of judging of his own contributions towards it. Taking his own narrative and his own exposition of his feelings, we are obliged to recognise a relentlessness—we may almost say ruthlessness—of purpose underlying his plans, which can scarcely fail to damp the enthusiasm that his courage, endurance, and resource so freely kindle. When we look back to the kindly and considerate benevolence which those who paved the way for Mr Stanley's career—Livingstone, Speke, and Grant—diffused in their travels through Africa, the comparison is not altogether to the advantage of the more modern explorer. We would gladly, however, take him as much as possible at his own estimate; and the long and remarkable epistle which forms the introduction to the book is by no means to be hastily passed over by those who would do any justice to the author. It is addressed to Sir William Mackinnon, as one who can understand his feeling, having "throughout a long and varied life steadfastly believed in the Christian's God," and made a corresponding profession. He then says,—"Constrained at the darkest hour to confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men;" and he proceeds to narrate, with much natural pathos, three remarkable instances of answer to prayer. The second, the only one we have room to quote, relates to the time when he had at last emerged from the forest, and discovered that hostile myriads of the people of Undussuma barred the way between him and Emin.

"If he with 4000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of these brave words, or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard: 'Be strong and of a good courage, fear not nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God He it is that doth go with thee, He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' When on the next day Mazamboni commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp, whereas the evening before we exclaimed in bitterness on seeing four of our men fly before one native, 'and these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha!'"[1]

When we reach this point in the narrative we get several additional touches. Thus—

[1] Vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

"Before turning in for the night, I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the book through from beginning to end once, and was now at Deuteronomy for the second reading, and I came unto the verse wherein Moses exhorts Joshua in those fine words, &c. . . . Was it great fatigue, incipient ague, or an admonitory symptom of ailment, or a shade of spiteful feeling against our cowardly four, and a vague sense of distrust that at some critical time my loons would fly? . . . I could almost have sworn I heard the voice. I began to argue with it. Why do you adjure me to abandon the Mission? I cannot run if I would. To retreat would be far more fatal than to advance; therefore your encouragement is unnecessary. It replied, nevertheless, Be strong, &c. . . . Still—all this in strict confidence—before I slept, I may add that though I certainly never felt fitter for a fight, it struck me that both sides were remarkably foolish, and about to engage in what I conceived to be an unnecessary contest. . . . I sketched out my plans for the morrow, adjured the sentries to keep strict watch, and in sleep soon became oblivious of this Mazamboni—lord of the mountains and plains."[1]

These extracts furnish tempting matter for various comments: we are only concerned to point out the light they furnish on Mr Stanley's personal character. He is a regular Bible-reader even in the camp; and he is an enthusiast. That he is a strong man, full of courage and swift in resourceful action, all men know; but he insists on our taking note of something higher and deeper, the irresistible impulse arising from conscious, almost audible, contact with the living God. Reviewing other hair-breadth escapes from destruction, he ascribes them solemnly "to a gracious Providence, who, for some purpose of his own, preserved us;" and goes on to tell his story "in this humble and grateful spirit." It is an attitude one would expect rather in a recent convert from theoretical atheism or a devout missionary than in the intrepid explorer who knows how to fight battles and hang traitors on occasion; but there it is, and we sincerely honour Mr Stanley for giving us so frank a revelation of his inner man. At the same time, we must express our opinion that if his studies had been directed to the New Testament rather than to the Old, the task of the critic would have been a much more pleasant duty. Livingstone and Stanley were both earnest men; but there is this difference between them, that whereas Livingstone was strictly guided in his conduct by Christian principles, Mr Stanley constantly subordinates these to his belief in the right of his cause, and does not hesitate to disregard the rights of others in his attempt to attain his goal. The difference between the two in respect of practical Christianity may be illustrated by the following sentences from 'How I found Livingstone.' Speaking of Livingstone's religion Stanley says:

"It is not of the theoretical kind, but it is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet practical way, and is always at work. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct not only toward his servants, but toward the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him. . . . Religion has tamed him and made him a Christian gentleman; *the crude and wilful have been refined and subdued;* religion has made him the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters—a man whose society is pleasurable to a degree."

[1] Vol. i. pp. 291, 292.

This is not all. Mr Stanley says:—

"When a mission is intrusted to me, and my conscience approves it as noble and right, and I give my promise to exert my best powers to fulfil this according to the letter and spirit, I carry with me a law that I am compelled to obey. If any associated with me prove to me by their manner and action that this law is equally incumbent on them, then I recognise my brothers. Therefore it is with unqualified delight that I acknowledge the priceless services of my friends, Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, and Parke, four men whose devotion to their several duties was as perfect as human nature is capable of."

These references to the guiding and constraining influence of conscience occur again and again in the course of the narrative, and are designed as a self-revelation of the character of the distinguished explorer. The strong, eager, hot-tempered, shrewd man shows himself to us not only as a student of the Bible and an enthusiast, but also as one who sets duty before every other consideration, and who carries about with him in his conscience a law which is constant and supreme in its operation. By that law he judges others as well as himself; and when he finds they can bear its application, he is disposed to be demonstratively generous and warm in his approbation. The last stanza of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" might have been set on his title-page—

"I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour.
Oh let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman
let me live!"

It is the severer rather than the gentler and more winsome side of an intense and sincere character that has hitherto been turned to the world. Duty, which Mr Stanley sometimes narrowly appears to regard as merely synonymous with the success of his mission, appears, perhaps inevitably, as the "stern daughter of the voice of God," the "stern Lawgiver," to whom he would cry—

"Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through
Thee are fresh and strong."

The circumstances of extraordinary severity under which the leader and officers of the expedition had to discharge their duty may, however, well explain why there is little of "flowers laughing before" them "on their beds," or of "fragrance treading in their footing"; yet these also are not wholly wanting.

We are now in a position, having taken account of the author's character chiefly as set forth by himself, to examine some of the salient points of his narrative. There is no need to attempt to follow the course of the expedition step by step; those who can must read the book for themselves. Instead of attempting a summary, which would necessarily be bald, we shall serve our readers better by presenting what a careful perusal has ascertained, in the light furnished from other quarters, regarding the truth about Emin; the truth about Tippu-Tib and the slave trade; a group of new African heroes; the gain to the world likely to accrue from the expedition, and the gain to Britain in particular.

Poor Emin! It would have been better for his reputation if no expedition had been formed for his relief. He was a hero before,—the last of Gordon's lieutenants, nobly holding for Egypt against the Mahdi a province which his

administrative genius had made solvent, free, law-abiding, and productive—a man whom it would be an honour to relieve and to restore to the embrace of the civilised world. Dr Schnitzler will not be a hero any more. Mr Stanley in certain passages makes conscientious effort to say all that can be said with truth in his favour; but Emin has reason to cry, as Crabbe did in his epistle to the Quarterly Reviewers—

> "Oh, if 'thou' blast, at once consume my bays,
> And damn me not with mitigated praise.'

For any lengthy quotations we have no room, almost everything else in the book being now of more interest and importance than what concerns Emin. The two men were "diametrically opposite" in disposition; hence the operations of conscience in the rescuer are often extremely amusing. They were not long together until Stanley's keen eyes saw through the hollowness of Emin's position as a Governor.

> "It is probable that his steady and loving devotion to certain pursuits tending to increase of knowledge, and the injured eyesight, unfitted him for the exercise of those sterner duties which, it appeared to us, the circumstances of his sphere demanded. . . . If the page of a book had to be brought within two inches of his face, it was physically impossible for him to observe the moods on a man's face, or to judge whether the eyes flashed scorn or illumined loyalty. . . . Let me say in plain Anglo-Saxon that I think his good nature was too prone to forgive, whenever his inordinate self-esteem was gratified."[1]

As for the man, apart from the Pasha, everything is wrong. Dr Junker, in Cairo, had somehow conveyed the impression to Stanley that Emin was tall, and therefore we hear once and again about a pair of trousers carried from Cairo to Kavalli's which were found to be six inches too long! A very racy description is given of a dispute between the Pasha and Mohammed Effendi, an Egyptian engineer, regarding the latter's wife, who had been for two years and a half acting as nurse to Ferida, the motherless daughter of the former. It wanted now but five days of the start for the coast; the husband had demanded his wife, with many "guttural imprecations"; and the Pasha had referred him to Mr Stanley. It was a case with which he ought never to have been troubled, but which a gentleman, not to say a man of conscience, could decide only in one way. "My judgment in the affair of Mohammed's wife was contrary to the Pasha's wishes; but had he been my brother, or benefactor, I could not have done otherwise than render strict justice."[2]

Long before they left the Albert Lake it was plain that Emin must, for too good reason, decline to remain in his province, either independently, as the Khedive allowed him, or in connection with the Congo Free State in accordance with the handsome offer of King Leopold,—he had no people, no province: only four persons out of his personal household of fifty-one elected to follow him, and of these two turned back. The case

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[1] Vol. ii. pp. 214, 215.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 423. The whole scene is told on pp. 173-179, and illustrates the explanation of Emin's abrupt return into the desert by the cynical proverb, *Cherchez la femme*. Mohammed is now in Cairo; his wife, we understand, is still Ferida's nurse.

was not quite so bad in regard to the offer which Stanley made him, on his own responsibility, of a position on the eastern shores of the Victoria Nyanza in connection with the Imperial British East Africa Company. It is true that the hostility of Kabba Rega in Unyoro, and the disturbed condition of Uganda, forbade their going direct to Kavirondo, and compelled a caravan embracing many women, children, and helpless invalids to come out by another route (of which we have more to say); but the offer seems to have been kept open on his side until the coast was reached, and even after Emin's recovery from his nearly fatal accident.

"*As he had offered his services to England*, the British East African Company was induced to listen to his overtures, and I was aware while at Cairo that a very liberal engagement was open to his acceptance; but suddenly everybody was shocked to hear that he had accepted service with the Germans in East Africa, and naturally one of his first duties would be to inform his new employers of the high estimate placed on his genius for administration by the directors of the B. E. A. Company. *I understand that he had agreed to serve Germany one month previous to his offer of service to the British Company.* It is clear, therefore, why he was negotiating with the latter." [1]

Other incredible meannesses are recorded, in his treatment of the Khedive and of those who returned in his train; but this, in base ingratitude and treachery, outdoes them all. We can only hope against hope that some explanation may after all be forthcoming, such as will enable us to retain that respect for Emin's personal character which we are so willing to cherish. In the volume of his letters which his friends published three years ago, we were adjured not to fancy that he had abandoned Christianity; but his friend Dr Junker speaks of him as using the worship of the mosque with apparent devoutness in 1879; and Mr Stanley says, "I have attempted to discover during our daily chats whether he was Christian or Moslem, Jew or Pagan, and I rather suspect that he is nothing more than a materialist." Thus the man in whose behalf so much was spent and endured passes back into appropriate darkness.

With what is said regarding the disaster to the rear column and the character of Major Barttelot we shall not meddle, seeing that the last word upon this subject has not yet been spoken. Our own very decided conclusion is that the gallant major's character is thoroughly cleared by his and Mr Bonny's papers, and still more by many frank admissions of Mr Stanley himself; and we regret for Stanley's own sake that he should have thought it necessary to throw out hints about rashness and overhaste in reference to one who is not here to answer for himself. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a proverb which might well have been remembered. It would be an ungrateful but not a difficult task to show how, in his frequent special pleadings about this great disaster, Mr Stanley not only "doth protest too much," but makes admissions and states facts which not only exonerate Barttelot completely, but bring the blame of his failure home to Mr Stanley's own dispositions and instructions. No one can read the pages in the first volume, headed "Conversations with Major Bartelott"—in which the major is scarcely allowed to interject a remark—without

[1] Vol. ii. p. 426.

being conscious that Mr Stanley is laboriously endeavouring to cover his own error in leaving the rear column dependent for its safety and means of advance upon a person whom he himself, from his previous experience of Tippu-Tib, had so great reason to regard as utterly untrustworthy.[1]

The case is different in regard to Mr Jameson. It is only with anger—we pay Mr Stanley the compliment of imitating his own frankness — that one reads the glaringly unjust reference to him in the following passage:—

"During our stay out at Bungangeta Island, Mr Jameson's letter from Stanley Falls arrived, dated August 12. Though the letter stated he purposed to descend to Bangala, the messenger reported that he was likely to proceed to Banana Point, *but whether Banana Point or Bangala mattered very little.* When he descended from Stanley Falls *he deliberately severed himself from the Expedition.*"

With the faithful man's letter in his hand, showing how eagerly he was exerting himself to repair the disaster, and knowing well that Barttelot had stored at Bangala, out of Tippu-Tib's reach, such of the property of the Expedition as he could not carry forward, Mr Stanley flies into a passion and accuses Jameson of "deliberately severing himself from the Expedition"! He did not know that Mr Jameson was then dying; but that does not matter. He knew before he wrote this book, and yet, having once taken up this preposterously partial judgment, he sticks to it and throws it before the world. Though dead, Mr Jameson has still to speak by the publication of his diaries, to which we look forward with eager interest: when he reads these Mr Stanley will regret that he has done so grave an injustice to one who served him well. Mr Stanley's strictures are all the more ungenerous as, before the publication of his book, he knew that in the darkest hour of his need, and when the rear column had no news of him except flying rumours of disaster, Major Bartelott and Mr Jameson were endeavouring from their own resources to bribe Tippu-Tib with heavy sums of money to enable them to move to his relief.

Another instance of the same unfortunate weakness — possibly inseparable from the intentness and impetuosity which form his strength — occurs in reference to the opinion tenaciously held, furiously defended, that Tippu-Tib was not guilty of the death of Barttelot. He is probably the only man in Europe or Africa who thinks so. Those who did not know the fact before from Mr Werner's paper in 'Maga' for February 1889, and from his subsequent book, will learn it now from these volumes. From the first hour it is plain that Mr Stanley had very slight hopes of Tippu-Tib keeping faith. He tells us frankly his reasons for engaging him, and thinks he did a particularly clever thing when he en-

[1] Since the above passage was in type, Captain Walter G. Barttelot has written to the 'Standard' a letter in which he says,—"When the diaries and letters of Major Barttelot and Mr Jameson are published, it will be seen that Mr Stanley's defence of his conduct and arrangements in connection with the rear column is quite inadequate, besides being inaccurate, misleading, and ungenerous. . . . Mr Stanley attributes the fate of the rear column to malign influences. He certainly ought to know best what adjective to apply, for the influences were none other than those arising from his own arrangements and actions, and were entirely of his own making."

gaged the prince of villains to carry the ammunition from Yambuya to Wadelai, and to bring back a great store of ivory from Wadelai to Yambuya, at the same time making him Governor at Stanley Falls. Let the reader not be content with the history of this transaction given on pp. 63 to 67 of vol. i., but let him read also the letter to a friend, unnamed, which immediately follows. There we get the whole scene told with admirable graphic touches. We see the big mongrel "opening his eyes and snapping them rapidly, and saying 'Me?'" as the astounding offer is made to him; and we get the conditions detailed —no slave-catching, no raiding, no abuse of natives, and so forth. There is a vulgar Scottish proverb which expresses the unwisdom of storing "butter in the black dog's haas,"—you may, if you choose, place your butter in the dog's open mouth, but you are not likely to find it again when you seek it. It is hard to say which was most butter to this particular black dog — the splendid cargo of gunpowder and cartridges which it was proposed to place on the backs of his men, or the seventy-five tons of tusks they were to bring back. Every reader can see that Tippu-Tib determined from the first to make sure of one or other, or both. A few weeks later, at the Cape, he imparted to Mr Stanley his private opinion that "white men were fools." If this opinion was modified, it was by what he saw in Table Bay, certainly not by the "solemn contract" at Zanzibar. What to him was the signing of a paper before the consul and the forfeiting of £30 a-month?

The advance column passed on from Yambuya, leaving Major Barttelot to follow at what time the sable Governor of the Falls should supply him with the six hundred carriers promised. Then followed those months of insolent and "systematic delay," the high-handed seizure of as much gunpowder as possible, and the sending of the gallant officer into the desert accompanied by miscreants instructed to shoot him. All this we knew and wrote of a year ago.[1] What we now know from Mr Bonny's Report "revised" is, that the Major's assassination was not a thing of sudden passion, but a regular "plant"—the woman annoying him and disobeying him, the murderer not in the open but watching from a loophole in a hut.[2] It was due only to the prompt courage of Mr Bonny, who has hardly got his due of praise, and to Mr Stanley's reappearance, that the plot did not thrive to the extent of all the ammunition being carried off to the Falls—for Tippu-Tib's minions were at hand, and Bonalya was only six days from his headquarters.

When the whole miserable result of his egregious blunder comes home to the sadly worn leader at Bonalya, he first fears that he has become insane,[3] then he "anxiously hungers to know" why his officers "so unconsciously acted as to utterly prevent them from doing what I believe from my soul they wished to do as much as I or any other of us did," and "a conviction flashes upon my mind that there has *been a supernatural malignant influence or agency at work to thwart every honest intention.*" "There is a supernatural *diablerie* operating which surpasses the conception and attainment of a moral man."[4] Not

[1] 'Maga,' vol. cxlvi. pp. 146, 147.
[2] Vol. i. p. 490.
[3] Vol. i. p. 480.
[4] Vol. i. pp. 482, 483.

a doubt of it. But why use French? It was the work of the devil; but does Mr Stanley, whose studies, as he tells us, have been of late so much directed to the Bible, need to be reminded that Scripture represents the ruler of the darkness of this world as accomplishing his purposes through the agency of mortal men? and with his friends Tippu-Tib, Salim, Ugarowwa, and Kilonga-Longa before him, had he far to look for Satan's instruments in this case? Nay, he is perfectly aware of the Scriptural theory, for almost his next words are these, —justifying Burns's pathetic parenthesis—

> "That e'er he nearer comes oursel
> 'S a muckle pity."

"In addition to all these mischiefs, a vast crop of lying is germinated in these darksome shades in the vicinity of Stanley Falls, or along the course of the Upper Congo, showing a measureless cunning, and an insatiable love of horror. . . . *The instruments this dark power* elects for the dissemination of these calumnious fables are as various in their professions as in their nationality. It is a deserter one day, and the next it is the engineer of a steamer; it is now a slave-trader, or a slave; it is a guileless missionary in search of work, or a dismissed Syrian; it is a young artist with morbid tastes, or it is an officer of the Congo Free State. Each in his turn becomes possessed with an insane desire to say or write something which overwhelms common-sense, and exceeds ordinary belief."

All the allusions in this passage we do not understand, but one of them is plain: "the engineer of a steamer" is Mr Werner,—a gentleman, truthful, careful in what he wrote in 'Maga' to record the results of his own personal observations, and to state only facts known to himself; and now he is classed with slaves and dismissed Syrians, and charged with being the agent of some dark power in the dissemination of calumnious fables. Mr Stanley's habit of vehement jusjuranding is generally amusing, and sometimes very useful: so thoroughly is his character understood, that men make large allowances for him which they would not for another. But here he has gone quite too far. Whence did he derive his ideas of Mr Werner? Not certainly from reading his book,[1]—for that is full of respect and admiration for Mr Stanley, and carries the evidence of careful truth-speaking on every page. Not, as we are assured, from personal intercourse.[2] In fact he could not contradict Mr Werner's awkward disclosures, and so he dismisses both him and them with a lofty sneer. It must have been from the merest hearsay. One who makes so much of conscience should bear in mind that it does not consist in a man's doing and saying what he himself thinks right; for the Christian, at least, it is only the instrument of a law, external to ourselves, which requires us to do to men as we would have men to do to us.

When we have thus taken Mr Stanley in his own humour, it is pleasant to pass from a matter of controversy which it was impossible for us to avoid, and to speak of matters where our warm admiration for the hero of the new-found

[1] A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard at Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruhwimi. With an Account of River-Life on the Congo. By J. R. Werner, F.R.G.S., Engineer, late in the service of the État Independant du Congo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

[2] It is unnecessary to say that Mr Werner is not the writer of this paper.—Ed. *B. M.*

world can have free play. One of these is his view of the slave trade, and his present relations with its principal representative.

"Tell your uncle," he said to Tippu-Tib's nephew on the 4th of September 1888, immediately after the crash, "that the passage of himself and his ninety-six followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls must be paid; that the loss of goods, rifles, powder, and ammunition, the loss of time of this entire expedition, will have to be made good. Tell him to do what he likes, but in the end I shall win. He cannot hurt me, but I can hurt him. Tell him to consider these things, and say whether it would not be better to prove at the last that he is sorry, and that in future he would try to do better."[1]

This was the last chance given to the arch-traitor. If he chose to follow and overtake him within fifty days, legal proceedings would be quashed. But while offering it, Stanley calmly said to Salim, "Neither you nor Tippu-Tib have the least intention of keeping your word. Your business here has been to order the Manyuema who are with me back to Stanley Falls." Eighteen months later, when he was in Zanzibar, he adroitly obtained from a Banyan trader the information that there was a sum of £10,600 in gold lying in the trader's hands to Tippu-Tib's credit, and then put his threat into force by entering his action in the Consular Court. Probably the late governor of Stanley Falls has by this time corrected his opinion about white men being fools. We look for the issue of this case with considerable interest, all the more because British influence is now again paramount and exclusive in Zanzibar. It cannot be otherwise than a testing case, and will, we trust, establish a wholesome precedent. It seems monstrous that men engaged in the most cruel and wicked traffic under the sun should be allowed to turn their blood-stained profits into gold in a city under British protection, and there to reinvest them in the materials required for keeping up their nefarious trade.

Mr Bonny is joined with Mr Stanley in this action, and he has offered very sensible advice to the Conference sitting at Brussels. It is, briefly, that all Arabs and other slave-raiders coming to the coast should be interned there, and not allowed to re-enter the country; and he gives the names of twelve persons who, to his knowledge, ought to be thus dealt with—Tippu-Tib, a brother, a son, and a son-in-law heading the list.[2] Surely there ought to be no difficulty as to this, either as to the British or the German seaboard. Our own opinion, expressed a year ago in these pages, is that Tippu-Tib ought to be hanged as a murderer; but if that may not be, at least he can be put in prison or sent back to Muscat.

In the course of Mr Stanley's awful marches between Yambuya and the Albert Lake, he came into contact with one after another of the man-hunters—some of them independent, others sent by Tippu-Tib in advance to lay waste the fields which should have yielded food for his men; and the descriptions he gives of these will be eagerly studied by the friends of Africa. Nothing could be better fitted to keep alive and extend that philanthropic impulse which has of late years sprung up in Europe. The danger is not slight of such impulse proving but a passing spurt, gratifying sentimental persons, and wholly unproductive—for the amount of self-deception

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 18, 19.

[2] 'Anti-Slavery Reporter' for March and April 1890.

in such matters of which the respectable British public is capable is portentous and humiliating; but the thousands who will read Stanley's weighty words, and the tens of thousands to whom some knowledge of them will percolate, are sure to realise how serious is the evil, and how trenchant must be the remedy. The hideous process by which slavery was made an institution under Egyptian rule in the Soudan is forcibly delineated; it is pointed out that Emin did not, could not, remove this form of the evil from Equatoria; and the following conclusion is arrived at:—

"The natives of Africa cannot be taught that there are blessings in civilisation if they are permitted to be oppressed and to be treated as unworthy of the treatment due to human beings, to be despoiled and enslaved at the will of a licentious soldiery. . . . When every grain of corn, and every fowl, goat, sheep, and cow which is necessary for the troops is paid for in sterling money or its equivalent in necessary goods, then civilisation will become irresistible in its influence, and the Gospel even may be introduced; but without impartial justice both are impossible, certainly never when preceded and accompanied by spoliation, which I fear was too general a custom in the Soudan."[1]

It is strengthening to be thus brought down to the solid rock of first principles. The more widely these are recognised, the sooner will the battle of civilisation in Africa be won. All the paternal regard he may so lawfully cherish for the Congo Free State, and all his friendship for its noble sovereign, only move Mr Stanley to say—

"When the Congo State forgets its duty to its subjects, and sanctions rapine and raiding, we may rest assured that its fall will be as sudden and as certain as that of the Egyptian Government in the Soudan."

Anxious as we are to get on to other inviting themes, we must not fail to direct special attention to the tenth chapter, as containing most weighty matter regarding the recent growth of slave-raiding and the means of its effectual suppression. We can quote only a few pregnant sentences:—

"We see in this extraordinary increase in the number of raiders in the Upper Congo basin the fruits of the Arab policy of killing off the adult aborigines and preserving the children. The girls are distributed among the Arab, Swahili, and Manyuema harems; the boys are trained to carry arms, and are exercised in the use of them. When they are grown tall and strong enough they are rewarded with wives from the female servants of the harem, and then are admitted partners in these bloody ventures.

". . . All this would be clearly beyond their power if they possessed no gunpowder. Not a mile beyond their settlements would the Arabs and their followers dare venture. It is more than likely that if gunpowder was prohibited entry into Africa, there would be a general and quick migration to the sea of all Arabs from inner Africa, as the native chiefs would be immeasurably stronger than any combination of Arabs armed with spears. . . . There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State, against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent, except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and *employés;* or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in the possession of

[1] Vol. i. p. 9.

an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound-weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations."

Here there is, we fear, no exaggeration; and if there is, yet how ghastly is the residuum of truth after every deduction that can be made! Beyond question, Europe, having the knowledge brought to it so plainly, is responsible for the continuance of an evil which it certainly has the power to extinguish. Too much honour cannot be given to the man who thus pleads the cause of the oppressed.

Although the primary object of the Expedition failed pitifully, that was no fault of Mr Stanley's; and his patient intelligent observations, made over immense regions never before trodden by Europeans, have splendidly redeemed it from ultimate failure. Learned societies and universities have hastened to express by every means in their power their appreciation of the large additions he has made to human knowledge. The course of the Aruwimi or Ituri; the hideous forest through which it runs; the Semliki Valley and the Albert Edward Lake; the glorious heights of the Ruwenzori, with their snowy altitude of 16,000 feet, and their base of ninety miles; and the giving to the Nile a western, as Speke and Grant gave it an eastern, source; the opening of a way from the eastern confines of the Congo State to the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza; the introduction of many most interesting tribes to their more favoured fellows,—these are great and abiding results of his years of toil and unexampled suffering. What most kindles our admiration here is the generous ardour with which he pleads for the recognition in these savages of those elements of our common nature which, with fair play, would furnish a solid basis for their elevation. The story of the pigmy maiden who served Dr Parke so faithfully for twelve months, and of the native who played the part of the good Samaritan to a fainting officer,[1] will get, we trust, fixed in the literature of philanthropy. We can only refer to these, wishing space to quote part of what seems to us the noblest passage in the book. It begins with a characteristic difference between the earnest-hearted disciple of Livingstone and his scientific guest. They were creeping along the gigantic base of Ruwenzori.

"The Pasha was devoured with a desire to augment his bird collections, and thought that, having come so far to help him, we might 'take it easy.' 'But we are taking it easy for manifold reasons.' 'Well then, take it more easy.' 'We have done so; a mile and a half per day is surely easy going.' 'Then be easier still.' 'Heavens, Pasha! do you wish us to stay here altogether? Then let us make our wills, and resign ourselves to die with our work undone.'

"I knew he was an ardent collector of birds, reptiles, and insects, but I did not know that it was a mania with him. He would slay every bird in Africa; he would collect ugly reptiles, and every hideous insect; he would gather every skull until we should become a travelling museum and cemetery, if only carriers could be obtained."

This is exquisite. But when the reader has had his laugh out, let

[1] Vol. ii. p. 376, 345.

him read what almost immediately follows :—

"Every man I saw, giant or dwarf, only deepened the belief that Africa has other claims on man, and every feature of the glorious land only impressed me the more that there was a crying need for immediate relief and assistance from civilisation ; that first of all roads must be built, and that fire and water were essential agencies for transport, more especially on this long-troubled continent than on any other. . . . He — the Maker who raised these eternal mountains and tapestried their slopes with the mosses and lichens and tender herbs, and divided them by myriads of watercourses for the melted snow to run into the fruitful valley, and caused the mighty, limitless forest to clothe it, and its foliage to shine with unfading lustre—surely intended that it should be reserved until the fulness of time for something higher than a nursery for birds and a store-place for reptiles."

This is enthusiasm, but of a genuine sort, and such as the man who has nineteen years behind him of devoted, unselfish labour for the elevation of the darkling and down-trodden children of Africa may very lawfully indulge in. Nothing great or good is done in the world except by enthusiasts.

In estimating the results of the Expedition, there is one unique element of peculiar hopefulness to be noted : it has produced a little college of trained African workers. If the knowledge obtained and the opportunities created by the Expedition are to be improved, and its leader's large philanthropic purposes in any measure realised, many such workers will be needed ; and it is no small thing to know that there are at least five men—strong, full of high spirit, educated, carrying in their hands the wealthy capital of unspent manhood—who have served a hard apprenticeship under Bula Matari, and are now fitted by their singular experience to guide others. We quoted at the beginning of this paper the generous words in which Stanley speaks of those officers who accompanied him throughout, in his introductory epistle ; similar passages occur frequently in which, more amply and in carefully chosen words, he describes and praises each. *Laudari a laudato* is not a small matter, and in this case it is rendered the more valuable by obvious thoughtfulness and discrimination. Stairs, swift and resolute ; Nelson, all-enduring ; Jephson, wielding, like his leader, both sword and pen ; Parke, winning love on all hands by combining the skill of a physician and the strength of a man with the noble tenderness of woman ; and Bonny, in whom the strongest man of our day found an effective second at the time of his greatest need,—are men to whose future the world cannot but look with a special hopefulness. One of them, we are glad to learn, is to give us the story of his nine months' captivity in Equatoria ; and the others also will, we trust, publish those personal impressions and experiences which, for the present, are withheld. These will greatly add to our knowledge. But it is work, carrying forward that which they have so well begun, for which men will look.

Perhaps some day—but not soon—one of the five may be called to play Joshua to Stanley's Moses, as he has played so admirably that part to the Moses of Livingstone. "And Livingstone was sixty-three," he said to us with a pathos we are not likely to forget when talking of his own age (forty-nine), as though reckoning the years of effort he might lawfully hope to

see. He knew, though no one else did, when he stood on the deck of the Turquoise that Sunday morning in November, and the yards were manned by honest blue-jackets cheering lustily, that he was soon to taste for the first time the blessings of home; but that did not hinder him from saying that he felt his future to be bound up with Africa. Nothing else would answer the fitness of things. May he live to receive from the tribes of Africa, placed in possession of their birthright of freedom, and ennobled by the sense of their own proper manhood, reward such as Brussels and London are not able to bestow. Our fancy persists in representing free citizens at Mataddi, at the Pool, at Bolobo, at the Falls, at Ruwenzori, at Kavirondo, at Taveta, at Mombasa, following him with such plaudits as used to ring through the Forum of Rome when successful generals returned, "*I, decus! I, nostrum! I, decus atque tutamen!*"

There are signs of haste about the composition and printing of the book, except in the maps, which are a perfect treasure to the African student, the second in particular. Certainly the feat of writing it in fifty days, even if we assume that he had his diaries to transcribe from, is an astonishing one: the author is as extraordinary in the variety of his feats as in their character. If, however, anything has been sacrificed to haste, we should have regarded these fifty days as rather an unworthy boast, except for the excellent reason there was why Mr Stanley should, as soon as possible, be free for other work. The childish jubilation with which the Germans at Mpwapwa, and thenceforward, crowed over his coming out by their territory instead of by the British, was not lost on so acute an observer. He knew before he set out that the German Foreign Office had expressed some anxiety as to what he might do in securing territory west of the Great Lake,[1] and his attention was abruptly commanded by the sudden change of tone which followed the entrance of Emin into the Bagamoyo hospital. His boy Sali, sent over from Zanzibar to visit the Pasha, came back to tell that a German officer, hearing him speak Arabic, took him by the throat, swore at large, and said, "You are using a language I don't understand, and in which I cannot watch you; if you do so again, I will shoot you dead on the spot." Perhaps he heard also some boastful whispers about the object of Dr Peters's insolent filibustering. At any rate, the case was to his eyes abundantly plain. The last thing he had done at Zanzibar, before starting in the spring of 1887, was to secure the signature of the Sultan to the cession of the strip of the littoral from Mombasa to Witu to the B. E. A. Company. That Company, during his absence, had received a royal charter, and was beginning to make wise attempts to open up the territory assigned to it; but now he saw its usefulness endangered by the earth-hunger of its Teutonic neighbour. He held his peace. He brought all his trained strategy and common-sense to bear on the danger; he kept bottled up the surging fires of his indignation; he put this immense literary work through

[1] See an article on "German Aims in East Africa" in 'Maga' for May last, p. 690.

his hands in fifty days; and then devoted about an equal time to fighting Germany, and furthering the interests of British East Africa. Of course we do not mean that the real work was formally his; it was done by the officials of the Company and the diplomatists of the Foreign Office; but Mr Stanley both knew more and was more profoundly concerned to secure a right issue than any other individual. People would have him make speeches: well, he would let them hear what he knew to be the truth, and he would touch them, if possible, with something of his own overpowering enthusiasm. At his second appearance, that in the Albert Hall, he gave an interesting geographical address, but he took care to close it with the startling information that he had formally secured for Britain thousands of miles of territory *west* of the Great Lake, and up to the eastern confines of the Congo State. This was the first time that the general public, including quick-eared Germany, was made aware of an all-important fact. Diplomatic negotiations were going on between the two friendly Powers; but with these, after giving the Foreign Office all the information he possessed, he had no concern; his duty was to speak out his own convictions, and rouse the public opinion of the country. The merchant princes of London were lectured; the perils of German aggression were exposed; and the public mind was interested in and educated for the results of the policy which Lord Salisbury was all the time sedulously pursuing. All through the magnificent tour in Scotland he kept plying his scourge of small cords; and it was "both edifying and diverting" to hear Sir William Mackinnon, in his excellent speech at Edinburgh, talking in a much more calm and hopeful strain than his impetuous friend. At length, when the famous despatch, describing the convention arrived at, met him at Berwick, he promptly tossed his scourge into the Tweed, and called upon all men to thank God for having "endowed the Prime Minister of England with wisdom and understanding." In this case Mr Stanley's fervour has proved highly useful.

It is inspiring to consider how much progress has been made toward the beneficent development of Africa, since we wrote about it thirteen months ago. Then the position of our friends on Lake Nyasa was critical; now Portugal has been brought to its senses, and they are safe. The attempt also of Germany to cut our enterprise in that quarter into two halves, and to appropriate the Stevenson Road, has been baffled by Lord Salisbury's wise firmness. At that time we expected Stanley and Emin to come out by British territory, marching from Kavirondo to Mombasa; and that we were warranted in writing to that effect the following passage makes evident:—

"My third proposition is: if you are convinced that your people will positively decline the Kedive's offer to return to Egypt, that you accompany me with such soldiers as are loyal to you to the north-east corner of the Victoria Nyanza, and permit me to establish you there in the name of the East African Association. We will assist you to build your fort in a locality suitable to the aims of such an association, leave our boat and such things as would be necessary for your purpose with you, and then hasten home across the Masai Land, lay the matter before the E. A.

Association, and obtain its sanction for the act, as well as its assistance to establish you permanently in Africa. . . . I feel assured that I can obtain its hearty approval and co-operation, and that the Association will readily appreciate the value of a trained battalion or two in their new acquisition, and the services of such an administrator as yourself."[1]

This was not done, because Emin had nobody to follow him, and probably he would have shrunk from service in connection with one who had so little appreciation of his scientific pursuits. But the passage significantly reveals the aspirations of the Imperial British East Africa Company, — aspirations which, under the new treaty or convention, will no doubt be rapidly realised. It was only reasonable to pause while our position on the Great Lake was in doubt; now that a way is secured for us across the Lake and through Uganda up to the limits of the Congo State, the Company will, no doubt, go ahead rapidly. It is well known that Mr Yarrow constructed a couple of handy vessels for our Government — vessels in seven sections, which can be quickly put together afloat—that are on their way to the Zambesi: the Company will, we trust, secure such for the exploiting of the great inland sea, which has been too long without steam on its waters. Mr George Mackenzie, who has recently returned to this country from Zanzibar, states that a stern-wheel steamer is now on its way out to open up the trade-route to the interior by the Tana river, that the material for a railway is already at Mombasa, and that thirty-five miles of railway will at once be commenced. Telegraph communication is being established along the coast, and will be carried inland to connect the company's stations. At Mombasa a harbour is being constructed, and a central inland station has been established at Matchaka, half-way to the Nyanza, and connected by a chain of smaller stations and halting-places with the coast. Captain Lugard has also been very active opening up the country on the Sabaki route; and now that the Government has reduced German rivalry to fair competition, it will be the British East Africa Company's own fault if they are beaten in the race for commercial dominion. Mr Mackenzie's reports are, at present, almost the only source from which we can obtain information as to what the Imperial British East Africa Company may be doing to secure its rights; but as another writer recently said in these pages, "its responsibilities are very clear, and it will be expected to show adequate promptness and vigour in acting up to them."[2]

We part from this work with the conviction that it marks a distinct epoch in the development of savage Africa. There are several points, such as the view it gives of Christian missions, on which we would have liked to dwell; but space fails us. We cannot close, however, without saying another word about the remarkable career of the author. There is always so much to arrest attention about his present acts and utterances, that one is apt to lose sight of those which lie behind, and of a certain significant continuity between the past and the present. We go back to Ujiji, and find him spending

[1] Vol. i. pp. 387, 388.

[2] 'Maga' for May, p. 706.

four months and four days, from November 10th 1871, to March 14th 1872, in daily and close intercourse with David Livingstone, and coming away, as he has told us, feeling all his enthusiasm called forth by the noblest character he ever knew. This at the age of thirty. In April of 1874, the scene shifts from the shores of Tanganika to the nave of our own Westminster Abbey, where the remains of one who had died on his knees at Ilala were laid among the dust of a thousand heroes, none braver, none gentler than himself; and we see one of the pall-bearers turning away with throbbing heart, "fired with a resolution to complete the work of David Livingstone—to be, if God willed it, the next martyr of geographical science."[1] Then follow the months during which he scattered some of the imperishable seed of Christianity at the court of King Mtesa—seed of which he lately saw hopeful sheaves, or, as he himself puts it, bread cast on the waters, and found after fifteen years. Next, and without returning to this country, comes that feat of unequalled daring by which, in a voyage of 281 days, he made the Congo, from Nyangwe to the ocean, all his own; and then the years spent in laying there the foundations of a righteous and beneficent civilisation. And now this last achievement. It is inevitable, as we have said, that one so full of fiery impulse, and absorbed by a single idea, should sometimes blunder. His blunders we can readily pardon if he would only turn the light of his splendid success upon himself, and seek for their origin there instead of laying them at the door of the dead, who can make no rejoinder in their own defence. This is the great blemish in Mr Stanley's book, and it is a blemish that must, in spite of all our efforts to overlook it, attach itself to an estimate of his personality. It is impossible for the critic who has to look beyond the enthusiasm of the hour and the dazzling glitter of triumph to utter an undiscriminating panegyric, or to endorse all Mr Stanley's actions,—we have given proof of that in some of the preceding pages; but we ascribe to him, without any note of limitation, the unrivalled honour of being, among living men, the one who has done most to bring millions of the oppressed into helpful communication with their more favoured brethren.

[1] Passing that hallowed spot on the 12th of July, as he went to meet his bride at the altar, Mr Stanley laid on it a fresh wreath.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XI.—VENUS, JUNO, OR MINERVA?

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."
—*Titus Andronicus.*

AFTER this first day Roman often sat for his portrait to Countess Massalowska, who did not again forget the appointment. Some days the work was interrupted by fragmentary scraps of conversation, while on other days she hardly spoke at all. Sometimes again the brush would remain idle—or almost so.

Imperceptibly Roman began to succumb to this new influence that had thus unexpectedly sprung up in his life, and by the time he was roused to question himself as to where all this was leading, it was already too late.

The rousing came in the shape of a missive from the German War Office, which, enclosed in a letter of Felicyan's, he found lying on his table one evening early in June.

In order to avoid attracting the attention of the Warsaw post officials, he had caused all letters to be sent to Stara-Wola, whence they were here forwarded.

The present communication was in reply to some despatches he had sent about a fortnight previously. So far as it went, the information he had furnished was valuable, but he was reminded that it was as yet incomplete; the principal object of his mission—namely, the respective tactical situations of Demblin, Modlin, and some other minor fortifications—not having yet been procured. If he did not see his way towards obtaining more extensive information, it would be wiser to return soon to Germany, he was told, as a prolonged stay in the country might awaken suspicion, and compromise the Government. Only if he found himself on the track of any really valuable material was he given *carte blanche* to use his discretion in out-stepping the leave which otherwise must expire on the 1st of July.

This letter—written in cipher—Roman perused very carefully twice over, then rose, and lighting a taper, held the paper to the flame, watching it burn till nothing was left but dull grey flakes, which, stirred by a draught from the open window, floated lightly to the ground. Then throwing himself into an arm-chair, he began to think.

He felt aware that he had not lately been pursuing the object of his mission as zealously as he had done at the outset. True, he had made notes and furnished reports of all the military statistics that had come within his range of knowledge. He had thoroughly reconnoitred Warsaw and its neighbourhood, and furnished plans of its fortifications; he had paid frequent visits to the *Powonski* Field, the summer-encampment place of the troops, and had accurately gauged the value of the Russian horses, and the efficiency of the Russian weapons. But after all, this was mere child's-play—good so far as it went, but presenting no difficulties which might not have been overcome by any officer of average intelligence. He had

as yet done nothing calling for special distinction, nothing which could win for him those laurels of which he had been so sanguine in coming hither. Difficult? Why, of course his mission was a difficult one. But the greater the difficulty, the greater too the glory to be reaped; and then why had he volunteered for this mission at all, if he did not feel capable of accomplishing it? Had he even made the very first step towards solving the problem? had he visited either of the towns which had been pointed out to his notice? Roman had done none of these things as yet; and though he had amply exhausted the military resources of Warsaw, yet he lingered on here, and now, for the first time he was compelled to ask himself why.

Because he had met a woman who had the gift of troubling and interesting him as never yet woman had done; because he was like wax in her hands, and powerless to disobey, whenever she bade him come to her.

She had bade him come again to-morrow, and he would go, for the last time, he told himself. This delirious, delicious dream must be brought to a conclusion, the sooner the better. Love and ambition mate but ill together, he now recognised, and his honour required that he should accomplish the task he had undertaken. At risk of offending Countess Massalowska, at risk of losing her even (he had already reached this length in thinking of her), he must say farewell, he must leave Warsaw immediately.

Nothing that can be termed flirtation, no word of love, had passed between them as yet, and Roman believed that he had kept the secret of his feelings intact. As to Biruta—inscrutable as ever—it was impossible to guess at her thoughts. That air of calm proprietorship with which from the very first she had laid hold of Roman, was it merely the caprice of an eccentric woman accustomed to blind obedience? or was it something else?

This torturing question banished sleep that night; and Roman looked pale and haggard next morning, as he went forth to keep his last appointment with the Countess.

His portrait, which by this time was nearly finished, had been far more carefully worked out than any of Countess Biruta's former pictures. Draped in a dark-green tunic, his handsome head bent slightly forward, as though eagerly scrutinising the respective claims of the three women before him to the golden apple he held pressed against his breast, Roman Starowolski was an ideal Paris, and Countess Massalowska's inspiration had been a happy one in assigning to him this part. The chief difficulty now would be to find three appropriate female models to represent Venus, Juno, and Minerva.

Discussing this question, the conversation to-day took a mythological turn.

"I am thinking of asking Olga Neridoff to pose for Venus," said Biruta thoughtfully, as with a very fine brush she began putting in the high lights to the young shepherd's hair.

"Mademoiselle Neridoff!" said Roman, a little disdainfully.

"Why not? She has a classical low forehead and a Greek nose."

"But so insignificant! So wanting in expression!"

"I am sorry she does not meet with your approval, for you will be compelled to give her the golden apple."

"I would rather give it to Juno," said Roman, looking straight at the Countess.

"And who is Juno, if you please?"

Roman did not answer in words, but his eyes replied for him.

"Oh!" said Biruta, answering him as though he had spoken his thought aloud. "You think that I am to be Juno? But you are quite mistaken. In the first place, my nose is not at all like Juno's nose, and then—there are other qualities which I lack. You see," she went on, as composedly as though she were discussing a mere technical point of art, "my idea in conceiving this picture was rather different from the usual mythological interpretation of the scene. I wish to throw the whole point into the expression of the three women. Venus is to be the beautiful woman—the maiden—who does not yet know love, Minerva is the strong beautiful woman who does not require love, and Juno the beautiful woman who has known love. I must get a married woman to sit for Juno—one who has had a *grande passion* (either for her husband or for some one else, it does not matter which). I have often remarked that a *grande passion* is the only thing for giving the proper curves to the mouth and the necessary depth to the eyes. I would not suit at all for Juno."

Roman felt that he was treading on rather dangerous ground, yet he could not forbear saying—

"I do not see your objection, Countess. You have been married."

"Yes, I have been married—to my uncle," she returned carelessly; and a moment later she added, half to herself as it were, "It is not very—amusing, to marry an uncle."

Roman was beginning to lose sight of the prudent resolutions of overnight. If his life had depended on it, he could not have refrained from one more question—

"Then it is Minerva you aspire to be?—the strong woman who does not require love?"

"We were only talking about the picture, I thought," said Biruta, with easy evasion; "and I told you already that I don't aspire to any place in it at all—neither Juno nor Minerva. But what is the matter with your eyes?" she broke off suddenly. "There are dark streaks under them that were not there last time. I have used up a whole brushful of indigo, trying to get the shadow right."

"I slept badly last night," returned Roman, rather shortly.

She gave him a long earnest look, but did not take any further notice of the statement.

"Where is General Vassiljef—he has not been here lately?" inquired Roman, after a while.

"You miss him? He was summoned to St Petersburg last week by the Minister of War, but he will soon be back again. You will have the pleasure of seeing him in about ten days."

"In ten days," said Roman, speaking very slowly, "I shall probably be gone."

"What do you mean?" said Biruta, quickly.

"That I cannot remain on here indefinitely; there is no reason for staying."

"No reason?"

"None," said Roman, trying to speak calmly. "I shall be obliged to go."

"To go where? Back to Stara-Wola?"

"Yes, to Stara-Wola; and also I am going to travel about the

country. I want to see something of the land."

"But I thought you were free? You only came here on a holiday, you said?"

"And that is why I am using my freedom," he returned, with a rather constrained laugh.

"You are using your freedom in order to go away—from—from Warsaw!"

"I must," he replied very low.

"But you promised to sit for the picture of Paris till it was finished?"

"And I have kept my promise, Countess. You said yourself just now that the figure was almost complete."

Biruta, instead of answering, laid down her brush and palette, and began fumbling in her pocket. She drew out a cambric pocket-handkerchief elegantly embroidered with her monogram and edged with delicate filmy lace; an ethereal idealised handkerchief intended for show only, not at all for hard work—certainly not for such work as it was now put to, as, rolling up the cambric into a round hard ball, Countess Massalowska proceeded deliberately with it to obliterate the almost completed figure of Paris on the canvas. A minute later, and there remained nothing more of the interesting young shepherd but a confused mass of brown and grey, while the snowy lace handkerchief, stained and unrecognisable, had assumed the aspect of a rotten apple.

She flung it from her into a corner, where it was joyfully seized upon by Gogo, and turned towards Roman with a strange expression in her eyes—an expression which he could not read at all. Her breath was coming short and fast, as though with the exertion of her action.

"There now," she panted. "You cannot say that the figure is complete. I shall have to begin it over again!"

"What do you mean?" asked Roman, who had watched her proceedings with stupefaction, his brain all in a whirl.

She came close up to him—so close, that he could feel her breath against his cheek.

"It means," she said in a whisper almost inaudible—"it means that I am neither Juno, the woman who has known love, nor Minerva who can do without it. It means that you cannot, must not, go away."

In the next instant he was at her feet. He had taken possession of her unresisting hands, and was pressing them to his heart, to his lips. . . .

For some minutes she suffered his caresses in silence, then disengaging both hands she clasped them round his neck with an air of taking possession of something rightfully her own, while bending down she lightly touched his forehead with her lips. There was something royal in her gesture; just so might a queen have conferred knighthood on a kneeling squire at her feet. What would have appeared bold and unseemly in any other woman who offers herself to a man, was in her perfectly natural and dignified. Recognising his love, she had merely stretched out her hand to take what he dared not offer.

"Roman! My Roman!" she now murmured into his ear. "Have I conquered you at last? You are mine—my very own, to hold and to keep!"

These words restored him to the reality of his position. He started to his feet and drew back a step from her!

"What is it? You do not love me as I love you?"

"I love you, Biruta, as I have never loved before—but—but—I am not free."

"You are bound to some other woman," she said, turning rather pale.

"I am bound—but not to a woman, thank God!"

"Thank God!" she echoed, while her colour began to flow back again. "Then it can be nothing serious."

"It is serious all the same," said Roman, very gravely.

"Tell me what it is."

He hesitated, for the secret was not his own, and a month ago he would have scoffed the bare idea of taking a woman into his confidence. But just at this moment he was not able to think very clearly. How could he have done so with Biruta's voice echoing in his ear? and Biruta's kiss still trembling on his forehead? and when once more she had said "Tell me" with those large grey eyes fixed full upon his, he could not but obey. After all, had she not a right to his confidence now? and was not the happiness of his life dependent on the manner in which she would receive his confession?

They sat down together on a low ottoman near the window, and Roman told his tale of how he had been sent hither to report upon Russia's defences against Germany. He spoke in a low choking voice, every word being brought out with a visible effort. Fearful of reading condemnation in Biruta's eyes, he had purposely averted his own, and sat gazing out of the window at the creepers on the balcony, wondering how long his suspense would last.

It was of short duration, for almost before he had finished speaking, Biruta had seized his hand in both of hers.

"Will you take me for your ally, Roman, as well as for your wife?" she cried impetuously. "A woman always makes a better spy than a man, and I have no reason to love the Russians any more than yourself; they tried to send my father to Siberia, and would have made me a beggar. It shall go hard if between us we do not contrive to outwit them!"

The next two hours passed in a blissful trance, though in the corner opposite, the bleached skeleton, with its sardonic grin, seemed to have been put there expressly to mock the spectacle of youth and happiness.

CHAPTER XII.—SCHEMING.

"When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis love commands, and glory leads the way."
—LEE.

Roman, at Biruta's desire, left Warsaw early in June, for after that one burst of passion, in which with the force of a whirlwind she had taken possession of her lover, the woman had displayed far more self-restraint than the man. She had taken his political mission fully more seriously to heart than he himself had done a few weeks ago, and for the present had concentrated all her mental energies upon the solution of this problem. There was not a trace remaining of the languid *ennuyée* woman, who had often seemed devoid of

the physical strength required for walking through the figures of a quadrille, or to lack sufficient intellect for the most ordinary conversational purposes. She was like a soulless being into whom a spirit had been breathed; a candle to whose wick a flame has been applied. What she had wanted before was an object in life, and this she had now found—a double object, love and ambition. But ambition must have its rights before love could be indulged in, and Roman was amazed at the almost masculine grasp of intellect with which she discussed this aspect of their position.

"Time enough to be happy by-and-by," she had answered, when Roman had vainly pleaded to be allowed to stay a few more days beside her. "Love will keep, but your mission will not. I shall manage much better without you. Your presence here just now would do far more harm than good."

"But how will you set about it? What can a woman do?" asked Roman, looking at her with admiration, slightly tinged with awe.

"More than a man," she returned with one of her enigmatical smiles. "In the first place, General Vassiljef will return in a day or two. He is sure to come and see me at once, for he is bringing back the blue necklace I sent to be repaired at St Petersburg. I have no confidence in the Warsaw jewellers."

"And what good will that do?"

"All the good in the world perhaps. He is considered a great authority on the subject of fortifications—and then he is in love with me," completed Biruta, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But you cannot, you must not suffer his attentions any longer, now that you belong to me."

"On the contrary, not only will I suffer but I shall encourage them," said Biruta, firmly. "It is our best chance of success."

Roman's well-marked eyebrows contracted visibly as he said—

"Then what is your plan? What do you mean to do? I insist upon knowing. I have a right to be told."

"Of course I must be guided by circumstances, and it is impossible to trace out the programme exactly beforehand; but from what I know of General Vassiljef, it will not, I think, be difficult to make him tell me whatever I choose."

"You believe in hypnotism?" said Roman, with a short but rather cheerless laugh.

"Not perhaps in a general way; but I do believe in the almost unlimited power of certain individuals over others."

"And so General Vassiljef is, you consider, a likely subject for hypnotism?"

"A very likely subject, provided I am the hypnotiser. Perhaps it is not every one I can influence in that way; but of Vassiljef and of—some others I feel certain. With a little management I could bring him to disclose all he knows."

"What do you call management?" pursued Roman, still far from satisfied. "What are you proposing to do?"

"Oh, nothing very dreadful," said Biruta with a slight laugh, which somehow jarred upon his ear. "I need only let him come here pretty often, and suffer him to kiss my hand occasionally. He admires my hands very much," she went on, holding the pink transparent nails up to the light; "and my shoulders still more."

Roman seized her in his arms with violence. "Biruta!" he cried, "I cannot endure this. I

was wrong ever to have told you my secret,—ever to have mixed you up in this degrading business. Yes, Felicyan was right; it is degrading to be a spy."

"You should have thought of that before. It is too late now to turn back."

"It is not too late," he said excitedly. "I shall resign my mission. I shall write to the War Office this very day to say that I am not able to accomplish it. Some one else may do so in my place,—I care not."

"And what then?" inquired Biruta coldly, almost hardly, as she drew back from his embrace. "Do you think I shall ever be the wife of a man who was faint-hearted enough to throw up the game at the first obstacle? A good racehorse never stops till it has reached the goal. If you give up your mission you give me up as well."

As might have been foreseen, Roman was vanquished, and though still moody and dissatisfied, he blindly agreed to everything proposed by Biruta, who unfolded her plans with the clearness and precision of a great commander disposing his forces for combat. She would hasten to complete the arrangements for the sale of her property in Russia, so as to be free for all emergencies, as, in the contingency of her part in the matter ever coming to light, the estates must inevitably be again confiscated. It was therefore expedient to have her fortune transferred from Russia with the least possible delay. English consols would be the safest investment for the present, she thought.

Most people had left Warsaw by this time, for the warm weather had already set in, but her remaining on here would not be likely to arouse suspicion, since it was generally understood that she had come hither on family business, and could not leave the country till the arrangements were wound up. She made Roman give her a minute account of the details of his mission, and made notes of the principal points still remaining to be ascertained, which, in the form of leading questions, were to be applied to General Vassiljef as opportunity occurred. Meanwhile Roman himself was to visit the fortresses of Modlin and Demblin, and thence, without returning to Warsaw, proceed straight to Stara-Wola, and there await the result. His presence here would spoil everything, for it was of the first importance that the link between them should not be guessed at. If she failed with Vassiljef, then it would be time enough to think of some other plan.

"But I shall die of suspense and —and of jealousy!" he exclaimed.

"Jealousy! Of that old gorilla! Roman, I am ashamed of you. You should never have professed to love me if you can be so weak, so childish as to distrust me."

"Forgive me," he said humbly, taking hold of her hand and laying it upon his burning forehead. "But it makes me so wretched to go away; and I am so anxious, so doubtful about the future. Sometimes I feel as if I had got into a labyrinth, and could not find my way out again."

"I shall be your guide," said Biruta, confidently. "Is not my own happiness at stake just as much as yours?" she went on more softly. "And do you think I would send you from me without necessity?"

CHAPTER XIII.—BLACK CHERRIES.

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charm."
—THOMSON.

So Roman, after travelling about the country for some ten days, and visiting various fortified towns where he contrived to pick up a good deal of miscellaneous information, returned to Stara-Wola, being warmly received by Felicyan and his wife,—by Luba too, who came out to greet him with a pink rose in her hair, and a yet brighter colour on her cheek.

But the days passed very slowly for Roman. June is a busy month in the country, and Felicyan, constantly absent in the fields, his thoughts engrossed by the state of the wheat crop, had little time to devote to his brother. Hala, too, had her hands full, preserving cherries and strawberries for winter use, and was oftener in the kitchen than in the drawing-room at this period. Only Luba was always at leisure, always lively and good-humoured, whenever Roman was inclined to walk or talk with her, and imperceptibly he acquired the habit of turning to her for companionship—for every man, even a man in love with another woman, must have companionship of some kind.

The Mazur lessons were not resumed, however, for the weather had now grown very warm, and flies were getting numerous, to the great satisfaction of old Nicorowicz, who wandered from room to room, daily annihilating many scores of victims with the weapon which he never laid aside, save to eat or to sleep. The bathing-hut down yonder in the creek had already been unlocked and put into order for summer use. It lay so conveniently near the house that Roman used to stroll down to the river every morning for the purpose of taking a plunge before breakfast.

Returning to the house after his morning bath, one brilliant day in June, he was much disappointed to find that Felicyan had been summoned off to a distant neighbour by a message regarding the sale of a winnowing-machine. He would not return before next evening.

"And he had promised to ride with me to-day," said Roman, rather aggrieved. "He was to have shown me a short cut to the place where the pontoon-bridge is projected across the Vistula."

Hala, attired in a coarse linen apron, was seated on a bench in the verandah, beside her a large basket of cherries, which, in a rapid and business-like fashion, she was divesting of their stalks. Luba on a large wooden stool was similarly employed, but she worked more indolently, and, judging by the evidence of numerous cherry-stones that strewed the verandah, a not inconsiderable portion of the fruit had been turned aside from its original destination.

"I am sorry," said Hala, pausing in her occupation, "but you see, Felicyan said that the matter about the winnowing-machine was pressing. Luba, don't eat so many cherries," she put in parenthetically; "you will quite spoil your appetite for breakfast."

Luba only replied by putting another cherry into her mouth, and smiling up at Roman as he stood beside them. When she smiled, her dark eyes lighted up in an unexpected way, making her almost beautiful. In repose the

eyes were somewhat apt to look drowsy and expressionless, not unlike the black cherries she was picking just now.

"Felicyan will go with you some other day," resumed Hala, turning to her brother-in-law.

"Some other day!" echoed Roman, rather despondently. "Who knows how long I may be remaining here?"

Luba looked quickly up, and as quickly looked down again.

"Can you not go by yourself?" asked Hala.

"No," he replied, with a touch of that petulance which of late had become more frequent with him; "I could not find the place alone. I am not yet sufficiently at home in your woods to know my way about."

Of course he could not explain to his sister-in-law that he did not care to be seen riding alone about the country, as, being a stranger in these parts, his appearance might attract attention and excite suspicion; whereas the presence of Felicyan, well known by sight as a harmless agriculturist, would be a safeguard.

"But why are you so anxious just to see this place?" said Madame Starowolska, her passing curiosity aroused by Roman's manner. "There is nothing particularly worth seeing about it that I know of. It is just like any other part of the river."

"No, nothing particular, I daresay," he returned, somewhat confusedly. "It is only a whim, a fancy of mine; and as there is not much to be done here in the way of amusement, I thought I might as well see the place. I always like to have an object for my rides; but of course, as Felicyan is not here, it must be given up for to-day."

Luba, who had been gazing up at Roman with an expression of deepest compassion for his evident disappointment, now put up a well-formed brown hand, its fingers tipped rosy by cherry-juice, and gave a little tug to Hala's linen apron.

"What is it, Luba?" asked Madame Starowolska.

Luba drew down her sister's head and whispered something into her ear.

Hala first shook her head rather undecidedly, then quite as undecidedly she smiled. After a little hesitation she said aloud: "Luba says that she can show you the way; she knows all the forest paths about here."

"That is, if you don't mind taking me?" now put in Luba, seeing that Roman did not answer at once.

"Mind! Oh, of course not!" exclaimed Roman, as if awakening from a dream. "Why should I? In fact it will be ever so much—better than going with Felicyan. It will indeed." He had been on the point of saying "ever so much safer," for the thought shot through his mind that for the object he had in view, a young lady companion would be the very best possible recipe for disarming suspicion. Should any one meet them—any Russian official, for instance—Roman would be taken for a harmless country gentleman, taking a ride with his sister, or his sweetheart; nothing could be neater or more appropriate.

Luba coloured with pleasure when she heard his exclamation.

"I did not know that you could ride," Roman continued.

"Oh yes, I am very fond of it, but Felicyan has hardly ever time to ride with me. How delightful it will be to have a good gallop again through those glades in the forest!"

"But you must have a leading-

rein," said Hala, who, now that she had given her consent to the arrangement, began to doubt the wisdom of the plan. "Luba is very brave, foolhardy in fact, but she has not been on horseback for more than a year, and Hetman the grey cob is not near as quiet as the old chestnut mare which Felicyan sold in autumn; and, Roman, you must promise to take great care of her — indeed you must."

"Oh, every care," he returned lightly. "Do you not know that a cavalry officer is capable of managing a whole regiment of young ladies. But how about the saddle?" he went on, turning to Luba. "Have you got a good side-saddle?"

There was a side-saddle—an excellent one, as Luba eagerly explained.

"Of what maker?" inquired the young officer, with the air of a connoisseur; "Vienna or English? With the right pommel cut away, as was now the fashion? And was there a safety stirrup?"

Luba knew nothing about the maker, and had never even heard the name of a safety stirrup before; but she was sure that the saddle was a good one. "You had better come and see it for yourself," she answered in conclusion.

There proved to be some difficulty, however, in finding this excellent saddle, for no one seemed to know where it had been put away. At last little Zosia recollected having seen it in the barn some weeks ago, huddled aside between empty packing-cases and discarded hen-coops. Kostus, who had stolen into the barn in quest of mischief presumably, had made a precipitate exit, saying that there was a large black bull lying down a dark corner.

"And it was only Aunt Luba's saddle, and the bull's horns were the pommels," finished Zosia in a patronising tone. "Kostus is a very stupid little boy to be afraid of a saddle."

The quondam bull forthwith dragged out to the light of day proved to be in sorry condition. Wreathed with cobwebs, smothered in dust, the leather dry and cracked, the padding torn and moth-eaten, the saddle which Luba had so confidently asserted to be in excellent condition presented a doleful appearance.

"There is nothing wrong about it, is there?" she inquired naively, as Roman did not speak.

"Wrong?" he echoed superciliously, having put up his eyeglass to examine the wreck. "Why, there is nothing right about it from beginning to end. It's wrong altogether."

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled disappointment and surprise; "I always thought that it was such a good saddle."

"Was?" he repeated. "Yes, it may have been a good saddle once upon a time, a score of years ago. Why, it must be twenty years old at least."

"Thirty. It belonged to your mother, Felicyan told me."

"My mother's old saddle! No wonder it is rather out of date;" and Roman, with the shining tip of his pointed boot, lightly touched the unwieldy construction, adorned by two monstrous horn-like pommels, with a gesture half tender, half contemptuous.

"Then can we not ride to-day?" asked Luba, who had anxiously been scanning his face. She tried to speak steadily, but a quiver in the voice, and a suspicious moisture in the eye, betrayed how closely her heart was set on the expedition.

Roman, good-natured at core, perceived her distress, and besides, he was really anxious himself for the ride. Any day, any hour, might bring a letter from Biruta summoning him to Warsaw, and he might not again have the opportunity of visiting the site of the proposed pontoon-bridge over the Vistula. It was an important military point, which from the first he had intended to reconnoitre, as, in the contingency of a campaign, it was imperative to ascertain and verify the sites elected for the erection of pontoon-bridges, by means of which the enemy might shift his forces indiscriminately to either bank of the river. Roman would long since have visited this place, only that Felicyan had not yet found time to guide him to the spot, for it was a long ride, involving an absence of five or six hours from the farm.

"Well, perhaps we need not give up the expedition. I should be as much disappointed as yourself if we had to do so. By having the leather thoroughly soaped and greased, and putting an extra thick rug beneath it, we may contrive to make the poor old saddle do duty once more."

Luba's smile on hearing this was like sunshine breaking forth after a shower: unfortunately it was lost upon Roman, who had already turned away to give the necessary directions respecting the saddle.

CHAPTER XIV.—SHADY.

". . . The Heaven's breath
Smells woolingly here."
—SHAKESPEARE.

After an early dinner partaken of in haste, Luba made her appearance, attired in a wide-flowing Amazon skirt which bore little resemblance to the correct tight habits of Roman's Berlin acquaintances; a wide flapping Leghorn straw hat, a striped pink linen bodice, and a broad Russia-leather belt, into which she had stuck a bunch of speckled carnations, completed this terribly unfashionable attire, yet not devoid of a certain rustic charm of its own, and looking, like Luba herself, sweet, fresh, and country-like, and perfectly in keeping with her rural surroundings.

So at least thought Hala, and so too would have thought any country-bred man whose taste had not been cultivated, or vitiated, by contact with the fashionable world. But Roman was not a country-bred man, and it is more than questionable whether, even had he not seen and loved Biruta, he would ever have been seriously attracted by the rustic prettiness and *naïve* coquetry of Luba Nicorowicz. There are people who cannot appreciate the perfume of new-mown hay, unless it is sold by Atkinson at half-a-crown a bottle; and a humble field-flower rarely finds favour in eyes that have acquired a taste for exotic plants.

"Permit me," said Roman, coming round to the side of Luba's horse, and offering his clasped hands for her to mount from.

Luba had been accustomed to mount from a kitchen-chair, and greatly preferred this mode of ascension, but not liking to confess her inexperience, she accepted his assistance with heightened colour and a quick-beating heart. The

first attempt was a dead failure, for jumping short of the saddle, she fell back almost into his arms, which scarcely tended to restore her composure; but after a few more trials she was safely landed at last, and glad to hide her confusion by bending low over the bridle while she pretended to arrange it. A leading-rein was attached to the grey cob's headpiece, and then, Roman having mounted his own steed, the two set forth, Luba little dreaming that she was bound on a secret military reconnaissance in the service of the German Government.

"Only take good care of her!" called out Hala after the equestrians.

Roman merely bowed in reply, scarcely turning round in the saddle, but Luba waved her hand joyfully, and showed a face so radiant with delighted anticipation, that Hala's own countenance caught the reflection of her sister's mood, and smilingly she stood watching them disappear down the short avenue and out on to the road beyond.

Everything seemed to be progressing favourably, she thought, when after a while she turned to go back to her jam-pots in the kitchen. Roman was evidently beginning to get attached to Luba, there could be no doubt of that; why else should he have been so anxious to take this long ride with her just to-day? If he had been indifferent to her, it would have been easy for him to put off the expedition till Felicyan's return. As for Luba, there could be no doubt of her feelings. Her tell-tale face would have betrayed her secret to eyes much less penetrating than those of a sister. Two brothers marrying two sisters,—what a delightfully convenient arrangement, thought Hala, as she weighed out the sugar that was to be used for making the cherry-jam. It was a pity, though, that Roman was an officer; she did not feel sure that Luba would be happy living in a German town. But his career had many compensating advantages, no doubt. He would be major some day, perhaps even colonel, and Luba, little Luba, would be a colonel's wife. People would say *Madame la Colonelle* to her!—and just at this juncture in her day-dream, Hala awoke to the fact that the caldron of syrup on the fire had boiled over, and was discharging its contents in a crimson cataract on the brick-laid kitchen floor.

Meanwhile the riders had reached the forest, and struck into one of the numerous bridle-paths by which it was intersected. Sometimes the way was so narrow that the two horses had barely space to walk side by side; sometimes again they emerged on to broad green glades, where a luxurious canter could be indulged in.

Roman was rather silent, and made no attempt to keep up consecutive conversation. Perhaps it was the heat which made him disinclined to talk, thought Luba. It certainly was very hot in the forest at this hour. Hetman, the grey cob, seemed to feel it too, for he shook his head repeatedly, and gave other signs of being in bodily discomfort.

"It must be the flies that are making him restless," exclaimed Luba at last. "See, there are a whole cluster on the poor thing's neck. If only I had a branch for brushing them away."

"I shall get you one directly," he replied, reining up his horse under a slender birch-tree, whose silvery stem showed white amid the surrounding blackness of the pines. "Here is a branch that will just suit your purpose," and

with his pocket-knife he proceeded swiftly and deftly to divest the twig of its superfluous foliage, leaving only a thick green tassel at the end.

They were now in the very heart of the forest, on a path so little frequented that the stately firs on either side had had leisure to stretch forth their arms towards each other, frequently meeting in a prickly embrace. Roman had repeatedly been forced to bend aside the boughs in order to make room for himself and his companion to pass. Just here where they stood, a dense green barrier closed in all around them, just as if the venerable trees had been so many benevolent matchmakers, who with loving conspiracy were endeavouring to keep here imprisoned together two young people so evidently made for each other.

A deep summer stillness pervaded the atmosphere—that summer stillness which, unlike the cold silence of winter, is penetrated throughout with the warm pulsations of animal and vegetable life; with hundredfold subdued sounds and echoes, more felt than heard. There was a slight hum of insects in the air, too faint to be called buzzing; the sound of a woodpecker's bill against a hollow stem, too distant to be called tapping; the liquid murmur of a woodland spring, too low to be called gurgling; an occasional quiver among the birch-leaves, too ethereal to be called rustling; yet each and all together bearing evidence that the forest was alive with myriads of unseen creatures and covert existences.

Presently a red-coated squirrel came leaping by through the pine-branches overhead, closely followed by its mate in amorous pursuit—their short staccato cries of mingled love and defiance the only positive sound in the animated silence.

"How beautiful it is here in the forest!" said Luba with a happy little sigh, as she took the twig from Roman's hand.

"Yes, beautiful," he said indifferently, and looking at his watch, "but we must try and get out of it as fast as we can; there is no time to be lost if we are to get back to Stara-Wola before nightfall."

Luba sighed again, not so happily this time, and passively followed Roman as he bent aside the branches in order to release her from this sylvan prison. She did not speak again till they had reached a broad sandy cart-track, where Roman proposed to strike into a brisk trot by way of making up for lost time.

"I think I might now dispense with the leading-rein," said Luba, suddenly and with a shade of childish petulance. "It is so tiresome to be guided about like a baby in leading-strings. I am perfectly well able to take care of myself."

"Certainly, if you prefer it," and he stooped down readily to detach the leather strap from Hetman's bridle.

Luba most unaccountably looked scarcely pleased at this ready acquiescence to her wishes; she had expected that he would demur, would claim as his right perhaps the privilege of taking care of her, and there may have been some confused unacknowledged thought in her mind that it would be very sweet to yield to his authority. Also, though she was most assiduous in brushing off the flies, Hetman seemed to derive no special benefit from the proceeding, but started and shied so frequently that Luba heartily regretted the loss of the leading-rein; but not for worlds would she have confessed her tremors after having so proudly asserted her independence.

CHAPTER XV.—A PICTURE.

"Love built a stately house where fortune came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame."
—GEORGE HERBERT.

It was past five o'clock when, emerging from the shade of pines and birches, they reached the river-bank at the one of the spots selected for the erection of a pontoon-bridge. The site was well chosen, as Roman with the eye of an expert at once recognised, for whereas to the right and the left the ground for a considerable distance was swampy and insecure, here only for a stretch of scarce a hundred yards there was a firm shingly beach reaching back almost to the forest-edge. In coming along he had already noted how the wood had been hewn out at various places, forming clearances sufficient for the passage of artillery and the concentration of considerable bodies of soldiers. Thanks to these arrangements, it would be easy for an army of ten thousand men to approach unperceived under cover of the forest and be across the Vistula within two hours. On the other hand, however, the right bank of the river was considerably higher than the left one at this place, and from the eminence half-a-dozen cannons would be able to command the bridge and prevent the troops from landing.

Four stout wooden posts, driven into the ground on either shore, indicated the exact site of the proposed bridge. Roman, dismounting, tied his horse to one of these; then he drew out a map, and began to verify the spot, making slight, almost imperceptible pencil-marks as he did so.

Luba had taken off her hat, and was fanning herself with it. She was flushed with the long ride in the heat, and her hair, deranged by frequent scrambling through the fir-branches, was rough and untidy. One long plait had slipped down, and was straying over her shoulder.

"What are you doing?" she presently inquired of Roman, who was unpacking the contents of a leather case he had attached to his saddle before starting. "What is in that box?"

"It is a photographic apparatus."

"And you really can photograph! How clever you must be!" and she looked at him with boundless admiration in her eyes. "But what do you want to photograph here? It is not at all a pretty place; I can show you far nicer views much nearer home."

It now for the first time occurred to Roman that Luba's curiosity might be inconvenient, and that at any price her suspicions must be disarmed. He had not thought of this before, indeed he had not distinctly intended to make use of the apparatus to-day, and only on reaching the spot had he recognised its tactical importance, and thought how valuable such a photographic reproduction of the place might become. He was not long at a loss for an excuse; his easy *savoir faire* suggested a pretext which he felt sure must divest his proceeding of any momentous signification in Luba's eyes.

"I want to take your photograph," he said, looking across at her as she sat motionless on the grey cob. He had also had time

to consider that a horse and rider would not much disfigure his picture. It would be easy to efface them from the plate before the views were printed off.

"My photograph!"

"Yes, why not? You do not mind, surely?" and Roman, whose knowledge of women was considerable, reflected that if she did object, she must be a very peculiar young lady indeed. He had never yet come across a woman who was not overjoyed at the idea of sitting for her portrait.

"No-o," said Luba; "of course I do not mind. I have only once been photographed before, and it did not succeed very well. My face came out exactly like the reflection in the fat looking-glass, and my feet were as large as Felicyan's almost. But had you not better put it off for another time? If I had known that you were going to make a picture of me, I should have put on my new bodice; only Hala thought it was a pity to run the risk of soiling it in the forest. My blue bodice is ever so much prettier than this one," she finished with half a sigh.

"Oh, your dress is all right," said Roman, without looking at her, for he was busy putting up the folding stand on which the apparatus was to rest.

"And my hair," went on Luba, much distressed, "it is all in disorder, I feel. How I wish I had a mirror! I am sure I must be looking a perfect fright. Give me at least time to arrange it." And hanging her hat on the right-hand pommel, she dropped the reins, and began hastily twisting up the vagabond plait.

"No, no!" exclaimed Roman, who was growing impatient, anxious to make use of the favourable conditions of light and shade, as well as of the perfect solitude that reigned around them, for carrying out his purpose. There was not a creature to be seen on land or river, but even a peasant passing by might be the means of attracting inconvenient attention to his proceedings. "Do not touch your hair, I implore you, Mademoiselle Luba. I want to take you just as you are at this moment; you have no idea how nice, how pretty you look!"

The bright blush which mantled Luba's cheek made her look prettier still, and she attempted no further expostulation.

"Am I sitting straight?" she anxiously inquired, when he had completed his arrangements.

"Yes, I think so," he returned, looking at her with critical attention, considering whether she was not concealing any important feature in the landscape. "But will you move your horse a little more to the left, please—so, that will do; now do not move till I give you leave."

Luba, sitting motionless and hardly daring to breathe for fear of spoiling the picture, fixed her eyes on a little sandbank that lay some fifty yards distant up the river. Gilt by the rays of the sun now sinking low, it looked to her like a golden islet cast in the azure flood that washed it on either side; and, her mind all full of confused happy thoughts, she was dreaming perhaps of a blissful future as bright as yonder golden isle,—perchance of a love as deep as the river alongside; of a life that should flow as smoothly and harmoniously as the mighty current itself. Foolish, delusive dreams! yet such as surely every girl has dreamt on some midsummer day, only to wake up anon and discover that the sun has gone from the landscape, and that gold and azure have been exchanged for the sad-

tinted drabs and greys which colour most of our days.

Even now, as Luba watched, during the eighty seconds or so that the process lasted, she became aware of a cloudy appearance up the river, which blurred and confused the view as with an approaching fog.

Roman had scarcely shut up the machine when a steamboat came in view, rounding an adjacent promontory.

"How lucky it is that I had already finished!" he exclaimed, as, catching sight of the approaching vessel, he hastily began taking down the apparatus and restoring it to the little case in which it had been packed.

As the steamboat came opposite to where they stood it slackened pace, for there were some awkward shallows just here to be passed, and began letting off the steam with an ear-rending screech.

Roman's horse plunged violently, but, securely tied up to the wooden post, was unable to escape. Luba, who had dropped the reins in order to plait up her hair, was taken completely by surprise when the grey cob, veering sharply round, galloped off in the direction of the forest.

Roman, watching the steamer, was roused by her cry for help, and, inexpressibly horrified, started off in pursuit. It was some minutes before he found them. Luba, sitting at the foot of a tree, was crying, and holding up one hand to her forehead as though in pain. A few paces off, the grey cob, divested of its saddle, was grazing placidly. Dashing under a low overhanging branch the blow had unseated her, and in the fall some rotten old strap had given way, causing rider and saddle to roll together to the ground. No serious injury had been sustained, as Roman recognised with intense relief, but he shuddered at the thought of what might have been. How could he ever again have shown his face at Stara-Wola if this accident had turned out differently? If Luba had been crippled—or dead! God forbid that he should ever be the means of bringing sorrow on his brother's family! And it would have been his fault, all his own fault, if such had happened; for, absorbed in pursuit of his own private ends, he had lost sight of Hala's injunctions about taking care of her sister. Had he not been just using the poor, unsuspecting girl as a straw figure—a mere decoy-duck—to conceal the real object of his manipulations? And but for the photograph this accident would never have occurred.

"Oh, I am a brute, a monster, not to have taken better care of you!" he cried impetuously, as he threw himself on the ground beside her. "Forgive me, Luba!—oh, say you will forgive me!"

Luba began to dry her eyes, and tried to smile at him; but her lips quivered, and she was still very pale with the fright and the shock sustained.

Roman took hold of her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Are you much hurt? I shall never forgive myself if you are."

"It is not very bad," Luba managed to stammer, fully more confused by Roman's warmth of manner than by the blow on her head; "only my forehead smarts a little where the branch hit it in falling."

"I shall wet my handkerchief in the river and tie it round your head; that will keep the place from swelling up."

"And oh! could you get me some water to drink?" she mur-

mured, in a voice that was still rather faint.

Roman was gone like a flash of lightning, and soon returned leading his horse, and bearing a pocket-flask full of water. With the tender care of an affectionate brother, he bathed and bound up her wounded forehead; and how was Luba to know that his attentions were merely brotherly?

After resting for some twenty minutes she felt quite revived, and declared herself able to proceed homewards. But it proved no such easy matter to re-saddle the grey cob: the piece of leather that had given way had to be replaced by a strap from the case of the photographic apparatus. Hetman, too, appeared to have been wounded as well as Luba, for there was a place rubbed sore on its back, and already the flies were beginning to settle on the congealed blood, and further to irritate the poor animal. A closer investigation of the inside of the saddle showed this to have been caused by a long protruding nail, which during the ride had been slowly working its way through the insufficient padding.

"No wonder poor Hetman was restless," said Luba compassionately, as Roman, taking up a pointed stone, began to hammer down the inconvenient piece of iron.

In another ten minutes they were on horseback, and wending their way back through the lonely forest, now pleasantly cool and refreshing. Luba had no cause to complain of inattention on Roman's part. He kept a tight grip of the leading-rein, and repeatedly inquired whether she did not feel tired or faint.

"What a scolding your sister will give me when she hears of the accident!" he said, as in the twilight they approached Stara-Wola. "But I richly deserve it; I know I do."

"Why should she ever know?" asked Luba, rather shyly. "I shall not say a word about it; let it be a secret between us."

"You are an angel!" cried Roman, impulsively; and a minute later he added, "and let the photograph be a secret too. Do me a favour by not mentioning it to either Felicyan or Hala. No one is to know of it but you and me; you will promise me that, will you not?"

Luba promised, oh how gladly! The thought of having a secret with him was rapture.

"I am sorry our ride turned out so unfortunately," said Roman, as he assisted her to dismount before the white house.

Luba did not speak, but she thought to herself that the ride had been a very fortunate one indeed. To be called an angel, and have her hand kissed by Roman Starowolski, she would have been content to fall from her horse and bruise her forehead every day in the year!

BIMETALLISM.

THE Battle of the Standards has now become a real conflict. The recent debates in the British Parliament and United States Senate and House of Representatives show the importance of the subject, and the advanced position it now occupies is a sufficient justification for keeping the question before the public eye. The recent telegrams from the United States make it pretty clear that this country will be called upon at an early date to determine whether, by standing aloof, they shall discourage the efforts that are being made to secure a common monetary standard for the world's commerce, or whether, by endeavouring to arrive at a common understanding with the other great Powers, they shall promote an enduring settlement of what has always been a source of disturbance to trade, — in other words, whether Great Britain shall be an element of weakness or of strength, in settling what is to her, above all other nations, a question of the deepest importance.

If any further justification were required for the continued advocacy of bimetallism, it would be found in the Report of the Royal Commission (1888), appointed "to inquire into the recent changes in the relative prices of the precious metals," and if possible to suggest remedies.

The Commissioners found that "if to the difference in the standard" (between two countries) "is added the uncertainty of variations in the relative value, a serious impediment to trade is established." They then found that so long as the bimetallic system was in force in the Latin Union "it kept the market price of silver approximately steady," or, in other words, that it practically prevented those "variations in the relative value of the standards," which would have been such a "serious impediment to trade."

Many of our distinguished men have deprecated even the consideration of the bimetallic question, desiring, as it has been said, "to let sleeping dogs lie"; but the dog of currency never sleeps, and it must now be apparent to all that the present action of the United States is bringing the matter to a point where it cannot rest, and where it must receive the concentrated attention of our commercial men, financiers, and statesmen.

I therefore propose in this article to explain shortly the meaning, object, and practical working of bimetallism, and to answer as far as I am able the objections that have been raised against it both in the press and in Parliament.

No doubt many of the readers of 'Blackwood' understand perfectly what the system is that bimetallists advocate; but so much excusable ignorance on this point exists in the minds of the public, that no apology is needed for dealing with the subject in a somewhat elementary fashion.

If indeed any apology is due at all, it is for asking people to reconsider their opinions on so complicated a question; but the advantage to the foreign trade of this country would be so enormous, if it were possible to create a common standard of value be-

tween silver and gold using nations, that any proposal for accomplishing this, ought to receive most careful consideration.

Bimetallism is the currency system that obtained in France from 1803 to 1873, under which the mints were open to the public for the unlimited coinage of gold and silver, and all debts were payable in either gold or silver at the option of the payer, at a fixed ratio.

In France this ratio was fixed at 15½ to 1, so that for every kilogramme of silver that was brought to the mint 200 francs in silver coins were given in exchange; and for every kilogramme of bar gold so brought, 3100 francs in gold coins were given in exchange; and these francs, whether gold or silver, were legal tender for all debts.

In 1866, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece joined France in this arrangement, and formed what was called the Latin Union, with the object of assimilating their money and monetary laws, and of making the coins issued by each State current in the other States of the Union. That Union still exists, and has existed without change, all measures taken since its formation having been adopted in concert.

After the Franco-German war of 1870, the Germans, having obtained a large amount of gold from France, decided to carry out their project of forming a gold standard, and demonetising silver, which had been their sole standard. Having done this in 1872, they were left with a large amount of surplus silver, which began to find its way to the French mints. The production of silver had somewhat increased at this time, and had perhaps given the French authorities uneasiness, but that by itself would certainly not have caused any alteration in the French currency laws, any more than the enormous production of gold did in previous times. The feeling, however, took possession of the French that their bimetallic law was of great advantage to the Germans in enabling them to dispose of their surplus stock of silver at good prices; and therefore, to annoy their adversaries as much or more as to protect themselves, the French, and their monetary allies of the Latin Union at their instigation, began to restrict the free coinage of silver. The first decree with this object was promulgated on 6th September 1873, followed by another in January 1874, until finally the free coinage of silver at the mints of the Latin Union ceased altogether.

Now the remarkable feature in all this is, that during the whole of the period that bimetallism existed in France, the price of silver remained "approximately steady" at the legal ratio of 15½ to 1, or 60⅞d. an oz. It must be noted further that, in 1852, the production of gold increased from £16,000,000 to £36,000,000; and from 1852 to 1859, both inclusive, the production of gold was £226,220,000 against £74,020,000 of silver; and that during those years there was at least as much fear of an over-production of gold, as there has been lately of an over-production of silver. There are leases at present in force, which date from this period, wherein it is expressly stipulated that the rents are to be paid in silver if the lessor so requires.

When, too, it is remembered that the estimated amount of gold in 1848 was at most £600,000,000, and by 1866 it had increased by £430,000,000, exceeding the increase of silver by £253,000,000,

it is necessary to seek for some extraordinary reason for the stability in the relative value of the two metals.

But there is no extraordinary reason to be found except that France was under a bimetallic law; and this is what is called the historical argument for bimetallism.

The validity of this argument is upheld by the unanimous opinion of the members of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver of 1888, as shown by the following extracts from Part I. of their Report, which was signed by all the members of the Commission:—

Sec. 189. "Looking then to the vast changes which occurred prior to 1873 in the relative production of the two metals without any corresponding disturbance in their market value, it appears to us difficult to resist the conclusion that some influence was then at work tending to steady the price of silver, and to keep the ratio which it bore to gold approximately stable."

Sec. 190. "Prior to 1873 the fluctuations in the price of silver were gradual in their character, and ranged within very narrow limits. The maximum variation in 1872 was $\frac{5}{8}$d., and the average not quite $\frac{5}{16}$d.; while in 1886 the maximum was $2\frac{9}{16}$d., and the average nearly $1\frac{1}{8}$d. It has not been, and indeed hardly could be, suggested that this difference can be accounted for by changes in the relative production or actual use of the two metals."

Sec. 191. "The explanation commonly offered of these constant variations in the silver market is that the rise or depression of the price of silver depends upon the briskness or slackness of the demand for the purpose of remittance to silver-using countries, and that the price is largely affected by the amount of the bills sold from time to time by the Secretary of State for India in Council.

"But these causes were, as far as can be seen, operating prior to 1873, as well as subsequent to that date, and yet the silver market did not display the sensitiveness to these influences from day to day and month to month which it now does."

Sec. 192. "These considerations seem to suggest the existence of some steady influence in former periods, which has now been removed, and which has left the silver market subject to the free influence of causes, the full effect of which was previously kept in check. The question, therefore, forces itself upon us — Is there any other circumstance calculated to affect the relation of silver to gold which distinguishes the latter period (1873 to 1887) from the earlier? (1803 to 1873.)

"Now, undoubtedly, the date which forms the dividing line between an epoch of approximate fixity in the relative value of gold and silver and one of marked instability, is the year when the bimetallic system, which had previously been in force in the Latin Union, ceased to be in full operation; and we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the operation of that system established as it was in countries the population and commerce of which were considerable, exerted a material influence upon the relative value of the two metals.

"*So long as that system was in force, we think that, notwithstanding the changes in the production and use of the precious metals, it kept the market price of silver approximately steady at the ratio fixed by law between them, namely,* $15\frac{1}{2}$ *to* 1."

Sec. 193. "Nor does it appear to us *a priori* unreasonable to suppose that the existence in the Latin Union of a bimetallic system, with a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 fixed between the two metals, should have been capable of keeping the market price of silver steady at approximately that ratio.

"The view that it could only affect the market price to the extent to which there was a demand for it for currency purposes in the Latin Union, or to which it was actually taken to the mints of those countries, is, we think, fallacious.

"The fact that the owner of silver could, in the last resort, take it to those mints and have it converted into coin, which would purchase

commodities at the ratio of 15½ of silver to one of gold, would, in our opinion, be likely to affect the price of silver in the market generally, whoever the purchaser and for whatever country it was destined. It would enable the seller to stand out for a price approximating to the legal coin, and would tend to keep the market steady at about that point."

The object of bimetallism is to remove the chief cause of the instability of exchange between gold and silver using countries, by limiting the extent of the fluctuations in the relative price of the two metals. It does not profess or hope to obtain complete stability in exchange, which must still rise and fall within certain limits according to the proportion of imports to exports; but what bimetallists do claim is, that however active the demand for one metal or however large the supply of the other, the fluctuation in their relative value will be kept within reasonable bounds by the action of the bimetallic law, and they point with confidence to the experiment of France as a historical and practical example of the truth of their theory.

If then France, single-handed, could maintain the ratio between silver and gold for so many years in the face of enormous fluctuations in the relative production of the two metals, how much more, then, could a group of great commercial nations maintain that ratio! and it is this *international* bimetallism that it is now proposed to adopt.

In this connection I may quote parts of Sections 107 and 119, Part II., of the Report of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver, signed by the six members who were, at that time at least, decidedly against the adoption of bimetallism by England, or any other fundamental change in our currency laws.

Sec. 107. "We think that in any conditions fairly to be contemplated in the future, so far as we can forecast them from the experience of the past, a stable ratio might be maintained if the nations we have alluded to (the United States, Germany, the Latin Union, the United Kingdom) were to accept and strictly adhere to bimetallism, at the suggested ratio. We think that if in all these countries gold and silver could be freely coined, and thus become exchangeable against commodities at the fixed ratio, the market value of silver as measured by gold would conform to that ratio, and not vary to any material extent."

Sec. 119. "Apprehensions have been expressed that if a bimetallic system were adopted, gold would gradually disappear from circulation. If, however, the arrangement included all the principal commercial nations, we do not think there would be any serious danger of such a result.

"Such a danger, if it existed at all, must be remote.

"We are fully sensible of the benefits which would accrue from the adoption of a common monetary standard by all the commercial nations of the world, and we are quite alive to the advantage of the adoption by these nations of a uniform bimetallic standard as a step in that direction."

I will deal later with the suggestion here made that nations might not strictly adhere to the Union.

There has been no serious attempt on the part of monometallists to explain how it was that the ratio was maintained by France; they usually content themselves with endeavouring to show that bimetallism was not the cause of it.

Their argument is as follows: Bimetallism did not exist in France

because the two metals did not circulate concurrently in the country; and France was therefore either a gold-using country or a silver-using country. But surely it was that very circumstance that kept the ratio steady, for France was able at all times to throw her weight into the scale to neutralise, as occasion required, the demand for or supply of either metal. It is not, however, correct to say that France was constantly denuded of one metal or the other; but the fact that she was always prepared to be so denuded, if the excess in the production of the other metal required it, and that she was constantly exporting one metal and importing the other as occasion required, did regulate, and of necessity must have tended to regulate, the fluctuations in the supply and demand of the two metals. To say, however, that bimetallism did not exist on that account, merely shows that the speaker has his own peculiar definition of bimetallism. By bimetallism *we* mean a law permitting or enjoining certain things; but, compelling the two metals to exist concurrently in the bimetallic country is not one of those things.

No doubt France, standing as she did for so many years alone in the adoption of a ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, suffered some inconvenience from the constant tendency of either one metal or the other to leave the country; but this inconvenience was caused to a great extent by the fact that the United States also were bimetallic, but at a different ratio. Thus, when the ratio in the United States was 15 to 1, it was to the advantage of France to send silver to America, and of the United States to send gold to France; and when the United States altered their ratio to 16 to 1, it paid France to send gold to America, and it paid America to send silver to France. No doubt if England stood alone as a bimetallic country, she would suffer in like manner, but even then a freer use of notes representing the standard pound (whether of gold or silver), and the use of a token coinage, would almost entirely obviate any annoyance that there might be on this score.

Imagine then that England stood alone as a bimetallic country and all her gold left her, we should be in no more inconvenient a position in respect of currency than India is now; she has her rupees, annas, and pice for small coinage, and her 10, 50, and 100 rupee notes for her larger coinage; and in the same way England would have her present silver coinage and notes for higher amounts. To hear people talk of the inconvenience that would arise from a silver currency, one would think that India, Mexico, and the United States had never been heard of or visited by Europeans. If, on the other hand, our silver left us, we should be in the same position as we are now, with notes, sovereigns, and token coinage.

But no one now proposes that England or any other nation should stand alone, for all other nations of importance are willing to join if only England will lead the way; but the fact of England's hesitation makes them also hesitate, as they know that if it is to the advantage of England to stand aloof, it is not to their advantage to fight the battle.

If, however, all the important nations joined in a Bimetallic Union, with the same fixed ratio, there would be no longer any question of one metal leaving the

country to the exclusion of the other, for there would be nowhere for it to go, and no inducement to send one rather than the other; and therefore there would be no inconvenience from this source.

No doubt there is some apprehension in the public mind, or rather I should say uncertainty, as to how bimetallism would work practically, and this would be quite natural if it were a new thing; but it is not new, and we have only to turn for information on this subject to the experience of France.

The banking reserves were and are kept indifferently in gold or silver; notes were issued against standard francs, and whether these were of gold or silver it mattered not at all, for they had the same purchasing power and the same power of paying debts; so in England the reserves would be either gold or silver, and notes would be issued against standard pounds, and whether those pounds contained 123.27447 grains of standard gold (113.0016 pure) or 1893.5403 grains of standard silver (1751.5247 pure) would not affect any one. The balances of trade between nations in the Union would be adjusted with the metal that was at the moment more plentiful in the debtor country; and though to adjust the balance due to a monometallic country a small agio might have to be paid for the necessary metal, if that metal happened to be scarce in the debtor country, the ruinous rates at which remittances have now so often to be made would be done away with altogether.

One word on the agio. The adjustment of the balance of trade is made by remittances of specie. The remitter, or dealer in money, exports gold when it is more profitable for him to send gold than silver, or sends silver if the case is reversed. The bank that supplies the bullion charges a small commission, and this commission is called agio. Thus the whole profit of remitting remains with the remitting country in the persons of the remitter and the bank.

Let us now examine the working of the bimetallic law, so that we may see how it was able to produce such stability in the relative market value of the precious metals, when their relative production underwent such enormous fluctuations.

Let us go back to the "fifties," when the production of gold was at its height, and suppose a man to be possessed of 1000 ounces of bar gold, and let us see what he would do with it.

Obviously he would take it to the mint of his own country, if that were open for the free coinage of gold; but if not, or if he could not sell it in his own country for use in the arts to greater advantage, he would ship it to any country that had an open mint, or where the demand for gold was greater than in his own, selecting for that purpose the country on which the rate of exchange was most favourable, and to which the cost of transit was the least. He would then draw on his correspondents in that country and sell his bills.

In the same way, if a man possessed 1000 ounces of bar silver, he would ship them to a silver-using country or a bimetallic country and draw against them, if by so doing he could obtain more for his bills than he could by selling the silver in his own country.

When the currency of two countries is of the same metal, it is

obvious that no remittances of metal will be made from one to the other unless the cost of buying bills is greater than the cost of remitting metal; and it is also obvious that, the metal of the currency being the same in both countries, the exchange between them can never vary more than the equivalent of the cost of remitting the metal. But when the currency of two countries is different, remittances of metal must be classed in the same category as remittances of goods, and if the remittances or exports from one country constantly exceed the imports from the other country, then the exchange between these countries may vary to any extent, for there will be a constant surplus of bills for sale over the amount of bills required to be bought. The most notable example of this state of things is to be seen by the course of exchange with India; but if it had not been for the increased demand for gold, and for the demonetisation of silver by Germany, and the increase in the production of that metal, it is probable, or even certain, that the exchange would have righted itself: for it is clear that the increasing cheapness of bills on India has a tendency to check imports into India when the bills drawn against them continually decrease in value, and at the same time it stimulates exports from India where bills can be bought to pay for them at a continually cheapening rate; and therefore the exports and imports would have equalised themselves, and exchange would have been again at par.

Unfortunately, however, owing to the causes above stated, the relative value of silver and gold has varied considerably since the rupee was worth about two shillings; and therefore, though the equalisation of the imports and exports (of goods and bullion) as measured in gold has been effected, the exchange with India is still much below its former level, owing to the fall in the gold value of the silver in a rupee.

How then was France able practically to maintain the price of silver? or to put a more startling question, How was she enabled to maintain the price of gold as measured in silver?

As we have seen above, the stock of gold in the world increased by more than 70 per cent, between 1848 and 1866, and the increase in the production of gold over silver was no less than £253,000,000, and yet during that period the average annual price of silver was never lower, even in the London market, than 59½d. an ounce, and never higher than 62$\frac{1}{16}$d. an ounce.

The effect of a large production of gold or any other commodity is to lower the exchangeable value of that commodity, or in other words, to increase the relative value of all other commodities.

The effect then of the great production of gold in California was to raise prices in that locality, which rise soon spread over the whole country; whereupon shipments of gold were made to other countries where commodities were cheaper, and bills drawn against these shipments were sold in the United States, the natural effect of which was, as we have seen above, that the exchange between the United States and all other countries fell to a point where it did not pay to remit in the cases where the currency was of the same metal; but in the cases where the currency was different, the exchange would have con-

tinued to fall but for the action of France.

For instance, the exports from England to the United States could not keep pace with the imports from the United States, for, having nothing but gold for currency, England had nothing but goods to export in exchange for gold. The case, however, with France was different; for, apart from the usual exports, which were not sufficient to meet the increased remittances of gold, she was enabled to export her silver to redress the balance of trade, for under her system it was immaterial to her whether she used as currency the silver then in her vaults, or the gold that was coming from the United States.

Thus it was that France was able to maintain her exchange at close upon par, and thus she maintained the price of silver; for no one would take less for his silver than the price at which he could sell bills on France, as, if he could not get a good price for his silver, he had nothing to do but to ship it to France and draw against it.

It is probable that a greater impetus to trade in *gold-using* countries was given by this large production of gold than was given to silver-using countries, and no doubt this impetus caused an increased absorption of gold by gold-using countries, and somewhat assisted France in maintaining the standard.

But however this may be, it is a historical fact that the bimetallic law in France and the maintenance of the market ratio were concurrent, and it can be demonstrated beyond all question that a bimetallic law even in one country can maintain the ratio in the face of a large amount of variation in the relative supply of the precious metals.

It is clear, therefore, that a group of nations would put all probabilities of a disturbance in the ratio quite out of the question. It must be borne in mind also that enormous discoveries of both metals have been made in the last forty years, and the currency of the world is twice as great now as it was when the strain was put upon it by the Californian production, and therefore the increase in the production of one metal would have to be twice as great now as it was before to produce the same strain.

However, let us suppose so enormous a production of silver as to drive all the gold of the bimetallic world to—where shall we say?—Central Africa, and let us suppose the Union denuded of gold, and silver still pouring in, and exchange with the Union steadily falling. The Union would suffer all the inconvenience that I have already referred to of a stimulus to its exports and a check to its imports; the Union would also suffer again from a stimulus to its imports and a check to its exports if the production of silver fell off again and the production of gold increased. But all this would happen just the same if we had no bimetallism: the only difference would be that the evils would happen immediately, and would be so much the more violent in that there would be no group of nations ready to create a demand for the most abundant metal by changing their currency exclusively to that metal; and moreover, as under the present system about half the nations use gold and half use silver, and as under an international bimetallic system in the case we are discussing, the whole of the Union would

be using the most abundant metal, together with half of those nations outside the Union as before, any inconvenience to the commercial world or loss to the Union, owing to an increase in the supply of the currency that they were using, would be very much less to individual nations under a bimetallic system than under the present system. In other words, three-quarters of the world could absorb the more abundant metal more easily than half the world could, and the remaining quarter could not create such a demand for the less abundant metal as half the world could; and moreover, if there is to be any loss, it could be borne with less disturbance to trade and loss to individual nations, by three-quarters of the world than by half the world.

It is supposed in many quarters that international bimetallism would entail a rise in prices; but no change in currency could raise prices unless it increased the supply of the currency without increasing the demand.

If, as was at one time suggested, the legal ratio under an international agreement should be fixed at a point much above the existing market ratio, it is possible that prices would be thereby raised in gold-using countries, and might fall somewhat in silver-using countries; but the present action of the United States will in all probability rehabilitate silver as regards price, and will neutralise the effect of Germany's action in demonetising silver in 1872: therefore the most extreme silver men could not hope, from international bimetallism, for more than that the legal ratio should be fixed at the then existing market ratio. But this question of price has nothing to do with bimetallism; the price of silver is now rising, because the United States has decided to increase the demand for silver for currency purposes; and in so far as this may reduce the demand for gold, it will tend to raise the price of commodities as measured in gold: when, however, the extent of the demand for silver or gold is settled, the relative price of the two metals will represent the relative supply of and demand for them; but the action of bimetallism, in permanently fixing this relative price, would not alter the supply and demand then existing (which alone could affect the price of commodities), but would on the contrary regulate and steady it, by providing automatically a supply or demand to meet and neutralise any increased demand or supply of the precious metals.

Again, it is clear that with a double currency of gold and silver, the mass of currency would be so large that prices would be much less violently affected by an increase in the production of either metal than they are at present; unless, as is most unlikely, an excessive supply of or demand for *both* metals took place simultaneously.

We will now consider some of the more recent arguments used by the opponents of the joint standard to justify our continued insularity on the question.

Mr J. S. Wood advocated at great length and with some ability, in the March and April numbers of this Magazine, the closing of the Indian mints, with a view to rehabilitate the rupee; but space would hardly permit me to discuss all the remedies that have been proposed, so for the present we must content ourselves with the unanimous opinion of the Royal Commissioners, who decided to

deal with bimetallism at some length, "partly on account of the weight of authority by which it is supported, and partly because, if the serious nature of the evils described above be admitted, no other proposal appears to apply so complete and practical a remedy."

Sir John Lubbock has given us, in the June number of 'The New Review,' a supplement to his speech in Parliament; but there are only a few points in the article that had not been already referred to by other speakers on the same evening. One remark of his to which I should like to call attention is the following: "I would ask the working classes of the country whether they are prepared to support a proposal, an avowed object of which is to raise the price of the necessaries and comforts of life,"—that is to say, that an object of bimetallism is to depreciate gold and thus raise prices; and so, he argues, depreciate one of the principal sources of wealth of the Australian colonies.

But in the first place it is doubtful, as Sir John himself admits, whether bimetallism would affect prices to any appreciable extent, even if the value of silver was raised thereby; and surely it is for Sir John and his readers rather to consider what would be the *effect* of bimetallism than what may be the objects of its promoters—though in this particular instance Sir John appears to forget that Australia is a large silver-producing country. In the opinion of some of the most prominent working men and others, the effect of bimetallism would be to raise wages; and it might therefore, with equal truth, be said that an avowed object of bimetallism is to raise wages.

I freely admit that among bimetallists there may be certain persons whose object is to raise the price of silver for their own advantage, such as Indian officials and others, whose contracts were made when silver was higher, and perhaps there may also be those who wish to see the prices of other commodities raised; but I would submit that it is not a fair statement of the case to say that an avowed object of the proposal is to raise prices,—it savours of rhetorical artifice.

There are people, as Sir John Lubbock says, who hint that bankers are opposed to bimetallism because they are supposed to have some special interest in gold; but I think this is a most unworthy insinuation: and though there may be, and no doubt are, selfish and stupid bankers, I have no doubt that as a class they are sufficiently public-spirited to welcome any change that is in the general interest, and sufficiently intelligent to see, as Sir John Lubbock points out, that their own interests are bound up in the prosperity of the country.

Let Sir John Lubbock give us credit for equal patriotism and sense, and believe us when we say, as we have done a thousand times, that the object of bimetallism, and the only object worthy of notice, is not to raise the price of silver or any other commodity, but to remove the greatest cause that exists of instability in exchange, and to give to all nations a common and therefore stable standard of value.

From the present action of the United States it looks as if the price of silver would be raised without any aid from bimetallism, and indeed there is nothing under the present system to prevent silver rising to a far higher price than any yet reached; but, on

the other hand, there is nothing to prevent silver from being knocked down from any high position it may attain, if there is no international agreement,—and so we shall go on as before, still liable to endless fluctuations in the relative value of the precious metals, and endless disturbances to trade.

Again, Sir John Lubbock says, "If silver is made legal tender, why not copper?" We must forgive the triumphant form in which this point is clothed, because it is one that never fails to "draw" in monometallist circles; but in fact the answer is, one would have thought, perfectly obvious. "Because copper is not legal tender in any civilised community, and silver or gold is legal tender in all."

Probably the points urged in opposition to bimetallism by Mr W. H. Smith, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Lyon Playfair, in the House of Commons, may be taken as containing the case for the monometallists; it will be useful, therefore, to examine some of their remarks, and to glance at Mr Goschen's attitude.

In bringing forward his first point, Mr W. H. Smith fell into a remarkable error, and as I have heard the same in other very influential quarters, it is perhaps worth special comment. I will quote the passage in full. "My hon. friend (Sir William Houldsworth) has said that what he desires is stability. We all recognise the force of that. But he proposes to link silver with gold in order that this stability shall be maintained—that is to say, that the metal which has fluctuated in price shall be joined with *gold, which has not fluctuated.*"

It is clear from the context that en Mr W. H. Smith said that gold had not fluctuated in *price*, he meant that it had not fluctuated in *value*; and besides, gold cannot fluctuate in price—that is to say, in terms of gold. Gold is with us the measure of value of all other commodities, and thus the only measure of value of gold is the mass of all other commodities: therefore when Mr W. H. Smith said that the value of gold does not fluctuate, he in effect asserted that the price of commodities taken collectively does not fluctuate in terms of gold; or, in other words, that a sovereign will always buy as much at one time as another.

It is unnecessary to reproduce here the numerous tables and statements which have been compiled to show that this is emphatically not correct, so I will leave the public generally, and the holders of fixed incomes in particular, to decide the question for themselves; and I think they will agree with me that if the First Lord of the Treasury is right, he must have access to channels of information that are not open to the rest of her Majesty's subjects!

Any one who has lived in silver-using countries knows how difficult it is to reconcile the views of the natives with those of Europeans on questions of exchange. The native, like Mr W. H. Smith, sees no evidence that there has been a fluctuation in the value of his standard: all he sees, if indeed he is engaged in business, and is thus able to see anything, is that there is a premium or a discount on gold, and perhaps a premium or a discount on the products of gold-using countries; but while he is able to buy, practically, as much of what he requires with his dollar or rupee as he could before, it is not easy to persuade him that

silver has altered in value, nor, indeed, is he far from the truth.

The Royal Commission, after noting a rise in gold prices before 1873, and a continuous fall since that date, discussed the question of the steadiness of silver prices, and came to this conclusion, that though "statistics on this point are imperfect, . . . it may be safely said that there is no evidence of a rise in prices in India; and there is a general agreement among the witnesses whom we have examined on the point, that the purchasing power of the rupee in that country has not fallen."

No doubt, the most effective portion of Mr W. H. Smith's speech was when, supported by the opinions of statesmen of sixty years ago, he scared the House with a description of the panic that would ensue on the proposed change of currency, owing to a supposed desire to hoard gold; and as there are a large number of people who have not thought out what the steps would be in making any change of currency, it is not unnatural that they should think that a panic might possibly be caused, and if there is the slightest possibility of a panic, it is still more natural that they should object to any change.

But, in the first place, let me point out that we have strong *prima facie* evidence that there would be no panic, for, as Mr Balfour observed, changes of currency of all kinds have been effected without any panic following; and perhaps the chief reason of this is, that all changes of this description must of necessity be gradual, and, moreover, that they are not carried out unless the majority desire it, and therefore the possibility of a sudden and unreasoning panic occurring is quite of the question.

If, however, in spite of long and patient discussion, and the favourable opinion of the majority, there were still to be found people who considered the change harmful, it is difficult to see what adequate motive they could have in hoarding gold, if, on the hypothesis of bimetallism, gold would go no further than the legal proportion of silver that they might otherwise receive.

If an important change like bimetallism were introduced without any warning (which is impossible), it is conceivable that small depositors might make a run on the banks; but even then it is hardly conceivable that large creditors would run the risk of causing a panic by calling up their money, as they are almost invariably debtors as well as creditors; and still less would a gradual change in currency be a sufficient motive to drive all the world into liquidation in cold blood.

Let me trace shortly the steps that mark the course of a change in currency, and it will be seen from our own experience of the bimetallic agitation how gradual a process it is.

Ten years ago the English bimetallists could have almost been counted on a man's fingers, and they were looked upon by their immediate friends much as Mr Donelly and his cryptogram is now. Then letters were written and pamphlets were published, and lectures were delivered, until little by little their numbers were increased, and the Bimetallic League was formed. Then followed more speeches all about the country, until the Government was forced to inquire into the question by the appointment of a Currency Commission, urged thereto also by the recommendation of the Royal Com-

missioners on the Depression of Trade, who considered that this question was of so much importance to the subject of their Commission as to call for a separate inquiry.

Then they were sneered at and blustered at in public, so that men began to see that there were arguments on their side difficult to answer.

Then they "secured the hostility of the 'Times';" and, lastly, they obtained the practical support of about one hundred members of Parliament (who voted or paired for an International Conference), and the theoretical support of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and no doubt of many other public men who admit the truth of their principles.

Much, therefore, has been already done to accustom the people of this country to the idea of bimetallism, and to convert them to the truth of the theory; but before England consents to enter a Bimetallic Union, much more will have to be done, and in the meantime, as the probability of the rehabilitation of silver as an international currency increases, so will the price of silver rise, in view of the prospective demand for it for currency purposes, until it reaches a point which, in the opinion of the market, represents the relative value of silver and gold when both shall form the currency of the world: and though it is impossible to say what this ratio will actually be, it is pretty certain that, whatever it is, it will be adopted as the legal ratio by international agreement; and this, I may add, is the only answer that can be given at present to those who ask so urgently what the legal ratio is to be.

price then of silver at any given moment in the transaction will represent amongst other things the probabilities of increased value owing to the prospective increased demand for silver; or, in other words, the price will represent, as it always does, the point at which the desire to sell and the desire to buy are equal—thus there will be no more inducement at any particular time to call in gold and buy or hoard silver, as is sometimes feared, than to call in silver and buy or hoard gold; and therefore there cannot possibly be any panic caused by a run on either metal. Of course, if, as seems now probable, some nation were to increase its silver currency or become wholly silver using, the price of and demand for silver might so increase, that in the event of a Bimetallic Union being formed, there would be no rise in the price of silver in anticipation of it. For the amount of gold absorbed by silver-using countries who would enter the Union would compensate for the absorption of silver by the countries who formerly used gold alone.

Sir William Harcourt also ranged himself on the monometallic side, and he warned the House of Commons, in his most impressive manner, against going into "partnership with all the other Powers of Europe with respect to your trade, your finance, and your commercial prosperity;" but he omitted to observe that our financial basis under the existing state of things is anything but independent, and the stability of our present two distinct standards of value in this empire are both dependent entirely on the action of other nations, and not the nations of Europe alone, but every other nation in the world.

If a nation rejects silver for its currency and selects gold, silver

goes down in value, and, *pace* Mr W. H. Smith, gold goes up; and the effect on England and India is a violent disturbance in the commerce of both countries: whereas, under the bimetallic system, if gold were scarce we should use more silver, and if silver were scarce we should use more gold, and either metal would serve our purpose equally well. An increased demand or supply from without would be compensated by an increased supply or demand from within the Bimetallic Union.

In the event of an international agreement, what possible motive could any nation have to break it? It has been suggested that a nation might wish to hoard gold before a war; but why should it be at the pains to hoard one metal when it could pay its debts equally well in the other?

But if a nation did break the agreement, the shock on those who remained would be much less than it would be under the present system if a nation changed its currency, as now England has but one standard to bear the shock, whereas under the bimetallic system she would have a joint standard, and the demand for the one metal would be compensated by the supply of the other. Bimetallism would be the compensating balance to equalise the effect of the supply and demand of gold and silver.

Sir W. Harcourt should bear in mind that under the present system we have all the disadvantages of partnership, in being dependent on one another, without the advantage of common accord, or of a voice in the management.

It is curious to hear an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer talking of our present monetary system as "the keystone of the prosperity of this great empire," seeing that our prosperity fell to pieces directly the French system, upon which our system leant, was abandoned; and when, at the present moment, the empire has no common standard of value whatever, and carries out the commerce with its greatest dependency by means of what is practically a system of barter. I wonder, by the way, what the keystone is of the prosperity of the United States, where a great increase in the silver currency has been going on for twelve years (under the Bland Act) side by side with unexampled progress and prosperity, to the great confusion of the monometallist prophecies.

But if Sir W. Harcourt's views are antiquated, what must we say to Sir L. Playfair, who talks seriously of men going about with pockets full of silver to pay their small debts, and receiving shiploads of silver to discharge large transactions. The time has gone for binding talents upon mules when we go out shopping: we live in the days of bank-notes, which obviate the necessity of carrying coin; of cheques, which enable us to pay small debts; and of bills of exchange, to pay international ones.

Sir Lyon stated that if some of the members of the House of Commons owed him £100 each, they would bring him a hundred gold sovereigns; but under the bimetallic system they might each bring him £100 in silver, and he wouldn't thank them. Now this remark may please some people; but if they consider for a moment, they would remember that no private person ever pays £100 in gold, because of its weight and bulk, and therefore would be about sixteen times as little likely to pay them in silver. They pay by cheque or bank-notes.

The balances of trade would occasionally be adjusted in silver no doubt; but probably Sir Lyon does not know that freight and insurance on the shiploads of silver that he speaks of would be the same on an equal value of gold. I have a great respect for theorists, and think they are more generally right than the practical men; but I am sure that some knowledge of how debts are paid, and money matters arranged, in both silver and gold using countries, would be of real assistance in the present instance to some of our ingenious and interesting currency lecturers in the House of Commons.

Another popular fallacy which Sir Lyon Playfair adopted, and in the same breath unconsciously contradicted, has reference to the silver coined in the United States under the Bland Act. He says, "£69,000,000 worth of silver coin is stored away in vaults and cellars in the United States Treasury, and is of no use to any human being. The silver thus locked up will remain a useless accumulation; at least, until the country reduces itself to a monometallic silver standard. You might as well have the cellars filled with Holloway's pills or Pears's soap, as with the silver." Then having made this uncompromising assertion, he immediately declares that of the above sum one dollar per head of the population, or about £11,000,000, are in circulation in silver coin, and 290,000,000 dollars, or £58,000,000, are in circulation in paper certificates or notes issued against it. How £69,000,000 worth of silver coin can be lying "useless in vaults and cellars, of no use to any human being," and yet at the same time be in active circulation, passing without question from hand to hand, is one of those problems which it passes the wit of man to solve. With the same "uselessness" £21,000,000 of gold are lying in the vaults and cellars of the Bank of England.

The declaration from his place in the House by a statesman and political economist of the standing of Mr A. J. Balfour, of his thorough belief in the theory and practice of bimetallism, marks an immense advance towards its ultimate adoption; but perhaps the greatest interest is centred in the opinions of Mr Goschen. Mr Goschen said things which doubtless had a comforting effect on monometallists, but he also unhesitatingly declared opinions which must have carried dismay into their ranks. His arguments are worthy of careful study: first, he says he believes that bimetallism would remedy many evils that exist; "but," he adds, "should we not at the same time be opening up great risks in another direction, the ill effects of which we might possibly not be able to see at the moment?" O Hamlet! If there are ills in the bimetallic system that the theoretical author of foreign exchanges, and the practical converter of Consols knows not of, I venture to think that they do not exist.

Secondly, he says it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of uncertainty in exchange, because we make profits even in countries with a depreciated paper currency. That is perfectly true; take the Argentine Republic as an example. But the evils of uncertainty exist just the same; again take the Argentine Republic as an example —some people exaggerate them, and some people do not even understand that they exist.

The Chancellor adds that merchants can, and as a matter of fact do, make arrangements to obviate

the risk in exchange. So they can sometimes, but at what cost? If the risk is there, some one has to be paid for running it, and that payment reduces the profits in the business, and increases the cost of the article, thereby diminishing its sale. But how can a capitalist protect himself for loss on his investments? There is no way possible under the present system, and therefore the development of silver-using countries by the wealthy gold-using countries is much restricted; for, as was shown in the evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission, it is only in transactions extending over a limited and short period that the merchant or financier can make himself secure.

How, too, can the Indian Government obviate the risk of exchange in financial transactions? If it raises money by loans in gold, and silver goes down, taxes have to be raised, to the great danger and detriment to the Indian Empire. If, to avoid this evil, silver is made the basis of its loans, the rate of interest has to be increased, to compensate the lender for the uncertainty of the future relative value of silver to gold.

The Chancellor then says: "Granting that the low price of silver acts as a bounty to the produce of silver-using countries, how can any one say, as Mr Balfour does, that these bounties are temporary?" (If temporary, of course they are disastrous.) To which I reply that if a fall in silver confers a bounty, a rise in silver proves that the bounty has been only temporary; and silver has risen; therefore, to the extent of the rise, the bounty is temporary. In fact, a fluctuating price of silver can mean nothing else but temporary rises and temporary falls, and the result of this, as has often been shown, is to stimulate the employment of capital in some trades in one country, and render unprofitable the capital in another, according as silver rises or falls.

This has been seen very clearly in the competition with England that India has established in coarse yarns owing to the low exchange; and now, after some Lancashire mills have been ruined and the capital lost there, silver appears to be rising again; and if this continues, much of the capital sunk in Indian mills will be at least temporarily unproductive, and both countries will have had practical evidence of the evils of a fluctuating exchange. It will then become clear to all classes that unless an agreement is arrived at to fix the ratio between the precious metals, we shall have violent fluctuations in the exchanges, and that these fluctuations will have many attendant disasters.

Mr Goschen administered a rebuke to Mr Giffen by affirming his belief in the soundness of the bimetallic theory, and he also expressed his confidence in the benefit which would be secured to commerce if we had one currency based on the two precious metals throughout the world, and his exact words are so significant as to be well worth reproduction: "I have contended, and I am prepared still to contend, that I should prefer the currency of the world to depend rather upon two metals than upon one metal. To those views I gave expression in 1878. I am not now speaking individually of the United Kingdom; but I should like to see silver pressed into service to do the work of the currency of the world as well as gold, so that the currency of the world should not depend on one metal, but on

two." Mr Goschen, however, considers that a proposal that England should summon an international monetary conference is at present "premature," from which we may fairly infer that he clearly foresees, and indeed practically prophesies, that the time will come when England must join in the settlement of the silver question: he added, however, that the country must not act without practical unanimity, and to this remark I quite agree; but if every one is to wait for everybody else, we shall get on but slowly.

If the theory of bimetallism is sound, should England hang back in the hope that other nations should do the work for her, as France did for seventy years?

This selfish policy has many advocates, but surely it is unworthy of the greatest commercial country that the world has ever seen. Such policy appears to me futile as well, for other nations will hardly step in if England remains outside; and moreover, if they did, the success of their action, and the benefit to this empire, would be so much the less secure. I will therefore conclude this paper with the words of Mr Samuel Smith's motion in the House of Commons, "That the evils which have resulted in the relative value of silver and gold following the monetary changes that took place in 1873, can best be dealt with by a conference of the chief commercial nations of the world, called to consider whether a bimetallic system can be re-established by international agreement, in the interests of all the nations concerned."

HERBERT C. GIBBS.

THE SESSION AND THE MINISTRY.

A SESSION unproductive of important legislation, like a wet harvest, always brings unpopularity to the party in power, although there is frequently no greater reason for the one than for the other result. A Government, however honest and able, has little more control over the House of Commons than over the weather, unless there exists in the former a spirit of patriotism and a fair recognition of the conditions under which alone a democratic assembly can be safely intrusted with the chief share of legislative power, and the control of the financial arrangements of the country. These conditions involve a large amount of self-restraint in debate, a frank and loyal acceptance of the duly ascertained decision of the majority, and an honourable understanding between the contending political parties in the arrangement and conduct of public business. If these conditions are not fully and fairly recognised, and if no sense of decency or power of party organisation can restrain the political nobodies of the day from interminable talk, the time must soon arrive when either stringent regulations must check the mischief, or the lower branch of the legislature inevitably lose its place in public estimation, and cease to be regarded as the best and safest depository of political power.

We are led to these observations by the curious aspect of affairs which has been presented to our notice during the last two months, and especially by the charge, so widely and strongly urged against the Government, of having misconducted and mismanaged public business, and thus become responsible for a lamentable waste of public time, and the withdrawal or postponement of much of the legislative programme which they produced at the commencement of the session. Let it be noted that this charge is of a twofold character, and requires to be divided, and separately considered, in order to be accurately understood and properly encountered. There is the general charge of the misconduct and mismanagement of business, and there is the specific charge of having wantonly and unnecessarily introduced the licensing clauses of the Local Taxation Bill at a moment when the hands of Parliament were already full, and of having thus provoked an opposition which might easily have been avoided, and which has virtually caused that withdrawal of legislation to which allusion has already been made.

Now it must be at once confessed that there is much more to be said for the specific than for the general charge, and that it has been made by some of the friends as well as by the opponents of the Government. It must in fairness be added that, however good were the intentions of the framers of the "licensing clauses," and however strong was the belief of the Government that these were framed in the interests of temperance, the opposite view, taken by the great majority of those who have identified themselves with the temperance party, demonstrates with sufficient clearness that there are two sides to the question, and that the Government failed to gauge the amount of discussion and of opposition which their pro-

posals would excite. Of this, indeed, they had already experienced a foretaste in the discussions which had arisen whenever this subject had been approached in the debates upon the Local Government Bill, which should have warned them of its contentious character. Be this as it may, however, no fair and impartial critic will refuse to admit that it was impossible that Ministers could have expected to gain any political advantage by the attempt to deal with the vexed and troublesome question of licensing, and that there can consequently be no doubt of the honest intentions with which they proposed to legislate upon the subject. Rightly or wrongly, they believed that they were taking a step in the interests of temperance and general morality, and without any idea that their proposals could be interpreted in a different manner. The main feature of the Government proposals was the permission to be given to the representative county councils to close certain public-houses upon an agreed compensation to be paid to those interested in such houses from a fund provided by drink-taxes, and therefore supposed to be specially applicable to drink suppression. It is unnecessary to discuss in these columns the question of compensation. There is something to be said on both sides, and it is only necessary to allude to it in order that we may fairly consider the relative action of the Government and the Opposition. The principle of compensation had been deliberately admitted, over and over again, by the occupants of the front Opposition bench, and Mr [illegible]dstone himself had spoken most [illegible]y and emphatically upon the [illegible]t.

[illegible]s true that, in one of the in[illegible]able letters in which, at one time or another, this eminent statesman has been obliged to "explain away" utterances apparently contradictory of each other, Mr Gladstone has drawn a distinction between the advocacy of compensation upon the forcible extinction of a whole trade, and a similar advocacy when the question is only one of extinguishing the same trade gradually and by agreement; but, so far as the principle of compensation is concerned, the two cases rest upon common ground, and it is difficult to understand how the stanch advocate of the one can be the relentless opponent of the other alternative. To Mr Gladstone, however, no change is difficult when attended by the prospect of political advantage; and no stick is too dirty to be used if there is a Tory dog to be beaten. So the great twin-leader of the Gladstonian-Parnellite Liberals threw himself vigorously into the contest, christened the Government measure a "Publicans' Endowment" Bill, and appeared in the novel character of a temperance reformer, doubtless to the great edification of those who had been in the habit of denouncing him, on the score of "grocers' licences" and other drink-encouraging proposals of a kindred nature, as something quite the reverse. Sir William Harcourt & Co. were of course ready, as usual, to follow suit, and the old champions of temperance and teetotalism found themselves suddenly reinforced by a motley company of new recruits, fighting for the first time under the banners of the respectable fanaticism which they had heretofore repudiated and despised.

Never was a greater contrast than that afforded by the behaviour of the two front benches in

the House of Commons. Wisely or unwisely, the Government had introduced proposals founded upon the supposed recognition by both sides of a particular principle, in the honest belief that they were taking a small but prudent step in the direction of temperance legislation. But whatever we may think of the wisdom or unwisdom of their opponents, never was a more unscrupulous and unprincipled game played by responsible politicians. "Anything to defeat the Government," was the motto which they adopted; and with a view to accomplish this desirable object, temperance principles were appealed to, and the temperance party was used in a manner which has probably in no small degree retarded the progress of the temperance cause for years to come. For, in the first place, impartial lookers-on have been disgusted by the way in which the Opposition leaders have sought to make a catspaw of the honest fanaticism which places its views upon one particular question before every other consideration of patriotism and public interest; and, in the second place, men who have been inclined to temperance views are themselves mortified and disheartened when they look back calmly after the battle and perceive how they have been cajoled, made use of, and played with by the political mountebanks who have been all along seeking only their own political advantage. If we carefully review the whole circumstances under which this specific charge of mismanagement of public business has been brought against the Government, and rightly read the history of the episode from beginning to end, we shall undoubtedly come to the conclusion that while her Majesty's Ministers, if they committed an error of judgment, did so with honest intention, and without hope or expectation of political advantage, their opponents placed before themselves political advantage as the one and only object to be sought, and deliberately threw away an opportunity for calm consideration and useful legislative action upon a question which should, above all others, be considered apart and away from those miserable party struggles for place and power which are the worst hindrances to social improvements and progressive reforms.

Upon the specific charge, therefore, advanced against the Government, we hold them to be fully acquitted of anything more serious than of a mistaken estimate of the good faith and patriotism of their opponents, whom they believed incapable of an entire repudiation of former principles, and an alliance with men and views with whom and with which they had nothing really in common. If we turn to the general charge, we shall find it still less sustainable by any valid contention. Those who have caused the delay, waste of time, and hindrance to public business, have not been her Majesty's Government but their opponents. Now and again we are treated by Mr Gladstone and some of his colleagues to pharisaical self-laudation, upon the plea that they have rendered such assistance to the Government in the work of legislation as has scarcely ever been rendered by any previous Opposition. But sundry questions might be asked upon this point, even if we could forget Mr Labouchere's open and undisguised avowal of obstructionist intentions. In the first place, when Radical or Irish members have interposed, in the regular order of business, with some matter which they have

claimed to be of "urgent public importance," and the Speaker has asked whether forty members are ready to enforce such a claim, as required by the new standing orders, has there on any one occasion been an attempt upon the part of the official Opposition to stop that debate which, nineteen times out of twenty, has been upon a subject of not half so much importance to the country as the ordinary business upon the paper? In the second place, has there been, in any one instance, upon the part of the official Opposition, by the agency of party organisation or otherwise, any attempt to check the system of idle questions upon the same subjects, of amendments so framed as to practically bring about two or three second-reading debates in Committee, and of the wearisome reiteration of the same arguments again and again, against the evident feeling of the House? Not only has there been no such attempt, but it is notorious that several of the occupants of the front Opposition bench have themselves promoted irregularity by the suggestion of amendments which have been ruled out by the Speaker or Chairman of Committees; and others, notably Sir William Harcourt, have constantly prolonged debates by unnecessary speeches, and have set the worst possible example, both in language, tone, and temper, to those who might be expected to look to them for guidance.

Seldom has there been a more discreditable scene in the House of Commons than that which was presented during the Committee of the Local Taxation Bill, when the Opposition, by a preconcerted plan, and with the evident knowledge and approval of their leaders, sought to snatch a victory over the Government by the unworthy stratagem of a surprise. The self-asserting and loquacious Mr Storey had been stopped short in the middle of a long harangue on the previous evening by the arrival of the midnight hour, and no one doubted that the House was doomed to another half an hour at least from this pretentious champion of democracy. But at the reassembling of the House and recommencement of the debate, Mr Storey, when called upon to proceed, sat mute,—evincing by his silence that there do exist influences upon his side of the House which can be successfully exercised to repress talk when silence may give a party advantage, though not when only the progress of public business is in question. The division was taken; and when, on account of the absence at that early hour of many men who, suspecting no trick, had allowed for a debate which seemed certain, the Government majority was reduced to *four*, the perpetrators of that which Sir William Harcourt would have called "a dirty trick" had the hardihood to taunt the Government with that reduction, as if the division had been a real and trustworthy expression of the House of Commons. To such petty devices and miserable shifts has the Opposition been reduced, and to such unscrupulous and contemptible tactics has the House of Commons been subjected by men who would have been the first to denounce as shameful and unworthy such conduct on the part of their opponents.

In view of these tactics, and of the general behaviour of the Opposition, it is impossible to deny that the policy which they have followed has been the obstructive course openly advocated by Mr Labouchere, rather than the op-

posite course for which credit has been claimed by members of the front Opposition bench. Time has been wasted, unnecessary debates have been thrust upon an unwilling House, and Government has been systematically thwarted in its attempts to bring forward its legislative measures. The plain truth is, that ideas of an utterly erroneous nature appear to prevail as to the relative position of the Government and the House of Commons. We hear a great deal about "Government days," "private members' days," and "the rights of private members." It seems to be entirely forgotten that the time which Government claims for the consideration of its measures is the time of the public, and is claimed by and on behalf of the public. Under our present political system, the Government of the day is charged with the duty of initiating such legislation as it deems necessary for the welfare of the country. It is the majority of the representatives of the people who make and unmake Governments, and an existing Government must be held to represent the opinions of such majority until a general election reveals the existence of another state of things. This being the case, it follows of course that the Government introduces legislation of the kind and in accordance with the principles which it supposes to be desired by the majority in the interests of their constituents. Two other things seem also to follow, equally as a matter of course. First, that the discussion of the topics chosen for legislation by the Government must be held to be discussions of primary importance, and of the greatest interest to the country. Secondly, that if such discussions are postponed, hampered, or unwarrantably protracted, it is not against the Government so much as against the public that an offence is committed. And when "rights" are claimed for private members, it should be borne in mind that such "rights," if attended by the above results, speedily become the "wrongs" of the public.

No one wishes to deny that the House of Commons is the proper arena for the discussion of charges against the Executive, of grievances suffered by British subjects, and of various other matters of public interest which crop up from time to time, and for the discussion of which it is desirable that the ordinary progress of public business should be suspended. But there are comparatively few subjects upon which legislation is nowadays left, or ought to be left, in the hands of private members. If proof were needed of the truth of what we say, it would be found in the "count-outs" which constantly occur on private members' nights, conclusively showing that the crotchets which they air, and the measures which they seek to introduce, have failed to arouse the interest or awake the sympathies of the House. The principal and most interesting questions requiring legislative action are by the nature of things in the hands of the executive Government as the servants of the public; and it is on behalf of the public that the waste of time and obstruction of business is to be resented. Moreover, the absurdity of the charge against the Government of having been responsible for waste of time is sufficiently patent when we consider that, in their own interests as well as in the interests of the country, such waste is the very last thing which they can desire. When the matter is well considered and clearly understood,

it becomes positively disgusting to read in the Gladstonian press[1] that the Government "have shown absolute incapacity," and that "they themselves have wasted more time since February than obstruction has wasted since 1886." It is, indeed, indubitable that time has been wasted to an extent which has already brought our system of parliamentary government into disrepute; but for the causes we must look, not to the mismanagement of her Majesty's Ministers, but to the inordinate vanity of certain members of the Opposition, to the irrepressible loquacity of others, and the absolute want of any control of the Opposition leaders over the motley crew which follows them. To these it would seem that every question is of a bitterly contentious character; every subject which can by any possibility be made to delay Government business is of "vital importance"; and no matter is too trifling to deserve attention and discussion in the House of Commons. The Irish members are doubtless the worst offenders in this respect. It is neither more nor less than a gross abuse of parliamentary privilege, that questions of an absolutely identical nature should again and again be put with regard to "shadowing" in Ireland, to proceedings at evictions, and to the conduct of the Irish police, the answer to one of which has virtually been the answer to all, and which unnecessarily trouble the Executive, at the same time that they waste the public time without the smallest advantage to any human being.

It is to be hoped that the day will not be long in coming when the House of Commons will defend itself against this abuse of questioning power, which might easily be accomplished by requiring questions, save in cases of emergency, to be handed in and answered in writing, which, in nineteen out of twenty cases, could be done without loss or inconvenience to any one. No doubt attempts would be made to raise various questions of comparatively small importance to the dignity of "emergency questions"; but this would be soon prevented by the due exercise of authority by the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and a vast amount of time might in this manner be saved. The rule, moreover, of allowing a motion to be made out of due course, on account of its "vital importance" or "urgent public interest," might be advantageously modified by requiring that no question should be so considered unless demanded by a much larger number than forty members. When that number was fixed, it was hardly contemplated that the species of obstruction thus permitted would be readily and constantly supported by the more responsible part of the Opposition; but now that the latter have shown that to cause annoyance to the Government has become to them an object more important than the due transaction of the business of the country, the rule will have to be revised in the interests of the public.

It has been continually thrown in the teeth of the Government that they have the power of exercising the closure; but although the exercise of this power has been frequently necessary during the present session, it must be borne in mind that the closure cannot be put to the House without the consent of the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and that a Government

[1] 'Daily News,' July 7, 1890.

is naturally unwilling to expose itself to a refusal of such consent, and even without this reason, is reluctant to stop discussion unless and until the feeling of the House in that direction has been unmistakably evinced. The truth is, that no measure tending to the repression of debate can be thoroughly effectual, unless supported by the general approval of the legislative body in which it is exercised; and in such an assembly as the British House of Commons, no man could desire more stringent measures in this direction, if it were not for the fact that under the teaching of the present leaders of the Opposition, the old canons of good feeling, good taste, and honourable understanding in the conduct of public business seem to have disappeared, and a line of action has been substituted which compels the enforcement of a more rigid discipline, in order to secure the transaction of the legislative business of the country.

No better proof of this unhappy change could have been afforded than in the instance of the Select Committee upon Procedure, to which the Government assented, upon Mr Gladstone's own request, upon their introduction of a proposal to allow partly considered bills to be taken up in a future session at the stage to which they had been brought before a prorogation. The proposal was one of an apparently non-contentious character, passed entirely with a view to expedite the transaction of business, and far removed from personal or party considerations. If ever there was a question which, apart from such considerations, might have been discussed upon its merits by a Select Committee, this certainly was the question. Such, however, was not the view of the Opposition. Having himself moved for the Select Committee, Mr Gladstone might have been expected to come to it prepared for a full and fair discussion. Instead of this, he at once proposed the direct negative to the proposal of the Government, and was supported in the division by every Gladstonian member of the Committee. This, of course, rendered it impossible for the Government to carry their proposal except by a strictly party vote in the House of Commons, and it is not surprising that the result of the factious conduct of the Gladstonians should have been the postponement of the consideration by the House of Commons of the proposed standing order, and the abandonment for the session of the Land Purchase and Tithe Bills.

The Government, still acting in the conciliatory spirit which has hitherto been so little appreciated by their opponents, have endeavoured to meet the views expressed by the larger and more influential number of the occupants of the front Opposition bench, in their support of Sir George Trevelyan's motion in March, which aimed at an earlier meeting of Parliament, and its rising in July. With this view Mr W. H. Smith, on July 10th, announced their intention of calling Parliament together in the latter half of November. This proposal, however, was by no means satisfactory to those Gladstonian patriots for whose benefit, or in deference to whose supposed views, it had been made. Sir William Harcourt immediately protested against an earlier meeting than at the beginning of the second week in January, asserting that three weeks would be sufficient for the debate on the Address and the second reading of the Land Purchase Bill, so that the Committee upon the latter measure might be begun in earnest

about the 1st of February. It is to be hoped, however, that a vigorous and determined effort will be made by the Government to put an end to that undue prolongation of the debate on the Address which has grown to be one of the greatest abuses of the session, and for which no possible justification exists. Three days would be a reasonable limit, and there can be no necessity for the wilful waste of time which has been recently permitted, and which must be peremptorily stopped. It would depend upon Sir William Harcourt's own allies whether the Land Purchase Bill could be in Committee by February 1st; and if we are to judge of the future by the past, this could hardly be expected. The reception by the Opposition front bench of Mr W. H. Smith's proposal gave but small hopes that they would be prepared to concur in any reasonable suggestion for the expediting of public business. This, perhaps, was hardly to be expected from men who had just been made acquainted with the successful result of the tactics by which they had got rid of some of the most important of the Government measures. It can only be hoped that further reflection may convince such of them as have still some sense of the responsibility which attaches to them as members of Parliament, that their own credit, as well as the interests of the country, require that they should dissociate themselves from those who only desire to bring the Parliament of their country into disrepute and contempt.

Meanwhile, in deploring the factious conduct of her Majesty's Opposition, and the obstructive policy which has compelled the postponement or abandonment of so much of the programme of the Government, we must not forget that much good and useful work has still been accomplished both in and out of Parliament. Most satisfactory, indeed, has been Lord Salisbury's conduct of our foreign policy, and most creditable the position which Great Britain has regained and retained since the affairs of the Foreign Office have been placed in his hands. The Anglo-German agreement was one of too much importance to escape the keenest and closest criticism. In the African portion of that agreement it was inevitable that some little points would be discovered upon which opinions would vary, and all men would not be equally satisfied. Moreover, considering that Great Britain has been more often accustomed to acquire than to cede territory, it was impossible but that the proposed cession of Heligoland should have aroused national prejudices and awakened patriotic doubts. But a careful consideration of the matter will probably remove the prejudices and tranquillise the doubts of those who are justly sensitive upon such a question. Whilst Heligoland has never been, and can never be, of political, strategical, or commercial value to Great Britain, she has always been an object of importance to Germany, and has been regarded by Germans with longing eyes. By geographical position, and by the nationality of the majority of her few inhabitants, the island would seem to belong naturally rather to Germany than to Great Britain; and no longer back than the Franco-German war, the inclination of the inhabitants to Germany was plainly expressed. This being the case, and the feeling between the German people and ourselves being happily of the most cordial and amicable de-

scription, what more graceful or friendly act could we do than to include the cession of Heligoland in an arrangement which is intended to remove any possible points of difference, and to increase and strengthen the friendship between the two nations? It should also be remembered that the complaints made by Germans that Great Britain has gained an advantage in the African part of the agreement, may be set against the similar tone taken by those of our fellow-countrymen who object to the cession of Heligoland. To put the matter plainly, we may take it for granted that, in a negotiation such as that of which we are speaking, if warm partisans and eager patriots on each side believe that the other side has got the best of it, there is a strong probability that substantial justice has been done. Nor will it be forgotten that complaints of the cession of territory under a well-considered and friendly agreement come with ill grace from the members of a party which has been responsible for the gross and cowardly sacrifice of British interests involved in the base abandonment of the Transvaal by Mr Gladstone's Government. On this, as upon all other points in connection with our foreign policy, Great Britain feels that her honour is safe in Lord Salisbury's hands, and that her position among nations is such as her people may regard with pride and satisfaction.

Nor indeed would it be true to say that this session has been unproductive of good and useful legislation. The bills for the provision of barracks for our soldiers, for the improvement of the Acts relating to the housing of the poor, the amendment of the Allotments Act, the Companies Winding-up Act, and other Acts connected with internal administration, attest alike the care and energy of the Government in legislation at home; whilst the West Australia Constitution Bill, postponed last session, and delayed again this year by the frivolous chatter of ignorant and irresponsible nobodies, has gratified the colonists on whose behalf it was introduced, and afforded an opportunity to Mr W. M'Arthur, the Radical member for St Austell, himself closely connected with the colonies, to administer a well-deserved rebuke to those bumptious busy-bodies upon his own side who habitually display their loquacious ignorance upon colonial subjects. The session, then, cannot be fairly said to have been wasted, although it must be admitted that the Opposition can with justice boast of having to a large extent carried out Mr Labouchere's intention of obstructing the legislation of the Government. The Land Purchase and Tithe Bills, which were undoubtedly introduced as two of the principal bills of the session, have had to be abandoned so far as the present session is concerned. Both these subjects are ripe for discussion, and it may be conceded that they cannot be settled without careful deliberation and due inquiry into detail. But in any case, it is undesirable, not to say discreditable, that measures deemed of sufficient importance to form part of the ministerial programme should be defeated, not by fair discussion and division in the House of Commons, but by the disreputable tactics which have been systematically adopted by an Opposition who seek to recommend themselves to the constituencies by the shameless avowal and boast that they have prevented the work of the country from being performed by

the body elected by the country to perform it.

The interest of the session has not been confined within the walls of Parliament, and we may point to the episode of the Barrow election as one of an instructive as well as amusing character. Mr Caine, having won his seat as a Radical candidate in 1885, found himself unable to swallow Mr Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and thereupon actively identified himself with the Liberal Unionist party, and as one of them was again returned in 1886. But Mr Caine, being one of those who consider temperance questions as supreme in politics, was greatly scandalised at the licensing clauses in the Government Local Taxation Bill of the present session, exerted himself to the utmost to defeat them, and was thanked by Mr Gladstone for his share in obtaining their withdrawal. Simultaneously with this action, Mr Caine appears to have become dissatisfied with the conduct of the Government and of the Liberal Unionist leaders, and to have entertained a desire for reconciliation with the Gladstonian party, provided always it could be obtained without his being compelled to promise support to any Home Rule scheme proposed by Mr Gladstone until he had seen it. Now Mr Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, & Co., who, throughout the whole of their political career, had never shown the smallest sympathy with what is called the temperance party, had unscrupulously set themselves to use that party as a means whereby to injure their political opponents. It is difficult to say whether Mr Caine was really induced to believe that the front Opposition bench seriously cared for the temperance views which were so dear to his own heart, or whether he believed that the signal services which he had rendered them in their attack upon the Government position had secured the gratitude which he felt that he had deserved. Be this as it may, Mr Caine made up his mind to withdraw his support from the Government, to sever himself from the Liberal Unionist party, and to vacate his seat in order to obtain, if possible, the approval of his constituents of the cause which he had adopted. There can be no doubt that Mr Caine has throughout exaggerated his own position and importance, and that his behaviour to the Unionist party has been inconsistent and unjust. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the resignation of his seat was a manly and courageous action, evincing as it did a chivalrous dislike to retain a seat gained by Unionist and Tory votes, when he had resolved to no longer support the Unionist Government.

But Mr Caine reckoned without his host when he expected generosity from the Gladstonians, or consistency and good faith from the Radical leaders of the temperance party. The chance of gaining the seat for a thick-and-thin supporter was too much for Mr Gladstone, who accordingly wrote a letter on behalf of Mr Duncan, which probably influenced sufficient Radical votes to deprive Mr Caine of his chance of success. The great Liberal dictator was indeed graciously pleased to declare that he should be happy to see Mr Caine replaced under some more favourable circumstances in the ranks of the Liberal party; but this was only adding insult to injury, since Mr Caine has all along gloried in being a stout Radical, and has certainly at least as much right to the name of Liberal as

Mr Gladstone himself. But the people who come out worst in the whole of this affair are the temperance Gladstonians, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson at their head. These are the men who have preached far and wide that all political questions should be subservient to that which they designate as the temperance cause. And upon the very first opportunity, when a thorough supporter of their own views vacates his seat in order that his constituents may decide whether his political action in support of those views meets with their approval, these men belie their own words, refuse to make other questions subservient to the temperance cause, and treacherously desert the man whom they were bound to support by every consideration of honour and political good faith.

As regards the question of Home Rule, the election cannot be said to indicate any very decided opinion of the constituency, inasmuch as it is impossible to discover what proportion of Mr Caine's 1280 votes were Conservatives and Unionists, who subordinated their party to their temperance views. It is of course fair to assume that the proportion was large, inasmuch as the Radical leaders of the temperance party discouraged Mr Caine, whilst the Conservative leaders of the same party appear to have taken no such action. But the assumption of 'The Times,' that "the supporters of Mr Caine were mainly drawn from the Unionist ranks," is no more sustainable by evidence than the absurd statement of the 'Daily News,' that the votes for Caine must be added to those for Duncan in order to ascertain the real Liberal strength; or, in other words, that Mr Caine's votes were all Liberals. Mr Duncan's poll of 1994 represents those whose Gladstonianism predominated over all other feelings; Mr Wainwright's 1857 represents those who place first and foremost the support of a Unionist Government; but Mr Caine's 1280 can be analysed with no certainty, and their constitution must be left to conjecture.

As, however, the opponents of the Government and friends of Home Rule seek to magnify the Barrow election into a Home Rule victory, it is well to point out that, as a matter of fact, the great improvement which has taken place in Ireland during the last three or four years has in some respects told against the Government at the bye-elections. Mr Balfour's firm and vigorous administration has, as regards the greater part of Ireland, been so successful in the suppression of crime and the restoration of confidence in the power of the law, that the public have no longer before their eyes the constant occurrence of outrages which brought into daily prominence the dastardly conduct and intimidation of the National League. On the other hand, the glib tongues of Nationalist orators are never silent, the stream of misrepresentation and abuse in their press never ceases to flow, and never does an election occur at which Irish and Gladstonian emissaries are not present with exaggerated accounts of the wrongs and sufferings of the Irish people, and bitter complaints of the coercion which their own oppressive policy and law-defying conduct has rendered necessary, and which is nothing more nor less than the enforcement of the most primary laws of a civilised community. But since, to their endless shame, the Scotch and English Gladstonians deem it part of their compact with the Parnellites to endorse their complaints

against the due enforcement of the law, the masses in England, disinclined to believe in the degradation at which this great political party has arrived, and still placing faith in the statements and arguments of men who have heretofore occupied high positions in the public service, run no small risk of being deceived as to the real state of Ireland, and of being led to cast their votes in favour of a policy which, if really understood, would be condemned and repudiated by their loyal natures.

At this particular juncture of affairs, the speech recently delivered by Mr Parnell at the Westminster Palace Hotel deserves the attentive consideration of every intelligent politician. This, be it remembered, was not a speech delivered at an obscure place, either in Ireland or America, the report of which could be afterwards challenged and its accuracy denied at the speaker's convenience. It was a speech carefully and deliberately spoken by Mr Parnell to his Irish colleagues in Parliament, at a banquet given by them in celebration of his forty-fourth birthday, and in recognition of his services as their leader. To words spoken upon such an occasion it is impossible not to attribute all the force and signification of a political manifesto, and it is from this point of view that the speech becomes one of very considerable importance. It discloses—so far as he sees fit to disclose them—the views and intentions with which Mr Parnell and his followers have allied themselves with that larger section of the Liberal party which accepts Mr Gladstone as its leader; and it makes it imperatively necessary for the latter to consider whether their own views and intentions are identical with those of Mr Parnell. There can no longer be any mistake about the matter. The Irish party aim at no mere development of local self-government—at no saving of time or expense in the solution in Ireland of purely Irish questions, which have now to be decided at Westminster. Their demand is, says Mr Parnell, that Ireland should be enabled "*to take her place among the nations of the earth*," that "the *just rights of the Irish people*" should be conceded to them, and that Ireland should "*obtain for herself those just rights in an Irish Assembly in Dublin.*" It is perfectly true that Mr Parnell goes on to say that he hopes and believes that his alliance with the Gladstonian Liberals "will yield permanent fruit, and result in the knitting together of Great Britain and Ireland in a true and real union, and in a *consolidation* which will defy time of the great imperial interests which we do not desire to hurt, and which *Englishmen are right in insisting shall be preserved and protected above all others.*" But if "Englishmen" are right in thus insisting, they will naturally ask themselves how imperial interests are to be "consolidated" by enabling any one of the members of the empire "to take her place among the nations of the earth" in any other shape or form than as part of the united nationalities which constitute the British Empire? No one desires for one moment to rob Ireland, any more than to rob Scotland and England, of whatever historical and traditional glory she may have to boast of as a nation. No one would desire to prevent Ireland from enjoying any such development of local government as can be given with safety to the general interests of law and order. But it is well to speak out boldly and firmly upon these matters, and that the Irish party should clearly understand what is the

meaning of the Unionists. We cannot permit Ireland, any more than we can permit England, Scotland, or Wales, to "take her place among the nations of the earth" in the sense of taking action apart and distinct from the action of the other component members of the empire. It should never be forgotten that when several countries or provinces are united and bound together as one kingdom, no one single member can separately "take its place among the nations of the earth" except at the expense of the other members, and by the weakening of the whole. As a component part of this empire, Ireland has a higher "place among the nations of the earth" than she could ever have had if she had stood singly and alone; and instead of praising the aspirations of Mr Parnell as patriotic, there seems to be something base and contemptible in the attempt to exalt Ireland into a position which she has never held, and never shown herself fit to hold, to the disadvantage and detriment of those to whose partnership and assistance she is indebted for her position as part of a great empire, and for any prosperity which she at present enjoys.

Mr Parnell went on to say that he and his friends "would accept no office from any [British] Government that comes into power." Their desire is to have such a measure of Home Rule "as will enable us to take our part in the government of our own country; to direct the energies of our people into proper and safe channels; to develop the long-neglected resources of the country; to give employment at home to the working classes of Ireland; to find outlets for that industry and intelligence which is now lavished on America, Australia, and other far-off countries; and *to enable us to take the first steps, the first necessary steps, for the creation and the consolidation of the Irish nation.*" Further than this, Mr Parnell expressed his readiness "to exchange the nights and days of combat which have been forced upon" him and his friends for "the powers of peace, of commerce, and of progressive industry in our own country," and his belief of future good "when we have been allowed *to help ourselves, and to remove the bitter poverty and depression that now weighs upon every Irish project and every Irish enterprise.*" Then, says the Irish leader, "the time may come when there may be chosen from amongst us those men who may be found fit to take part in the greater interest and greater work of the empire; but our first thought, and our thought for many years to come, must be for our own country." Translated into plain English, these words can only mean that Mr Parnell contemplates and desires legislation by an Irish Parliament upon lines separate and apart from any such legislation as would be approved and carried in a British Parliament; and that Ireland should be henceforth regarded, not as one province of a confederated empire, but as a nation distinct and apart from the rest, and practically an independent Power, which may indeed be to-day in alliance with Great Britain, but which may see fit to-morrow to sever the ties which unite them together. Let there be no mistake about this. If Ireland is to be "created" or "consolidated" into "a nation," the rights and privileges of independence must be conceded to her, and there can be no logical reason why she should not separate herself altogether from the British connection, if at any time her Parliament should think it desirable so to do. Mr

Parnell distinctly declares that there is work to be done for Ireland, in developing her resources and extending her industries, which can be done by him and his friends in an Irish Parliament, but which cannot be effected by the British Legislature, although in that Legislature not only is Ireland largely over-represented, but for many years past the two great parties in the State have vied with each other in their attempts to ascertain and to satisfy the wants and desires of Ireland. If these attempts have failed, what has been the chief cause of their failure?—what but the attitude of Mr Parnell and his followers, who, instead of employing themselves in useful and patriotic efforts to obtain from a willing British Government and Parliament measures calculated to "develop the resources" of their country, have constantly obstructed and opposed such measures, have encouraged their deluded followers in discontent and disrespect of legal obligations, and have lent themselves to that work of agitation which, more than anything else, has checked the development and retarded the prosperity of Ireland? Yet these are the men who, if left to themselves in an Irish Parliament, are to save their country. Under the beneficent sway of these "patriots" the Irish people are to be regenerated; and those who have done their utmost to set tenant against landlord, to introduce strife between class and class, to render existence intolerable to peaceful and law-abiding citizens, and to stimulate national jealousies, are destined, forsooth, to succeed in the "consolidation" of Ireland!

It is especially desirable and necessary to note this programme of Mr Parnell, because hereafter, if the Gladstonians should, to the great misfortune of the country, obtain a majority at the next general election, the Irish leader will be within his rights in claiming their adhesion to his views, and will have just reason to complain if there should be any attempt to whittle away his plain declaration and simple platform. Up to the present moment Gladstonian candidates have dealt in generalities, and covered themselves by the large umbrella of Home Rule held over their heads by Mr Gladstone. Some, indeed, have stipulated that under any Home Rule scheme the Irish members should remain at Westminster, apparently not recognising the logical sequence that English and Scotch affairs must in that case be withdrawn from their cognisance, and be settled by separate Scotch and English Parliaments sitting in Edinburgh and London. Others have stipulated that the land question must be settled at Westminster before an Irish Parliament can be established—an idea, be it remembered, which has been utterly scouted by Mr Parnell; others desire to bargain for due protection, somehow or other, for "the minority" in Ireland; and others take the easier and more simple course of declaring themselves ready to adopt Mr Gladstone's plan, whatever that plan may be, when the hour arrives for practical legislation. But all these saving clauses, stipulations, and submission to Mr Gladstone's will, must go for nothing now. Unless the Gladstonian leaders at once and openly disclaim sympathy with Mr Parnell's ideas for the future of Ireland, every one of them and of their followers who casts his vote henceforth for Home Rule does so with his eyes open, and with a knowledge of what the first step in

Home Rule means in the view of those who demand it, and in whose behalf it is demanded. We say "the first step" advisedly, because it is abundantly clear that what is now put forward by Mr Parnell is only the first instalment of a demand which will be increased at the most convenient moment. That which is now demanded is a Parliament at Dublin, and an Executive which is to govern Ireland and develop her resources *independently of the British Parliament.* This is the first step towards "the creation and consolidation" of Ireland "as a nation"; and the next step in logical sequence will be the demand that the Parliament of the Irish nation should in every point be placed upon a footing of equality with the Parliament of Great Britain. The "consolidation" of Ireland in this sense means, and can mean nothing else, than her *quasi* separation from Great Britain, and the rending of the tie which binds England, Scotland, and Ireland together. So plainly is this the truth, that if Mr Gladstone had a majority to-morrow, it is highly probable that he would endeavour to stop short of the equality of the British and Irish Parliaments, and would appeal to the loyalty of Unionists and Tories to enable him to make head against such a demand.

But if you are to give Ireland not a mere development of local government, such as Unionists would willingly give, but a Parliament such as a nation has a right to demand, how can you resist the further demand that such a Parliament should have equal powers and equal independence with the Parliament of any other nation? This is the moment to note what are the real demands of the Parnellite party, and it will be too late for Gladstonian Liberals to repudiate or attempt to minimise these demands if they continue their present alliance with the men who have advanced them. Side by side with these demands should be noted the unblushing avowal of Mr Parnell, that "the excellent persons" who had sent him and his colleagues to Parliament—*i.e.*, the Irish constituencies—possessed a "capacity for receiving bribes" from the British Government "very much larger than the capacity" of the latter for giving such bribes, and that he himself would be "only too glad if they will pour the riches of the British Exchequer into the desolate wastes" of Ireland, and "equip some hundreds of thousands of deserving persons with outfits, and farms, and homesteads, in the west of America." This is a poor and paltry tone to be taken by a patriotic leader. There would have been something grand in the repudiation of the aid of the "British Exchequer," and a refusal to accept money from the hated Saxon —but this is not the creed or the teaching of Mr Parnell. "We will take all you will give us—all we can get from you; whilst we repudiate your rule, and desire to be independent."

It is impossible to read this speech without recognising the fact that Mr Parnell and his friends intend to accept any Home Rule measure proposed by Mr Gladstone as a point from which they may advance further at a convenient moment, and that they claim for Ireland an independent existence which she never yet had, and which neither England, Scotland, nor Wales pretends to claim for herself. This truth cannot be too often or too strongly impressed upon the electors, who will have to decide the question at the next election. There is no earthly rea-

son why Irishmen should not be happy, contented, and prosperous under the Union, except the teaching of those "Nationalist leaders, who are the worst enemies of their nation." The farmers and tenantry of Ireland enjoy such advantages as are enjoyed by no similar classes in the world. There is every disposition and every desire upon the part of the Parliament and people of Great Britain to legislate for Ireland according to Irish ideas, so far as such ideas are consistent with the due observance of those ordinary laws of civilisation by which society is held together. The Parnellites, however, insist upon being allowed to govern themselves without being bound by such laws at all, and their advocacy of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign at once stamps them as utterly unfit to direct the administration of a civilised community.

Nor should the conclusion of this same speech of the Irish leader escape the notice of thoughtful and loyal men, even though they be inclined to follow Mr Gladstone. Mr Parnell plainly tells his Gladstonian allies that if they do not accept his views as to an Irish Parliament, he and his friends "would have done their utmost to direct the minds of the people to a constitutional issue; *but if the constitution was forbidden to them, it would not have been their fault if constitutional methods had failed. They would* have tried, and they would then *give place to other men.* Whether they would take part in such things, or whether he should take part in such things, he knew not." This implied threat that violent and unconstitutional means will be resorted to in the event of Great Britain not giving to Ireland that which she would not give to Scotland or Wales, or even claim for England, is a fair warning to Mr Parnell's Gladstonian allies that any attempt on their part to limit or attenuate the Parnellite demands will be met by the same threats, and probably resisted by the same agencies, which have been employed in time past by the disloyal faction in Ireland. In such a case, should Mr Gladstone and his friends be in power, we do not for a moment doubt that they will seek to re-enact the coercion for which in its modified form they have so unscrupulously condemned the Government, and that they will prove the necessity of such re-enactment by arguments entirely satisfactory to themselves. They are, nevertheless, creating difficulties for any such action, however desirable, in the future, by the recklessness with which they are now in the habit of supporting the Parnellite complaints against the administration of the law in Ireland.

The debates upon the Irish estimates furnish a melancholy example of this shameless conduct. Violent abuse has been showered upon Mr Balfour on account of the system which has been called "shadowing"—*i.e.*, the close watching of persons suspected of the intention to commit crime. It may be remembered that Mr Gladstone's Government took powers to arrest and imprison such persons, and that those powers have *not* been sought by the present Government. Mr Balfour's reply to his assailants was absolutely conclusive. First, he stated that it was the National League which "shadowed" unhappy individuals who had incurred its vengeance by taking evicted farms, or otherwise disputing its usurped supremacy; and that this illegal "shadowing" for the purpose of ruining its vic-

tims had been rightly encountered in the only possible way—namely, by "shadowing" the "shadowers" in order to check their nefarious proceedings. Secondly, he showed that under Mr Gladstone's own Government, the immaculate Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan had also "shadowed" when the interests of law and order seemed to require it. An honest and loyal statesman would, in Mr Gladstone's case, have readily admitted the fact, whilst he regretted the necessity, and would have thus at once evinced his regard for the authority of the law, and his desire to subordinate all party considerations to his desire to uphold its vindication. Unhappily, Mr Gladstone has become entirely incapable of rising to such a height of patriotism. Passing by the absolute justification of police "shadowing" which is afforded by the illegal "shadowing" of its victims by the National League, Mr Gladstone vehemently, and even furiously, denied that "shadowing" had been practised by his Government, and sought to make out, and to claim it as a triumphant fact, that in one particular case, quoted by Mr Balfour, the policeman who "shadowed" had not been in uniform, and moreover, Mr Balfour was unable at the moment to state the exact distance at which the Gladstonian "shadower" followed the "shadowed"! Seldom has Mr Gladstone been more utterly crushed than upon this occasion, when Mr Balfour calmly read out from 'Hansard' the question of Mr Healy and the reply of Sir George Trevelyan upon this particular case; and never has there been a more pitiable and disgraceful exposure of the shameless and unscrupulous tactics which the Opposition have adopted.

It is impossible to withhold our admiration of the gallant bearing of Mr Balfour during the whole of this session. Again and again has he been assailed by unscrupulous opponents, frequently in language which would be tolerated in no other assembly than the British Parliament, and with a bitterness of tone and spirit rarely witnessed in any legislative or deliberative body. Nothing, however, has for one moment dismayed or daunted the Irish Secretary. Confident in the rectitude of his own intentions, and resolute in his determination to vindicate the supremacy of the law and the authority of the Queen in Ireland, Mr Balfour has stood firm against all attacks, has constantly exposed the misrepresentations of his assailants, and whilst boldly describing crime and outrage by their right names, has uniformly exhibited a courtesy in debate which has greatly aided him in confounding his adversaries. No man has shone as Mr Balfour has shone during the past session, and to no man does Ireland owe a deeper debt of gratitude than to him whose firm administration and courageous defence of his subordinates has done so much to restore the confidence of loyal Irishmen in the future of their country.

These debates, however, and the speech of Mr Parnell to which we have alluded, should be sufficient to show the British and loyal Irish people that the battle of 1886 is to be re-fought upon lines similar to those upon which it was then won by the Unionist party. One great disadvantage we have, indeed—namely, that in 1886 there was a definite scheme of Home Rule legislation before the country, which it emphatically refused. Now we have no such scheme, but only indefinite and general statements from Mr Gladstone, and

vague assurances that he, who failed so egregiously to carry his united party with him in 1886, will be able to do so now, if only the constituencies will return men pledged to the principle of Home Rule, and ready to accept the hitherto unrevealed scheme which, somehow or other, is to remove every objectionable feature from his former bill, and yet to leave it practically the same measure! We do not know Mr Gladstone's present scheme, supposing him to have one; but we do know Mr Parnell's views, and that, call it by whatever name we please, it means the establishment of a power in Ireland which, at the very best, will increase tenfold the difficulties of governing that country. The course, therefore, of the loyal portion of her Majesty's subjects is clear enough. We must support to our utmost the Administration which has vindicated the authority of the law in Ireland, and has thereby incurred the hatred and abuse of the men who wish to defy the law; we must resolutely decline to give to these men a parliamentary and political power which we very well know that they would abuse, and for which they have shown themselves unfit by their conduct in and out of Parliament. We, Liberal and Conservative Unionists, must subordinate every other political feeling to the maintenance of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland; and, cordially allied for this great object, we must gird up our loins and be ready for that general election which our opponents affect to desire so greatly, but which, if the issues are well and fairly put before the people, will, we are confident, evince their unchangeable determination to uphold in its integrity the United Empire.

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THE RECESS AS IT IS AND AS IT WAS.

THE RECESS AS IT IS.

It is not so very long ago but that middle-aged men can recollect the time when the parliamentary recess offered a real interval of repose to the weary politician, whether a Minister of State, a private member of Parliament, or a leading political journalist, whose labours and responsibilities during the continuance of the session are of course trebled. Then the end of the session was, as Mr Balfour said at Manchester a month ago, the end of the political year. The change which has taken place since those halcyon days, though great, has been gradual, "and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted." The first question we must ask ourselves in connection with the present subject is where we are to place that point. And we should be inclined to take the year 1874, when the Liberal party, after twenty-seven years of unbroken predominance, first found itself in a minority in the House of Commons, as the date at which the origin of the present system may for practical purposes be fixed. At this point it first began to take something like its present form, and it has progressed with increasing volume ever since. Its springs lie rather further back, perhaps in the Reform Bill of 1867, and the unsettled state of public opinion which followed the death of Lord Palmerston. It received a great accession of strength from the Reform Bill of 1885, and the question of Home Rule has still further stimulated its growth. But we doubt whether any particular question, however important, would have brought about the annual autumnal agitation which now forms a regular link in the chain of political discussion, but for the fact that sixteen years ago

a party was thrown into Opposition which had long been accustomed to regard power as its peculiar perquisite; which was led by a statesman between whom and the First Minister of the Crown a deadly enmity existed; and was largely composed of men who delighted in the din of parliamentary warfare, who had neither the duties nor the pleasures of country gentlemen to occupy their time, whose only title to social respect was the fact that they were members of Parliament, and who were naturally ready to embrace every opportunity of parading it before the world. To such men as these, platforms, programmes, resolutions, banquets, blue-books, and "demonstrations" of every kind were the breath of life. Their opponents have been obliged to take a leaf out of the same book. But there can be no doubt who began the system, and very little, we think, as to their motive for beginning it. With party spirit fiercer and ranker than it had ever been since the days of Pitt and Fox—for we will not except even the period of Lord Grey's Administration; with a leader of Opposition burning to oust a political rival whom he hated with a concentrated malignity of which we have no example in our annals; and secondly, with a host of Liberal members to whom the recess was only an unwelcome interruption, when they were obliged to return for a time into the region of comparative obscurity, from which they emerged every February; we have a combination more than sufficient to account for this superfetation of oratory.

But there is still a third point to be noticed characteristic of the recess as it is. The enormous constituencies created by the Act of 1885 have given quite a new character to what is now commonly called "Parliament out of session." Every constituency is now an open field, and there is hardly a single one of which it can be predicted with absolute certainty that it will return either a Conservative or a Liberal. All are open to attack. There is no such thing as a safe seat or a close seat left, unless it is at our principal universities. The consequence is, that the process of attack and defence is always and everywhere going on almost from the termination of one general election to the beginning of another. This cause alone has multiplied the number of public meetings in every constituency by ten or a dozen fold. Some emissary from the enemy's camp is always in the field; the sitting member is always on his defence; while at the same time each individual of the party is obliged to contribute his share towards the general defence or general indictment of the Government, which is being conducted on a larger scale by his leaders. Of the whole House of Commons, therefore, only a very few lucky members find the recess a period of repose. In the old days no county or borough member was expected to address his constituents more than once a-year. A quiet little meeting in the county town, a haunch of venison or a few brace of pheasants, and a speech of half an hour's duration, were all that was expected of him. But now every village in his division claims its share of his attentions, and resents any apparent neglect.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether even the importance of the press bears the same proportion to the importance of the platform as it did five-and-twenty years ago. The peripatetic schoolmaster

is abroad from morning till night through what used to be the pleasant quiet autumn months, when the strife of parties was forgotten. No place is secure against him; and he is zealously backed up by that numerous and valuable class of persons to be found in all constituencies, who work the machinery of "demonstrations," and in whose minds not to want to "get up" something is like what it was in the minds of Tadpole and Taper not to want twelve hundred a-year. And so the work goes merrily forward. Statesmen and orators are obliged to become demagogues and agitators. There is no rest for them, or for us. The moment the doors of Parliament are closed, away they go

> "To rave, recite, and madden round the land."

It may therefore, perhaps, be found refreshing to some of the readers of 'Maga' to take a glance backwards at a far different state of things, when for six months out of twelve the land had peace, when politics were laid aside by everybody except the chiefs of parties, and when even these were able to allow themselves considerable intervals of leisure.

THE RECESS AS IT WAS.

It strikes one as remarkable at first sight that when the House of Commons consisted much more largely than it does at present of country gentlemen and their connections, the great majority of whom would be addicted to field-sports, the time abstracted by their parliamentary duties from the hunting and shooting season was larger than it is now. Yet such was the case. Down to the close of the last century, in the ordinary course of business, and when there was nothing particular demanding the attention of the Legislature, the meeting of Parliament was generally fixed for November or the latter end of October. The prorogation then usually took place in May or June, or else early in July. And the English love of rural life was gratified by the commencement of the holidays before the conclusion of the hay-harvest. Thus we find, on dipping at random into the parliamentary history, that the session of 1747-48 began on the 10th of November, and ended on the 13th of May; the session of 1748-49 began November 29, and ended May 11; the session of 1749-50 began November 16, and ended April 12; the session of 1750 on January 17, and ended June 25; the session of 1751-52 on 14th November, and ended March 26; the session of 1753, January 11, and ended April 17; the session of 1772-73 on November 26, and ended July 1; the session of 1773-74 on November 30, and ended May 26; the session of 1774-75 on October 26, and ended May 23; and the session of 1776-77 on October 31, and ended June 6; and so on to the end of the first five-and-twenty years of George III.'s reign. Down to that time the session which began after Christmas or ended after midsummer was a rare exception. With the accession of Mr Pitt to power, a slight change becomes apparent, but it was very gradual. And even after the French Revolution, though it ceased to be the rule to

call Parliament together in November, it was frequently done, and it was not till about seventy years ago that the practice began to be looked upon as exceptional, and to be resorted to only in emergencies. What caused the change we have not been able to discover. Why it was that with the commencement of the present century the practice set in of deferring the meeting of Parliament to the beginning of February, no veteran senator still survives to tell us. But we may hazard some speculations on the subject, and the partial solution they suggest may be thought, perhaps, not devoid of plausibility.

At the beginning of the present century the habits of the English aristocracy were in a transition state. We know that before that great convulsion which placed a sword between France and all the rest of Europe, there was a numerous section of the English nobility and gentry who made the French *noblesse* their models, and were as miserable when they were away from Paris as if they had been Frenchmen born. These men helped to keep up that distinction between town and country gentlemen with which we are all so familiar in the comedy of the eighteenth century; between those members of the territorial aristocracy who filled the theatres and coffee-houses of London, and were the heroes of the fashionable world, and those who lived on their estates, and were content to be known as country squires. It mattered nothing to men of the George Selwyn stamp when Parliament met or when it was prorogued. They spent their lives between London and Paris, and though they were always only a small minority, still they set the fashion, and there were not enough fox-hunters in the House of Commons to exercise any material influence on the arrangement of the session. Shooting rather than hunting seems then to have been the favourite amusement of the upper classes; and it was not till the French Revolution, by stopping our intercourse with the Continent, threw the English aristocracy more exclusively on their own resources, that fox-hunting assumed its present proportions, and the distinction between a fine gentleman and a fox-hunter gradually ceased to exist. It had always been a very unevenly drawn one, and throughout the latter half of the last century princely hunting establishments were kept up at Goodwood, Woburn, Althorpe, Belvoir, Badminton, and Berkeley Castle. The Belvoir Hunt can boast a pedigree of nearly a century and a half, as it was regularly established in the year 1750. The Badminton Hunt dates from 1762. But for all that, the regular London man of the days of Horace Walpole, could he wake up at the present day, would stare his eyes out were the most accomplished performer in a London ball-room, the wittiest talker in a London club, and the best dressed man in the Park or St James's Street, pointed out to him as the best man across country from Melton to Harborough, or one who could ride in the van of the Pytchley from Naseby to Kilworth. Before this fusion took place, however, it is easy to understand why Parliament should have met in mid-autumn and been prorogued in May. The ladies naturally preferred London in the winter. The men shot their pheasants in October. Hunting, too, began earlier, and there was

usually a good recess at Christmas. Still, for a long time it was found difficult to combine the two pursuits—that is, of politics and sport; and it was during these days that we read of such men as Lord Althorpe and Assheton Smith hurrying up to town after the day's run to vote on some important question, and rushing back again next morning in time to meet the hounds. But we are anticipating. Before we come to these heroes, there are other scenes to be visited and other habits to be described.

Sir George Trevelyan, in his 'Early History of Charles Fox,' has given us an amusing picture of the close intercourse which then existed between London and Paris:—

"Selwyn himself and three out of four among his correspondents, as long as they were young enough to face the horrors of the Channel packet and the dirt of the inns of Picardy, spent in France every odd month of their leisure, and every spare guinea of their ready money. Two days after the last race had been run at Ascot, the road between Calais and Abbeville was alive with chaises-and-four streaming southward as far as postilions could be bribed to travel; and two days before the Houses met for the winter session, a string of British legislators would be walking on board at Calais, in the brand-new satin coats and embroidered waistcoats which they dared not leave among their luggage. The strictness of the Custom-house still continues, wrote 'Tommy Townsend' in November 1764. Mr Rigby brought one fine suit of clothes, which he saved by wearing it when he landed. Mr Elliot saved a coat and waistcoat, but his breeches were seized and burned. 'I could not,' said the Earl of Tyrone, 'help blushing at the ridiculous figure we made in our fine clothes; you must leave your gold, for not a button will be admitted.'"

But if this was how one part of the aristocracy spent their recess, they were not all like this. Many of them still loved their country seats, and employed the summer and autumn in exercising a liberal hospitality, as well as in the pursuit of field-sports. We have all heard of the "Houghton congress," as it was called, when Sir Robert Walpole kept open house for six weeks, from about the end of August to the middle of October. All the gentlemen of the county were free to sit down at his dinner-table; and when the day's shooting was over, what were called the "Bacchanalian orgies" set in. "The noise and uproar, the waste and confusion, were prodigious." These choice spirits, who consisted for the most part of Walpole's political supporters, roved the country round in search of adventures, and seem to have indulged in that class of practical jokes for which the late Marquis of Waterford was celebrated during his flying visits to Leicestershire. His brother-in-law, Lord Townsend, whose seat was at Rainham, in the same county, being, like Sir Pitt Crawley the younger, "a frigid man," and standing much upon his dignity, was frightened away by these tremendous revels; and his disagreement with Walpole, which ultimately led to his retirement from public life, was probably not retarded by them. Archdeacon Coxe feels bound, of course, to censure "the impropriety of such conduct," but admits, nevertheless, that the Minister made himself highly popular with his adherents by "a mode of living so analogous to the spirit of ancient hospitality." There is no doubt that attentions of this kind go a long way even now, and that the Minister who gives good dinners and entertains his ad-

herents handsomely will generally find his account in it. A Prime Minister with a good digestion has a great advantage still over the more delicate organisations which are compelled to shrink from such festivities. It is probably true in this year of grace 1890 that a political leader, whether of the Government or the Opposition, who could afford to do, after a fashion more in harmony with the nineteenth century, what Walpole did in Norfolk a hundred and fifty years ago, would find it pay. But September may say of himself from many different points of view, *non sum qualis eram.*

But we have pleasanter pictures than this to look back upon in the last century. There were plenty of accomplished English noblemen, even in the reign of George II., who welcomed men of letters to their country houses, where, during July, August, and September, many an elegant circle was gathered together, which stood in no need of horn, or hound, or gun, to make the time pass. Thomson, it is known, used frequently to pass part of the recess with Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, of which we have a beautiful description in "Spring," the poet taking good care not to forget his host's "hospitality." It was in this delightful retreat that he revised and corrected the "Seasons." At Hagley he said he should find "the muses of the great simple country, not the little fine lady muses of Richmond Hill." Lyttleton, we are told, was never so delighted as when he could escape from the turmoil of the session, and the intrigues of Leicester House, and bury himself in his paternal woods with two companions such as Thomson and Shenstone, who lived not far off, and "Lucinda," the beloved wife whose death nearly broke his heart. It was here that, surrounded by all the accessories suggestive of such a theme, Thomson wrote the "Castle of Indolence," to which his host contributed the well-known stanza—

> "A bard here dwelt more fat than bard beseems."

The bard had a favourite seat out of doors, where, after his death, Lord Lyttleton built a summer-house. Hagley in autumn, with a host like Lord Lyttleton, must in those days have been truly delightful. Here was that literary leisure for which, alas! we all sigh, but which modern men of letters rarely see. At that time the strife of politics, excepting at a general election, affected a very small circle. The great bulk of the nation might as well have lived under a despotism for all they knew of the system by which they were governed. In these days Lord Lyttleton, who was a leading member of Opposition, would have been holding Unionist meetings at Birmingham, or addressing the agricultural labourers in the Worcestershire villages, instead of contributing to the "Castle of Indolence." School Boards and the County Councils, and the press and the platform, have pulled down that edifice long ago, and it now only exists in the air, where we often still see it in our dreams. Thomson might have had another house of retreat in the country during the recess, could he have schooled himself into proper respect for his hostess's hobbies. This was Lord Hertford's, at Ragley in Warwickshire. Lady Hertford always took a poet into the country with her, when the season and the session were both over, to whom she read her own verses, and applied for

help in writing more. In Thomson, however, she had made an unfortunate selection, as he greatly preferred my lord's punch to my lady's poetry, and was never asked to Ragley again. There is another version of this story which seems, however, to be purely conjectural. "It has been affirmed," says one of Thomson's editors, "with more probability, that our author lost her grace's friendship by promising to write, at her request, a poetical description of Vaucluse, which he did not perform." It may be so, but we must own we do not see the greater probability. From all we know of Thomson, we should say the probability was strongly in favour of the rival story; and if he did not write the verses which Lady Hertford wanted, why did he not? He was constitutionally indolent, it is true, but a piece of this kind would have given him no great trouble. If his neglect was the cause of the quarrel, we suspect a headache was the cause of his neglect.

There were then, and probably still are, two distinct types of the English aristocracy: the one which has never lost its taste for rural life, and still finds the purest of pleasure in gardening, in farming, in forestry, and in the faithful discharge of all their local duties; the other corresponding to the picture drawn by Sir G. Trevelyan, and by Mr Thackeray in the 'Virginians,' of the life at Castlewood about the year 1756:—

"The evening was beautiful; but the company voted to sit indoors, declaring they thought the aspect of three honours in their hand with some good court cards more beautiful than the loveliest scenes of nature. And so the sun went down behind the elms, and still they were at cards; and the rooks came home cawing their evensong, and they never stirred except to change partners; and the chapel clock tolled hour after hour unheeded, so delightfully were they spent over the pasteboard; anon the moon and stars came out, and the groom of the chambers announced that supper was ready."

As the former of these two parties by degrees obtained the ascendancy in society, Parliament began insensibly to adapt itself to their tastes; and as Governments in those days remained in power for long terms of years, supported by combinations which, compared with modern ones, were founded on a rock, there was really nothing to be gained by carrying the parliamentary warfare into the provinces. This is a very important factor in the result we are considering. It was not worth while in those days for the country gentlemen to sacrifice their ease, their pleasures, and their home duties to a series of autumnal campaigns either for or against the Government of the country. Now it is. Hardly any Government is so strong but what some impression may be made upon it by attacks of this nature, and this alone is sufficient to account for more than half the difference between the session as it is and as it was.

Statesmen, therefore, had nothing to counteract the very natural desire of English gentlemen to escape from the dust and heat and din of the political conflict into the cooler and quieter atmosphere of country life, with all its favourite occupations. Fox, who represented both classes of the aristocracy to which I have referred, and enjoyed himself as much in a London hell as in a Norfolk stubble, grew fonder of the latter as he grew older, and used generally to spend part of

the recess at Holkham. Lord Albemarle tells an amusing story of his going off partridge-shooting at five o'clock in the morning, but getting so drunk on milk-punch before breakfast that he had to come home and go to bed for the remainder of the day. This Pickwickian feat had probably been often anticipated at Houghton.

Fox was fond of quoting Cowper's well-known lines :—

> "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more."

But he need not have prayed in vain. He might have found such a retreat in many parts of England less than a hundred years ago. If all he sought was freedom from the importunity of events, and the roar of public life, whether military or civil, he might have found it, we fancy, at Hayslope, or at Raveloe, or at Knebley, in the greatest perfection. Men like Fox and Walpole, and in our own time Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby, were able to throw off official cares when they turned their backs on Downing Street, as they took off their clothes on going to bed. But they would not have been allowed to do so now. Reproduce the situation under present conditions, and we should find Fox, instead of stumping the turnips after partridges, stumping the country against Jingoism, and abusing "that vile fellow," as he called Pitt, from Land's End to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Pitt would be summoned from the shades of Hollwood and his favourite pursuits at Walmer, to take the field on a similar errand. Those happy lunching-parties at the farmhouse, the huge hunches of bread and cheese, the complete freedom and *abandon*, described by Lady Hester Stanhope, would have had to be exchanged for the noisy streets of some overgrown manufacturing town, and the fetid atmosphere of town-halls and platforms. Burke would have been called away from his cows and his cottagers, and the favourite grove in which he held high converse with Windham and Johnson, to speak on behalf of the Liberal Unionists at St James's Hall or the Constitutional Club, and would have fanned the feud between himself and his former friends to frenzied exasperation. Windham would have had no time for mathematics or philosophy, and must have given up his practice of driving about from one country house to another, and conversing with all sorts and conditions of men, as was his favourite habit. These men then would have had no change. They would only have gone from one kind of Parliament to another. They would have had little time for thought, reading, and reflection; and it may be that in that case some of their finest parliamentary performances would have been lost to us. Many years ago, when this system of autumnal oratory had reached nothing like its present height, the 'Times' said in reference to a speech of Mr Disraeli's, that all work and no play made even Ben a dull boy. We may be thankful, perhaps, that men such as we have here named—the

> "Magnanimi heroës, nati melioribus annis"—

were spared the ordeal.

Passing on to a later generation, we still find the parliamentary recess conducted on the old sys-

tem—a real holiday, that is, and a real respite from political excitement. Few more honourable, more useful, and more sensible public men have ever given their services to the country than Lord Althorpe. But does any one suppose that Lord Althorpe could have continued in the position of a great political leader if the same sacrifices had been exacted from him as are demanded of men in his position at the present day? Assuredly not. After the Reform Bill, he found that even in these easy-going times office interfered too much with his autumnal leisure, and could never be tempted back into power after he had once left the House of Commons. As late as September 1827, when he had become leader of the Opposition, his heart was still in the old place; and we may take it for granted that the House of Commons and the Liberal party would never have had the benefit of his leadership through the great Reform struggle if, when he first began to take a prominent part in Parliament, his whole time had been absorbed by it. We have only to read his letters to his father, dated from Northumberland and Warwickshire, in the shooting season of the above-named year, to be quite certain that had he been obliged to choose between his favourite pursuits and the engrossing claims of statesmanship, such as they have now become, he would at once have decided for the former. We should bear this in mind later on, when considering the class of men whom it is desirous to retain in the House of Commons.

Men like Canning could never have stood, even as long as he did, the wear and tear of parliamentary life, unless they had enjoyed a real holiday; yet now that the work devolving on Ministers during the parliamentary session is infinitely greater than it was, we are at the same time trebling the labours of the recess. There is a charming little picture drawn by Lockhart of a party assembled on the banks of Windermere during the last week in August 1824, at which Canning, Sir W. Scott, Professor Wilson, Wordsworth, and Southey were present, which we must transcribe *verbatim* from the life:—

"It would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. There was . . . a plentiful allowance, on all sides, of those airy transient pleasantries in which the fancy of poets, however wise and grave, delights to run riot when they are sure not to be misunderstood. There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight."

A holiday such as this is a real alterative, and when undisturbed by the necessity of replunging into the sea of politics, and preparing a big speech once a-month, would no doubt have the happiest effect in purging away the humours engendered by the parliamentary session. But a certain period of unbroken repose—a real vacation—is necessary to the beneficial effects of such recreation. And this, unfortunately, is just what our public men no longer get. Those who like it may still hunt, shoot, and fish; row with beautiful women on the lakes by moonlight; or even talk with poets and men of letters in their country houses. But they do it all under the shadow of great impending obligations, for ever

bringing them back again to the same cares and anxieties, the same trains of thought, and the same moral and mental atmosphere which they have but just quitted; making that complete escape out of one life into another, that complete emancipation from political and personal worry, which is essential to curative leisure, absolutely impossible.

Sir Robert Peel did not import into public life any loftier or more generous conception of political duty than had animated Pitt, Fox, or Canning. But he gave it more a business-like character, and was a far better representative of the Reform era than either Lord Russell or Lord Palmerston, who led the Liberal party between them for a quarter of a century. It was Sir Robert Peel, we think, more than Lord John Russell, who raised questions of a purely administrative character to the importance which they now hold, and contributed more than any one to invest the House of Commons with that resemblance to a vestry which has been so much insisted on by its satirists. The inevitable result, of course, was an immense addition to the ordinary work of Parliament, which, however, only advanced very gradually, the parochial spirit being kept under at first by the traditions of the old *régime*, and the novelty of the situation in which the new members found themselves. Sir Robert Peel did not live to see its full development, and how he would have dealt with it can be only matter of conjecture. But he certainly was one who fully enjoyed his vacation, and would, we fancy, have been among the first to denounce any abridgment of it. We all know what manner of men were Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby. For nearly twenty years after the death of Sir Robert Peel they were the two most influential men in the political world—one at the head of the Liberals, the other of the Conservatives. With two such men as these exercising an undisputed ascendancy over their respective parties, no change in our parliamentary habits and customs was probable, if possible. The period from February to August had come to be regarded as the regular allotted time for parliamentary work, and one or two of Lord Palmerston's sessions ended in July. These six months were found quite long enough to transact all necessary business, and might be found so again could we but bring back party spirit to a level more consistent with the principles of parliamentary government. The glee with which Lord Derby rushed away from Westminster when the Queen's speech was read, was like that of a boy leaving school. But he possessed the power of completely throwing off the interests or pursuits of the hour, whatever they might be, and of giving his whole mind to any public or ministerial duty that might be required of him at a moment's notice. For an account of Lord Derby in the recess, the reader may consult 'Memoirs of an Ex-Minister,' and also Mr Kebbel's 'Biography of Lord Derby' in the "Statesmen Series," the only one as yet published. Lord Palmerston, though as fond of office as Lord Derby was impatient of it, nevertheless made a real holiday of the recess, and his letters from Broadlands are full of allusions to the covers, the keepers, and the poachers. He persisted in going out partridge-shooting even to the last, though his sight was so bad that he could not perform very efficiently.

CAUSES AND PROGRESS OF THE CHANGE.

With the departure from the stage of these two brilliant representatives of the old *régime*, the style began to change. Contemporaneously with their disappearance came the effect of the new Reform Bill, and a still further infusion into the House of Commons of an element introduced for the first time in 1832, but between that date and 1868 under the control of political leaders who inherited the ἦθος of an earlier period, and in subjection to the authority of unwritten laws, which none had yet ventured to impugn. The effects of this change first became visible in the new mode of discussing foreign affairs which came in with the opposition to Mr Disraeli's Government from 1874 to 1880. By this angry conflict a degree of party heat was generated which has never since cooled down, and after passing through a variety of phases has ended in reviving class jealousies and antipathies which were rapidly becoming things of the past. The absurdity of the well-known term which has been invented partly to create and partly to describe this division has often been exposed. Society *cannot* be cleft into "the classes and the masses," however much we might wish to do it. But what the authors and employers of this sophistical nonsense have succeeded in doing is this: they have succeeded in rekindling a feeling which was fast going out — the feeling, namely, that between the landed aristocracy of this country in all its branches and ramifications, from the greatest nobleman down to the smallest squire, and all the rest of the community, a necessary antagonism exists, and that an ordinary country gentleman is a being to be hunted out of the country by every enlightened man, as if he were a weasel or a polecat. When we speak of resuscitating this feeling, what we mean is this. It has always animated a certain class of educated Radicals who wish to see England governed as France was under Louis Philippe, by journalists and men of letters. But they have only lately attained such prominence in political life as to make their hostility worth notice. The class in question feel the social superiority of the aristocracy more keenly perhaps than any other. The wealthy *parvenu* is soon caught and converted, and becomes more aristocratic than the aristocracy. But the literary *doctrinaire* and effeminate Radical who hates not only the social rank but the physical prowess of English gentlemen is more deeply embittered against them, and would do anything in his power to pluck them up root and branch. Next to these comes our old friend the local Radical of the large towns, in close alliance with the Dissenters, who regard the aristocracy as the great props of the Established Church; and finally, we may throw in the political leaders who have placed themselves at the head of the Radical movement as the only avenue to power, and are bound to preach its doctrines, and adopt its prejudices and antipathies. These three parties together have combined to diffuse the feeling which they entertain themselves among one large section of the working classes who had never before been conscious of it, and to revive it in another which was fast shaking it off as a foolish bugbear of which they were beginning to be ashamed. If it is asked

what this has to do with the recess, the answer is simple. By those who really desire to spite the country gentry, such a curtailment or alteration of the recess as might rob them of any part of their rural pleasures would be eagerly welcomed. We might point to several measures which have been advocated or carried during the last twenty years, of which the moving spring was the jealousy in question; and we think it will be found still that those who are most forward in advocating a change of this description are likewise those who are most under the influence of this sentiment. Besides these, however, we have a larger proportion of members, more than we have ever had before, who do not really care about the country,—who, if they could only make politics a profession, and receive salaries for their attendance in the House, would be content to stay at Westminster the whole year round, and perhaps sleep in the House of Commons.

ITS EFFECT ON HEALTH OF STATESMEN, ON THE PUBLIC MIND, ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND ON POLITICS.

We have already described what the parliamentary recess now is, and the demands which it makes on the time and the vital energy of our leading statesmen. We have also to consider its effects in other directions, which would only be heightened by most of the changes which have been recommended. On the extent to which the present mode of spending the recess exhausts the health and strength of those statesmen who, with the labours of the autumnal platform, combine the responsibilities of the Cabinet Minister, it is unnecessary to dwell further. We see plainly enough, from evidence now before our eyes, that the hard work of a modern session leaves those who bear the burden and heat of the day very unfit to begin a new political campaign the moment Parliament is closed. But this, we think, is hardly the worst of it.

In these days of cheap newspapers and rapid carriage the whole country has the parliamentary debates before it every morning. It sees all that can be said on both sides of any given question by the best orators and ablest statesmen of the age. It sees their arguments discussed over again by acute and practised writers representing both political parties. Nor does this happen only once in a session. Not a single great Act of Parliament is ever carried now without the whole question being argued three or four times over, as opportunities are presented by different stages of the bill. On each occasion the press repeats its comments, readjusts the facts and figures, sets forth the premises, and enforces the conclusions anew, till at last it can only be the man who is wholly indifferent to the subject who does not know all that can be known about it. Now, what is the inevitable result of beginning this process all over again—speeches, leading articles, and all—as soon as Parliament is prorogued? Can it fail to weary and disgust the public with the very name of politics. They *must* get sick of the forced invective, the threadbare topics, the hackneyed gibes and sarcasms served up to them by our itinerant politicians between September and

January. And what is the further consequence of their becoming sick and tired of such stuff? It is this, that they gradually come to listen to or to read them not for anything to be learned from them, but simply as so many exhibitions of party pluck and vigour, and as tests of the capacity of their respective champions for winning the great stake. It is inevitable that they should cease to think at all about the merits of the questions raised. These they are weary of thinking about. They come to look on a good speech as a lover of the ring in old times looked on a well-fought round by the pugilist whom he had backed to win. Thus Parliament out of session is simply a big gladiatorial show. This is all it is good for. Statesmanship, political principle, great public and imperial interests, are dragged down to this level, and rolled in the mire to make sport for the audience. The system, in a word, cheapens and degrades politics to such a degree, that we can hardly wonder at the slight effect which is now very often produced by appeals to more elevated considerations. Demos puts his tongue in his cheek and thinks to himself—"Ah! we know all about that." On the higher intellect and intelligence of the nation the effect is, if possible, more deplorable. A feeling of general satiety, of indifference and languor, mingled with one of growing contempt and dislike for popular and parliamentary institutions, if they necessitate such scenes as these, is gradually diffused through the community, undermining its political energies and sapping its political faith, till its power of resistance to radical and revolutionary changes may in time be wholly lost.

But if this is the effect upon the public, what is the effect upon Parliament? This is a question which it is not difficult to answer either. People are fond of asking why nobody reads the debates now. The answer is simple. They have read them all before. And what is still more to the purpose is, that our parliamentary orators have spoken them all before. The future is discounted as well as the past repeated by these hard-pressed disputants. The public bring a jaded appetite to a stale banquet. Formerly, when Parliament met, there was some public curiosity to be satisfied. All was new. Eloquence had again become a novelty. The rivals met in the arena with recruited vigour and sharpened rhetoric, with a fresh store of arguments, images, and epigrams, to elevate and to embellish their discourse. Then the debates sparkled. Then it was an intellectual treat to read through four or five columns of the morning papers. But now all the life is taken out of the debates before they begin. It is impossible for any man to be at his best when he is only repeating in Parliament what he has been saying all over the country for the last three months, and which everybody knows by heart. This is one great secret of the flatness and dulness in the parliamentary debates of which everybody now complains. Parliament out of session is the ruin of Parliament in session. There is a limit to the power of the human mind; and even Sir William Harcourt, when he has launched all his choicest flowers of rhetoric on a provincial audience in October, cannot grow a fresh crop by the following February. Thus the House of Commons gradually loses ground in public estimation, through no fault in its constitution, but merely because on the shoulders of its

leading men a burden is laid greater than they can bear. Poor Sir William Harcourt might well say with Falstaff—"It was always the trick of our English nation when they had got a good thing, to make it too common."

When Parliament meets, the forthcoming Ministerial measures have been discussed beforehand, and if it has not been possible to go into those details which only the initiated understand, the general principles, which is all that the public care about, have been turned inside out. There is nothing before us in February but a weary course of *crambe repetita*. The moral atmosphere of the House of Commons becomes close and heavy, its proceedings spiritless and flat; and if it were not for the faction fights which seem sent by a merciful dispensation to prevent members from dying of dulness, we believe the whole House would sink to rest, as the world once did under the yawn of the great goddess to whom the "Dunciad" was dedicated:—

> "Wide and more wide it spread o'er all the realm;
> E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm."

It is quite clear that this cannot be for the good of parliamentary government. If we wish the public to take an interest in the debates, the debates must be made interesting, and this they never can be as long as the best speakers in the House are only flogging a dead horse.

Finally, we have to consider what is, or probably will be, the effect on politics of making public life a business to which men have to apply themselves the whole year round, as they do to the bar, to the exchange, or the factory. Again, the answer to this question is one which he who runs may read. Professional politics will be left to professional politicians—men who enter Parliament intending to live by it, as they would by the practice of law, medicine, or commerce. This system would, of course, very soon lead to the payment of members, and it would not stop there. An income derived from this source would be extremely precarious, and could only be regarded by professional men as a stepping-stone to something better. Thus the number of men in Parliament who wanted something from the Government would be enormously increased, and the independence of the House, as a body, be proportionally diminished. Even if we set aside, for the moment, mere pecuniary considerations, we shall see that, under the conditions we are supposing, the character of the House must necessarily deteriorate. The class of men we are contemplating, if they did not want place, would certainly want something else. They would not give their time and trouble for nothing. They would want celebrity, notoriety, or whatever else it might be called. The number of members who desired always "to keep themselves in evidence," as the phrase runs, large as it is now, would then be far larger; and the House of Commons, unmanageable as it is now, would then be more unmanageable still. The majority of the country gentlemen who now sit in the House of Commons accept a seat in Parliament as one of the natural duties appertaining to their station in life,—a dignified and honourable duty, no doubt, but not one which many of them would care to undertake for the sake of any personal gratification it affords them. It is simply one out of many obligations which their position imposes on them. They have

to manage their estates, to look after their tenantry, to attend to local business, to help in the maintenance of law and order, and also at stated times to give their attendance in the great council of the nation, to watch over the wider interests of the entire empire. Formerly almost every Royal Speech on the prorogation of Parliament referred to the important duties awaiting members of Parliament in their respective counties. In Parliament they make their influence felt in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, and not only bring to bear on the debates that knowledge of business and practical acquaintance with administrative duties to which they are trained from their boyhood, but contribute also, in a very great degree, to maintain a high tone of feeling and a high standard of honour in the popular assembly. But they do not care to make long speeches, to see their names continually in the newspapers, or to have a hand in every question that comes before the House, whatever its character or magnitude. Neither their vanity nor their ambition offers any obstruction to public business; and as they want nothing from Ministers, so Ministers in turn, though they can implicitly rely on their loyalty, know that there is a point beyond which they cannot be urged. On the greater number of these men—not, of course, on all—the threat of a dissolution falls harmlessly. To be out of Parliament does not make them less important. Their position in society is assured; and if their constituents reject them, though they may be mortified for the moment by the loss of confidence which it implies, they have abundant compensations to which the professional politician is a stranger. We ask any impartial man whether Parliament would lose or gain by the withdrawal from the House of Commons of the former class, leaving their places to be filled up by the latter. If politics become a trade, the House of Commons will become a shop. Principles and projects will be turned over like bales of muslin or samples of grocery, and puffed and pressed upon the public according to the return they promise. Try our disestablishment at so much; taste our Home Rule; compulsory abstinence very cheap to-day; and so on. This is what politics would in time be brought to in the hands of professional politicians.

The tendency of our present system, the recess as it is, is certainly in this direction. It cannot be expected that the gentry as a class should continue to give their unpaid services to the nation if the nation in return leaves them no leisure to enjoy themselves in their own way, which is all the remuneration they ask. It may be said, of course, if the country gentlemen don't choose to take the trouble to come to Parliament to look after their own interests, they cannot expect other people to do it for them. If they don't choose to sacrifice their leisure and their country life to the public good, the public will soon leave them no pleasures to enjoy, and more leisure than they want. It may be so; but though this would punish the gentry, it would not bring them back to the House of Commons; and we are now considering what the country, not what the gentry, would lose by such a change. The time would come, we think, when even many honest Radicals would be obliged to admit that a Parliament of professional place-hunters and lovers of notoriety at any price was a bad exchange, after

all, for the squirearchy, who, with all their faults, were at least men of practical common-sense, experienced in business, and inaccessible to bribes; who did their duty without fussing and foaming or making mountains out of molehills; and who had the advantage, as Mr Chamberlain himself has admitted, of being gentlemen.

PROPOSED CHANGES.

No change in either the length or the time of the recess would necessarily affect the abuse of it which we have here been considering. But changes have been proposed for other reasons, and they are these: first, in the hope that a longer session may overpower the system of obstruction; secondly, because there is a growing dislike in the House of Commons to sitting so late into the summer. We doubt very much, however, whether any enlargement of the session would by itself be sufficient to nullify such obstruction as we have recently witnessed, and notably during the last weeks of July. The obstructionists would be equal to the occasion, and could spin out their system as a spider does its web, out of their own bowels, to any length that was necessary. On the second plea there is more to be said, but it is a question which is complicated by many conflicting considerations. We cannot go back to the old system exactly as it was, and hardly any alternative can be suggested which will not inconvenience somebody.

The more the recess becomes like another session, and the more the session encroaches on the sphere of the recess, the greater the risk we run of altering the composition of the House of Commons in the manner now described. Yet it ought to be perfectly possible so to redistribute the time now usually allotted to the session, and even to extend it, as not seriously to interrupt either the duties or the pleasures of a class so essential to the efficiency of Parliament as the English landed proprietor. Sir Herbert Maxwell has recommended in the July number of this Magazine that the session should terminate in the beginning of July, and begin at the end of October. To repeat what we have said, the time proposed is not long enough, and it falls at the wrong season of the year. It is not long enough for two reasons, —first, because it would not bring the requisite period of relief to our overworked statesmen; and secondly, because, as has been pointed out by highly competent critics, it is contrary to the public good that the Executive should be constantly exposed to the harrowing process of parliamentary interrogation and the noisome buzz of political blue-bottles for more than half the year. A system which was originally intended for the detection of abuses has now become an abuse itself, by which the principle of Government is continually corroded, its authority lessened, and its dignity degraded; and to enlarge the period within which these practices are possible would be the most cruel unkindness we could inflict on representative institutions.

A recess from midsummer to Michaelmas would fall at the wrong time of the year for two reasons likewise. If it be thought a small thing that it would rob so many members of both Houses of

Parliament of those healthy and invigorating rural sports in which they now forget the asperities of party warfare, and find a physical restoration after the exhaustion of a modern session, it cannot be thought a small thing that it should curtail, if it did not entirely destroy, all their opportunities of mixing freely with the farmers and labourers of the county. A recess which began with the beginning of the hay harvest and ended with the end of the corn harvest, would be exactly coextensive with the very busiest period of the year both for the farmer and the labourer; and just when they became at leisure to attend meetings, agricultural shows, and other gatherings which bring the rural population together, their parliamentary representatives would be called away to their duties in another place. The hours of attendance in the session are regulated with a view to one large class of members who have business engagements elsewhere—namely, the lawyers; and due regard should also be shown to the convenience of another class who have duties scarcely less important. It is quite unnecessary in this article to attempt to lay down positively when the session should end and when it should begin. There must always be a margin, either for contraction or expansion. But the six months which begin with the 1st of August seem to us at all events the right time for the recess, or the right time out of which to carve the recess.

The Government have thought it advisable to recommend her Majesty to open the next session of Parliament in the fourth week of November; and we doubt whether this is not, after all, about the best time that could be fixed for the regular commencement of the session. Speaking roughly, from the 1st of July to the 1st of January seems to be the interval marked out for the parliamentary vacation. But for the sake of the Christmas holidays, it would be better to take the first fortnight in December and the second fortnight in January. With July, August, September, October, and November at their absolute disposal, and with half December and half January as well, members of Parliament would have as much time for travelling, fishing, shooting, and hunting as they could reasonably desire. Such an arrangement would leave the country gentlemen two clear months between the end of the harvest and the meeting of Parliament to move about among their constituents and discharge all those other public duties to which we have referred; and the general system of English rural life, with all its habits, customs, and traditions, would remain untouched.

The duration of the session, with the season at which it should be fixed, is a separate question from that with which this article commences—namely, the most useful and beneficial mode of spending it. The dedication of the parliamentary holiday to what may be called work out of school has been carried to an excess which is mischievous to all parties concerned in it. Our senators should play when they are at play, and work when they are at work. And the vast majority of the public would be exceedingly thankful to see the newspapers filled during the autumn with something more amusing than eight or ten columns of extra-parliamentary speeches. The principal London morning papers have almost entirely lost their old literary character. We look in vain in the 'Times' for

those admirable reviews of books which, down to twenty years ago, were so attractive a feature in the leading journal. The 'Standard' never gave quite so much space to literary matter, but what it did give it has taken away. And the answer is always the same. It is blocked out by the big speeches of vacation orators. Formerly, when Parliament was up, a number of columns were at once set free for merely lively and entertaining matter. Now, it is the same dull tale of politics and party warfare the whole year round. To shorten the recess would only aggravate the evil. Parliament in the provinces is bad enough, but Parliament at Westminster is still worse; and let nothing here written be understood to mean that any escape from "the recess as it is" into the session as it is would be a change for the better. If we must bear with the prolongation of political loquacity all through the autumn—and it seems too firmly established now to be got rid of—let us submit to it in patience rather than fly for refuge to the worse offender of the two. The recess may bore us, but in Parliament we see agencies at work fraught with ruin alike to representative institutions and to social liberty.

Obstruction, if it cannot be suppressed, cannot be allowed to be the prerogative of a single party. If one side chooses to make legislation impossible for its opponents, the other side will do so too. Conservatives cannot have their own failures imputed to incompetence, and the successes of the Radicals to superior ability, when, were the same tactics employed against the Radicals as the Radicals employ against the Conservatives, the result would be exactly the same.

t can never be permitted; yet hardly a single politician in his sober senses would deny that a few more sessions like the last would bring parliamentary government and our existing constitution within measurable distance of their end. This article, however, is on the recess, and not on the session, or we might refer at length to what Lord Salisbury and Mr Goschen said at the Mansion House dinner. It is probably quite true that the House of Commons is in a transition state. But what is to be the end of it?

We have glanced at the influence of the present system on the health of statesmen, on the public mind, on the House of Commons, on politics in general, and on the character of the press. In conclusion, may we venture to suggest that the operation of this system is gradually teaching the people something. It is teaching them that this informal and irregular political agency, though it cannot legislate, can do almost everything else which Parliament can do. It can drag abuses into the light of publicity. It can expose or circulate fallacies, as the case may be, with equal facility and effect. It can bring the influence of public opinion to bear on the policy of Ministers or the conduct of Opposition with equal force and almost equal directness. It can explain or obscure measures, perplex or simplify public questions, with as much clearness and adroitness. If we are told that, true as this may be, it is only true because the orators of the recess *are* members of Parliament, and that if they were not, half they say would be unheeded, —the answer is that it would not be so if there were no Parliament at all, and no man had any advantage over another in that respect. Now, of course, a member of Parliament, especially if he is a mem-

ber of the Government, or one of the Opposition leaders, speaks with an authority to which no private man can make pretence. But if no comparison of this kind were possible, and all spoke from the outside, would not the same qualities which bring a man to the front in Parliament bring him to the front on the platform, and would not real eloquence, political knowledge, and great intellectual power, command as ready attention as they do now? We are drawing no conclusions, but such reflections must naturally occur to us as we contemplate the oratory of the autumn. We are far from saying that any such thoughts are likely to give rise to serious or practical considerations affecting the permanence of the House of Commons. But they are calculated to make us think it of less importance than we used to do. It is no longer the sole guardian of our liberties and our persons. It is no longer the sole or the most effective critic of Ministerial policy, whether foreign or domestic. Its natural child shows a vigour and ability not uncommon to illegitimate offspring. The two together give us too much of a good thing, and make us ultimately tired of both. This can hardly last for ever—one of the two must retire from the field. It is even now fast coming to be recognised that either the "recess as it is" or the session as it is involves a great waste of force, and too great a strain both on the health and strength of politicians and the interest and attention of the public. What will happen if England ever becomes really and thoroughly tired of political discussion, we forbear to conjecture. But it is an experiment which the leading class of politicians seem bent on trying. We fully admit the difficulty of making any change now, for who is to stop first? The disease, we fear, must run its course, and we must await the result with what fortitude we may.

THE VALE OF THE MANOR AND THE BLACK DWARF.

THE Vale of Manor from the point where the stream rises, some 2000 feet above sea-level, on the brow of Shielhope Head, in the heart of the Southern hills, to where it joins the Tweed, runs in the line of the old ice-flow from south-west to north-east, and is not more at its utmost than ten miles in length. Yet this vale in its short compass shows the varied elements of grandeur and beauty in a very rare degree. It impresses and subdues by mountain and crag; it touches eye and heart with a symmetry of opposing yet alternating and harmonious lines of hills, and a winsome grace peculiarly its own. In itself it is proportioned, restrained, and complete as a Greek temple, supremely perfect and lovable; yet it adds to its apparent completeness a mysterious power of suggestion, through the grandeur of its head and its far-reaching Hopes and Glens, passing away up and into recesses beyond the vision, and here and there descried as terminated only in heights where the mountain-line bars the sky beyond. Around the source of the stream on the north side are the wild heights and the long, lonely, falling moorlands of the Dun Law and the Notman Law; while on the south are the steep ruddy scaurs of the Red Syke Head, ploughed deep by winter torrent, and chaotic from winter storm. Down to the base of those hills—some of them over 2500 feet—the far back glacier has worked and hollowed, with clean and delicate carving, an urn-like basin, extending in its opening to the north-east for fully a mile. Into this the stream descends, and through it flows, winding in sweet links, gurgling, and lapping the bared sides of the moraines which here dot the glen, and cleaving and revealing the roots of old and extinct forests. Nothing can be more perfect in valley scenery than this—the Head of the Manor. The hill-line circles round the source of the infant stream—north, west, and south—complete in its symmetry of complementary and consenting heights, while their steep slopes, especially on the north and west, are smoothed as by a sculptor's hand. Long has the shaping Power unseen worked in the ages and through the winter nights; here at least stands its matchless product. And these steep hillsides are, in the summer time, clothed in the most delicate verdure, a pathetic monotone of short grass and fern, only varied here and there by the sombre grey of a jutting rock, or by the leaf-tracery and silver stem of a birk looking into the depth of a hidden cleugh, whence there falls softly on the ear the pulsing yet constant sounding of an unseen burn—the spirit-voice of the otherwise silent hills. Then, as we follow the main stream from its source through this urn-like basin, we are surprised by a sudden break in the symmetry of the opposing hills; for on the right the beetling rocks of the Bitch Crag (Biche Crag—Hind Crag) rise on the vision, standing out grey and grim against the sky-line, verdureless as an alpine peak, and overhanging a deep short cleugh filled with the *débris* of ice-and-rain-split blocks of greywacke. These form a scene of perfect desolation, save where to the keen eye of the observer the sparse parsley fern clings lovingly to the irresponsive

rock. A stream that had been buried under the shapeless *débris* suddenly emerges at the base of the cleugh into the light of heaven, —gleaming, spring-like, fetterless, —a joyous Naïad set free from the darkness of bondage.

Then on the left we have a glen—of long, steep, and rugged ascent — rising up to near the summit of the Dollar Law, 2680 feet above the sea. Down this rushes the Ugly—*i.e.*, fearsome—Grain (the old Scandinavian word for branch of burn)—and a grand burn it is,—two miles or more of leaps and falls and headlong plunge over boulder and between green and ferny banks: after two days' rain its right-hand branch is an almost continuous waterfall of 1000 feet. In summer this impetuous burn is charming, even amid its sternness and solitude; in late autumn and winter the mists and snows shroud its head and course, and the shepherd hears it tearing down hidden in the darkness, or rushing beneath its ice-bound bridges. From this point for a mile the valley runs between steep hillsides, then gradually widens, still preserving its unique character of alternating hills sloping down on each side to the haugh, which is rich all along in greenery and wild flowers. The Water winds, pauses in pool, then rushes in stream, getting access of volume from its tributary burns, which it seems joyously to receive, and which inspire it with new life and speed. Linghope and Langha', Kirkhope, Posso, and Glenrath, are its main feeders, and each opens up a glen of special attractiveness. To the bare uplands of the higher valley succeed smiling corn-fields and graceful clumps of trees, especially in the middle and lower parts. Here and there alders and birks fringe the stream, and the tall yellow iris waves golden in the moist recesses of the haughs. Breaks of thyme make the braes purple and fragrant. The milkworts, pale and blue, nestle amid the short herbage; and the crowfoot symbolises the summer's golden prime. The Water turns and wheels in sheeny links, then nears its close, and passing by farmstead and cottage and ruined tower, and rounding the green declivities of Cademuir, crowned with its prehistoric forts and stones, it rushes through the single arch of its high-backed bridge; and so beneath the birks and the hazels, which wave it a graceful departure, it is fused with the Tweed,—as a separate life in a wider, enlarging this, yet itself forgotten.

This valley, beautiful and secluded, did not lie in the main line of Border warfare and raid, as its neighbours across the hills which bound it, Yarrow and Ettrick. And it has not until recently been touched in song, though it stirred to musical verse the heart of Principal Shairp during his residence in it for some summer months. Yet it has much interesting legend and local story—of strong deeds, unearthly visions, and haunted houses, of hunting and hawking, and the Stewart kings, and Mary herself, which, however, cannot now be touched in detail. It is sufficient to say that in the early and middle ages, before and after the days of Robert Bruce, the Vale of Manor held at least nine, if not ten, Peel-towers, the residences of different families, —Corbett, Baddeby, Inglis, Lowes, Paterson, Baird, Veitch, Scott, and Burnett. The representatives of those names, as far as they can be traced, are at this moment, with the single exception of the descendant through the female line of Baird of Posso, landless

men. But there they were in this small and sequestered valley, the families living in those old towers as best they might, not badly off in the outings of the summer days, when the haughs were green and the heather on the hills, but huddled behind and within the stern thick walls during the nights and storms of winter. Strange and picturesque bits of legend and story cling to some of the names now mentioned, which we pass by, noting only that they recall the ever-living human emotions, circumstances warring with desire which makes fate, and that strange atmosphere of belief in supersensible powers which was so real in the life and character of those times. Some of the sires and sons went out from those old towers to fight and fall at Flodden and Pinkie. Others of them, even in the previous century, had found graves in northern France, at Beaugé and Verneuil. Most of them, countless generations of men and women, bright in their day of life, sleep under the green mounds to be seen around the shapeless ruins of St Gordian's Kirk, far up the glen, their names unmarked, even their graves forgotten. Only a graceful cross set up recently on the site of the ancient church, by the late Sir John Naesmyth, a man of culture and true historic feeling, tells briefly and generally that the past generations of laird and lady and peasant lie there. All that remains is the pathetic charm for imagination of the old life and the old death.

Our great Master of Romance, who has touched Scottish story and scenery as no one else has done, once at least paid a visit to the Vale of Manor. Exactly ninety-three years ago Walter Scott saw the valley, apparently for the first and last time. His stay was a brief one, being but a guest for a day or two. But he saw it, and under, we may suppose, favouring circumstances,—it was the month of July. He has not, except in a very incidental way, reproduced the scenery, though he has noted features which are unmistakably characteristic of it. He could have known little or nothing of the legends and stories of the glen, otherwise they would not have been lost upon him. Upper Tweeddale was not, indeed, his main sphere, either for scenery or story. But he found during his short visit to Manor one personage,—an oddity,—who touched his fancy, and whose memory remained with him, until nineteen years afterwards he reproduced the character, idealised after his peculiar fashion. This is Elshender the Recluse, as he appears in the novel of 'The Black Dwarf' (1816). It may be of some interest to set down what can be ascertained of the original of this character, and thus note the materials on which Scott worked in this case. 'The Black Dwarf,' indeed, is a novel in which the subordinate scenes, or scenes by the way, are the best, the plot as a whole being but second-rate. In those scenes the striking points have been suggested by the actual characteristics of the original,—the Black Dwarf of Manor. And I do not know any better illustration of the nearness to the actual facts of Scott's suggestiveness and idealising power than in the best parts of 'The Black Dwarf.'

The original of the Black Dwarf —David Ritchie—was buried in Manor kirkyard eighteen years before I was born, but I have heard my mother speak of him, who had seen him, and had a curiously mixed feeling from the sight, chiefly gruesome. He used to hobble down to Peebles from his

cottage in Manor, reaching it after hours of toil,—yet succeeding in getting back the same day,—a distance of fully eight miles. The bairns in the town used to bother him, my mother told me, and he grew very angry, and used strong expressions. "He would, if he could, poor seething lead doun their throats," and "he would cleave their harn-pans," and so on, which he was mercifully not permitted to do. Yet she thought, as she always said, "There was good in the body; he was ill-used." She was right, as I have since found, and "ill-used" is the key very much to the explanation of his highly peculiar character and development. He was in the habit of calling at my grandfather's house, where he stayed an hour or two, and had dinner before returning to his cottage in Manor. In his curiously capricious mood he liked my grandfather, but hated my grandmother, who, I daresay, was rather repelled by him, and not sympathetic.

There is still another link in my memory with Bowed Davie. Well do I remember an elderly woman,—a spinster,—who in her youth had been a servant at Hallmanor early in the century. This farm is about two miles up the valley from the Dwarf's cottage. "As I was aince," she said, "herdin' the kye near the hoose, I saw the tap of a lang stick coming up, as it were, ahint the dyke, and there was nae heid ava' and naebodie to be seen,—just aye a lang stick tooring ower the dyke,—an' I was feared. I was juist gaun to rin hame and leave the kye, when a wee bit bodie wi' the lang stick began to sprachle ower the dyke where some stanes were doon, an' I thocht to mysel', this maun be Bowed Davie o' the Wudduss. Weel, I didna rin hame: he said naething as he gaed by me, but juist gied a queer kind o' glower. That nicht he stayed at Ha'manor, and odd, he was an awfu' bodie to crack—juist tellt ye stories ane after anither,—never was dune,—his tongue gaed like the clapper o' a mill. He stayed a nicht or twae, an' we were a' fond o' his cracks. He tellt us aboot the deid man wi' the glowerin' e'en—they were stellt in his heid—that they fand i' the water, and naebody kenned where he came frae; and he tellt us aboot witches and warlocks, and hoo he had frightened away ghaists and robbers; and he said he didna care a bodle for a' the lasses in Manor, which I didna believe, but I thocht they wadna care muckle for him, and that was maybe the reason. I wadna hae putten my hand on his shouther for a' the world. I wasna sorry when he gaed away ower to Glenrath." This is a very characteristic account of the impression made by David in his day.

"Black Dwarf." Why was this creature so named? Not, I think, entirely or mainly from his personal appearance, as is generally supposed. We had up to his time a popular belief in a creature that haunted our moors,—possibly a reminiscence of a prehistoric type of man. He was known to the ordinary mind of the time as "The Brown Man of the Moors," as "The Wee Brown Man,"—very much like that low thistle, with its red and then brown head (the *Carlina vulgaris*), which you find crowning the line of the brae against the sky as you toilsomely tramp up against and over recurring knowes that have a habit of constantly transcending each other, and facing you anew as if you had overcome none of them. Well, this Brown Man seems to have passed latterly

into a "Black Dwarf." Dwarf he was from the first, black or not. The Brown Man of the Moors was the lord of all the harmless creatures there,—deer, and peewit, and whaup, and grouse, and black game, and speeding mountain hare. They were his subjects, his creatures, and it was his duty and privilege to watch over them, guard them, protect them from intrusion and violent death. Hence he was at war with all huntsmen, and, as far as he could, revenged himself on them for intrusion on the silence of his domain and on injury to the helpless creatures of the wild. How I entirely sympathise with the heart of that old sprite! One can see his revenge on the sportsman in Leyden's "Cowt of Keeldar."

But he had another side, if indeed he was the same personage, which I rather think he was. He was also the Black Dwarf, and in this function he used to punish farmer and shepherd mankind by inflictions on their flocks—disease and death—either for injury done to his wild creatures, or as a power of providential retribution for the sins of the owners. When he showed himself, it was as a prophecy of evils coming on the land.

"'My father,' says the grand-dame of the Heugh-foot, 'aften tauld me he was seen in the year o' the bloody fight at Marston Moor, and then again in Montrose's troubles, and again before the rout o' Dunbar, and in my ain time, he was seen about the time o' Bothwell Brigg, and they said the second-sighted Laird of Benarbuck had a communing wi' him some time afore Argyle's landing, but that I cannot speak to sae preceesely—it was far in the west. O, bairns, he's never permitted but in an ill time.'"[1]

This being was thus both kind and retributive in his nature, if not somewhat malignant. His appearance on the moors corresponded very closely, almost literally, to the physical phenomenon known as David Ritchie, or Bowed Davie, and hence the application to him of the cognomen of the "Black Dwarf," which indicated a mixture of humanity and something of fiendish malevolence. This creature would have passed away, unnoticed and unknown to the general public, but for an accident.

In July 1797, Walter Scott, Captain John Scott his brother, and Adam Ferguson his friend, set out from Edinburgh to visit Cumberland and the English lakes. Scott was then twenty-six, a briefless advocate, known to a few people in Edinburgh as dabbling in German romantic ballads—the translator of "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman" of Bürger. As to how eventful this tour was to prove to him, Scott was as yet, of course, wholly unaware. He had been disappointed in his first love-passion the autumn preceding, and ere he returned from this journey he became engaged to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, afterwards his wife. On their way they passed through Peebles, and visited, as a first stage from Edinburgh, Hallyards, three and a half miles from the former place, in the valley of the Manor. This house, the mansion formerly of the Lairds of Hundleshope, was tenanted by Adam Ferguson, known as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and father of the younger Adam, Scott's friend.

Adam Ferguson was a man of

[1] The Black Dwarf.

ability and worth,—had been in his younger days chaplain to the 42d Regiment, and was present at Fontenoy, where his military ardour, according to report, overcame his clerical decorum. He had been Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, having resigned the chair in 1785, when he was succeeded by Dugald Stewart. But the Professor had a great name in letters and philosophy in his day. He was author of an 'Essay on Civil Society' and of the 'History of the Roman Republic'—both works of merit for their time. His published lectures on moral philosophy are high-toned and eloquent. Ferguson, indeed, was a stoic in everything but temper. In this, if we may trust the anecdotes referring to the time of his sojourn at Hallyards and Neidpath, he was far from being impeccable. In fact, he might have been taken as the original of the story of the Scotch laird who once said to his servant John, who had complained of his temper: "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off." "Ay," said John; "but, laird, it's nae suner off than it's on." The Professor, nevertheless, was a worthy, genial, hospitable man, and for long very kindly remembered on Tweedside.

About half a mile west from Hallyards, up the valley and across what was then chiefly low-lying haugh and moorland—Scott calls it "wild moorland"—there lived in a cottage built by his own hands a queer creature, by name David Ritchie, but commonly known in the district as "Bowed Davie," and by those kindly disposed to and familiar with him as simply "Davie" or "Dauvit." He was oddly misshapen, short in stature—not more than three feet six inches in height—and he was certainly not comely to look upon. I have before me three sketches of him—1817, 1820, and the photograph of one probably earlier than either of these, a drawing in the possession of the late Mr Ballantine of Woodhouse. The first two are obviously sketches from memory, the third may have been taken from life. It is the rudest and certainly the most repellent. These agree essentially in feature. In all he wears a cowl or night-cap, and carries a long pole—*kent*, or sort of alpenstock. He is dressed in hodden grey, and wears a plaid thrown across his shoulders. The sketches bear out in general the following description, given to Dr John Brown by a friend of mine, on whose intelligence and accuracy in gathering information full reliance may be placed—the late Mr Robert Craig, surgeon in Peebles: "His forehead was very narrow and low, sloping upwards and backwards—something of the hatchet shape; his eyes deep-set, small, and piercing; his nose straight, thin as the end of a cut of cheese, sharp at the point, nearly touching his fearfully projecting chin; and his mouth formed nearly a straight line; his shoulders rather high, but his body otherwise the size of ordinary men; his arms were remarkably strong."[1] His legs were very short, and dreadfully deformed. Mungo Park, then a surgeon in Peebles, who attended him on one occasion, compared them to a pair of cork-screws. "The principal turn they took was from the knee outwards, so that he rested on his inner ankles

[1] Letter in Horæ Subsecivæ, p. 417.

and the lower part of his tibias. . . . The *thrawn* twisted limbs must have crossed each other at the knees." [1]

But nothing can be better than Scott's own description of this creature. I do not think that in any essential particular it departs from literal accuracy. This is how he appeared at his work of building his cottage on Muckle-stane Moor to Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot, as the form was revealed to them in the early dawn :—

"His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age; his eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets. . . . The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough-hewn stamp, with which a painter would equip a giant in romance; to which was added the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression, so often seen in the countenances of those whose persons are deformed. His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labour, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature." [2]

David Ritchie never wore shoes, —the extremities of his legs being wrapped in rags and old stockings, with the toes always exposed, according to Mr Craig's account, summer and winter. There are wonderful stories of his strength of arm and power of butting with his skull. He is said to have been able to break, with a rush and stroke of his head, the single-panelled doors of the shepherds' houses!

His mode of locomotion was remarkable. He placed his long pole or *kent* in front of him,—rested his hands on its turned top,—"lifted one leg something in the manner that the oar of a boat is worked, and then the other, next advanced his staff, and repeated the operation, by diligently doing which he was able to make not very slow progress. He frequently walked to Peebles, four miles, and back again in one day." [3]

This misshapen creature had set himself down in Manor,—an especial incongruity in such a valley; but there he figured for at least half a century, finally died there, —getting an immortality of memory such as none of his contemporaries in the district will ever possess. And if he was physically peculiar, he was as eccentric in habits, tastes, and temper,—misanthropical, jealous, irritable, and revengeful, yet with a curious fusion of better and really rare qualities. To some of the people around him he was the subject of ridicule and practical joking; in the minds of others he excited a certain weird dread as somewhat uncanny,—not without a touch of warlock power readily believed in at that time. By the farmers and resident lairds of the district, to whom he paid annual visits, he was kindly treated; and he would condescend to accept small sums of money, and gifts of

[1] Letter in Horæ Subsecivæ, p. 417.
[2] Tales of my Landlord: The Black Dwarf, chap. iv.
[3] Mr Craig's Letter, p. 418.

domestic supply, provided they were not quite of the kind given to the ordinary mendicant. He took sixpences, but hated to keep them, always turning them, when amassed, into shillings and half-crowns, which he carefully hoarded. He was not profuse in his thanks, —rather took what was given him as his due.

On an evening after Scott's arrival at Hallyards, it was proposed by his host that Scott and he should pay a visit to the cottage of the Dwarf, situated at the base of the eastern slope of the Woodhouse Hill—"Wudduss" they called it in those days. We can fancy the interest of the prospect of such a visit to Scott, on whose imagination the old world was hovering as a shapeless but stirring, moving dream. We can picture the two—the venerable Professor with his slim erect figure and flowing hair, and the young advocate, with his limping gait—making their way across the low-lying haughs by the stream in the quiet of the summer evening, — to be afterwards famous as "Muckle-stane Moor."

Once within the cottage the interview is well told in these words :

"At the first sight of Scott, the misanthrope seemed oppressed with a sentiment of extraordinary interest, which was either owing to the lameness of the stranger,—a circumstance throwing a narrower gulf between him and most other men,—or to some perception of an extraordinary mental character in this limping youth, which was then hid from other eyes. After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the Dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said : 'Man, hae ye ony poo'er?' By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had really been the familiar spirit of the mansion. 'He has poo'er,' said the Dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill; and Scott, in particular, looked as if he conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. 'Ay, *he* has poo'er,' repeated the Recluse; and then, going to his usual seat, he sat for some minutes grinning horribly, as if enjoying the impression he had made, while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The Dwarf slowly obeyed, and when they had got out, Mr Ferguson observed that his friend was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb." [1]

The picture of "Elshender the Recluse," nineteen years afterwards, testifies to the strength and permanency of the impression made in the lonely cottage on the young imagination of the future Master of Romance; and it testifies not less to the accuracy of his memory. There is hardly a trait in the character of the Black Dwarf of the novel which had not its counterpart in the original —always excepting, of course, the concealed quality of the Recluse as a personage of birth and fortune, and the motive of his with-

[1] Chambers's History of Peeblesshire, pp. 403, 404.

drawal from the world as disappointment in love. Among other points, this very scene is reproduced by Scott, along with an almost literally accurate description of the interior of the cottage. The only difference is that Isabella Vere, and not Scott himself, is the person who has been admitted at night to the dwelling, when seeking the Dwarf's help against her forced marriage with the scheming and brutal Sir Frederick Langley.

"The door opened," we are told, "and the Solitary stood before her, his uncouth form and features illuminated by the iron lamp which he held in his hand.... She entered... The Recluse's first act, after setting the lamp upon the table, was to replace the numerous bolts which secured the door of his hut. She shrunk as she heard the noise which accompanied this ominous operation. . . . The light of the lamp was weak and uncertain; but the Solitary, without taking immediate notice of Isabella, otherwise than by motioning her to sit down on a small settle beside the fireplace, made haste to kindle some dry furze, which presently cast a blaze through the cottage. Wooden shelves, which bore a few books, some bundles of dried herbs, and one or two wooden cups and platters, were on one side of the fire; on the other were placed some ordinary tools of field-labour, mingled with those used by mechanics. Where the bed should have been, there was a wooden frame, strewed with withered moss and rushes, the couch of the ascetic. The whole space of the cottage did not exceed ten feet by six within the walls; and its only furniture, besides what we have mentioned, was a table and two stools formed of rough deals."

The first part of this is a picture in words, after the best manner of Rembrandt; the latter is a literal representation after Teniers or Gerard Dow.

When Scott thus first saw the Black Dwarf, the latter would be fifty-five or fifty-six years of age. He was born at Easter Happrew, in the adjoining parish of Stobo, in 1740 or 1741. His father, William Ritchie, was a labouring man, working in the slate-quarry there; his mother was a weakly rheumatic woman, — Annabel Niven. Hence, probably, curiously enough, the Annaple of the novel as the name of the nurse in the family of the Heugh-foot. He was doubtless born deformed, but the poverty of his early surroundings and lack of motherly care unquestionably contributed to intensify the oddity of the misshapen creature. If David, the boy, attended school at all, it was only for a few months, his father and mother dying while he was very young. He learned to read, but it is doubtful if he could write. As a youngster he did some easy work at Broughton Mill, and then at Lyne's Mill, — steering around husks that were used for drying the corn. This the creature could do sitting, and well from his strength of arm. He used to refer to this occupation in after-life with great complacency. He was sent from Lyne to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a brush-maker. Here he learned nothing apparently, and the ridicule and persecutions of the street boys were intolerable to him. Mortified and irritated by jeering and insult, the poor creature found his way back to Peeblesshire, and took up his abode in Manor. Why he abandoned Stobo, his birthplace, is not clear, unless it was that the extremely secluded situation of Manor, in those days especially, attracted him, as a hunted animal might flee to the farthest wild under a sense of the presence of its persecutors. Here the first notice of him as receiving assistance from the poor's fund is in 1762. He was now probably twenty-one or

twenty-two years of age. Here he lived until his death in 1811. His actions and manner of life in Manor showed his originality and eccentricity. Without apparently, in the first instance, asking any permission from the owner of the estate of Woodhouse, Sir James Naesmyth of Posso, he fixed on a spot for the erection of a cottage at the base of the Woodhouse Hill, some two and a half miles up the Manor valley. This he proceeded to build of alternate layers of turf and stones, with his own hands. The kindly laird, when he heard of the circumstance, freely gave the eccentric creature the bit of land he had set his mind on. Not content with a cottage, David proceeded on the strength of this privilege to mark out an adjoining space for a garden, and surrounded it by a wall of large stones. In laying the largest of these he had occasional help from a passing shepherd, but the design and work were practically his own. This choice of a site was, I have no doubt, determined partly by the fact that the remains of the Peel-tower of Old Woodhouse, as it was called, were close at hand, a few yards to the south-east of the site of the cottage,—still marked by one or two graceful ash-trees. Here the stones of the old building were readily available, quarried to hand. The turf he could dig, in his usual way, by pressing the head of the spade against his breast; the stones he could pull down and carry or roll — nobody cared for old towers in those days. The garden wall of the Recluse shows even now evidence of the origin of the stones. Several of them still retain the hard mortar of the old tower walls, — and the stones at the bottom of this wall are obviously the foundation-stones of the ancient building. It was in this his original dwelling that Scott visited the Black Dwarf.

David lived in this cottage of his own handiwork until 1802, when Sir James Naesmyth kindly replaced it by one built of stone and lime, with thatch roof. This now stands, but, unfortunately, modernised as to roof—slated, in fact—with another cottage tacked on to the west. But we have still preserved the low doorway through which the Dwarf entered, under the lintel of which he was able to stand upright. Scott says the height of this doorway was 3 feet 6 inches, and infers that the height of David was less than this. But the truth is, the height of the doorway is exactly 3 feet 10 inches, and thus the Dwarf standing under it is no sufficient ground for this conclusion regarding his stature. We have also the small window or bole in the wall, on the west side of the doorway, fitted with wooden shutters, hung originally on leather hinges, now on iron. It is, as from the first, without glass, which David would not have on any account. This is 1 foot 4 inches in height, and 1 foot 5 inches in breadth. Through this bole he was in the habit of reconnoitring visitors. Scott did not fail to note this circumstance. He speaks in the novel of "the very small window, resembling an arrow-slit, which he had constructed near the door of his dwelling, and through which he could see any one who approached it, without possibility of their looking in upon him." There is also a small opening in the north wall of the cottage, circular on the outside, which might have served as a gunshot hole. Its breadth inside is 1 foot 3 inches. There is a small window in this north wall, 2 feet in height by 1 foot 6 inches in breadth—but this, I suspect, is

modern. The height of the south or front wall of the cottage is 8 feet 6 inches; the breadth 11 feet. Inside, the length of the area is 14 feet 10 inches; the breadth 7 feet 10 inches. The height of the roof is 7 feet 10 inches. His sister, who by this time had come to live with him, or rather alongside of him—for that was all he would tolerate—had an apartment with separate door under the same roof, but divided by a walled partition from the brother's chamber. In the front of the cottage is a small clear stream, which comes from the heights of the Woodhouse Hill.

During the half-century of David Ritchie's residence in Manor, he subsisted on a moderate allowance from the poor's fund of the parish, on alms in the shape of money and provisions, and on the small sums he raised from the sale of honey from the beehive-skeps he kept in his garden. His meal-pock hung in the Kirkton Mill, and it was expected that each person who had a melder ground there should contribute to it a *gowpen* (handful). Then he made annual peregrinations round the parish, visiting farm and mansion-house alike, where he was usually hospitably received, and where his cracks by the kitchen-fire, in his shrill screeching voice, of the gods and goddesses of the old mythology, stories from Scottish history, especially of Wallace and Bruce, ghosts, fairies, robbers, and valorous incidents in his own career of conflicts with powers human and supernatural, when his imagination would occasionally transcend the actual,—entertained the amused and awed but not always credulous rustics. From these visits he usually returned laden with *provants* (provisions) of various sorts. His name is found, as I have said, on the kirk-session roll as receiving aid for the first time in 1762—about the date of his taking up his abode in Manor. From February 28 of that year down to August 28, 1811, the written record of him is simply that of a pauper receiving his alms. The first notice is, "To David Ritchie for cloth, £3, 12s. 0d." I should fancy this must have been Scots money—yet subsequent allowances could hardly be so reckoned, they are generally so small in amount. He got nothing more until January 1, 1764, when the sum of 5s. is doled out to him. In 1767, September 13, he again gets £3 for "cloathes." The first suit must have been a durable one. In 1769 he and James Cairns get a plaid apiece, which together cost £5, 8s. 0d. After this date he gets once, generally twice a-year, 5s., 2s. 6d.; then as the years go on, 10s., 15s., then £1, and he has an occasional allowance for a suit of clothes. This support continues until the end came in 1811. He died in December of that year. Meanwhile, apparently in January 1790, his sister Agnes Ritchie had joined him in his residence in Manor, and she, too, became an object of parochial relief down to her death in 1821. We find under December 7 of that year, "A coffin for the deceased Agnes Ritchie, £1, and "for bread to persons at her death, £0, 0s. 8d."

Notwithstanding this mode of sustenance, David had accumulated at his death upwards of £20 in money. He had £4, 2s. of gold in one bag, and £7, 18s. in shillings and half-crowns in another. The remainder was made up of a receipt for a loan which he had given. After his death there is the following entry in the session records:

"1812, December 5th.—Received from Mr James Brown, weaver in Peebles, £10, 10s. 8d., being money belonging to the late David Ritchie, Woodhouse, and including six months' interest." In his journeys to Peebles he had become acquainted with James Brown, a worthy and "bieny" burgess of the town, had trusted him with the money, thinking it safer perhaps in his keeping than in the stocking in his lonely cottage; and his trust, looking to the punctual interest, had not been misplaced. Of an old and respectable stock was James Brown—bonnet-lairds. It was his brother William, a mason and contractor, who, going through a chance contract to the neighbourhoood of Ecclefechan about the last quarter of last century, found Thomas Carlyle's father and uncles hodmen and poachers, took them up, and trained them to the respectable trade of building. But we have not completed the significant notice of December 1812. It is added, "Agnes Ritchie, his sister, requested the said money to be returned to the poor's fund." Well done, half-witted, poverty-stricken Agnes!

Characteristic traits of David Ritchie turn up all through the novel of the 'Black Dwarf,' with wonderful faithfulness to the original. To his observation of the character of David of Manor, Scott is no doubt greatly indebted for the suggestions he has worked up into the best parts of the romance. It is one of those novels in which, as I have said, the main merit does not lie in the plot, but in the side-scenes or episodes,—and for hints of these the author owes much to this misshapen creature and his ways.

Scott makes much of Elshie's strength in setting huge stone upon stone, as David Ritchie did. This feature impressed Hobbie Elliot with a belief in Elshie's supernatural power, and also that he was assisted by that mysterious familiar who was descried from the hills around as often in company with him. This appearance could not be his shadow, as was suggested to Hobbie, for, as the latter argued, how could his shadow be between the Dwarf and the sun? And then this personage at once disappeared on the near approach of the wayfarer, like a phantom flitting from human presence.

Then we have this:—

"Though ye may think him a lamiter," says Hobbie Elliot of the Heugh-foot, "yet, grippie for grippie, friend, I'll wad a wether he'll make the blude spin from under your nails. He's a teugh carle, Elshie! he grips like a smith's vice."

One story of his strength is worth quoting:—

"Near his cottage there were some large trees to be dug up, one of which occupied two men for two days constant picking and undermining. The Dwarf happening to pass by, saw and taunted them with their weakness, telling them with his usual acrimony, 'that he would do in two minutes what had ta'en siccan twae whaesel-blawn creatures twae days to do without effect.' Then setting his bull-like head and shoulders to the bottom of the tree, he gave it a push of so tremendous a force as fairly rooted it up from the foundation, to the astonishment of the men, who stared, thinking he was possessed of the powers of a giant. Davie marched off with all the dignity of having done a great action, muttering: 'Brush o' Babel! do that an' ye can.'"[1]

When Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot volunteered to assist the

[1] Chambers, Life, pp. 34, 35.

Recluse in raising some of the larger stones in the building of the cottage, we have his contempt for ordinary capacity reproduced:—

"Elliot and Earnscliff placed the stone, by their joint efforts, upon the rising wall. The Dwarf watched them with the eye of a taskmaster, and testified, by peevish gestures, his impatience at the time which they took in adjusting the stone. He pointed to another—they raised it also; to a third, to a fourth—they continued to humour him, though with some trouble, for he assigned them, as if intentionally, the heaviest fragments which lay near. 'And now, friend,' said Elliot, as the unreasonable Dwarf indicated another stone larger than any they had moved, 'Earnscliff may do as he likes; but be ye man or be ye waur, deil be in my fingers if I break my back wi' heaving thae stanes ony langer like a barrow-man, without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains.'"

David Ritchie is usually described as misanthropical, suspicious of insult, irritable, persistent in purpose, especially revenge. Scott has emphasised his misanthropy, though not without relief, and in this he is true to the original. I do not suppose that David of Manor was well disposed to the world in general; and considering his original deformity—the idea of which haunted him like a phantom—and the jeering and insult he had experienced on account of it, a certain bitter and misanthropical tone of mind was not unlikely to be the result. But from all I can learn of him, it seems to me that this and some of the other defects mentioned have been considerably exaggerated. Miss Ballantyne of Woodhouse, who knew him well, and was one of his best friends, said that he was not ill-tempered, but, on the contrary, kind, especially to children.[1] This is quite opposed to statements of Mr W. Chambers, and probably true—though he no doubt hated street-boys, or *keelies*, as he called them, who jeered at and persecuted him. The expressions used by David under the practical jokes and insults of his persecutors show a mixture of Byronic wrath and Carlylean energy of expression. In judging them, we must keep in mind the circumstances under which the sayings were said, and the sharp stroke of words given back. Intense and repulsive even as are the expressions of misanthropy and denunciation which Scott puts into the mouth of Elshie, these might be paralleled by phrases actually used by the original, under provocation. And some of his threats, when in a boasting mood, were sufficiently picturesque and dramatic—as, for example, when he valorously declared he would make an end of a ghost (!) that troubled a farmhouse: "I'se cow him, I trow. I'se weize a brace o' bullets through him; and if I canna do that, I'll run him through with a hay-fork"—two finely exhaustive alternatives for the ghost.

As the result in one instance, however, turned out, there was a third course, which ended in David's overthrow by the rebound of the gun, which had been secretly double-loaded for the occasion. He accounted for this lack of victory, and sustained his self-complacency, by maintaining that the "slugs had rebounded from the worm-eaten ribs of the accursed worricow"!

David's relations with his sister were not cordial. When Sir James

[1] Mr Craig's Letter, p. 425.

Naesmyth built the cottage for him in 1802, David insisted on there being two entrance-doors, with a partition between the two apartments. The one doorway, 3 feet 10 inches in height, opened on David's apartment, and was used by him; the other, or taller doorway, led to the sister's division of the cottage. The sister is reputed to have been of somewhat weak intellect, though by no means imbecile. On one occasion, when she had been ill for some time, Miss Ballantyne of Woodhouse asked David how she was. The reply was that he had not been in "to speer" (ask) that morning; but he added that he "hated folks that were aye gaun to dee and didna do't"—showing a regard for the strict order of things somewhat peculiar and inhuman.

Of his doggedness in purpose, the following illustration is picturesque and weird:—

"He had applied to Mr Laidlaw of Hallyards for the branch of a tree, which grew in the neighbourhood, to serve some purpose of his own. Mr Laidlaw was always very ready to oblige Davie, but told him that on the present occasion he could not grant his request, as it would injure the tree. Davie made no reply, but went away grumbling to himself. Next morning some of Mr Laidlaw's servants happened to be going from home as early as two o'clock, when, to their surprise and terror, they perceived through the grey twilight a strange figure struggling and dancing in the air below the said tree. When going up to the place, they found it was Davie, who had contrived by some means to fasten a rope to the branch he wanted, and was swinging with all his weight upon it to break it down. They left him, and before he was again disturbed, he succeeded in bringing it to the ground, and carried it home with him."[1]

Scott makes his Recluse retire to the wilds of Mucklestane Moor through disappointment in love. Nothing in the original personage corresponds to this, unless it be one somewhat amusing episode in his career. When well on in manhood, he set himself to get some one to marry him — probably in reply to some taunt as to his unacceptableness to the sex. He got the consent of a "haverel wench," and went to the minister, who, however, persistently declined to tie the knot matrimonial; whereupon the crooked body departed in great wrath, uttering a direful threat as to the certain pernicious effect of this refusal on the morals of the parish!

In the opinion of Professor Adam Ferguson, who knew him intimately and befriended him, David Ritchie was "a man of a powerful capacity and original ideas, but whose mind was thrown off its just balance by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt."[2] David certainly possessed memory, sensibility, and imagination beyond the common. Though little, if at all, at school, he could read English well. He was especially fond of Shenstone's Pastorals. Many of these he had by heart, and he was in the habit of repeating them at the hospitable ingle where for a time he happened to sojourn. We can quite understand how the Solitary, in his lonely cottage by the Manor, around which he had created a little paradise of flowers and murmuring bees, would rejoice in Shenstone. He was fond also of Allan Ramsay, though, oddly enough, as we are told, he hated Burns. He had read the 'Para-

[1] Life, by W. Chambers, pp. 30, 31.

[2] Introduction to Black Dwarf.

dise Lost,' and liked the descriptive passages. Scott tells us he has heard him, in his most unmusical voice, repeat the description of Paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. He was a close student of Tooke's 'Pantheon,' whence he drew copiously the legends of classical mythology. His head was stored with the popular stories about Wallace and Bruce, and Scottish heroes generally. It is probable that he was indebted to Professor Ferguson, who, we know, occasionally lent him books, for some of these volumes. Those authors supplied materials for his memory and imagination to work upon—faculties which were both active; and we can thus understand how one so stored in knowledge and myth above the peasants around him was an acceptable retailer of old-world stories at smithy and mill and fireside through the valley—in fact, rather an educative influence in this remote district at the time.

His misanthropy was modified by a kindliness to children—if very young; brats who mocked him he of course hated. He had a cat and dog of which he was very fond. His love of flowers and gardening was intense. The culture of his garden was indeed the main occupation of his life in spring and summer. He had formed it himself, dug and walled it with incredible labour. He had managed to collect flowers, fruit-trees, kitchen vegetables, and certain medicinal herbs known to the popular Scottish pharmacopœia. These he dried and dispensed to those who sought them. He planted willows and rowan-trees. The rowan was his prophylactic against witches, whom he dreaded greatly. He stocked the place with bee-hives, until the garden became a model spot, quite unapproached by the plots of the peasantry of the district, whose highest ambition was cabbages. The hermit's garden thus grew to be the wonder of the country-side. It was the main delight and solace of his solitary life, and it pleased him greatly to show it to visitors, jealous and exacting as he was in regard to intercourse with strangers. Deep down in the heart of the misanthrope thus lay the love of flowers and animals. Again this trait turns up in the novel.

How touchingly is this put!—

"Next morning the heath was in its thickest and deepest bloom. The bees, which the Solitary had added to his rural establishment, were abroad and on the wing, and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry. As the old man crept out of his little hut, his two she-goats came to meet him, and licked his hands in gratitude for the vegetables with which he supplied them from his garden. 'You, at least,' he said, 'see no difference in form which can alter your feelings to a benefactor. . . . While I was in the world, did I ever meet with such a return of gratitude?'"[1]

One use he made of his flowers was peculiar. He had a liking for good-looking damsels as well as fine flowers. And, curiously, he was reputed a judge of good looks in the other sex. The lasses of Manor seem to have believed in him, at least to this extent. It was their custom, according to report, to present themselves at the bole of the Dwarf's cottage for judgment on their charms. He would, when a damsel appeared, eye her through the opening in the wall. If he did not think her worthy of a

[1] The Black Dwarf.

grade of honour, he would slam the small wooden shutters, and retire within the recesses of his den in disgust at such an appeal. If he did think her worthy, or was attracted by the vision, he would beckon her to the garden, and there, without comment, present her with a flower known in his floral language of degrees to indicate a particular class of beauty, —either a simple pass or honours.

But besides his love of cultivated flowers and gardening, it is clear from very good evidence that this deformed creature was an intense and disinterested lover of wild nature. And this was, if not the original motive for his choice of the Vale of Manor as a dwelling-place, yet in all probability one of the reasons why he clung so fondly to it all his life. In this there was some compensation for the ridicule of the world. The hills and streams he loved did not mock him, and he found that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Besides his garden being his pride and delight, we are told that he was "an admirer of more natural beauty: the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, or the complexities of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and, as he said, with inexpressible delight." [1]

Davie, like all nature lovers, was fond of solitude, and when his garden did not require his care, and he was not out on some perambulation among the farmers or lairds, he would lie the long summer day by a well-spring, simply poring over the waters. Could the most disinterested lover of nature do more? Perhaps—likely, indeed—one of his favourite spots among the springs was the Well-Bush, nearly opposite his cottage, on the south side of the Manor Water. There, at this well-spring, surrounded by its fine and aged trees, the greensward beneath them flecked in gleam and shade, and the head of the spring itself crowned by one solitary fern, we can conceive the deformed creature to have lain and dreamed and passed the summer day. After all, if he had soul to enjoy this, in forgetfulness of the world and its taunts, he was happy and rich indeed.

Then the imaginative nature of the creature is shown through the popular tradition about him that he was in the habit of wandering out in the night along the dusky roads alone, probably feeling that wind, moon or stars, darkness or gleam, had no jeering voice. And on those occasions he would resort to old ruins, of peel-tower or kirk, that had come down from the past with a hold on the imagination and emotions. This uncouth figure, in, for example, the old Peel-tower of Castle-hill of Manor of a night, crouched in a corner of one of those low-arched vaults, watching eagerly the moon-beams glancing through the old narrow splayed boles, is an imagination as gruesome as can well be realised; yet the circumstance was likely enough to occur any time between 1762 and 1811.

Scott had known this trait in his character, when he introduced the picture of him as he appears to Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot, in the gloaming on Mucklestane Moor, moving silently and weird-like amid the grey stones there, with the story of the petrified hag attaching to them, and amid all

[1] Introduction to Black Dwarf.

the supernatural associations of that lonely and eerie waste.

He went little to church, possibly from the dread of observation and remark; but he was supposed to have peculiar notions on religious subjects. I am inclined to think that he was theistic rather than Christian in his belief. But "he would now and then speak concerning a future state with great earnestness and good sense; and on such occasions, when his feelings were excited, would sometimes burst into tears."[1]

As in life, so in death, he had a dread of association with his fellows. Sir James Naesmyth of Posso had been his friend from the first, when as an insulted and soured lad he fled from the streets of Edinburgh, and had, as we have seen, first given him a free site, and then provided a cottage for him to live in. Now when David was getting old, a view about his burial-place occurred to him. The predominating feeling of his life asserted itself. "I dinna want," he said, "to be buried among the common brush in Manor kirkyaird." His desire was that his remains should lie on the summit of the Woodhill,—Woden's Hill, probably,—an isolated green sloping mount, crowned with an old fort and stones, standing in the middle of the valley, a central point between Posso and Glenrath, and blown upon by all the winds of heaven. Sir James Naesmyth, who had promised that his desire should be respected, was, however, abroad at the time of his death—in Vienna. David was thus buried in the ordinary way in Manor kirkyard. There he now lies, or at least there rests as much as has been left of his remains, with a tombstone at the head, set up by the Messrs Chambers, and a rowan shading his grave—at this moment, however, only the fragment of what it was. Thus the Woodhill of Manor did not get the keeping of David, which it appropriately should have had, for so it would have added to its traditional castle of Macbeth, really Malbeth, and its weird associations, all those memories that would have haunted the tomb of the Black Dwarf.

It is rather sad to have to record that on his sister's death and burial in 1821, the bones of the brother in the grave adjoining were taken up and sent to Glasgow. It is not clear from the narrative I have heard whether all were removed. Certainly the bones of the legs were, and the skull. The latter is said to have been replaced, but not the former. David knew by heart the lines attributed to Shakespeare regarding his remains, and was fond of repeating them, and wished them engraven on his tomb:—

"Good friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosèd here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The Dwarf lived in resurrectioning times, and he had probably a shrewd suspicion that a special interest would attach to his remains. I do not know whether or where the malediction has fallen.

"There is," said Kant, "the divine in every man." If the divine was not fully developed in the poor misshapen creature of whom we have been speaking, there was at least a twinkle of it, misanthrope and irritable sprite as he was.

J. Veitch.

[1] Edinburgh or Scots Magazine, 1817, p. 211.

A PHYSIOLOGIST'S WIFE.

I.

Professor Ainslie Grey had not come down to breakfast at the usual hour. The presentation chiming-clock which stood between the terra-cotta busts of Claude Bernard and of John Hunter upon the dining-room mantelpiece had rung out the half-hour and the three-quarters. Now its golden hand was verging upon the nine, and yet there were no signs of the master of the house.

It was an unprecedented occurrence. During the twelve years that she had kept house for him, his younger sister had never known him a second behind his time. She sat now in front of the high silver coffee-pot, uncertain whether to order the gong to be resounded or to wait on in silence. Either course might be a mistake. Her brother was not a man who permitted mistakes.

Miss Ainslie Grey was rather above the middle height, thin, with peering puckered eyes and the rounded shoulders which mark the bookish woman. Her face was long and spare, flecked with colour above the cheek-bones, with a reasonable thoughtful forehead, and a dash of absolute obstinacy in her thin lips and prominent chin. Snow-white cuffs and collar, with a plain dark dress, cut with almost quaker-like simplicity, bespoke the primness of her taste. An ebony cross hung over her flattened chest. She sat very upright in her chair, listening with raised eyebrows, and swinging her eye-glasses backwards and forwards with a nervous gesture which was peculiar to her.

Suddenly she gave a sharp satisfied jerk of the head, and began to pour out the coffee. From outside there came the dull thudding sound of heavy feet upon thick carpet. The door swung open, and the Professor entered with a quick nervous step. He nodded to his sister, and seating himself at the other side of the table, began to open the small pile of letters which lay beside his plate.

Professor Ainslie Grey was at that time forty-three years of age, —nearly twelve years older than his sister. His career had been a brilliant one. At Edinburgh, at Cambridge, and at Vienna he had laid the foundations of his great reputation, both in physiology and in zoology. His pamphlet, 'On the Mesoblastic Origin of Excito-motor Nerve Roots,' had won him his fellowship of the Royal Society; and his researches, 'Upon the Nature of Bathybius, with some Remarks upon Lithococci,' had been translated into at least three European languages. He had been referred to by one of the greatest living authorities as being the very type and embodiment of all that was best in modern science. No wonder, then, that when the commercial city of Birchespool decided to create a medical school, they were only too glad to confer the chair of physiology upon Mr Ainslie Grey. They valued him the more from the conviction that their class was only one step in his upward journey, and that the first vacancy would remove him to some more illustrious seat of learning.

In person he was not unlike his sister. The same eyes, the same contour, the same intellectual fore-

head. His lips, however, were firmer, and his long thin lower jaw was sharper and more decided. He ran his finger and thumb down it from time to time, as he glanced over his letters.

"Those maids are very noisy," he remarked, as a clack of tongues sounded in the distance.

"It is Sarah," said his sister; "I shall speak about it." She had handed over his coffee-cup, and was sipping at her own, glancing furtively through her narrowed lids at the austere face of her brother.

"The first great advance of the human race," said the Professor, "was when, by the development of their left frontal convolutions, they attained the power of speech. Their second advance was when they learned to control that power. Woman has not yet attained the second stage." He half closed his eyes as he spoke, and thrust his chin forward, but as he ceased he had a trick of suddenly opening both eyes very wide and staring sternly at his interlocutor.

"I am not garrulous, John," said his sister.

"No, Ada; in many respects you approach the superior or male type."

The Professor bowed over his egg with the manner of one who utters a courtly compliment; but the lady pouted, and gave an impatient little shrug of her shoulders.

"You were late this morning, John," she remarked, after a pause.

"Yes, Ada; I slept badly. Some little cerebral congestion, no doubt due to over-stimulation of the centres of thought. I have been a little disturbed in my mind."

His sister stared across at him in undisguised astonishment. The Professor's mental processes had hitherto been as regular as his habits. Twelve years' continual intercourse had taught her that he lived in a serene and rarefied atmosphere of scientific calm, high above the petty emotions which affect humbler minds.

"You are surprised, Ada," he remarked. "Well, I cannot wonder at it. I should have been surprised myself if I had been told that I was so sensitive to vascular influences. For, after all, all disturbances are vascular if you probe them deep enough. I am thinking of getting married."

"Not Mrs O'James?" cried Ada Grey, laying down her egg-spoon.

"My dear, you have the feminine quality of receptivity very remarkably developed. Mrs O'James is the lady in question."

"But you know so little of her. The Esdailes themselves know so little. She is really only an acquaintance, although she is staying at the Lindens. Would it not be wise to speak to Mrs Esdaile first, John?"

"I do not think, Ada, that Mrs Esdaile is at all likely to say anything which would materially affect my course of action. I have given the matter due consideration. The scientific mind is slow at arriving at conclusions, but having once formed them, it is not prone to change. Matrimony is the natural condition of the human race, and indeed of all races save those lower forms of life which preceded the differentiation of sex. I have, as you know, been so engaged in academical and other work, that I have had no time to devote to merely personal questions. It is different now, and I see no valid reason why I should forego this opportunity of seeking a suitable helpmate."

"And you are engaged?"

"Hardly that, Ada. I ventured yesterday to indicate to the lady that I was prepared to submit to the common lot of humanity. I shall wait upon her after my morning lecture, and learn how far my proposals meet with her acquiescence. But you frown, Ada!"

His sister started, and made an effort to conceal her expression of annoyance. She even stammered out some few words of congratulation, but a vacant look had come into her brother's eyes, and he was evidently not listening to her. "Frown," he muttered thoughtfully,—"frown!" Rising from the table, he turned over the pages of a thick volume which lay upon a desk in the window. Then, with a quick nervous gesture, he drew down his left shirt-cuff, and wrote hurriedly across it. The memorandum was "Frown—what origin? *Vide* Darwin, 'Expression of Emotions,'—drawing forward of *occipito-frontalis*." His sister waited patiently, for she was accustomed to see him dive down every scientific by-path which led out of the main track of conversation.

"I am sure, John," she said, when he had resumed his seat, "that I wish you the happiness which you deserve. If I hesitated at all, it is because I know how much is at stake, and because the thing is so sudden, so unexpected." Her thin white hand stole up to the black cross upon her bosom. "These are moments when we need guidance, John. If I could persuade you to turn to spiritual——"

The Professor waved the suggestion away with a deprecating hand. "It is useless to reopen that question," he said. "We cannot argue upon it. You assume more than I can grant. I am forced to dispute your premisses. We have no common basis."

His sister sighed. "You have no faith," she said.

"I have faith in those great evolutionary forces which are leading the human race to some unknown but elevated goal."

"You believe in nothing."

"On the contrary, my dear Ada, I believe in the differentiation of protoplasm."

She shook her head sadly. It was the one subject upon which she ventured to dispute her brother's infallibility.

"This is rather beside the question," remarked the Professor, folding up his napkin. "If I am not mistaken, there is some possibility of another matrimonial event occurring in the family. Eh, Ada? What!" His small eyes glittered with sly facetiousness as he shot a twinkle at his sister. She sat very stiff, and traced patterns upon the cloth with the sugar-tongs.

"Dr James M'Murdo O'Brien ——" said the Professor, sonorously.

"Don't, John, don't!" cried Miss Ainslie Grey.

"Dr James M'Murdo O'Brien," continued her brother inexorably, "is a man who has already made his mark upon the science of the day. He is my first and my most distinguished pupil. I assure you, Ada, that his 'Remarks upon the Bile-Pigments, with special reference to Urobilin,' is likely to live as a classic. It is not too much to say that he has revolutionised our views about urobilin."

He paused, but his sister sat silent, with bent head and flushed cheeks. The little jet cross rose and fell with her hurried breathings.

"Dr James M'Murdo O'Brien has, as you know, the offer of the physiological chair at Melbourne. He has been in Australia five years, and has a brilliant future

before him. To-day he leaves us for Edinburgh, and in two months' time he goes out to take over his new duties. You know his feeling towards you. It rests with you as to whether he goes out alone. Speaking for myself, I cannot imagine any higher mission for a woman of culture than to go through life in the company of a man who is capable of such a research as that which Dr James M'Murdo O'Brien has brought to a successful conclusion."

"He has not spoken to me," murmured the lady.

"Ah, there are signs which are more subtle than speech," said her brother, wagging his head. "But you are pale. Your vasomotor system is excited. Your arterioles have contracted." He scribbled again upon his shirt-cuff. "Let me entreat you to compose yourself. I think I hear the carriage. I fancy that you may have a visitor this morning, Ada. You will excuse me now." With a quick glance at the clock he strode off into the hall, and within a few minutes he was rattling in his quiet, well-appointed brougham through the brick-lined streets of Birchespool.

His lecture over, Professor Ainslie Grey paid a visit to his laboratory, where he adjusted several scientific instruments, made a note as to the progress of three separate infusions of bacteria, cut half-a-dozen sections with a microtome, and finally resolved the difficulties of seven different gentlemen, who were pursuing researches in as many separate lines of inquiry. Having thus conscientiously and methodically completed the routine of his duties, he returned to his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive him to the Lindens. His face as he drove was cold and impassive, but he drew his fingers from time to time down his prominent chin with a jerky, twitchy movement.

The Lindens was an old-fashioned ivy-clad house which had once been in the country, but was now caught in the long red-brick feelers of the growing city. It still stood back from the road in the privacy of its own grounds. A winding path, lined with laurel bushes, led to the arched and porticoed entrance. To the right was a lawn, with the long chalk-marks of tennis, but without the net. At the far side of the lawn, under the shadow of a hawthorn, a lady sat in a garden-chair with a book in her hands. At the click of the gate she started, and the Professor, catching sight of her, turned away from the door, and strode across the lawn in her direction.

"What! won't you go in and see Mrs Esdaile?" she asked, sweeping out from under the shadow of the hawthorn. She was a small woman, strongly feminine, from the rich coils of her light-coloured hair to the dainty garden slipper which peeped from under her cream-tinted dress. One tiny well-gloved hand was outstretched in greeting, while the other pressed a thick green-covered volume against her side. Her decision and quick tactful manner bespoke the mature woman of the world; but her upraised face had preserved a girlish and even infantile expression of innocence in its large, fearless, grey eyes, and sensitive, humorous mouth. Mrs O'James was a widow, and she was two-and-thirty years of age; but neither fact could have been deduced from her appearance.

"You will surely go in and see Mrs Esdaile," she repeated, glancing up at him with eyes which had in them something between a challenge and a caress.

"I did not come to see Mrs Esdaile," he answered, with no relaxation of his cold and grave manner; "I came to see you."

"I am sure I should be highly honoured," she said, with just the slightest little touch of brogue in her accent. "What are the students to do without their Professor?"

"I have already completed my academical duties. Take my arm, and we shall walk in the sunshine. Surely we cannot wonder that Eastern people should have made a deity of the sun. It is the great beneficent force of nature—man's ally against cold, sterility, and all that is abhorrent to him. What were you reading?"

"Beale's 'Matter and Life.'"

The Professor raised his thick eyebrows. "Beale!" he said, and then again in a kind of whisper, "Beale!"

"You differ from him?" she asked.

"It is not I who differ from him. I am only a monad—a thing of no moment. The whole tendency of the highest plane of modern thought differs from him. He defends the indefensible. He is an excellent observer, but a feeble reasoner. I should not recommend you to found your conclusions upon 'Beale.'"

"I must read 'Nature's Chronicle' to counteract his pernicious influence," said Mrs O'James, with a soft cooing laugh. 'Nature's Chronicle' was one of the many books in which Professor Ainslie Grey had enforced the negative doctrines of scientific agnosticism.

"It is a faulty work," said he; "I cannot recommend it. I would rather refer you to the standard writings of some of my older and more eloquent colleagues."

There was a pause in their talk as they paced up and down on the green velvet-like lawn in the genial sunshine.

"Have you thought at all," he asked, at last, "of the matter upon which I spoke to you last night?"

She said nothing, but walked by his side with her eyes averted and her face aslant.

"I would not hurry you unduly," he continued. "I know that it is a matter which can scarcely be decided off-hand. In my own case, it cost me some thought before I ventured to make the suggestion. I am not an emotional man, but I am conscious in your presence of the great evolutionary instinct which makes either sex the complement of the other."

"You believe in love, then?" she asked, with a twinkling upward glance.

"I am forced to."

"And yet you can deny the soul?"

"How far these questions are psychic and how far material is still *sub judice*," said the Professor, with an air of toleration. "Protoplasm may prove to be the physical basis of love as well as of life."

"How inflexible you are!" she exclaimed; "you would draw love down to the level of physics."

"Or draw physics up to the level of love."

"Come, that is much better," she cried, with her sympathetic laugh. "That is really very pretty, and puts science in quite a delightful light." Her eyes sparkled, and she tossed her chin with the pretty wilful air of a woman who is mistress of the situation.

"I have reason to believe," said the Professor, "that my position here will prove to be only a stepping-stone to some wider scene of scientific activity. Yet, even

here, my chair brings me in some fifteen hundred pounds a-year, which is supplemented by a few hundreds from my books. I should therefore be in a position to provide you with those comforts to which you are accustomed. So much for my pecuniary position. As to my constitution, it has always been sound. I have never suffered from any illness in my life, save fleeting attacks of cephalalgia, the result of too prolonged a stimulation of the centres of cerebration. My father and mother had no sign of any morbid diathesis, but I will not conceal from you that my grandfather was afflicted with podagra."

Mrs O'James looked startled. "Is that very serious?" she asked.

"It is gout," said the Professor.

"Oh, is that all? It sounded much worse than that."

"It is a grave taint, but I trust that I shall not be a victim to atavism. I have laid these facts before you because they are factors which cannot be overlooked in forming your decision. May I ask now whether you see your way to accepting my proposal?" He paused in his walk, and looked earnestly and expectantly down at her.

A struggle was evidently going on in her mind. Her eyes were cast down, her little slipper tapped the lawn, and her fingers played nervously with her chatelain. Suddenly, with a sharp quick gesture which had in it something of *abandon* and recklessness, she held out her hand to her companion.

"I accept," she said.

They were standing under the shadow of the hawthorn. He stooped gravely down, and kissed her glove-covered fingers.

"I trust that you may never have cause to regret your decision," he said.

"I trust that *you* never may," she cried, with a heaving breast. There were tears in her eyes, and her lips twitched with some strong emotion.

"Come into the sunshine again," said he. "It is the great restorative. Your nerves are shaken. Some little congestion of the medulla and pons. It is always instructive to reduce psychic or emotional conditions to their physical equivalents. You feel that your anchor is still firm in a bottom of ascertained fact."

"But it is so dreadfully unromantic," said Mrs O'James, with her old twinkle.

"Romance is the offspring of imagination and of ignorance. Where science throws her calm clear light there is happily no room for romance."

"But is not love romance?" she asked.

"Not at all. Love has been taken away from the poets, and has been brought within the domain of true science. It may prove to be one of the great cosmic elementary forces. When the atom of hydrogen draws the atom of chlorine towards it to form the perfected molecule of hydrochloric acid, the force which it exerts may be intrinsically similar to that which draws me to you. Attraction and repulsion appear to be the primary forces. This is attraction."

"And here is repulsion," said Mrs O'James, as a stout florid lady came sweeping across the lawn in their direction. "So glad you have come out, Mrs Esdaile! Here is Professor Grey."

"How do you do, Professor?" said the lady, with some little pomposity of manner. "You were very wise to stay out here on so lovely a day. Is it not heavenly?"

"It is certainly very fine weather," the Professor answered.

"Listen to the wind sighing in the trees!" cried Mrs Esdaile, holding up one finger. "It is nature's lullaby. Could you not imagine it, Professor Grey, to be the whisperings of angels?"

"The idea had not occurred to me, madam."

"Ah, Professor, I have always the same complaint against you. A want of *rapport* with the deeper meanings of nature. Shall I say a want of imagination. You do not feel an emotional thrill at the singing of that thrush?"

"I confess that I am not conscious of one, Mrs Esdaile."

"Or at the delicate tint of that background of leaves? See the rich greens!"

"Chlorophyll," murmured the Professor.

"Science is so hopelessly prosaic. It dissects and labels, and loses sight of the great things in its attention to the little ones. You have a poor opinion of woman's intellect, Professor Grey. I think that I have heard you say so."

"It is a question of avoirdupois," said the Professor, closing his eyes and shrugging his shoulders. "The female cerebrum averages two ounces less in weight than the male. No doubt there are exceptions. Nature is always elastic."

"But the heaviest thing is not always the strongest," said Mrs O'James, laughing. "Isn't there a law of compensation in science? May we not hope to make up in quality for what we lack in quantity?"

"I think not," remarked the Professor, gravely. "But there is your luncheon-gong. No, thank you, Mrs Esdaile, I cannot stay. My carriage is waiting. Good-bye. Good-bye, Mrs O'James." He raised his hat and stalked slowly away among the laurel bushes.

"He has no taste," said Mrs Esdaile—"no eye for beauty."

"On the contrary," Mrs O'James answered, with a saucy little jerk of the chin. "He has just asked me to be his wife."

II.

As Professor Ainslie Grey ascended the steps of his house, the hall-door opened and a dapper gentleman stepped briskly out. He was somewhat sallow in the face, with beady black eyes, and a short black beard with an aggressive bristle. Thought and work had left their traces upon his face, but he moved with the brisk activity of a man who had not yet bade good-bye to his youth.

"I'm in luck's way," he cried. "I wanted to see you."

"Then come back into the library," said the Professor; "you must stay and have lunch with us."

The two men entered the hall, and the Professor led the way into his private sanctum. He motioned his companion into an arm-chair.

"I trust that you have been successful, O'Brien," said he. "I should be loath to exercise any undue pressure upon my sister Ada; but I have given her to understand that there is no one whom I should prefer for a brother-in-law to my most brilliant scholar, the author of 'Some Remarks upon the Bile-pigments, with special reference to Urobilin.'"

"You are very kind, Professor Grey—you have always been very kind," said the other. "I approached Miss Grey upon the subject; she did not say No."

"She said Yes, then?"

"No; she proposed to leave the matter open until my return from Edinburgh. I go to-day, as you know, and I hope to commence my research to-morrow."

"On the comparative anatomy of the vermiform appendix, by James M'Murdo O'Brien," said the Professor, sonorously. "It is a glorious subject—a subject which lies at the very root of evolutionary philosophy."

"Ah! she is the dearest girl," cried O'Brien, with a sudden little spurt of Celtic enthusiasm—"she is the soul of truth and of honour."

"The vermiform appendix——" began the Professor.

"She is an angel from heaven," interrupted the other. "I fear that it is my advocacy of scientific freedom in religious thought which stands in my way with her."

"You must not truckle upon that point. You must be true to your convictions; let there be no compromise there."

"My reason is true to agnosticism, and yet I am conscious of a void—a vacuum. I had feelings at the old church at home between the scent of the incense and the roll of the organ, such as I have never experienced in the laboratory or the lecture-room."

"Sensuous — purely sensuous," said the Professor, rubbing his chin. "Vague hereditary tendencies stirred into life by the stimulation of the nasal and auditory nerves."

"Maybe so, maybe so," the younger man answered thoughtfully. "But this was not what I wished to speak to you about. Before I enter your family, your sister and you have a claim to know all that I can tell you about my career. Of my worldly prospects I have already spoken to you. There is only one point which I have omitted to mention. I am a widower."

The Professor raised his eyebrows. "This is news indeed," said he.

"I married shortly after my arrival in Australia. Miss Thurston was her name. I met her in society. It was a most unhappy match."

Some painful emotion possessed him. His quick expressive features quivered, and his white hands tightened upon the arms of the chair. The Professor turned away towards the window. "You are the best judge," he remarked; "but I should not think that it was necessary to go into details."

"You have a right to know everything—you and Miss Grey. It is not a matter on which I can well speak to her direct. Poor Jinny was the best of women, but she was open to flattery, and she was liable to be misled by designing persons. She was untrue to me, Grey. It is a hard thing to say of the dead, but she was untrue to me. She fled to Auckland with a man whom she had known before her marriage. The brig which carried them foundered, and not a soul was saved."

"This is very painful, O'Brien," said the Professor, with a deprecatory motion of his hand. "I cannot see, however, how it affects your relation to my sister."

"I have eased my conscience," said O'Brien, rising from his chair; "I have told you all that there is to tell. I should not like the story to reach you through any lips but my own."

"You are right, O'Brien. Your action has been most honourable and considerate. But you are not to blame in the matter, save that perhaps you showed a little precipitancy in choosing a life-partner without due care and inquiry."

O'Brien drew his hand across his eyes. "Poor girl!" he cried. "God help me, I love her still! But I must go."

"You will lunch with us?"

"No, Professor; I have my packing still to do. I have already bade Miss Grey adieu. In two months I shall see you again."

"You will probably find me a married man."

"Married!"

"Yes, I have been thinking of it."

"My dear Professor, let me congratulate you with all my heart. I had no idea. Who is the lady?"

"Mrs O'James is her name—a widow of the same nationality as yourself. But to return to matters of importance, I should be very happy to see the proofs of your paper upon the vermiform appendix. I may be able to furnish you with material for a footnote or two."

"Your assistance will be invaluable to me," said O'Brien with enthusiasm, and the two men parted in the hall. The Professor walked back into the dining-room, where his sister was already seated at the luncheon-table.

"I shall be married at the registrar's," he remarked; "I should strongly recommend you to do the same."

Professor Ainslie Grey was as good as his word. A fortnight's cessation of his classes gave him an opportunity which was too good to let pass. Mrs O'James was an orphan, without relations and almost without friends in the country. There was no obstacle in the way of a speedy wedding. They were married, accordingly, in the quietest manner possible, and went off to Cambridge together, where the Professor and his charming wife were present at several academical observances, and varied the routine of their honeymoon by incursions into biological laboratories and medical libraries. Scientific friends were loud in their congratulations, not only upon Mrs Grey's beauty, but upon the unusual quickness and intelligence which she displayed in discussing physiological questions. The Professor was himself astonished at the accuracy of her information. "You have a remarkable range of knowledge for a woman, Jeannette," he remarked upon more than one occasion. He was even prepared to admit that her cerebrum might be of the normal weight.

One foggy, drizzling morning they returned to Birchespool, for the next day would reopen the session, and Professor Ainslie Grey prided himself upon having never once in his life failed to appear in his lecture-room at the very stroke of the hour. Miss Ada Grey welcomed them with a constrained cordiality, and handed over the keys of office to the new mistress. Mrs Grey pressed her warmly to remain, but she explained that she had already accepted an invitation which would engage her for some months. The same evening she departed for the south of England.

A couple of days later the maid carried a card just after breakfast into the library where the Professor sat revising his morning lecture. It announced the re-arrival of Dr James M'Murdo O'Brien. Their meeting was effusively genial on the part of the younger man, and coldly precise on that of his former teacher.

"You see there have been changes," said the Professor.

"So I heard. Miss Grey told me in her letters, and I read the notice in the 'British Medical Journal.' So it's really married

you are. How quickly and quietly you have managed it all!"

"I am constitutionally averse to anything in the nature of show or ceremony. My wife is a sensible woman — I may even go the length of saying that, for a woman, she is abnormally sensible. She quite agreed with me in the course which I have adopted."

"And your research on Vallisneria?"

"This matrimonial incident has interrupted it, but I have resumed my classes, and we shall soon be quite in harness again."

"I must see Miss Grey before I leave England. We have corresponded, and I think that all will be well. She must come out with me. I don't think I could go without her."

The Professor shook his head. "Your nature is not so weak as you pretend," he said. "Sexual questions of this sort are, after all, quite subordinate to the great duties of life."

O'Brien smiled. "You would have me take out my Celtic soul and put in a Saxon one," he said. "Either my brain is too small or my heart is too big. But when may I call and pay my respects to Mrs Grey? Will she be at home this afternoon?"

"She is at home now. Come into the morning-room. She will be glad to make your acquaintance."

They walked across the linoleum-paved hall. The Professor opened the door of the room, and walked in, followed by his friend. Mrs Grey was sitting in a basket-chair by the window, light and fairy-like in a loose-flowing pink morning-gown. Seeing a visitor, she rose and swept towards them. The Professor heard a dull thud behind him. O'Brien had fallen back into a chair, with his hand pressed tight to his side. "Jinny!" he gasped,—"Jinny!"

Mrs Grey stopped dead in her advance, and stared at him with a face from which every expression had been struck out save one of utter astonishment and horror. Then with a sharp intaking of the breath she reeled, and would have fallen had the Professor not thrown his long nervous arm round her.

"Try this sofa," said he.

She sank back among the cushions with the same white, cold, dead look upon her face. The Professor stood with his back to the empty fireplace and glanced from the one to the other.

"So, O'Brien," he said at last, "you have already made the acquaintance of my wife?"

"Your wife!" cried his friend, hoarsely. "She is no wife of yours. God help me, she is my wife!"

The Professor stood rigidly upon the hearth-rug. His long, thin fingers were intertwined, and his head had sunk a little forward. His two companions had eyes only for each other.

"Jinny!" said he.

"James!"

"How could you leave me so, Jinny? How could you have the heart to do it? I thought you were dead. I mourned for your death — ay, and you made me mourn for you living. You have withered my life."

She made no answer, but lay back among the cushions with her eyes still fixed upon him.

"Why do you not speak?"

"Because you are right, James. I have treated you cruelly—shamefully. But it is not as bad as you think."

"You fled with De Horta."

"No, I did not. At the last moment my better nature prevailed. He went alone. But I was ashamed to come back after what I had written to you. I

could not face you. I took passage alone to England under a new name, and here I have lived ever since. It seemed to me that I was beginning life again. I knew that you thought I was drowned. Who could have dreamed that fate would throw us together again! When the Professor asked me——" She stopped and gave a gasp for breath.

"You are faint," said the Professor,—"keep the head low; it aids the cerebral circulation." He flattened down the cushion. "I am sorry to leave you, O'Brien; but I have my class duties to look to. Possibly I may find you here when I return." With a grim and rigid face he strode out of the room. Not one of the three hundred students who listened to his lecture saw any change in his manner and appearance, or could have guessed that the austere gentleman in front of them had found out at last how hard it is to rise above one's humanity. The lecture over, he performed his routine duties in the laboratory, and then drove back to his own house. He did not enter by the front door, but passed through the garden to the folding glass casement which led out of the morning-room. As he approached he heard his wife's voice and O'Brien's in loud and animated talk. He paused among the rose-bushes, uncertain whether to interrupt them or no. Nothing was further from his nature than to play the eavesdropper; but as he stood, still hesitating, words fell upon his ear which struck him rigid and motionless.

"You are still my wife, Jinny," said O'Brien; "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart. I love you, and I have never ceased to love you, though you had forgotten me."

"No, James, my heart was always in Melbourne. I have always been yours. I thought that it was better for you that I should seem to be dead."

"You must choose between us now, Jinny. If you determine to remain here, I shall not open my lips. There shall be no scandal. If, on the other hand, you come with me, it's little I care about the world's opinion. Perhaps I am as much to blame as you. I thought too much of my work and too little of my wife."

The Professor heard the cooing, caressing laugh which he knew so well.

"I shall go with you, James," she said.

"And the Professor——?"

"The poor Professor! But he will not mind much, James; he has no heart."

"We must tell him our resolution."

"There is no need," said Professor Ainslie Grey, stepping in through the open casement. "I have overheard the latter part of your conversation. I hesitated to interrupt you before you came to a conclusion."

O'Brien stretched out his hand and took that of the woman. They stood together with the sunshine on their faces. The Professor stood on the casement with his hands behind his back, and his long black shadow fell between them.

"You have come to a wise decision," said he. "Go back to Australia together, and let what has passed be blotted out of your lives."

"But you—you——" stammered O'Brien.

The Professor waved his hand. "Never trouble about me," he said.

The woman gave a gasping cry. "What can I do or say?" she wailed. "How could I have foreseen this? I thought my old life was dead. But it has come back

again, with all its hopes and its desires. What can I say to you, Ainslie? I have brought shame and disgrace upon a worthy man. I have blasted your life. How you must hate and loathe me! I wish to God that I had never been born!"

"I neither hate nor loathe you, Jeannette," said the Professor, quietly. "You are wrong in regretting your birth, for you have a worthy mission before you in aiding the life-work of a man who has shown himself capable of the highest order of scientific research. I cannot with justice blame you personally for what has occurred. How far the individual monad is to be held responsible for hereditary and engrained tendencies, is a question upon which science has not yet said her last word."

He stood with his finger-tips touching, and his body inclined as one who is gravely expounding a difficult and impersonal subject. O'Brien had stepped forward to say something, but the other's attitude and manner froze the words upon his lips. Condolence or sympathy would be an impertinence to one who could so easily merge his private griefs in broad questions of abstract philosophy.

"It is needless to prolong the situation," the Professor continued, in the same measured tones. "My brougham stands at the door. I beg that you will use it as your own. Perhaps it would be as well that you should leave the town without unnecessary delay. Your things, Jeannette, shall be forwarded."

O'Brien hesitated with a hanging head. "I hardly dare offer you my hand," he said.

"On the contrary. I think that of the three of us you come best out of the affair. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Your sister——"

"I shall see that the matter is put to her in its true light. Good-bye! Let me have a copy of your recent research. Good-bye, Jeannette!"

"Good-bye!" Their hands met, and for one short moment their eyes also. It was only a glance, but for the first and last time a woman's intuition cast a light for itself into the dark places of a strong man's soul. She gave a little gasp, and her other hand rested for an instant, as white and as light as thistle-down, upon his shoulder.

"James, James!" she cried. "Don't you see that he is stricken to the heart?"

He smiled gently and turned her quietly away from him. "It is a little sudden," he said. "But I am not an emotional man. I have my duties—my research on Vallisneria. The brougham is there. Your cloak is in the hall. Tell John where you wish to be driven. He will bring you any things you need. Now go." His last two words were so sudden, so volcanic, in such contrast to his measured voice and mask-like face, that they swept the two away from him. He closed the door behind them and paced slowly up and down the room. Then he passed into the library and looked out over the wire blind. The carriage was rolling away. He caught a last glimpse of the woman who had been his wife. He saw the feminine droop of her head, and the long curve of her beautiful arm.

"She is weeping," he muttered. "She is sorry to leave me." Then he pulled down his left cuff and scribbled a memorandum. It was: "Influence of emotion upon the lachrymal secretion—how and why?"

III.

There was little scandal about this singular domestic incident. The Professor had few personal friends, and seldom went into society. His marriage had been so quiet that most of his colleagues had never ceased to regard him as a bachelor. Mrs Esdaile and a few others might talk, but their field for gossip was limited, for they could only guess vaguely at the cause of this sudden separation.

The Professor was as punctual as ever at his classes, and as zealous in directing the laboratory work of those who studied under him. His own private researches were pushed on with feverish energy. It was no uncommon thing for his servants, when they came down of a morning, to hear the shrill scratchings of his tireless pen, or to meet him on the staircase as he ascended, grey and silent, to his room. In vain his friends assured him that such a life must undermine his health. He lengthened his hours until day and night was one long ceaseless task.

Gradually under this discipline a change came over his appearance. His features, always inclined to gauntness, became even sharper and more pronounced. There were deep lines about his temples and across his brow. His cheek was sunken and his complexion bloodless. His knees gave under him when he walked; and once when passing out of his lecture-room he fell and had to be assisted to his carriage.

This was just before the end of the session; and soon after the holidays commenced, the professors who still remained in Birchespool were shocked to hear that their brother of the chair of physiology had sunk so low that no hopes could be entertained of his recovery. Two eminent physicians had consulted over his case without being able to give a name to the affection from which he suffered. A steadily decreasing vitality appeared to be the only symptom—a bodily weakness which left the mind unclouded. He was much interested himself in his own case, and made notes of his subjective sensations as an aid to diagnosis. Of his approaching end he spoke in his usual unemotional and somewhat pedantic fashion. "It is the assertion," he said, "of the liberty of the individual cell as opposed to the cell-commune. It is the dissolution of a co-operative society. The process is one of great interest."

And so one grey morning his co-operative society dissolved. Very quietly and softly he sank into his eternal sleep. His two physicians felt some slight embarrassment when called upon to fill in his certificate.

"It is difficult to give it a name," said one.

"Very," said the other.

"If he were not such an unemotional man, I should have said that he had died from some sudden nervous shock—from, in fact, what the vulgar would call a broken heart."

"I don't think poor Grey was that sort of a man at all."

"Let us call it cardiac, anyhow," said the older physician. So they did so.

A. Conan Doyle.

A MORNING IN THE GRAMPIANS.

THERE is a solitary region, far to the north, unattractive to many who do not love the solitude of the hills for their own sake; bare and sterile for the most part,—but known to geologists who come to read the genesis of the hills in the rocks and boulders scattered on their surface; to botanists who climb the stony track in search of rare saxifrages, strange mosses, and lichens of wondrous name, not to be found elsewhere; and to occasional tourists, passing over the ridge which divides the east from the west of Scotland, and who know this as the highest point of the wild, weather-stricken region which forms the principal group of the Cairngorms.

Look across from this vast table-land of scattered rocks and stones, which forms the top of Ben Muich Dhui, the highest but one of Scottish hills, to the great hill opposite, and you will see a network of silvery threads, seaming the hillside like lace-work, and apparently motionless in the distance, but which are, in reality, running streams, bursting from the bosom of the hill, and finding their impetuous way through rocks, stones, and boulders, scant herbage and greenest moss, till they reach a lower level.

On the north stretches another stony ridge, on whose flanks lie deep pools, fed from underground springs, which are known as the "Wells of Dee"; and all these various sources, mingling with the waters of the Derry, the Geully, and the Lui, with a hundred nameless streams, uniting, become the great river which gives the name of Deeside to the broad valley down which it flows, by hill and wood and corn-land, a bright and sparkling flood, to its grave in the sea.

The great mountains are a fitting cradle for its infancy. A wilderness of giant rocks, lying scattered over the sterile ridges of Ben-y-bourd, Ben Muich Dhui, and Cairngorm,—sometimes with a crown of clouds upon their heads, white and fleecy like flocks of sheep; ofttimes wrapped in the gloom of a thunder-storm; now veiled in spotless snow, and now hidden from head to foot in a garment of impenetrable grey mist, into which the giants withdraw themselves as into privacy, and remain altogether unseen, while the valleys and lower hills partake of the gloom, and all is dull and colourless, till with perhaps a burst of angry rain, the sun and the wind prevail, the curtain rises, the mountains come forth again, and all is brightness and beauty. But the mountains are always grand—in shade or in sunshine, in wintry gloom or when they are clothed in rich sweeping robes of heather. Here and there their rugged sides are torn by deep corries, in which lie wreaths of snow, cold and glistening, even in the height of summer. Here and there, at the foot of a steep precipice, lies a loch hidden in deepest gloom. Sometimes, but rarely now, an eagle soars slowly into the skies above them, a raven croaks hoarsely among the rocks, or rising against the sky-line a herd of deer is seen disappearing over a rocky ledge; but otherwise there is little life, and still less vegetation, till we leave the highest regions, and descend into the corries and glens which run far up into the hills.

First some scanty groups of birch break the grey wilder-

ness with their pale-green or russet foliage; then bright spots of emerald green mark the source of a hidden burn; under the shelter of a mighty mass of rock grow tufts of blooming heather, then the stony slopes break into wide sweeps of heather and fern, and scattered groups of storm-tossed fir, of huge height and limb, and these again are lost in dark masses of forest, clothing the flanks of the hills, and filling the valleys with gloom; but on the highest hill-tops there is no colour but stony grey; an alpine solitude is hardly more desolate and stern in its grandeur than these grey tops of the Cairngorms; yet there are even here, lights and shadows which take away all monotony, such as we see beyond that huge shoulder, draped as it seems in the shadow of a storm, so deep is the purple which shrouds it like a royal robe; for there, beyond a hill of palest amethyst, we catch a glimpse of the valley below, opening out to a wide strath, where the river, gathering breadth and strength as it goes, lies open to the sun, and broad gleams of sunshine lie athwart bands of green and gold.

Truly we are among mountains here — among the strong foundations of the earth—with all the charm of a mountain-land in earth and sky, though a critical person might remind us that none of the hills around attain the height of 5000 feet, and might even suggest that their rude and massive forms, lying together like couching lions, lack the keen abruptness of the peaks of Torridon or of Skye, or the majestic grace of Arran as it rises against the western sky. Nevertheless the great mass of the Cairngorms have a grandeur all their own, and a charm of colour derived from a wealth of heather that all the hills of the west cannot supply. We will not mar our pleasure in the scene before us by admitting comparisons which are never so odious as when they interrupt by an impertinent criticism the delight coming from a sense of present beauty. In these days it has been said that we are nothing if we are not critical, which is a depressing acknowledgment, even while we feel provoked at the assumption of superiority in those who are unable to see loveliness or grace, excepting as they are measured by their own rules or experience. Who, looking on what is before us, would care to measure distances, or count degrees of sublimity, unless they lack all true appreciation of beauty for its own sake, or have an unfortunate experience which has dulled the power of spontaneous enjoyment?

Turn we to follow the course of the full and abounding river which has leapt from its birthplace on the mountain-top, and after many a leap and bound down the hill-sides, is here adding freshness and beauty to every turn of its wayward course. There forcing its way in an impetuous torrent through a narrow defile of rocks like an arrow; here flowing with a musical ripple past green and sunny haughs, and spreading itself out in broad transparent shallows. Now sweeping round some rocky barrier which bars the swiftness of its passage; flowing between pebbly banks and wide stretches of fern and heather, where on moonlight nights the red deer are seen trooping down to drink; stealing in deep pools and silent eddies of darkest clearest brown under the high-arched bridge, as at Potarch, where the red porphyry rocks gleam through the flashing water, and where there is a stretch of golden corn, and the reapers will

soon be at work; ever breaking the silence of the hills with its music or its thunder, till like many another wild creature it slackens its speed and grows tamer, and at last is caught and caged, and made to do its work in the world—to grind corn, to saw timber, to float rafts; and finally, a great volume of its bright waters is drawn away into iron pipes, and carried underground for miles to supply water to the great Granite City by the sea, into which it falls after a course of ninety miles from its birthplace.

We have no wish to follow it so far, however; rather let us take our stand this early summer morning on the old stone bridge which spans the river, here at its broadest, where the road on the northern bank crosses to the southern, below the house of Invercauld, two miles below the old castle of the Earls of Mar, which rises on the green haugh overlooking the river. Here, upwards of 170 years ago, the eleventh Earl, then the great feudal lord of the district, raised the standard of the Stuarts, and the solemn hills looked down, it may be, on just such a morning as this, on the scene below, which, with all its brave array, had in it so much of pathos, and saw many a loyal gentleman and brave Highlander march away to return no more.

The peaked turrets and weather-stained walls of the old castle accord well with the wild scenery, the dark hillside, and circling mountains. It was a blackened ruin at the time when

> "The standard on the Braes of Mar
> Was up and streaming rarely,"

and is not very old now, for it was rebuilt as late as George II.'s time, and fitted to hold troops, when the troubles were over.

There have been many showers since sunrise, and it is now one of those weeping mornings so frequent among mountains; but the mist is *rising*, not dragging across the face of the hills, and as we came down through the skirts of the forest, a break in the clouds showed the sun, while every now and then the top of one or other of the great hills is seen deeply blue through the breaking mist. A fitful gleam reveals a patch of dazzling snow on Ben-a'an; the ridge of Ben-y-bourd shows one of his rocky crests; while nearer still, to the south, beautiful in outline, though but the nearer of his seven heads is visible, rises Lochnagar. Well may the poet, whose childhood was passed at its foot, sing of "dark" Lochnagar, for it always appears robed in dark leaden-grey or purple; always with that sharp precipice falling sheer from its summit to the black waters of the loch which lies in deep shadow below; always with the great forest of the Ballochbhuie darkening the lower slopes, above which it rises in solemn grandeur.

Every moment, as the morning opens, the clouds are lifting and falling again in soft misty rain: it threatens to be a lowering day, but none the less beautiful for that to those who love fleeting lights and shadows, deepened colour on mountain and forest, and the mystery of a hillside seen through floating wreaths of mist. Such are veiling the dark-blue flanks of the great mountain before us; where they melt away the colour is marvellous, while every nearer object is made vivid in the "clear shining after rain." We can see every stain of lichen, green or gold, on the bold rock of the Lion's face, and the mosses on Craig Cluny gleam like emeralds.

Every tree of the birch-woods on either bank stands out in the clear light, the stems shining like silver against the darker background of fir and heather, the foliage just touched with a paler green where early autumn has laid her finger.

And what a wealth of wild flowers! Fresh and fair in the dewy moisture, they spangle the herbage and take possession of every cranny of the old mossy dyke which skirts the road. A month ago the wayside was wreathed in wild roses of every shade, from palest rose to deepest crimson; while the little pure-white burnet crept down to the very brink of the river, and flourished among the stones on the sandy shore. In mossy recesses grows the rare *Linnæa borealis*, and the waxen bells of the pyrola. Tall foxgloves rise on every grassy knoll, and bold bright ragweed makes every stretch of sandy shingle or turf gay with tufted gold; and there, bending over the river, the light shiver of its leaves answering to the ripple of the water, is the round-leaved tremulous aspen, constant to every Highland stream. There is hardly air enough to stir even its light leaves to-day, and at this early hour there is nothing to break the silence save the softened rush of the river as it frets among the stones scattered over its bed. Only, if we listen, we can hear above its murmur the continual chirping and fluting of innumerable little birds, flitting unseen among the branches of the great fir, ash, and birch trees which border the road. This is no rich chorus of melody such as swells up on a summer morning in the copses and gardens of the South, but low, and soft, and tender—the short cadences, with abrupt endings, reminding one somewhat of those plaintive Scotch airs which are so tender and so sweet, and which harmonise so well with the surroundings.

But what is that which is fluttering hither and thither in the very midst of the stream, half in and half out of the water? It is a water-ouzel which has taken possession of a stone in mid-current, and is playing such antics that the eye can hardly follow the gleam of its white throat as it flits up the river, and then suddenly disappears in a flash of silvery spray as if by magic; and while we are wondering, there it is again, fifty yards lower down, perched on the very stone on which we saw it first.

How clear and limpid is the river as it flows over the stones and under the green mossy bank below the birch-trees! Look down into that deep pool (it is, in fact, a fissure cleft in the rocky bed of the river of unknown depth), where the braided waters slip by with scarcely a dimple on the surface, and you may chance to see a slender dark object, motionless but for a slight waving motion of the tail; it is a "fish," lying with his nose against the current—one of the few who have as yet succeeded in getting up the river this dry summer. The first autumn rain on the hills, even a "Lammas flood," coming as early as the first week in August, often turns the now quiet stream into a hoarse roaring torrent, dark with peat, rising many feet in as many hours, and rolling in an impetuous flood of angry tawny waves.

Such things as flood and storm seem far away from the present tranquil scene, with its mingled charm of mountain and forest, flashing water and sunlit herbage, seen under a tender morning sky, in which the sun is gaining power every moment to disperse the

clouds which hung so low an hour ago, and breathing the freshness and perfect purity of air which belongs only to early morning in Scotland.

It is not only the grandeur of the hills and the depth of the forest which delight here, however. On every side, look where we may, the eye will be gratified by some "finest touch" of nature, —some gleam of light, or softened shadow, some graceful form of tree or flower, some wayside greenery, or ripple of amber-coloured water.

Happy are they, thrice happy, who have the "seeing eye" for such simple forms of loveliness, apart from those more striking aspects which appeal chiefly to artists, and to the lovers of what we call the picturesque—a term which appears a misnomer applied to nature pure and simple; proclaiming our inability to portray nature as it is—harmonious as a perfect chord is harmonious (with which, indeed, there is a wonderful analogy), and obliging us to bring other elements, above all, poetry and romance, to our aid, and to seize upon accidents, which force themselves upon our perceptions, and bring nature's perfection within the range of our comprehension and imitation.

What true lover of nature, however great his skill as an artist, does not feel powerless when he essays to *imitate*, not idealise nature! We may be all attracted by a picturesque incident; but there is no element of the picturesque, as we understand the word, in the simplicity of nature itself;—nature, by which we mean that marvellous and mysterious working, whose minute perfection our blind eyes cannot discern; whose grandeur and infinitude passes beyond our comprehension; whose order and completeness confounds all human science, and is beyond all human attainment; whose freedom is the giving out of a hand too liberal to know restraint; whose grace alone satisfies the eye thirsting for perfection; and whose brightness so dazzles us that we can only adore the love which has veiled the fulness of its splendour from our weak vision—we do but see it "through a glass darkly."

Who can define the fulness of delight which comes from communing with such beauty as is now before us? Who can say from whence it comes? That it is not the gift of a cultivated taste merely, or the mere power of appreciating beauty in the abstract; that the keenest intelligence and highest mental powers may lack the great gift which is the best boon of many a simple nature, we constantly experience. The pure delight derived from the loveliness of the hillside now before us, as it falls away from the sunshine which makes the moss and heather on its top glow like emeralds and amethysts, and gradually sinks down into the gloom of the forest at its foot, may pass all unheeded by one who can tell the length of ages which raised its great pile so far into the sky, and the quality of the atoms of which its precipices are composed; while a humble tourist or self-taught artist stands rejoicing in every form and tone of colour, and every gradation of light and shade, and finds almost equal happiness in the tuft of dew-bespangled heather or blue harebell which grows at his feet. No love of art for its own sake can bestow the precious gift (nature, while it shows the perfection of art, is perfectly *artless*); and the danger of these days seems to be that *not* nature makes the artist,

but that art is endeavouring to run before, and to interfere with, the truth and simplicity of nature. It is true that rules and restrictions are necessary to form the very highest standard of art as we accept the word. The artist himself must call to his aid and bring into service poetry and romance, or the finest of his works would be but dull and soulless imitations; but "boon nature" must ever remain unshackled by any scheme or system of ours, if we would enter into the secret of her joys.

And when we ask from whence comes this happiness, this pure enjoyment of natural beauty, who can give the answer? No power of the intellect can fathom the depth of its spring; reason as we may, we find it impossible to tell the source of its joy. Perhaps those are nearest to its comprehension who can, in some faint degree, enter into the magnitude of that blessing which is promised to the pure in heart.

But the spell under which these musings have their birth is broken. The profound calm and peace of the hour is passing away, as the sun rises into the heavens, and the tender lights of the morning give way to the common light of day.

The heavy moisture which hung on the heather, and strewed with pearls every blade of grass and every net of gossamer, is drying quickly, as the white mists float upward into the sky,—and the giant hills which looked so near an hour ago, recede into the distance, and are veiled in the pale noonday haze.

Other sounds besides the soft rush of the river and the song of early birds are making themselves heard, for the working-day world has resumed its sway with its many voices, its traffic, and its labour. The sweet hour of morning prime is over. Let us be thankful for its calm, its peace, and its soothing influences, which will remain with us through the long day, with its glare, and heat, and excitement, and act upon us like the memory of a happy dream.

DOROTHEA.

CHAPTER I.

"Was it not Fate? (whose name is also Sorrow)."

A BRILLIANTLY lighted room, a cheerful supper-party, such as even the strict rigour of a German watering-place admits of, as a fitting close to a well-spent day; pretty faces, gay voices, ready laughter at the slight things that amuse happy, careless people, gathered together with nothing to do or think of but how to speed time most lightly on his way. The flaring lights streamed out through the open window, with a certain incongruity, on to the motionless shadowy trees below, where all was dark and silent save for some slow passing footstep. Where the lights fell across the little garden of the restaurant there were patches of ghostly colourless mignonnette, which scented the warm air until its faint sweetness seemed a part of the night itself.

A man, standing by the open window, leaned farther out, as if to enjoy the ghostly fragrance. The party had broken up into twos and threes; his companion was a pretty blond-haired girl, who at his movement turned towards the window also—her eyes following his.

"It is too dark to see," she said. "I do wish they would light this place up sometimes! They never have illuminations here, do they?" she added regretfully; "the gardens would look lovely all lit up with small lamps."

"Now at Homburg," she went on after a moment, as her companion made no reply, "it is much livelier; next year I hope we shall go there."

"It seems to me lively enough here," he answered lazily, with a half look, suggestive of admiration, towards her blond curls.

"Oh, to-night, yes." Her voice was quick and bright like her movements; "but you may be thankful you did not come before. Now that Lady Louisa is here it will make a difference."

"I thank my stars," he said seriously, looking up to the twinkling sparks of light far above, "that I did not come before Lady Louisa."

A few notes struck on the piano made the girl turn her head.

"She is going to whistle, she promised me she would. Oh, we must go and hear her. It is really wonderful. I would give anything," she added pensively, "to have a talent like that!"

"And haven't you?"

"No;" she shook her head. "It is so uncommon. I play the banjo, but every one does that. And you, don't you sing? I am sure you do."

"You are quite right—I do."

"A comic song?"

"Perish the thought! On the contrary, the sentimentalest of love songs. Don't I look like it?"

He lifted his eyes, dark as the dark night without, and looked into hers, laughing and blue.

"No; I don't believe you," she retorted, "because I *know*. Lady Louisa told me."

"I am sorry she took the trouble to malign me." But his thoughts were not with his words, for almost immediately he added, "How sweet the mignonnette is! It's odd," leaning his elbows on the sill, and gazing down into the darkness; "but

it always seems to me to be not a scent, but a memory."

The girl lifted blue, unanswering, uncomprehending eyes, her head half turned towards the little group at the piano; it was another voice which exclaimed lightly, "A sentimental memory, Lord Aylmer?"

He flushed ever so slightly, and stood more upright, but his answer came at once with a smile. "No, Lady Louisa, not a sentimental memory, which would be explainable, wouldn't it? but a ghostly one—of nothing."

"How mysterious!"

She stood between the two now, a slight, elegant, perfectly dressed woman, and the girl looked at her with half-unconscious admiration mingled with envy. It is so natural for youth to envy the finish and grace to acquire which has cost a price it cannot estimate.

"You don't feel sentimental, really, do you?" she said, with mock seriousness. "I am beginning to be rather uneasy. I didn't know before," with an incredulous smile, "it was possible."

"Didn't you? How disappointing! I flattered myself I could rise to any occasion."

"And was this an occasion?"

She had taken Miss Hastings' place, the girl having joined the little group near the piano. "You make me more uneasy still."

Miss Hastings' voice was with them once more. Some one was playing "Queen of my Heart." Some one else was singing the words lightly. It was time to move; even Lord Aylmer made a show of forsaking the window-seat, against which he had been leaning; but before doing so, he turned his head; the blond-haired girl was again by his side, and "Who is that, do you know, Miss Hastings?" he asked.

Where the flaring lights from the open window fell across the little garden below, a woman was standing. Attracted by the voices, the laughter above, she lifted her head and looked upwards—a tall slender woman, clearly defined in the stream of light, which turned into bronze her red-brown hair, and carved her profile, clear and distinct, against the dark background of shadowy trees.

She had looked up for that moment, her attention attracted; now she was seated, her face averted, her black draperies indistinguishable amid the surrounding shadows.

"Who?"

The girl peered down into the darkness.

"Oh, that—the lady in black! That is Mrs French."

"Do you know her? Who is she?"

"No, I don't know her, and she is just going away; but Lady Louisa does. She thought of asking her to-night, but she changed her mind."

"Why did you change your mind, Lady Louisa? I thought you were above such feminine weaknesses?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't think she would have come; or, what is worse, if she had, she might perhaps have made us wish she had not."

"Why?"

"You have a most uncompromising way of asking questions," Lady Louisa laughed. "As I am not in the witness-box, I won't invent an answer."

"Is that what you do under those circumstances?" he queried. He had left the window; they were walking slowly towards the piano.

"*When* I am in that position, you will be able to judge of what

I am capable," she corrected. "Mrs French," with swift change of tone, "is not always a lively addition to a party. She has lived with fossils till she has nearly turned into a fossil herself. She is a widow," she added.

"A widow?" His tones could not suppress a start of surprise.

"Yes; she married ten years ago. *He* died a few months later —was dying when she married him. That is all I know,—and she is not a person about whom one can invent things. I don't see her often enough, I mean."

She laughed, he made no comment, and in a moment the conversation was effaced from her thoughts. A tall, good-looking man was standing beside her; it was he who had been playing, and her mobile face was smiling at his imploring words.

A few minutes later she was the centre of the little group fulfilling her promise, whistling with much cleverness some popular light opera air, with the carelessness of a boy, and in addition sufficient womanly coquetry of eye and expression to lend piquancy to the performance.

There were rapturous applause and petitions for an *encore* when she ceased. Surrounded by her little admiring court, she was quite in her element. Under the flattering stimulus her colour rose, and gave her back her fading youth; whilst the blond-haired girl—a touch of envy in her shallow blue eyes—watched every gesture and look with an admiration that might have roused a touch of pity in an observer. At such a moment the absence of one was scarcely noticeable—though perhaps, after all, that is a mistake, vanity is almost as keen-eyed as love is blind! Lord Aylmer had left the piano and returned to the window; it was very hot, and there certainly was a refreshing sense of cooler air as bareheaded he leant out once more into the stillness and darkness.

She was still sitting where she had been, a quiet figure, scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding shadows, but—perhaps, after all, there is something, some unspoken sympathy, which answers to an effort of will—as he watched she stirred and slowly rose, a second's hesitation, and then she lifted her eyes until they rested on his.

He did not stir, neither did she, whilst in that moment she saw, against the brilliancy of the well-lit room, the alert, slight figure, the dark eyes with some slight softness of expression, which was at variance with the resolute lines of the young careworn face.

"Your eyes are too young for your age," Lady Louisa Angerton once said, in one of her confidential moods; "it is unfair."

"Unfair," he repeated. "We should congratulate each other when anything keeps young — surely."

"No, it's treacherous," she insisted. "It makes one suspect—"

"Suspect away! Only, when you know me better, you will discover I am above suspicion."

"Suspect," she continued, "that your heart is not as worn as one might have been led to expect."

It was all coming back to him now, and under such different circumstances, and with two whole years' dividing lines between.

Memory's blazing torch was lighting up, one by one, the darker corners, till it seemed as if nothing escaped him; the voices, the laughter, the trivial words were in his ears, the fluffy curls of Violet Hastings, the mobile smiling face of the whistler at the piano, the

airs the tall German had played, —they were stealing back one by one, and over and above all, a sense of clear, warm darkness, and the fragrance of mignonnette.

Recalled—it takes so little sometimes to set a light to memory's torch—by the sight of a woman standing out in the dusty road of the little Swiss village, on to which the window of his room in the "Golden Eagle" looked,—a dull little Swiss village, consisting of a few houses, of which his insignificant inn was the chief; a few inhabitants, of whom the greater number seemed to be assembled together watching the departure of the diligence; a quick-running stream, which by-and-by became a foaming mountain-torrent, hurrying by under an old-fashioned bridge, on which the idlers loitered; and beyond green fields, and flower-enriched meadows, with the calm, solemn grandeur of the mountains towering above.

So different, everything so different, except the one figure, which had carried him back into such different scenes. And yet, in a way, it was not quite the same. Not a shadowy dark form, but white-clad in accordance with the bright sunshine, which yet had a suspicion of April showeriness in its very brightness, a wide straw hat, under which showed a thick knot of the red-brown hair he had not forgotten.

He approached a few paces nearer, and finally stepped out on to the little wooden balcony, crossing his arms upon it, and watching from that elevation the scene below.

He had hesitated at first, but he realised now that no movement of his was likely to affect her, no look of his likely to attract her attention this afternoon. It was evidently a farewell moment: a woman a few years older than herself was on the point of departure; luggage was already being arranged in its place, evidently English luggage; and by the door of the diligence, regardless of the looks and comments of those about her, Mrs French was saying her last farewells.

Her hands were clasped about the other woman's arm, every now and then she touched it caressingly, once she laid her cheek against it.

Every little movement was visible to the man standing above; he knew, if he could have seen under the wide-brimmed hat, that her eyes were full of tears.

"So like a woman," the thought formed itself in his brain, "to cry over a fortnight's separation,—and so especially like a woman to choose the highway to do it in!"

But the last moment had come, the driver was on his seat, the luggage all more or less securely arranged, the maid and the dog,—the latter barking dismally in prophetic anticipation of the hours before him of uncongenial seclusion, — were already in their places. The lady had followed them, and was now leaning from the window, exchanging a few last words with her friend. The driver lifted his whip, with a quick movement Mrs French flung her arms about her friend in a farewell embrace. "Courage, Em! do not lose courage. I *know* you will find a telegram to-night waiting for you with better news! I *know* it, I feel it." The words, swiftly, impetuously spoken, reached clearly the listener above, with a certain quite unnecessary sting of reproach, as if his previous taunting thought had been uttered aloud; then the small crowd fell asunder, the driver called out unintelligible words to his horses, and they were off. A

few minutes later the village street had reabsorbed its occupants, and Mrs French, with head slightly bent, and apparently careless of whither she went, was following slowly in the wake of the diligence's gradually subsiding dust.

Down the narrow street, across the quaint old bridge on the farther side, up a narrow, gradually ascending path, which at a certain elevation brought her to a turn in the road, furnished with a bench for the comfort of travellers, who, seated thereon, could admire, were they so minded, a charming view of the little village they had left.

For a long time, until her white dress was lost to sight, Lord Aylmer watched it from the wooden balcony of the "Golden Eagle"; he had an idea that her thoughts were not with the road she was following, that the words he had overheard meant trouble of some kind, and that the footsteps he was watching were taken almost unconsciously, whilst her thoughts were following the rickety old diligence on its way.

There is very little to do in a Swiss inn; one does not go to such places for any other reason than to leave them, but with a heavy storm imminent, it seemed as well to postpone his walk until it had come or passed by.

"In these mountains——" He looked up; the cloud, thick and black, had spread over the smiling sky, the sun was hidden; even as he spoke, down came the first drop.

He did not linger then, but, entering the room, picked up an umbrella.

"There is no woman living," he said, with a half-smile, a superior smile, "that ever started for a walk with the sun shining, and who took an umbrella with her!"

The rain was coming down fast as he crossed the bridge and hurried up the road on the farther side; he had got nearly as far as the wayside bench before he saw her, standing under a fir-tree, where she had evidently taken shelter.

He paused, then approached her, lifting his hat.

"You do not know me," he began.

She raised her head and looked straight at him with that same grave look that he remembered so well encountering once before, and then—"But yes, of course," she said, "I remember you,—you are Lord Aylmer."

For a moment her eyes wandered away—perhaps to her also some call, out from the past, banished the present.

"It is good of you to remember me," he said, "because it excuses my pursuing you with an umbrella, when I saw it was going to rain."

"How very kind!"

She flushed a little—a flush that faded directly. "It will save me a cold,—and a scolding, which is almost as bad." And she laughed.

"And who scolds?"

"My maid. She was my nurse for twenty years, and she has never quite given up the old ways. But what brings you here?" she went on. "Do explain. It does seem so extraordinary."

"Not more extraordinary, do you think, than your being here? What brings a woman to such a place, unless," with a doubtful glance, "you are an Alpine climber in disguise?"

"I don't look like it, do I? No, I am not even a pedestrian. I am here for health; I have been ill, and I chose this place to recover in. Is it not perfect?"

They had reached the bridge now, and she loitered, glancing down the stream to where it foamed along through the meadows.

"Do think of the scolding," he observed, "just for a moment. It is so much wholesomer than dawdling along in a very damp gown, admiring scenery through a shower-bath."

"Thank you again. Yes, you are right. It is very damp,—and chilly too,"—with a shiver.

After that they hurried on almost in silence, until the door of the "Golden Eagle" was reached.

"I am breathless," she said then, "too breathless to thank you, but I should like to do so, for I should never have hurried, or remembered to hurry, if I had been alone, and it would have been a pity to catch cold, because I am getting better every day."

The colour was in her cheeks, brought there by the rapidity with which they had walked. He noted its delicacy, and the thin outline of her face. "You should be more careful," he began. "Are you alone?"—he changed his sentence as they entered the dark, narrow passage of the inn, where they were met by the landlady with a voluble outpouring of sympathy.

"Yes, I am alone," and she lifted her eyes to his, with a swift seeking for sympathy. "It has been so disappointing,—worse, so sad. I came with my greatest friend, Lady Courtenay. She left her home to come with me, because she did not wish me to be alone; but she has had to go back."

He was watching her; he saw the tears steal into her eyes.

"What happened?"

"She had a telegram this morning to say that her boy—he is at Harrow—has scarlet fever. She was so unhappy and anxious; he is her only child. Of course she had to start at once."

"Poor thing!"

"Yes; this morning it seemed so dreadful—I very nearly went back with her; but what good would that have done? I should only have been an extra trouble, and no use. She will go straight to him; I could only have stayed in London."

"You decided very wisely, I am sure," he assented, "especially as you are not well yourself."

"Oh, this morning I was in despair," turning towards the staircase, "but now this afternoon I feel much more hopeful. I wonder why, because nothing has happened to change anything."

At the turn of the staircase she looked down to where he still stood at the foot—

"Because most boys have scarlet fever at school, and get better, don't they? I have heard of it ever so often."

"So have I," he answered. "Much more often, at any rate, than of a woman not catching cold who remained in wet boots for an unnecessary quarter of an hour!"

When he looked up to see the effect of this Parthian shaft, she had disappeared.

What can two people do who find themselves the only English occupants of a remote Swiss village, except bear each other company during the sunny hours of the day, or condole with each other in the narrow sphere of the *salon* when it rains?

"What has brought you here?" Mrs French asked. "I feel curious to know. You don't do anything you ought to do. Every one else who comes here makes expeditions, climbs up mountains, and comes back tired and vainglorious."

"It *is* an unrighteous curiosity," the man answered, "but I will strive to gratify it. I am storing up a month's fresh air before going to India, and it seems to me this is a very good place to do it in, or just as good as any other. Why, it would be impossible to see all there is to be seen here in less than a week. If I have done everything, I shall then possibly go elsewhere."

"But you are seeing nothing," she insisted. "Why, you have not even done what the merest tourist does! A couple of hours' drive from here, and you can see the Matterhorn."

"Have you seen it?"

"Not this year."

"Then we will both go. You shall never reproach me again, or taunt me with tourists! We will go to this place, see the Matterhorn, and return, as you yourself suggest, tired in body, but lifted up in spirit."

His eyes, as a rule so unsmiling, had a distinct gleam in them now. He put down a somewhat old French paper he had been studying, and came over to where she was idling.

"Tell me all about it; I am eager to start. To-morrow? No; well, I will arrange it. In the meantime, it is fine, we will go for a walk."

"You must let me have an hour first to write my letters home. I missed the English mail yesterday."

"An hour is a very long time to waste in letter-writing," he demurred. "Three o'clock," as a very wooden cuckoo sprang suddenly out above his head. "Sit down there and begin, and I will wait."

Waiting consisted in dawdling about the room for a few moments, and then seating himself on the broad, low window-ledge which gave a view of the unfrequented village street.

He had an unusual facility for remaining still. In a little while Mrs French, absorbed in her letter, had forgotten him; his presence had ceased somehow to be—perhaps it had never been—a restraint. She wrote swiftly, in a few graphic lines touching in the situation:—

"I was so glad, dear Em, to get your telegram; it was very thoughtful of you to send it. It is a comfort to know he is better, and that there is no longer need to be anxious. I think I never felt happier in my life; it must be the rebound from my anxiety and sorrow the day you went. It was all so disappointing. Lord Aylmer is here; I don't think you know him? He says he is sight-seeing, but he does it in a very calm, unexciting fashion, which is fortunate for me. He is content to take short walks, and admire what is close at hand in the same limited fashion, that I can accomplish. He is——"

She paused there, idly dipping her pen in the ink as if for fresh inspiration, and then raised her eyes, perhaps for greater facility of portraiture,—raised hers to meet his fixed upon her with some expression, some look that unknowingly brought that faint swift-coming colour to her cheeks, and which made her speak nervously—

"You are tired of waiting? I am so sorry. I have been rather long. I was writing to Emily—Lady Courtenay that is—and there is always so much to say."

"Please don't hurry, there is no need; and you have still a quarter of an hour before you may expect that pert cuckoo to speak again."

She idled no more, however, but drawing her pen through the two words of her opening sentence, wound up instead with a description of herself, of her rapidly improving health.

When Lady Courtenay read the letter, she put it aside with a feeling of relief. Some one at all events was with her friend in her exile, who would divert her mind from the anxiety and trouble in which she had left her. She did not know the name, she scarce gave the bearer of it a second thought.

He was some one at any rate who spoke English, whom Dorothea evidently, from her letter, liked; and companionship was so much better for her than the solitude that formed so great a part of her life. Dorothea, so descriptive with her pen, would probably have described him had there been anything to describe; he rose up and passed away from before her an indistinct figure of some elderly greybeard who had found congenial society in the companionship of a young woman, who had spent all her life in the company of her elders, and who was therefore accustomed to their talk and their ways.

So do even the best and truthfullest of women mislead at times.

"Stamped, sealed, and directed! Come; no," as she began some dissenting word—"no; one letter is quite enough at a time. You are here for fresh air, not to sit in a stuffy, unwholesome room. Your uncle," as the one word caught his attention. "His will wait, I know, because you have yourself told me that he never worries. If he knew the choice, he would say as I do, Come out."

"Yes, his can wait," she agreed; "I will fetch my hat." But her conscience pricked a little as she went up-stairs. "And I did not write yesterday, I really will to-night." But conscience did not insist; a little later, as they crossed the bridge, the faint reminder was already forgotten.

"Tell me about your uncle," Lord Aylmer said presently, as they sauntered slowly under the tall pine-trees, which here formed a little wood, the fallen pine-needles a soft carpet to the foot,—"your uncle and your home. What do you do there?" vaguely.

"Not very much, I am afraid. I live not only with one old uncle, but with two. They are very learned, and they talk of science generally, and every evening we play whist with a dummy, except on Fridays, when more scientific people come and talk to them,—and *they* play whist, and I am supposed to have the chance of improving my play by watching theirs."

He was silent a moment, his eyes on the ground thinking; there certainly was not much to make out of a life like that.

"I expect you are very clever," he said at length with a nervous little laugh, but his eyes, as he looked at her, were soft and pitiful.

"I ought to be, ought I not? but I am not even a good whist-player, so I have not made the most of my opportunities."

"I am afraid not. But what else do you do, — for yourself, I mean?"

"Oh, I play a little, and sing a very little, and draw,—and if you promise never to repeat it——"

"I promise," he echoed.

"I write poetry,—a little," dropping her voice; "so you see I am really very like every other woman."

"Is that what they do?"

But he was speaking absently,

looking now at the dark, sombre pines overhead, and now noting the slender grace of her figure, the gleams of light in her red-brown hair, where a stray sunbeam found its way downwards.

"Yes," she continued, "it is what other women do, but they have not the grace to be ashamed of it! You are not married, are you?" she asked, somewhat irrelevantly, as it seemed, a minute later.

"No. What a startling question! Do I look like it?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it till this minute, but it is better to know."

"Why?"

"I am sure your questions are just as startling as mine! Well, perhaps not," as he shook his head, "but far harder to answer. Don't you think," she went on, "it would be nice, as we seem both to be in a catechising mood, to sit down? I love a wood, a pine-wood especially, and that seat looks very inviting."

She seated herself as she spoke; he was silent, more silent than usual, and she strove to win him from his unusual taciturnity.

"Don't you like the sound of the wind in pine-trees; it is quite a different story to the one it tells to other trees. Listen," lifting her head; "at midsummer there is a prophecy of winter in it."

"How old were you when you married?" he asked suddenly, heedless, apparently, of her words.

"Nineteen." She hesitated a moment, and then without looking at him, "My husband only lived a year; perhaps you may have heard—he was ill the whole time. He died of consumption."

"You should never have been allowed to do such a thing," he began.

She turned at the impetuous words with a shadow of surprise in her eyes, which had grown grave.

"You judge as an outsider. It was a good thing to do,—of that I am as well assured now as I was then. You think I was too young to decide, but my decision was right; it won me six months' happiness, which is more than many people win in their whole lives!"

Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears. She half rose, but he laid his hand on her arm to detain her.

"Forgive me; as you say, I judge as an outsider, and cannot know. And six months' happiness is, of course, worth a good price."

She was silent, only lifted her eyes to his with a smile of thanks for the words, and for a minute he did not take his hand from where it rested on her arm, as if in sympathy with the storm he had raised.

Presently she went on speaking, as if striving to make amends for her ill-timed emotion.

"My life had not, before that, been a very successful one. Both my parents died when I was young, and I was brought up by these two old uncles. It was kind of them to give me a home, for they could not imagine what to do with me, but they sent me to school, and it was something to have even so much of a home to return to. My husband was a nephew of theirs, and often at the house; so you see it was the most natural thing to happen——"

There was again a falter in her soft voice, his hand moved a little until it rested on hers, and as if in answer to the sympathy of the touch, she went on. "He took me away to all sorts of lovely places. I had never left London

before, except to go to school. He took me to Italy, and then to the Mediterranean; and though he was ill, I don't think he ever said an angry word to me all that time. He did what he could for me as long as he was able; it was the happiest time of my life. I cannot think, you see, that it was a mistake."

"I take back my words," he said, gravely, "you were right."

"Happiness, you see," she said, gently drawing her hand away, and rising as she spoke, "is not often offered us twice,—and so many people let their chance slip."

"Do you think so?"

He was still seated, and he looked up at her with those dark eyes in which there was always a faint shadow of tragedy at variance with his youth.

"Don't you think that, in some cases, it is not letting it slip but deliberately putting it aside?"

"It comes to the same thing, does it not?"

"Oh, surely not. As different as carelessness and resolution, though the results of the two may be the same."

She hesitated a moment, and then—"I don't understand you," she said.

"Oh, I daresay not. I don't feel as if I had made myself very clear; but with two necessities (or so-thought necessities) one must, as a rule, choose between one and the other."

"Yes, as a rule we cannot have this *and* that," she replied; "the choice is this *or* that. It is there," after a second's pause, "that so many people let their chance slip."

"Always provided the choice rests with them."

"Ah no," she replied; "it is not that—it is that they want their happiness as a luxury, not as a necessity. It must be in addition to—other things," vaguely.

"Every one," the man replied slowly, still looking up at her where she stood before him, "cannot afford luxuries; and to most people the problem is put the other way — happiness is the luxury."

Her eyes under their straight dark brows softened as she noted the expression in his.

"Men and women see these things so differently," she said gently. "So often what men esteem necessities seem to us luxuries, and I daresay there is a reverse—if we could only realise it. But it seems a pity, when there is so much in the world worth having, not to accept all we can."

"But unfortunately, you see, in this world there is no sure road to happiness — not even that of marrying for love, which has been decided by experts to be one of the most uncertain. I am going to avoid that risk by marrying an heiress."

His tone was hard, a trifle defiant. Into his eyes had crept a shade of recklessness. He stood up as he spoke. She was so tall, that when he did so their eyes were nearly on a level, and she was aware of something in his look and voice which made her shrink away from him — a step over the fallen pine-needles, which she was conscious took her many weary steps back into a past from which she had escaped of late.

The waters of the oasis, and the green freshness of its palms, change the air of the desert long before the tired steps are past that led to it. To the wayworn traveller the way is easy until the beguiling waters vanish, leaving him just as he was in truth before

their delusive glitter stole upon his sight, but with all the wide space of hope between then and now. Even a desert march would be bearable if it were not for its mirage.

"Don't you think it has grown cold?" she said. There was no comment forthcoming on his words. "I suppose the sun cannot reach us through these trees; let us go back to the road."

There was no shadow of emotion in her voice now, it was grave and quiet as usual. The defiance died out of his eyes; there was an expression in them which touched her, and which she strove not to meet, as they forsook the shade of the pine-trees and once more entered on the glaring sunlit road.

But their talk grew formal after that. Some dark shadow followed them out of the pine-wood and dogged their footsteps even here; some shadowy form that raised a dividing hand between their easy understanding of each other's thoughts and words, and to Dorothea there was a sensation of relief when the "Golden Eagle" was reached.

"I am going to walk farther," the man said, "but I shall be back to supper. If your conscience still reproaches you, you can write your letter."

"Yes," she said gently, but she did not. She took off her hat and seated herself in the window of her room, whence she could watch the soft veil of twilight fall softly down over the world which the sun had left. She had watched it many times before, knew each shadow on the slopes of the mountains, the glare of light as the sun disappeared, and the tender grey shade that came afterwards, the ripples of light on the stream, and then only the sound of hurrying waters through the darkness; but to-night, though she looked, it was not of all the majesty and harmony of nature she was dreaming. Amongst the loiterers on the bridge she was at length aware of a tall, slight figure, and at the sight she rose, called back to the present. Then: "I wish," she said, very low, "he had not said *that*. It sounded like a warning," and a quick flush rose to her cheeks. At the consciousness of the flush she took a turn in the room, lifting her cool hands to her cheeks. "A warning certainly not needed," with a shadow of defiance in her soft voice, "but I wish, I wish all the same it had been left unsaid."

CHAPTER II.

"Content thee with one bitter word, Adieu."

Shadows pass, however, or seem to do so; and when a couple of days later the expedition to Reisdorf took place, there was no blot on the brilliant sunshine of the present. If the promise of the morning only held good, everything pointed to a perfect day. As they drove through the clear invigorating air, under the cloudless summer sky, everything tended to banish any lurking care.

Dorothea had thrust far out of sight all that cold uncongenial past which for so long had held her in its clutches; and as the afternoon passed, gaiety, which had grown foreign to her nature, repossessed her.

It was a long drive, and at the

end, leaving the carriage at a primitive Swiss inn, they sallied forth for the short climb which, according to the directions of the landlord, would lead them to the most favourable spot for the view they sought.

It was steep, if short; but once over, they found themselves in one of those level highlands common in Switzerland, with the soft evening wind ruffling the grasses at their feet, rustling the many flowers, the thousands of pansies and forget-me-nots, which grew in profusion around. Hurrying along were the waters of a tiny brook, which dashed itself impetuously against the stones, or swirled vehemently round some greater hindrance which came in its way.

Standing beside it, they looked across the wind-blown meadow-land to where, above the green highlands, stood in the distance, —against the brilliant blue of the sky, clear as a shaft of frozen light,—the Matterhorn.

For a moment they were silent, and then the woman drew a step nearer to her companion.

"You are content—happy?" she questioned. "You are not going to say, or feel even, that I lured you here under false pretences?"

"Content, happy," he repeated, smiling a little as he spoke. "It was well thought of to make me come."

"Ah, it will be a good memory to keep by you," she said impulsively. "Many years ago *I* came here——"

"Who brought you?" he asked, but he did not turn his head towards her.

"I was alone. Some one had described the place in a book I once read, and I made my way here. It is an uninhabited island, where I can come when I want to avoid my fellow-creatures."

"You make me feel rather as if I were an intruder. Why do you like being alone?" he added quickly, "it is an unhealthy morbid state."

"You an intruder! oh no"—smiling—"you are quite mistaken. My island is open to any one who speaks my language."

"Is it such an unusual one?"—tossing back the light jest.

"No, surely not. But those who land are generally more anxious to teach me theirs."

"I want you, nevertheless," he said, his voice falling a little, "to learn mine. For a reason," he added quickly, as he noted a shade of embarrassment on her face at his change of tone. "I want to tell you something — about myself, of course,—and it is always easier to speak one's own language."

"Yes," she assented, "we are apt to mislead, of course, when we have to translate."

"And after I am gone, I should not like to think that you were building up wrong or prejudiced ideas about me."

"I shall not do that," she answered quietly.

"You think so,"— he spoke quickly, looking straight into her eyes at the words—"but all the same, you are harbouring the prejudices against the time!"

She laughed uneasily.

"No, no, I will give you the benefit of every doubt."

"There shall be no place for doubt," he replied.

Again, at the gravity of his tone, he was aware of the shade of nervousness that crept over her, but she made no comment on his words.

Through the great forget-me-nots and golden buttercups that edged the tiny stream, they sauntered along. There was a touch

of evening now in the fresher air, the sun had almost disappeared behind the neighbouring hill-tops. Of a sudden she stopped, and—"Does not running water fascinate you?" she exclaimed. "That," lifting her eyes for a moment to the shaft of light in the distance, "is wonderful, awe-inspiring; but water, running water, is the soul of a landscape. Nature is dead without it. And it has, too, all the moods and vagaries of a soul. I read once somewhere it was the woman of inanimate creation, versatile, untamable, dangerous——"

"And refreshing?" he added, as she paused.

"No, I don't think my author was so complimentary, but then, I don't think that was his intention."

They were standing facing one another, smiling at the thought and the light words, when of a sudden—"Look!" she exclaimed, with a breathless little cry, pointing across the meadow; and turning his eyes in the direction of her hand, he saw, standing up like a pillar of flame, which reached from earth to sky, the Matterhorn, touched with the rosy light from the sun, which had already sunk out of sight.

Behind these encircling hills the mystery of sunset was taking place: all that the watchers saw was the crimson light kindling into flame the shaft of ice—a never-to-be-forgotten glory. Almost unaware of his movement as he took her hand in his, she stood entranced, whilst the colours deepened from pink to crimson, and then slowly faded until the last rose-leaf shade had vanished, and once more the cold white pillar stood out clear and distinct against a now fast-darkening sky. Then she turned to him with a sigh.

"Ah, how beautiful! You are glad, are you not, we have seen such a sight?"

"I am glad," he said gently—and he only then loosed her hand—"that we have seen such a sight together."

"I think," she said softly, "we should always understand each other, after having seen it together."

Her own words were not very clear, even to herself. She did not strive to explain them, but if her hearer did not understand them, he did not say so.

Almost in silence they returned over the softly waving grass to the little inn where the carriage awaited them.

She stood a moment looking back over the path they had trodden; when she turned away, he noted that it was with a shiver.

"You are cold?" he questioned.

"Yes," she said absently, "it has grown cold, has it not?"

"You should not have stayed up there so long. After sunset, at this height, the temperature falls very quickly."

She roused herself at the anxiety in his voice.

"Oh, it was worth the risk! I do not regret it."

"Not yet perhaps. Pay-day," with a smile, "has not come yet; but we must do our best to outwit it."

He took down her coat, and wrapped it about her.

"Are you warm now?" as they drove away.

"Warmer."

"That is not very satisfactory."

"Oh, please don't think of anything so uninteresting as the variations of temperature," she pleaded. "I am sure when people are happy they don't get ill."

"And *you* are happy, that means?"

"Yes, quite."

But when she had put it into words, and in so doing had subscribed to the fact, again that unusual touch of nervousness reasserted itself, and her eyes, shifting from his, were kept turned on the fast-darkening landscape. But it was not of the soft beauties of the evening she was thinking—the past hour even had the unreality of a dream. She had scarcely noticed it at the time, but now it was only of the hand that had held hers, as they had stood together amid the flowers of the meadow, that she could think.

"Such a trifle," she thought, with a touch of self-condemning anger—"a moment's sympathy to which my heart responded;" but the anger did not banish the memory.

"Mrs French."

At the words, the direct address, she looked round and met his eyes, dark and earnest.

"To-morrow will be my last day, and I want therefore——"

The words were unexpected, her eyes no longer met his, though she spoke at once—

"To-morrow," and then paused, her voice faltering into silence. But almost immediately—"It is a good thing, then, that you have seen the chief object of interest," she went on quietly; "it would have been a pity to have come and gone, and missed such a sight."

"Yes. Do you remember out yonder," vaguely, "what you said to me—that seeing such a sight *together* should make us understand each other?"

And as she nodded, he went on, "I hope so, because I am trusting to it to make you understand me while I tell you something."

Something in the tone, in the dark eyes, whose expression she feared to meet, quickened her pulses until their beats frightened her.

A moment's silence; but when he spoke again, there was something reassuring in his voice, so resolute and calm. He had turned half round, and was watching her, and at the first word, her courage, or whatever it was that had deserted her, reasserted itself.

"The other day I told you," he said abruptly, "that I was not going to marry for love. I want to tell you why."

She offered no word, but waited for him to speak. Something in her attitude and silence seemed to affect him.

"You are already on the alert to find a flaw in my defence—no; you did not speak," as she began a denial, "but I feel it nevertheless. You hold a brief against me." He sighed as he spoke, but immediately went on. "I have only, as you know, an old father and a young sister belonging to me. In addition," he paused, "I have a cousin,"—he hesitated, and during the pause—

"An heiress," she said quietly.

"An heiress," he repeated, with a shade of bitterness at a something, some slight untranslatable tone in her voice. And then the bitterness had again vanished, and he leant nearer to her, his dark eyes seeking hers.

"I was right, you see; you do not wish to understand,—you wish to stand aloof, and judge."

"No, no, you are mistaken." Her eyes and voice alike were full of trouble. "Why do you say such things? Who am I to judge? I only"—faltering—"cannot understand."

"I want to *make* you understand, but," smiling a little sadly, "I am, as you say, struggling with the difficulty all the time, of

translating my words into your language."

"I think," she said gently, there was no longer any bitterness in her voice, "you are trying to teach me your language, not to learn mine."

He shook his head.

"Listen;" and as he spoke he took in his the ungloved hand that rested on her knee, and heedless of the effort she made to free herself. "No; listen first. She is, as you say, an heiress. True. She is also the daughter of my father's brother. He is dead, this is his only child. Ever since I have realised anything on the subject, I have understood my father's wishes, and have hesitated to acknowledge them. Now at length, before returning to India for my last year there—I have promised——"

"What did you promise?" The unexplained anger, the momentary bitterness, had alike died away, there was only tender anxiety in her voice, she no longer even made an effort to free her hand from the kindly clasp of his.

"I promised that when I returned next year, I would do as he wished." There was no faltering in his voice.

"Does she know?"

She put her question slowly, after a little delay.

"I cannot tell you, but it is probable. I wished to tell you," he added a moment after, "though I despair of making you quite understand. There is scarcely anything I would not do to please my father, we have been everything to each other for so long. My soldiering in foreign countries has been the only act of mine in which we are not quite in accord; but now, it is settled. This is my last year's service, and in return for having had my own way for fifteen years in that matter," and he smiled, "in the other matter—of a wife—I do not choose, I accept. Say something," as she was silent.

"What can I say," she answered, "except that you would not, I know, decide on such a subject without giving it every thought?"

"Half-hearted words, but I am not thinking so much of them as of the fact that your hands are burning, and that I felt you shiver again. Please don't tell me you have caught cold."

But though she denied the fact, and struggled to ignore it all the evening, and during a watchful, feverish night, when the morning broke, denial was no longer possible. Alternately shivering and burning with fever, there was just cause for the anger of the old nurse, when she saw her. Short-lived anger, soon replaced by real anxiety.

"Get up!" as Mrs French began some such sentence. "Indeed you will do nothing of the kind, though if people will be so foolish, they deserve to be ill."

Perhaps she did not hear her; at any rate Mrs French asked no question as to what her folly consisted in. Perhaps she did not need to ask.

"You can bring me a cup of tea," she said; "it will, I daresay, do my head good. I cannot stay in bed."

But the tea was no cure, and even though, sorely against Grey's judgment, she struggled up, it was only to allow she was beaten, and creep back into bed.

"His last day." The words, with feverish persistence, haunted her as she tossed restlessly from side to side, or took all repose from her heavy uncomfortable sleep. Fate seemed to have been on the alert to trouble her. "But I never

had any luck," she thought, and a couple of burning tears forced their way down her cheeks. "I might have been kinder,—I know that he was disappointed in my want of sympathy, sympathy which he had expected. I am, perhaps, after all, only justly punished."

All through that long day they haunted her, the time seemed endless, and yet when she was aware that it was twilight, and the evening had come, it surprised her to find that the day was over. She opened her eyes with a quick throb of pain.

"Grey."

"Yes, ma'am."

The elder woman, who had been seated by the window, rose and approached her with a cup of milk.

"No, no," pushing it aside, "I don't want it. Tell me," laying her slender, hot hand on that of the nurse; "tell me—has Lord Aylmer gone yet?"

"I don't think so. Shall I go and ask?"

"Yes, please. If not, see him, will you? Tell him how ill I am, and say, I said you were to say good-bye. Tell him," hoarsely, fixing feverishly bright eyes on her, "that I did try to get up, but I was not well enough."

"Yes, yes; don't vex yourself, I will see him."

It seemed a long time she was alone. Watching the door made her head ache afresh; the room was growing so dark, it tired her eyes, straining them through the gloom. She closed them, and there was a quick sensation of being out on the flowery meadow, only it was chill and cold, then in a moment burning as a desert, because of a shaft of fire which rose up in front, its flames so near, they scorched her cheeks; she tried to call out for help and turned to her companion, but his eyes were averted, unaware or careless of her danger. A moment more, and she would be burnt, scorched by the flame that had reached her—and then a sudden cessation of the torment; he had turned and taken her hand in his kind strong clasp, and at the touch a cool wind had passed over the burning atmosphere—or had he drawn her beyond its influence?—the throbbing pulses had grown quiet, the terror had subsided—she opened her eyes, the feverish dream had passed, the door had reopened, and Grey had returned from her errand.

"Has he gone?"

The old nurse shook her head. "No."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes." And in answer to the eager look in the tired eyes: "Yes, I gave him your message, and he said as I was to tell you he was not going till he could say good-bye, and feel sure you were better, for he knows that he was to blame taking you out that long, cold drive after sunset—which I said: 'Excusing me, my lord, it was.'"

"That was very unkind, Grey;" but there was a smile about the mouth, and the voice had lost something of its hoarseness.

"Which it was the truth, ma'am."

"Give me the milk, there's an old dear," she said gently, "and sit beside me. Don't leave me until I am asleep. I dream such horrible dreams, I can't bear to shut my eyes."

She closed them as she spoke, but Grey had evidently something else to say, for after a few vain beginnings—"Ma'am," she said, "you are listening?"

"Yes," Mrs French nodded. "I can't open my eyes, it makes my head worse."

"He said something else."

"What was it?"

"He said," with a sudden, spasmodic attempt at bringing out the words quickly, "that it was folly your not seeing a doctor, and that any was better than none — my very words, you remember, this morning—and," hesitating a good deal more——

"Well, go on."

Perhaps the voice was not as discouraging as was expected, for "He went and fetched him," she finished abruptly, and "he's here."

These diplomatic announcements made, without any further remark, Grey disappeared, and a moment later the doctor was ushered in.

When, half an hour afterwards, he was departing from the "Golden Eagle," Lord Aylmer was standing smoking a cigarette at the inn door.

"You have seen the English lady?" he questioned. "I hope she is better?"

"She is ill," he replied; "a bad cold, with a great deal of fever, to be deplored especially on account of her having had inflammation of the lungs this spring. "A cold," sententiously, "is therefore to be regretted."

"Certainly, much," his hearer assented. "Has she much fever?"

"A good deal, but I have, I hope, assured her a quiet night. A good sleep may possibly avert all grave consequences. It was well," pompously, "that monsieur sent for me, or the poor lady would probably have had a second bad night."

"Monsieur Latour's skill had been reported to me," Lord Aylmer answered gravely. "I shall hope to have a better account in the morning."

But despite monsieur's skill, Dorothea French was not to escape so easily.

It was three days, days of wearing cough and feverish nights, before she was able to get up, and by the help of Grey's arm make her way into the sunny *salon*, where an arm-chair awaited her by the window — an arm-chair by which stood a little table with a great bunch of roses and mignonnette.

She knew who had prepared that welcome for her, and smiled at them as she settled down amid the cushions in the easy-chair, tired with even those few steps, too tired to do anything but look out at the well-loved view across the valley.

"Get me some tea, nurse— make it yourself, and bring it here. I am so tired, it will refresh me."

She was awaiting it with closed eyes, trusting to its inspiriting power to prepare her for a visitor, when the door was opened so quietly that she was unaware of it, until he was standing beside her.

"Forgive me." Those were his first words, quite different from those he had meant to say, but her appearance startled him, he had been unprepared for her looking so ill. "Forgive me, though I cannot forgive myself——"

"Forgive you," she repeated, opening her eyes and holding out her hand; "first you must let me thank you for these," touching the flowers. "Oh, and for the doctor also," and she smiled. "If you only knew how much good it did my poor old nurse to find some one to support her in her delusion that a doctor should always be sent for."

She talked, he felt, to set him at his ease, but the effort soon brought a faint flush to her thin cheeks, and "I shall have to fetch him again," he said, "and ask him

if you ought to talk. I am sure it is not good for you."

"I have been silent for three whole days," she pleaded, "and I seem to have so much to say; it was so good of you to stay."

"Was it?" he asked, absently.

He was still standing on the farther side of the little table, watching the waves of her hair drawn into a thick knot at the back of her head, the little light curls on her forehead, that the warm, soft air from the open window lifted, when "Sit down," she said, "do. I am so tired myself that it makes me tired even to see some one else standing. Ah, here is the tea, I shall feel better after it."

He drew a chair up closer to her.

"It was so nice of you to get me those flowers," she went on; "they seemed to say, when I got in here, that some one was glad I was better again — that was what they meant, was it not?"

He nodded.

"It is always dull to make the effort of moving when one has been ill, and to find that no one appreciates it. Now, if you had gone——"

"Did you really think I should go like that?"

"I was *afraid* you would," she amended. "You said the last time I saw you that you were only going to remain one day more."

"Yes, I meant to; I thought it would be better."

She heard his words, because that quick, momentary flush betrayed her, but her eyes did not stray from where they were turned to the lights and shadows on the distant hills.

"I am glad you decided otherwise," she said, in a quiet voice. "I should have been sorry not to say good-bye, besides, I wanted to say something——"

"What?"

He rose as he spoke, and moved a step nearer, until he was standing behind her chair, and there waited for her words.

She did not turn her head, but spoke at once, looking straight before her.

"I wanted to say that I do not think I was quite kind when you told me—that story about yourself. I think," with a little wan smile, "I was not trying specially hard to see things from your point of view; and I am sure that you were trying to show it to me, and I might have seen it, if I had tried!"

"Why did you not try?"

His hand was resting on the back of her chair. As he put his question she was aware that he moved it, until it touched the thick masses of her hair, but she did not shrink from the touch, only clasped her hands tightly together for a moment before replying.

"It is very hard," she said, "for a woman to be just."

"I do not want you to be just." The words came quickly, passionately. With a swift movement he flung himself on his knees beside her, taking her hands into his clasp, resting his head against them. "I am not free—you understand, you *must* understand. I am poor, and she is rich. No, do not take your hands away. Listen, you must try to understand. It is not only that, but that at length I have accepted what has been offered, done what has been expected of me, and have given my promise. If she does not know herself, her mother does. With my own free will I have pledged myself; I cannot draw back——"

"No," she said gently, soothingly, as if she were speaking to a troubled child, "you cannot, of course, draw back. And do not think I do not understand—I do entirely."

She felt a kiss on the hand he held, but it did not trouble or disturb her. Of a sudden, a calm had settled down which stilled the storm that had harassed her life of late. She did not stay to question its wherefore, or ask to what she owed it, did not put the question as to whether it was the present that was of itself eclipsing past sorrow and future pain; ill and weak and wearied, the consciousness of the present tenderness was all-sufficing.

It meant nothing, could mean nothing in the future. By-and-by—so she put a coming fear aside—by-and-by out of this a steady friendship would be born and grow, which would sweeten her life.

But even such faint unsatisfactory analysis was to-night impossible, she could only feel thankful that he was here.

"I understand you," she repeated, "do not fear for that, but I am tired, too tired to talk. Instead, you will sit there, and tell me—oh, thousands of things that I want to know!"

But even when he was seated in the low chair by her side, it did not seem as if he had much to say or she so much to ask; and it was still early when she had to admit she was too wearied to sit up any longer.

When she said good-night there was a question in her eyes, but she did not put it into words, perhaps because Grey was urging a speedy departure so emphatically.

"You will be ill again to-morrow," she prophesied, and the threat was sufficient. "You know what the doctor said, a few hours would be long enough."

"The doctor is a very foolish person," she answered, "he really did not know anything."

"You ungrateful patient," Lord Aylmer said. "Why, I believe if it had not been for him you would not have been up for a week. I shall always consider him most skilful. Don't you, Mrs Grey?"

"I do indeed," Mrs Grey ejaculated emphatically.

"And you give me a share of gratitude, I hope, for bringing him."

"And me for seeing him," Mrs French added, "please don't leave that out. Good-night."

"Tell me, dearie"—Grey stooped over her before leaving her room that night—"just tell me," and she whispered, though there was no one to hear, "are you going to marry him?"

It was dark; she could not see the quick red that stained the thin cheeks, and the voice was quite quiet.

"No, certainly not, you foolish old match-maker. There is no question of any such thing. It's well I'm not young and bashful, or your indiscreet questions would be very discomposing."

Mrs Grey answered nothing. She moved quietly away without a word, though her kind old face was troubled.

Dorothea tossed about restlessly for a little while. "I wish some one would not always make those horrible suggestions," she thought, "though after all it does not really matter what people think—when I *know*." But knowing did not bring complete rest to the train of thought thus inconveniently started.

"Between us now there is no shadow of misconception. He has only friendship to give, and he has

given it; and for me" — more calmly—"that is all I want."

Something, perhaps this knowledge and its attendant calm, gave her a good night, and when she entered the little *salon* next morning, she looked and felt much better.

When Lord Aylmer congratulated her on this fact, she acknowledged it at once.

"Yes, I am much better; it was the doctor," with a little laugh, "and staying in bed that made me ill; getting my own way is curing me!"

He smiled too.

"You are an unreasonable woman—by fits and starts," he added.

"Yes," she assented, "but then I am so reasonable sometimes, that a little law should be accorded me occasionally."

"And what use will you make of it?"

"Tell me this," she said, unheeding of his words, and for a moment her eyes shifted, "when are you going?"

He was by the window; at her words he came nearer, and stood beside her.

"I am obliged to go on Wednesday; that is the last day by which I can get through to catch my steamer."

"And to-day is Saturday." It was almost a sigh, but she added directly, "And you are going to stay here the whole time; it is very good of you."

"I hope to see you much better before I leave," he said: and then, in a lighter tone, "As you said, I am worse than any tourist; my want of ambition is deplorable. Well, it is content to remain here."

"For four days," she corrected gently.

He looked up quickly, as if he feared some second meaning in her words, but her eyes belied the idea, and he made no further comment.

Numbered days pass so swiftly, and now there were no more days to number, only hours. It was this thought that, dark and dreary, was the first one that obtruded itself on the consciousness of Dorothea French when she awoke that June morning.

At eleven o'clock a train stopped at a station five miles away, and took travellers back once more into the world, and by it Lord Aylmer had arranged to start. At nine to-night she must say Good-bye—"not for ever," she thought, clinging to the one hope which for the moment seemed to brighten her dreary future. "One day he will return to England. He is true and reliable; he means it,—oh, I am sure of it!" clasping her hands. "He will be a faithful friend, and in my life, somehow, there is room for such friendship."

"One day, of course, he will marry, and then it will be different—impossible, I suppose; but in the meantime——" In the meantime she put the thought aside in the reality of the present happiness, a happiness of which the end was so nearly in sight. For these last hours she did not deny even to herself that the immediate future was black. After to-day,—to-morrow,— when she found these words passing her lips, there was always a little following throb of pain. But she was a courageous woman, she was not afraid of the future certain suffering.

"I am buying it," she thought, as she sat alone in the sunshiny *salon*, where so many hours of these previous days had been passed—"have been buying it, I fear, for some time, but I do not grudge the price. It is a law, I

suppose, that we cannot have what we care for for nothing. Is it a law," with a little wondering smile, "or am I an exception?"

"Some people," rising restlessly as she spoke, "seem to be happy and forget. Is that the secret? It certainly would prepare the way for something else. Good morning," turning her head at the opening door. "I am going out. No," shaking her head, as he began a protest, "I am tired of staying in—wearied with idleness, I suppose, there is no cure but change."

"You are feverish, I believe," as he took her hand, and there was an anxious look in his eyes, as he noted the brilliance in hers, —"are you?"

"No, certainly not. I cannot take things quietly, which is so foolish, and I do not like to know you are going so soon."

"Last days are very melancholy," he answered quietly.

"Yes," she said quickly, "but it is unfair not to remember all the happy days that came first."

"You will not forget them, will you?" There was a pleading tone in his voice.

"No, that I will not," she answered gently. "I always had an inconvenient habit," she added, "of burning like a flame in a draught at such times, which is stupid, but naturally one grows wiser as one grows older." Then giving no time for a comment, if one were coming, "Wait five minutes," she said, "and I will get my hat, as I have *proved*," smiling, "it is a walk I need."

But the walk was not a very long one. The little bridge reached, she was glad to stop and rest, watching the hurrying waters.

"You will take care of yourself," he said, as they paused, she, seated on the low stone parapet, he, standing by her side. "I feel very anxious about you still, and you will write and tell me how you are,—a truthful account."

"A truthful account," she repeated, "though I think your anxiety is misplaced. I shall soon be uninterestingly well,—and then I shall go home."

"I shall not see you for a year," he said presently.

"And that is a long time," she answered in quiet tones,—though there was that throb of pain when she spoke.

In some directions she knew the world; the year to her would pass as all other years had passed, saving for the golden glow of these happy days in whose memory she would live. With him, it would be an active, changing life, filled so full of hopes and joys, that there was little doubt the day would soon rise on which these days would be a faintly recalled memory. That was the likelihood, —"a *pleasant* memory—yes," lifting her grave eyes, "yes, surely, a *pleasant* memory," but that would be all. Would this surely coming sorrow be repaid by that?

"Yes," as her eyes met his with their ever-present shadow of sorrow, "yes—even at that price," though she sighed at the thought.

"Why do you sigh?" he asked, looking down, not at her, but at the hurrying water.

"At the thought you may so soon forget; but I comfort myself with the thought that, as long as you do remember, it will be a happy memory."

"I shall not forget, do not fear."

"I do not wish you to forget." She spoke clearly, without a shade of embarrassment. To guard this friendship, which meant so much to her, it was necessary that no false sentiment should mar the truth of the feelings that possessed her. "I am only afraid of the

thousands of interests that may divide us in this most dividing world."

"You do not doubt?" he began impetuously.

"I do not doubt the past," she answered steadily, "but I fear the future."

Her quiet voice steadied him, but the effort he made to regain his calm was apparent.

"I did not mean to hurt you with my doubting words," she said, almost wonderingly; "it is the lesson of the world, is it not?"

"Leave the world alone," he said, almost roughly. "This"—with a glance round at the foaming waters and distant hills—"is outside the world."

She smiled, a little wistful smile, which was akin to tears, and it was almost in silence they sauntered back through the hot sunshine to the shadowy coolness of the "Golden Eagle."

After that it seemed to her she counted every minute of that long summer afternoon, whilst she sat in the accustomed seat in the window, with the flowers on the table by her side, the flowers which should know no successors, needlework and book beside her, and her hands lying in unaccustomed idleness in her lap.

Sometimes she was alone, whilst he attended to the thousands of details that occupy last hours; sometimes they were together, talking of the trivialities which had composed the greater part of the talk of these previous days, but which seemed now so out of place, when she would fain have remembered, and spoken of the important matters, which she knew to-morrow she would regret having left unsaid.

But it was difficult to speak of all that craved for utterance, without lifting her hand from the lock where it rested, on a key,—a key that, if turned, she felt vaguely, would somehow, for some reason, from which she instinctively shrank, prevent this friendship, the thought of which she clung to, as the only lighting of the dark future. Of those few passionate words that had escaped him the first afternoon of her convalescence, she avoided thinking. They were the result, she assured herself, of a momentary anxiety, mingled with a passionate wish that she should understand him. "He was in earnest himself, he wished me to believe it, and understand," she told herself; "and when he felt I did, he feared no longer, and since—since, he has been quite calm and happy. He wants a friend too, and between *us* friendship is quite possible. I am not a girl," with a half-sad smile, "to fear it, or for him to think there is any cause to fear it."

But when dinner was over, and the sun had set, or disappeared behind the hills, and the veil of twilight had enveloped the land, and the only sounds were the slow footsteps of some passer-by making his way to the bridge for a gossip or a love-meeting before the night fell, she was aware that the voice grew more difficult to hush, the insistent voice which only spoke of the future, of which to-night was the prelude; it seemed then as if his calmness and gentleness were a rebuke to the storm, which now and then rose and threatened to assail her.

"I have been ill," she said, defending herself against her own thought, "and I am still weak,—and besides," with a quick sigh, "it is he who is going out of my life—that is very different."

With that sigh, which restored her to the consciousness of the tumult of wandering thoughts, she

rose and moved over to the window, and pushing it open, stepped on to the little wooden balcony. It was almost dark, and the cooler air that had followed sunset was refreshing. She leant her arms on the rail, and looked down into the silent, unfrequented village street. He waited a minute and then followed her with a shawl.

"You are very foolish," he said, "running the risk of another cold."

"It is too warm to-night to fear such a catastrophe,"—she spoke as if her mind was elsewhere, but she said nothing when he wrapped the shawl about her. It was soft and white, and when she turned her head with a word of thanks, she had a ghostly look, so white was she altogether. Excepting for the bright hair, and the straight line of her level brows, she seemed as slight and colourless as a spirit. "You don't look well," he said; "you looked better yesterday."

"I am unhappy," she answered quickly, impetuously, giving utterance to the one feeling that possessed her. "After all," defiantly, answering some ill-defined feeling that reproved the expression—"after all, one does not part from a friend without unhappiness."

"So am I, God knows," the tone of his voice shaken with restrained passion. "I meant," with sudden vehemence, taking her hands and drawing her nearer to him, "to keep guard over myself till the last, but your words, your looks, have swept away my control!"

His arm was round her, her head was resting against his quick-beating heart, his dark, passionate eyes were looking into hers.

For a moment thus, whilst she never moved, saving that her eyes drooped under the expression in his, and then, "I have fought," he said passionately, "but I have been conquered. I meant to leave you without a word!"

He paused; she lifted her eyes steadily and looked at him, some tender, strengthening grace in them, for "You are in my power," he said more calmly, and then loosening his hold and suddenly turning away, "But there surely must be some redeeming point about me, for after all I will not take the kiss, that for the moment I felt as if I would sell my soul for!"

His voice had fallen with the last word, he had re-entered the sitting-room, and she was left standing alone.

The veil had fallen now, she knew it; the key been turned on which her guarding hand had rested, but with the knowledge of his weakness, her own strength, which had seemed of late deserting her, returned. "Courage, courage," she said to her frightened heart, and, with the word on her lips, followed him into the room.

A dull little room, with its common German prints on the walls, the badly trimmed lamp on the table, the only pleasant spot the window where she had sat all day, with the easy-chair, in which he was now seated, his elbow on the small table beside it, his head resting on his hand, his eyes averted.

She did not pause till she stood beside him, and then, as aware of her presence, he attempted to rise.

"No, do not move," she said, laying a detaining hand on his shoulder, "I want to speak to you; it is easier to do so like this."

"I am listening," but he did not look round. And then suddenly looking up at her, where she stood so close beside him, and speaking low and fiercely, "But I can say it for you. That with everything demanding silence, I might have

respected your trust and confidence in my honour, that half-kept vows are little better than broken ones——"

"Let me speak first," she interrupted gently. "Do you think if all this was in my heart, I should be standing here now? I believe so entirely in your honour," laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, "trust you so wholly, that," with a sad little smile, "I don't even believe in the devil winning the battle. You are too strong, and too brave, for me to fear that."

His hand sought and took the slight one that rested on his shoulder; she did not shrink from his touch. His unhappy eyes sought hers.

"But now you know," he said, "you must know, cannot you understand that I blame myself for not going before?"

"You stayed," she said gently, "because I was ill, and you knew I wanted you. It has been a happy time," she went on, after a moment's pause, "we must never forget that."

"You would have been happier, I fear, if we had never met."

"Never say that, never think it," she returned with sudden vehemence. "Listen," her voice suddenly falling, and bending her head, until the light curls on her forehead touched his smooth dark hair, "listen; I would rather believe you cared, even though we never meet again—it is selfish, cruel, but it helps me to bear the future."

There was a quickly stifled sob, and she was standing up, calm and quiet, once more by his side.

"It is so difficult to know what to say," she sighed, "but by-and-by, when you are a long way off," —she paused,—he was aware of her hand lightly touching his smooth bent head,—"you will remember this, that I pray that friendship may be possible; it will be taking a great deal away from me," she added, "if I have to give that up."

"How is it possible?" he questioned.

"It seems not impossible to me, perhaps because I wish for it so much. It rests with ourselves surely."

"You do not understand,"—and as he spoke, he rose, and took an impatient turn through the room, and then back to where she stood —"perhaps you cannot; everything stands between us; we can be nothing more to each other, it is impossible, impossible," in quick, determined tones, "and," his voice falling, "I love you."

At the words, the colour burnt up in her pale cheeks in a sudden flame, though her eyes did not droop; she only clasped her hands together, but her voice was low and steady—

"And to me it seems, that knowing as I know, understanding as I understand, all that divides us, there is still no reason why you should refuse your friendship. To me," the steady voice faltered a little, though the eyes did not droop, or the wave of colour fade, "to me it would mean so much."

"It is but a mere word," he said, "under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances," she amended, "it could never be only a word. It would mean all this dividing world can give."

"It would mean," as he did not reply, "that you would not drift away out of my life; that you would tell me where you were, what you were doing. Happy or unhappy, you would let the reflection fall on me. That when you came home you would come and see me, and let me feel that friendship is more than a word. Could it not mean all that?"

"Yes," he said, "if you so will it, it shall mean all that." He smiled a little sad smile as he spoke, then took her hand in his, and stooping his head pressed his lips upon it.

"It is almost good-bye," he said, and he was aware she shivered at his words, but there was no other sign of trouble. "I will go and see my things are taken down, and then I will return."

Left alone, she stepped out through the open window on to the balcony, where she had stood earlier in the evening; out there the air would be fresher, the room of a sudden had grown unbearably close and hot. The well-known landscape, the quiet street, would calm her nerves. Down below the carriage waited; yes, these were the last moments. "Courage, courage," she found herself saying once again, in answer to the trouble at her heart. "With me it rests now, only a few minutes more—and if I do not falter, I have conquered; if my courage fails, it means a barrier between us for ever, a barrier which he would regret, by-and-by, to find had been raised. As it is," with a momentary wringing of her hands, as if in pain, "he will forget. Forget to-night's passion and sorrow, and only remember we were friends, and meeting me again, the friendship will survive—and his friendship is so much to retain."

When he returned, she was waiting for him, standing much in the same position in which he had left her.

The colour had faded, she looked white and tired; it was of that expression of physical weariness he was most conscious as he approached her.

"Do sit down," he said, "you look so tired." It was not what he had meant to say, but when she shook her head—"You are afraid," he said, with quick anger in his tones; "it gives you a proud feeling of equality to stand up. I believe that is your only reason."

"You don't mean it, even while you are saying it," she answered quietly. "What is there for me to fear?"

"Forgive me," the anger dying out of his voice, "it seems to be a law that to be unhappy makes one unkind."

"It is a hard law."

Notwithstanding his words, she did not sit down—perhaps there was a shadow of truth in his suspicion.

She stood with her back to the window, looking very slight and tall in her white muslin gown, and when he came nearer, and she recognised that the last moments were assuredly at hand, she clasped her hands tightly, nervously together, but that was the only outward sign of agitation she gave.

"I am going to stay five minutes," he said, taking out his watch; "don't punish me for my words by making yourself more tired."

In silence she seated herself in the easy-chair, where so many happy hours had been passed, and when she had done so, he flung himself on his knees beside her, clasping her hand in his, resting his face against it.

"Do not be afraid,"—his voice was low and shaken; "I am not going to say anything, do anything, you need fear. This is my good-bye to my share of life's good things."

She did not answer, only lifted her other hand and caressed gently, almost as a sister might have done, the smooth dark head.

For a few minutes there was solemn, brooding silence, and then he looked up—his eyes, haggard and sorrowful, met hers—

"You are not frightened now, are you?"

"No," as she shook her head; "give me that piece of comfort to take away with me—I do not wish to forfeit your trust and confidence. If you knew me better, you would know it is not misplaced."

"I do not doubt or fear," she replied gently. Then, with a sudden thrill in her voice, "I shall look forward to your return. I shall hope to see you."

"Yes; I will come when I return—in a year—unless"—he hesitated—"you will know that should an opportunity occur of active service, I shall seize it."

For a moment there was a mist about her, the room seemed to grow dark, the figure by her side to sway, while her pulses gave a quick throb that was agony, and a sudden, veiled, terrible possibility rose up and faced her; and then the voice that had whispered "Courage" to her before was speaking for her, so it seemed, in soft, far-off tones that were as the echo of her own voice.

"You will remember, will you not, that my hope and trust is that we may meet again, and that danger to you means heartbreak to me?"

Perhaps he understood, quietly as the words were spoken, what it cost to say them, for he only kissed the hand he held in answer.

"Good-bye"—his voice was hoarse—"good-bye. I can add nothing to it. If I never see you again, you will believe, will you not, that my love was true?"

"Good-bye," she faltered. She was aware of his taking her hands in his, and kissing them again, and he was gone. Gone! and she had said nothing but that one faltering word. She rose up hastily, but as she did so, saw that he had returned, and the sight of his evident suffering calmed her, as it had done before.

Standing before her—"I have come back," he said in low tones, stooping his head so that they should surely reach her, "to ask you something;" and as she looked up wonderingly, "Will you give me one kiss?"

She hesitated a moment, only a moment, and then, "You must stoop your head," she whispered softly; and when he bent it, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him once—a kiss devoid of passion, but full of the tenderness of a sorrowing woman.

"Say, Good-bye, Rey."

"Good-bye, dear Rey," she repeated falteringly.

Then she knew his lips had touched the light waving hair on her forehead; and she was standing alone in the dull little commonplace room, listening to the noisy clatter of horses' hoofs on the stony village street.

(To be concluded in next number.)

A UNIQUE TOWN.

Fifty miles from Charing Cross there lies an English town which resembles nothing so much as some picturesque old stump in which a swarm of bees has taken up its abode, filling the quiet time-worn hollows with young and vigorous life.

It is a town which, from many points of view, holds a unique position, and which seems to live a life altogether apart from that of any sister English city. With no slavery of manufactures, no blare of furnaces, no many-storeyed mills, no ceaseless roar of wheel-traffic, this city is nevertheless more full of human souls, and its streets more brimful of life, than any hive of Lancashire industry. There are hours of each day when the tramp of human feet echoes through the streets like the tramp of armed men; yet it is neither to war nor to labour that they march: for the tramp is of tender feet, and the city is a city of children. Five thousand little ones throng its streets, where grown men show like corks on a stream, and hundreds of tenderest years dot every pathway through its length and breadth. Children are the arbiters of its progress and the directors of its social life, and to their imperious will man bows of his own free choice in obsequious loyalty. It is the simple truth, and there is no enigma in the statement.

The history of the place is stamped on its outward aspect. The peaceful High Street of quaint irregular houses, with its "Lion" and "George" and "Swan"; the broad slow-flowing river, with its stately stone bridge, its trim embankment, its seats under shady trees; the old market-square, the grey school-buildings and churches; —all this is eloquent of the past, of days when the life of a country town was self-contained and full of repose; when a man took his ease at his inn; when news travelled slowly, and men lived and moved and thought and wrote with none of our modern feverish haste; when pious founders laid beneficent plans for generations which, in distant years, should rise up and call them blessed.

And the story of to-day is no less plainly told by outward and visible signs. Outside and around the old nucleus of city-life, the survival of centuries, there stretches on every side an ever-widening fringe of modern roads and *boulevards*, broad and clean, and flanked on either side by comely houses in every design, simple and fantastic, of modern picturesqueness.

In trim gardens or on miniature lawns they stand in orderly succession, not one without at least its border of bright flowers relieving the monotony of street and architecture. Tall rows of elm and lime and chestnut border every road. The foliage is fresh and untainted by smoke, and about the well-kept avenues and terraces there reigns an atmosphere of repose such as befits a student-city. An atmosphere of health too; for in the faces of young and old, and notably in the well-developed forms of the young, may be read the truth of statistics which tell that here men and women live to a green old age, and children grow up strong and vigorous in mind and body.

We are all familiar with the peculiarly English features which characterise a town in which one or other of our great public schools

has taken root—how the school and its surroundings absorb the chief interest of the place, and give to all its associations their special colour and tone and direction.

On the other hand, it must have been often noticed that in hardly any instance are the fortunes of the quiet country town itself materially affected by connection with the school. It remains the same humdrum country town it has always been, and its fairs and markets and cattle-shows, and all its petty local concerns, are undisturbed by the close juxtaposition of one of the great nurseries of English intellectual life.

The place of which I speak is of the nature of a public-school town, and seems at first sight to hold a position analogous to the rest. But a closer acquaintance shows that there is something altogether exceptional in the circumstances under which a veritable Sleepy Hollow has been suddenly aroused from the torpor of centuries, and which have brought it to pass that within a few years the whole life of a venerable city, after flowing for ages in one unbroken current, calm and slow as that of its own river, has been merged in the development of a modern scheme of educational endowment,—owing to this a material expansion, a growing prosperity, and even a specific character for which there seems to be no exact parallel.

There is much more here than an example of conspicuous success achieved by accomplished teachers and administrators. All the elements of the case are of an unusual character, and it is in their combined influence, and in the resulting example of a new and healthy growth of English social life, that the interest of the story is to be found.

The causes which have worked so curious a transformation are immediately obvious, and are in themselves not a little remarkable. It is the history of an ancient endowment rescued from centuries of mismanagement, and at last placed under such conditions as to bring forth in unforeseen abundance the rich fruits for which it was destined by its old-world founder.

When in 1556 a successful Lord Mayor of London presented to his native town a gift of buildings erected for use by school and hospital and almshouse, and added, for the better maintenance of his charity, "13 acres of meadowland in or near the parish of St Andrew's, Holborn," the wildest dreams of the donor never pictured the rich and far-reaching nature of his deed. Unfortunately the very comprehensiveness of the founder's charity served to counteract the benevolence of his intentions. In the largeness of his heart he sought to provide not only for the "nourishing and informing of poor children," but for the "marriage of poor maidens," for the apprenticing of youths taught in his schools, for asylums for the old and infirm, and for "doles of alms" to the poor.

Of the misdirection which for hundreds of years turned this munificent stream of charity to the pauperising of the town which the donor sought to benefit, may be read in the official report which ultimately led to the revolution which forms the basis of our present theme. "The charity," says the report of the Schools Enquiry Commission of 1868, "colours and determines the whole life of many. It bribes the father to marry for the sake of his wife's small portion; it takes the child from infancy, and educates him in a set form; settles the course of his life by an apprentice fee; pauperises

him by doles; and takes away a chief object of industry by the prospect of an almshouse."

From the revelation thus made dates the beginning of a new era in the history of the town; but it was not till fifteen years ago, when the final shape was given to the reform of the great endowment—one of the richest of the kind in England—that the full force of the impulse to local prosperity was felt. The effect of the change has been by no means confined to the schools and charities concerned. While it has brought within easy reach of all comers the advantages of the highest development of the public-school system, it has served to revolutionise an important town, to give new growth and new channels to its trade, and to cause an incredibly rapid extension of its area and population—converting it, in fact, into a lodestone of attraction to one of the largest and most influential classes of the community, and moulding into harmonious working elements of society often the most incongruous, gathered from the ends of the earth.

It is when we come to regard the latest scenes of this local drama, as enacted in the by-play of daily life, that we are confronted by the novel phenomena which are the subject of the present record, and of which the explanation is not at first sight obvious.

Here is a large and growing society strangely free from the sharp social distinctions which elsewhere give to English life its characteristic stamp,—a population among whom, if poverty is not conspicuous, wealth is almost unknown, and of whom hundreds owe to the saddest bereavement their choice of domicile. In the streets of this town may be seen more of sombre draperies and of the pale faces of widows, more poor gentry whose most obvious blessings are the olive-branches round about their table, than in any city of equal size.

And when we turn to consider the business of their lives, the common attractions by which they are assembled, their social existence, their status in a money-loving nation—the irresistible conclusion is forced upon the casual observer that every element of dulness and cheerlessness must combine to render their life an anxious, pleasureless struggle.

If you would know something of the nature of that life, take your stand at almost any hour of the day at the corner of one of the main thoroughfares, and, if you can keep your footing for the crowd, take note of what passes there. As far as the eye can reach, youthful life is rampant to an extent elsewhere unknown. Flying columns of well-dressed boys are skirmishing from end to end of the thoroughfare; regiment after regiment of fresh young girls marches past with quick step and in rapid succession. Swarms of young learners of the humbler classes swell the stream, so that it is difficult to make head against it. In despair you leave the pavement for the less crowded carriage-way, but it is at the risk of your life, as bicycle and tricycle bear down upon you, driven at reckless speed and too often steered by inexperienced hands.

And if such is the panorama of the streets, the interior of the houses is but a reflection of the same. In this town it is not too much to say that every house is full of children as a cage is full of birds.

School-hours are short and broken; play-hours seem long and unending. If you call on your

friends in an afternoon, it is to find a paper-chase in full career from roof to basement, or a football match on every landing. And when at sunset the lively troops gather round the tables into knots, every inmate of every house has a share in the serious business of "preparation" for the morrow's work.

Second childhood it may be truly called, for you have come where the domination of children is absolute and complete. There are other towns where schools and school-children form a conspicuous element of the population, but here only in the known world do the children swamp and rule the entire community.

Your day must be mapped out by a time-table from which no divergence is possible on pain of suffering to them; and throughout the day you must be punctual as to the regimental bugle. The hours of meals must be regulated by their convenience, and if you would not seem a monster of selfishness, you will have to suit even your jaded appetite to the simpler and wholesomer tastes of childhood. You must be ready with answers to a never-ending cross-fire of questions, which, asked in all simplicity, are often in substance such as have tried the wisest heads from all ages. Even to formulate an answer to the simplest of these, so as to satisfy the inquirer, usually needs not only a rare sympathy, but a still rarer command of language.

You must come down from your lofty pedestal of permanent freedom from school and its restraints, and cease to thank heaven you have done with examinations, for you have got to begin them again, and that with a keener anxiety than you ever felt before; — to brush up your rusty Latin and arithmetic, and to take no credit to yourself when you have done so.

For, among other surprises, you must be prepared to be taught by your stripling sons and daughters, in the intervals of school-hours, new ways of learning better than your own, in rule and method, and sequence and pronunciation. Nay, if you would know order and repose in your own life, you must even go back to nursery rules, and learn again to put away your playthings, to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

In a word, it is you, the long-emancipated man of the world, the despotic father of a family, who are become the fag and the slave of the youngsters, who in theory obey your orders, but whose yoke is in practice laid on your unaccustomed neck. For you no less than for them is the clockwork round of duty to the sound of the school-bell, the early breakfast, the early dinner, the everlasting presence of children, the eternal babble of schools and classes.

Is not the picture one of awful warning? For the lover of pleasant places, as most men count pleasure, could dreariness farther go? Yet, strange to say, there is in all England no town of cheerier or more thriving aspect. Nowhere do the groups of young and old wear a happier or more prosperous look; nowhere are the signs of material comfort and of well-to-do life more marked or more general.

By what power of paradox, by what mysterious spell of magic has it come to pass that, under such conditions, men live a contented, even a happy life? It is not that the region can boast any special charm of soil, or climate, or scenery, any wealth of art or

architecture, any bait of exciting sport. There are men in abundance with no paid duties to perform, but in no city are there so few real idlers. It would go hard with the professional idler or sportsman who should be relegated to a place where the central and paramount interest of every house is no more exciting than the daily schoolwork of boys and girls, where the rule of the pedagogue and the discipline of class-room and playground are carried into and accepted by every household, and where the loyalty of parents is assumed even in the school regulations, fixing for all alike the hours of study and sleep and recreation.

And the whole social life of the place is in accord with the same spirit. Here the "rivalry of wasteful luxury" is an unknown cry, neither is there any sign of pinching poverty. It is no pauper-town of which I write, nor is there any shame of narrow means. It is not in crowded *salons* or heated assemblies that men take their pleasure. In this republic of babes, it is in the garden and the playground, in country rambles, at the evening tea-table, and on the reaches of the river, that friends and acquaintances meet and enjoy a health-giving life, without show, without restraint, without weariness.

One might indeed imagine an intelligible charm for some *blasé* spirit, weary of the vain pursuit of the phantoms of pleasure and fame, in a retreat where no man is *blasé*, and where the popular life is before all things "purposeful."

But the truth is that, beyond and beneath all surface attractions, this city keeps a secret which is known only to a chosen few. A potent secret it is, for it has power to rob the poor man's cares of their sting, to fill the idler's life with absorbing interest, and even to cause the widow to take heart in her loneliness. In its fulness it is revealed only to those who, with something of the child-spirit in themselves, have come to be loyal to the child-*régime*, to sit at the feet of children, learning while they seem to teach, whose reward is found in watching and guiding day by day the unfolding of form and faculty and character in the freshest fruit of the foremost race by which the earth is peopled, and to whom for material estate has been assigned that station midway between poverty and riches which, from all time, has been counted the happiest human lot.

It is a new and not unenviable fame which has in these latter days overtaken the quiet city by the willowy Ouse, where the only public monuments are of the most unobtrusive of English worthies—of Bunyan, the humble author of happy hours and wholesome lessons for countless generations; and of Harpur, the generous benefactor of thousands of unborn poor.

P. Hordern.

IN THE EVENING.

THE night is come with all her silver train,
The moonlight steeps the sea;
The hour is come that I can rest again,
And dream of thee.

The air is still, the western sky is gold,
And far on lawn and lea
The shadows bring the happy thought of old,
And dreams of thee.

The sweetest hour of summer day is ending;
The song of bird and bee
To the still time their influence is lending,
And sing of thee.

The rest serene on earth and heaven bringeth
No rest to me;
No song to me the lonely night bird singeth,
Weary for thee.

Thy shadow haunts the balmy summer even,
By land and sea;
Between me and the happy moonlit heaven
Rise thoughts of thee.

I stand beneath the stars, whose quiet shining
But brings to me
The thought of olden times, the weary pining
For thee, for thee.

The lime-tree's breath comes wafted from the river,—
The same old tree
Where, in the happy years gone by for ever,
I stood with thee.

O God! to see the calm familiar faces
Of sky and sea;
To see all things unchanged in the old places,
But only thee.

To feel the longing wild, the yearning weary,
Thy face to see;
To feel earth's brightest scenes grow pale and dreary,
For want of thee;

And know that while the stars shine on in heaven,
No sun shall bring to me
Thy presence. Only as it came this even,
In dreams of thee.

C. M. O'N.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE TREASURE-HUNT.

MANY magazine readers will remember an article in a contemporary just a year ago, entitled, 'The New Treasure-Hunt.' The hunt is over for the nonce, and one of the hunters proposes to tell the tale.

Great secrecy was thought necessary as to the object of our enterprise, and it is my first duty to mention that the writer of the above-named article, and, through him, his readers, were completely deceived. It was no pirates' horde, collected from East Indiamen, that we were after, but a far more serious treasure, that of the Cathedral of Lima. Is there any one so ignorant as not to know all about Lima? I fear most of us gentlemen-adventurers had much to learn: this is what we were told. Peru was the wealthiest of the Spanish possessions in South America, and also the last to revolt. In the early part of 1821, when the revolution was imminent, many wealthy Spaniards fled for Europe, taking with them such of their possessions as they could get on board ship: this was too good an opportunity to be missed, and several enterprising persons (it is cruel to call them pirates, seeing that they mostly sailed under the Chilian flag) became uncommonly wealthy about this period, treasure-hunting being more profitable then than at the present day. Now the Cathedral of Lima was one of the wealthiest in the world: its riches, like those of Milan, the capital of opulent Lombardy, were to be reckoned in millions, and as there was little doubt but that the Republic would secularise Church property, the authorities determined to save as much as possible; so the more portable portions, the jewelled chalices, monstrances, and vestments, and the solid gold candlesticks, shrines, &c., were smuggled on board a vessel which was sailing for Spain. Shortly afterwards, as was so frequently the case, the treasure changed hands, and the new owners were too pleased with their booty, which they estimated at over a million sterling, to give it up to the Chilian Government. They got round the dreaded Cape Horn in safety; but off the mouth of the Plate fell in with a *pampero* (the south-west gale for which these seas are famous), and had to beach their vessel in a sandy bay on the south-east shore of the islet Trinidada (lat. 20° 29′ S., long. 29° 32′ W.) A convenient ravine received the valuables, and they signalled the first ship which passed. To their disgust it proved to be a Spaniard, which took them to Cuba, and there hanged them, one alone, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, being spared (as is usual in all pirate stories) to tell the tale, and, many years afterwards, exhibit his faded chart of the island.

This personage, since dead, reappears in the story, after an interval of some fifty years, as mate on board a sailing-ship trading in the China seas. He was a Finn, well conducted and trustworthy, but illiterate, and getting too old for his work. One day, in a moment of confidence, he told his skipper, with whom he had sailed for several years, this tale of untold wealth only waiting to be fetched away; but the skipper, a practical man, made very little of it. Ten years more elapse: on

his deathbed the aged sailor sends for his old captain, again he repeats the story, and hands over the plans of the island, which he had made when he escaped hanging at Cuba. Captain X. seems still to have doubted; but he arranged with a shipping firm that his son should go out in a sailing-vessel which would pass Trinidada, and that it should lie off the island for a couple of days, while young X. went on shore and explored. X. had to swim through the surf (we ourselves found this to be frequently the only means of landing), and on his return on board reported he had found all the marks exactly as described by his father; but that the spot where the treasure had been buried was covered with a landslip of rocks and red earth, which it would take both time and labour to remove. This was in 1884. The following autumn a second expedition left England—in this the X.'s had no share. A gentleman (whom I will call Y.) connected with the shipping firm alluded to above, thought he knew sufficient of the secret to manage without them: he took out some English navvies, and arranged that the vessel should wait for him a fortnight. He did not meet with any success: for some days he was unable to land; when he did land, he upset his boat, and lost two men and most of his stores. (We used to do this too, though fortunately we never lost any men.) The overhead sun, and the land-crabs, with which this island swarms, made these adventurers so uncomfortable that on the second day they mutinied, and refused to do any more work. Y. having returned to England, fell in with Mr Knight's delightful book, 'The Cruise of the Falcon,' which described a visit to Trinidada, and thinking he was a likely man to organise a new expedition, imparted to him so much of the secret as he knew, Captain X. again refusing to have anything to do with it.

This, then, is the story, on the strength of which we sailed last August from Southampton; but I think it is only fair to add that the rank and file of the expedition did not hear all the details, or the somewhat underhand manner in which the information had been obtained, until Trinidada had been reached.

A definite agreement was drawn up, by which Mr Knight bound himself to find vessel, tools, and stores for the voyage out and home, and six months on shore, should the work take so long, while each of the amateur crew, except the doctor, agreed to subscribe £100, and work under Mr Knight's directions, both on board and on shore, and was to receive one-twentieth of the treasure in the event of success. Four paid hands were taken "forrard," and as we totalled nine "aft," and also finally sailed on a Friday, we certainly deserve the sympathy of all Thirteen Clubs in our subsequent failures.

After some difficulty a suitable boat had been found, a twenty-five-year-old racing cutter, of 33 tons (56 yacht measurement). In her first youth, she had been to Australia and back, and her hull was still as sound as ever. Being of old-fashioned shape, she had little or no counter, a great advantage in deep-sea sailing: in fact, she was exactly the craft we wanted, except in one respect — she was miserably slow for a yacht; we had had her altered from a cutter into a yawl, and the cut-down mainsail fitted abominably, while the jib-headed mizzen was too small to hold any wind. Yachting men

will wonder how the nine of us aft were accommodated with bunks: it was managed, however, without trespassing on the saloon sofas. The saloon itself was crammed with all manner of things, chief among them being five casks of 30 overproof rum, two condenser tanks full of water, and another holding ninety gallons under the table, a "quick-firing" gun with its case of ammunition, also a medium-sized forge, &c.; while the ceiling was decorated with nine camp-bedsteads, nine repeating rifles, and a large collection of charts. The four paid hands in the fo'c'sle had ample room, and were somewhat envied.

We had capital weather all through the voyage, which was uneventful; so I merely give a list of dates and approximate point to point distances:—

Date.	Leave.	Date.	Arrive.	Distance. Nautical miles.
Aug. 30,	Cowes, . .	Sept. 13,	Salvages Islands, . . .	1,900
Sept. 17,	Salvages, .	Sept. 18,	Santa Cruz (Teneriffe), . .	130
Sept. 25,	Santa Cruz, .	Oct. 2,	St Vincent (Cape Verde Islands),	850
Oct. 9,	St Vincent, .	Nov. 2,	Bahia, ...	2,000
Nov. 14,	Bahia, . .	Nov. 20,	Trinidada, ...	700
Feb. 15,	Trinidada, .	March 9,	Trinidad (West Indies), . .	2,800
	Add Trinidada to Bahia and back (twice), ...			2,100
			Total,	10,480

The first land we sighted after leaving England was the Great Salvage island, some 150 miles south of Madeira. It is the largest and highest of the little-known Salvage group, the two others being named Great and Little Piton. This too is the scene of a treasure-story, and as it was on our way, and we had plenty of time to explore, we had determined to see what we could make of it, if only, as one of us remarked, to get our hands in for Trinidada. The legend runs as follows:—

In 1804 a treasure-ship was bound to Cadiz from South America with two million dollars in silver on board: the crew mutinied, and killed their captain. At the same time they sighted some small desert islands, lying, as they supposed, some 200 miles south of Madeira. Running their vessel into a snug little bay on the south side of the middle island, which was high, flat, and green at the top, they landed the treasure and buried it in the white sand just above high-water mark. They then placed the captain's body in the mouth of the hole, in order that, if the traces were discovered, it might be supposed to be merely a grave. Soon afterwards they were shipwrecked off the Spanish coast. A dying survivor told the secret to his comrade in hospital, an English sailor, called Christian Cruse, through whom it reached the English Admiralty, who in 1813 sent Rear-Admiral Hercules Robinson, in H.M.S. Prometheus, to visit the Salvages, which were undoubtedly the islands referred to. He landed and dug on the Great Salvage without any success, and reported that the centre island, the Great Piton, was quite inaccessible.

Now we had provided ourselves with the Admiralty chart of these rocks; and having observed that the Prometheus only went to the north island, and did not visit the middle island, expressly mentioned by Cruse, we had decided to explore the Great Piton thoroughly.

As we coasted round the Great Salvage in order to anchor on the lee side, to our amazement we saw a rakish-looking schooner brought up in the only cove that the island possesses. It had just landed a dozen Portuguese fishermen, who for the winter months of the year desert their wives and homes in Madeira for this barren pile of rocks. They looked, however, far more like smugglers, as we watched them dragging heavy casks up a steep path to the cave in which they dwelt. On landing and making friends, we found one of these barrels did contain *aguardiente*, and another a capital dry Madeira; but the others were merely full of salt for their fish. In the evening their vessel sailed away, amid heart-rending *adios*, not to return till spring. The next morning five of our party sailed in the yacht's whale-boat to try and effect a landing on the centre island; the rest had a run ashore on the Great Salvage, whence they returned laden with rabbits and fish. After dinner the yacht followed the other party, who had landed on this "quite inaccessible" island without much difficulty, and who indicated a bay in which to anchor the yacht. This was a "snug little bay" with a vengeance, sown with reefs, and no small swell running. The shore party were very pleased with themselves; they had found what they thought a likely place for the treasure, and also considerable quantities of a black mineral, supposed to be antimony. (Months afterwards we heard from England that it was hornblende, of no commercial value.)

The Great Piton does not at all agree with the description "high, flat, and green at the top": on the contrary, it is very low, and green all over, except the one high, black, rocky crag from which it derives its name. It was obvious now why Admiral Robinson had chosen the Great Salvage, for it does fulfil the conditions; still there was no doubt but that ours was the centre island, and we landed our tents and tools, and started work in what were pronounced the most likely places. We did not experiment in either of the two sandy bays, for the master-mind of the expedition had decided that no white sand could remain so for eighty years; and for somewhat similar reasons we did not dig on the beach, but a little way inshore. This island has no water, and is consequently uninhabited, although the fishermen from the Great Salvage apparently come over for a few days in calm weather, for we found several of their belongings, including numerous volatile insects, who stayed with us afterwards till the end of the cruise. On the third afternoon we decamped, and with a fair wind for the 130 miles to Teneriffe, were at anchor in Santa Cruz harbour by 2 P.M. the next day. This is a most delightful spot, and those of us who went up into the interior of the island were amply repaid for their trouble. Every one has heard of the 14,000 feet high peak, but comparatively few English know the ancient city of Laguna, once the capital of the Canaries, with its quaint cathedral and glorious forest of Mercedes. Why do so many invalids choose Portuguese Madeira, in preference to the equally salubrious and far more picturesque Spanish Canary Islands?

St Vincent, our next port of call, is a bare rocky island: though it is Portuguese, the English are the dominant residents, officials of the great coaling firms, and the Anglo-Brazilian Telegraph Company. The hospitality we experienced from these gentlemen will

always be gratefully remembered. Then came our longest spin, across the Atlantic, the Doldrums, and the Line. Skirting the convict-island of Fernando Noronha, we made the Brazilian coast close to Pernambuco, and coasted down to Bahia, the second city of Brazil, and formerly the capital. Here, too, our compatriots did everything in their power to make our stay agreeable, and here, to my great regret, our first and second mates decided to abandon the enterprise, owing to the lax discipline which prevailed on board, and although we were only a few days' sail from our destination. Two other amateurs had already left, and we were now ten all told, five being paid hands; our worthy bos'n had resigned at Santa Cruz, and in his place we had two West Indian blacks, strong, plucky fellows, and always cheerful at their work, a great contrast to their white brethren.

At daybreak, on Nov. 20, our seventh day out from Bahia, we sighted Trinidada right ahead, its great height making it clearly visible sixty miles away: the same afternoon we were at anchor in 20 fathoms, under the lee side of the island, which is here over 2000 feet high, and very precipitous; Treasure Bay, as we called it, being about three miles distant round a point. Opposite our anchorage is a kind of natural pier of coral-rocks, running out beyond where the surf breaks: it is consequently easy to land there, even when it is impossible in any other part of the island; for though Trinidada is six miles long and three wide, the Atlantic swell breaks as heavily on the lee side as it does on the windward. Mr Knight, who had crossed the island from this spot on his previous visit, volunteered to do so now, in order to inspect Treasure Bay, and find the best landing-place in it; so the morning after our arrival he and another were put ashore, and left to perform their arduous and even dangerous climb. The second morning after, when we were getting anxious about them, we dragged our anchor, and had a very narrow squeak of being wrecked: before we could get any sail to draw, we had drifted down on a rocky bluff, on which the surf was dashing to a most unpleasant height. By marvellous luck we shaved it by some forty yards, the spray falling on our decks; then the foresail filled, and we breathed again. This was the only really anxious moment of the whole voyage. Our explorers had now returned, and were much exercised to see the yacht under way: they set the tussock-grass on fire to call our attention, and we returned, and got them on board, anchoring now about a mile from the shore in 20 fathoms of water. Several days then elapsed before we could get our effects landed, and we began work on Dec. 1. Rising at dawn, we laboured from 5.30 till 9, and again in the afternoon from 4 to 6.30: after work a bathe, a splendid swim in the surf, regardless of the sharks and barracoutas; after the bathes our two chief meals. During the hot part of the day—and it was so hot that even our blacks could not walk on the sand with their naked feet—we either lay in our tents, or went fishing. Sundays and Wednesday afternoons were holidays, and on those days the more energetic of us rambled about the island. Its rugged picturesqueness, the millions of sea-birds of every species, which make each ravine like a vast artificial aviary, the fishes of brilliant hue which swarm in the rocky pools, the variety of wreck-

age of all ages which covers the windward shores, and no doubt, too, the knowledge that it is so seldom visited owing to its evil reputation, give this island a charm possibly possessed by no other. At night we used to watch for turtle, which abound here, just as they do at the kindred island of Ascension; and as they weigh from 400 to 800 lb., the turning of them was attended with considerable excitement. Fish-catching was but poor sport, they were so numerous and tame, except when a shark took the bait, and sometimes hook and line as well. We had no shooting, except at bottles stuck in the sand; for the birds could be caught with the hand or a string-lasso, and the only mammal is the common mouse.

The ravine in which we dug averaged about ten yards across, and was sufficiently deep to shade us from the sun's rays both in the morning and evening. There is no actual landslip, in the common acceptation of the word; but the ravine is choked with large boulders which have fallen at various times from the precipices above: these are packed together with red earth, which has also silted down from above, or which has been washed down the ravine by heavy rains. We were there in the drier season, and on two occasions only during our three months' stay was the ravine flooded. Work with pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow alternated with the more familiar hauling on the rope of a watch-tackle. Owing to the steepness of the ravine, we succeeded in thus rolling down quite large rocks with comparative ease. We had also plenty of powder, but, alas! none of us knew how to use it, and the results of our experiments with it were amusingly unsuccessful. The depth to which we went varied with the locality from eight feet to even twenty feet, wherever it seemed possible that a cave might have existed. We found one especially large boulder, under which the soil had subsided, making a distinct hollow, and for a time hopes ran high. At night a calculation was made as to how much one's share (increased now to one-eighth, owing to our diminished numbers) would come; £6000 a-year was, I remember, the lowest estimate.

Mr Knight and myself took it by turns to take charge of the yacht, with a crew of two men: this was necessary, for had a *pampero* occurred, it would have been advisable to slip anchor, and ride it out in the open sea. He took the first fortnight, and I the second; and I think I liked the life on board better than on shore. The yacht's deck was a grateful shelter from the mid-day heat. Owing to the constant breeze, the temperature in the cabin was never higher than 85°. On the calmer days, one could take the dinghy, and, landing at the pier, fetch off wood and water, also stones for ballast to supply the place of the tools and stores which had gone on shore. For this I had a black man and an Englishman; and it was humiliating to note the inferiority of the white, although the work was done in the cool of the day. On one occasion he had been unusually mutinous, and while doubting what to do with him, I observed the whaleboat rounding the point. Mr Knight was bringing off another white hand, who had mutinied on shore; so we exchanged prisoners to our mutual content.

We were now in imminent peril of the rum giving out, so on December 30, Mr Knight and myself, with the three whites,

started back to Bahia to fetch more stores, chiefly oatmeal and spirits, also fresh fruit. We calculated we might take three weeks, so we gave the shore party a full boat-load of provisions (which they promptly lost in the surf when landing at the bay), and bade them farewell. One of our precious crew refused to help to get up the anchor; and as we had out sixty fathoms of chain, and the windlass was old-fashioned and worn out, it took us about an hour and a half. Then we had a quick, pleasant run to Bahia. As we sailed up the famous bay, we were puzzled to see everywhere a sort of imitation American flag, consisting of four red and white stripes, with a blue corner containing a white triangle. Knight suggested it was a compliment to a Yankee frigate which we saw in the harbour; but as it was hung out from the Fort do Mar and the guardship, I had my doubts. It turned out to be the colours adopted by the Republican State of Bahia. The revolution had occurred the very day we had sailed, and was now almost forgotten. The most exciting episode which occurred at Bahia in connection with the revolution has not, I believe, been yet narrated in England. The military, who, as will be remembered, "ran" the business, were not sure that the navy, as represented by the guardship, would join in; so on the famous November 14 they loaded the venerable guns in their fort with round-shot, and prepared for the worst. The navy, however, like every one else, took things as they came. Now Bahia de Todos os Santos is famous for its piety, and on Christmas-day the Host is carried in procession through the chief streets. As it passed Fort do Mar the customary salute was fired, and a poor old Norwegian barque, which was entering the harbour, was drilled between wind and water.

Going back to Trinidada we encountered nasty weather, head-winds, and constant rain-squalls. After a week of this, when we were little more than half-way, one of the hands again mutinied, making it his third time. He had been remonstrated with for coming on watch twenty minutes late. It occurred at midnight, and after a short rough-and-tumble, the other men remaining neutral, he was tied up, and we ran back again to Bahia, and discharged him. We had now only two hands, one of whom had also mutinied, but no others were to be obtained. As soon as we were outside the bay again, the better of these two managed to scald himself so severely on both hands that he was quite useless for the whole passage. As it was blowing hard, we took two reefs down in the mainsail, and so they remained for a fortnight; for when we reached Trinidada, having been away just a month, it was a whole week before the surf would admit of the shore party launching their boat. During this time we did not anchor, but remained hove-to.

When the boat came off, they told us they had been living on the young sea-birds, which were rather tasty than nice. An English gunboat, H.M.S. Bramble, had passed the island, and seeing the tents had paid them a visit, and had given a very welcome supply of biscuit, in exchange for a turtle. The work had been going on steadily, and was almost finished, the whole of the corner of the ravine, where Y. had supposed the treasure to be, had been dug away, and several other likely spots had been tried. Then some ten days more were spent in finishing the work and

fetching away tools and stores, after which we sailed for the West Indies, where the expedition broke up.

We were thus at Trinidada about three months, and I don't think any of us will entirely regret them. It is, to say the least of it, a novel experience to a jaded Londoner to be encamped on a surf-bound desert island under a tropical sun, to exchange his walking-stick for a pick and shovel, and to get up, instead of going to bed, with the dawn. It was, in fact, just the complete change that doctors are so fond of advising.

The island has much to recommend it: there are no snakes, and none of the usual tropical insects, no mosquitoes, centipedes, scorpions, or venomous spiders. The land-crabs were a little too friendly at first; but they soon got to know their place. They are of a bright yellow colour, the largest being perhaps four inches across the back; very soft-shelled, and so easily killed; not a single nip was received by any one of us during our whole stay; and they were most useful to us as scavengers. A limited company, to be called the Trinidada Turtle Importing and Canning Company, might pay a dividend, and it would probably be worth while to collect the phosphate deposited by the birds; and then, thrown in, as the dealers say, is the treasure of the Cathedral of Lima, valued at over a million sterling, only waiting to be fetched away.

We used to wonder, supposing we got the treasure, how many nations would claim it: England, who hoisted its flag at Trinidada as early as 1700; Portugal, for the Portuguese of Brazil had a settlement there about 1750; Brazil, since the island is off the Brazilian coast; Spain, to whom the treasure belonged; Peru, from whose cathedral it was taken; and of course the Roman Church.

We also discussed how we should get it into England, so as to avoid the Customs. Mr Goschen little thought the other day, when he took the duty off gold and silver plate, that we had contemplated a return to England, with the largest cargo of these commodities that has ever entered a British port.

Since returning to England, I have been told that the Salvages Islands are rented by a Portuguese gentleman, residing at Madeira, and that we were consequently trespassing on his private property.

WILFRED POLLOCK.

DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR.—II.

BY AXEL MUNTHE.

ITALY IN PARIS.

"Chacun ne doit raconter que ce qu'il a vu lui-même: de cette façon le monde connaîtra la verité."

At one time I had many patients in the Roussel Yard. Ten or twelve families lived there, but none were so badly off, I believe, as the Salvatore family. At Salvatore's it was so dark that they were obliged to burn a little oil-lamp the whole day, and there was no fireplace except a charcoal pan which stood in the middle of the floor. Damp as a cellar it was at all times; but when it rained the water penetrated into the room, which lay a couple of feet lower than the ground.

And nevertheless one could see in everything a kind of pathetic struggle against the gloomy impression which the dwelling itself made. Old illustrated papers were pasted up round the walls, the bed was neat and clean, and behind an old curtain in one corner, the family's little wardrobe was hung up in the neatest order. Salvatore himself with skilful hand had made the little girls' bed out of an old box, and in the day one could sit upon it as if it were a sofa. The corner shelf, where the Madonna stood, was adorned with bright-coloured paper flowers, and there, too, the small treasures of the family lay spread out: the gilt brooch which Salvatore had presented to his wife when they were married; the string of corals which her brother had brought from the coral fishery in "Barbaria" (Algeria); the two splendid cups, out of which coffee was drunk on solemn occasions; and there, too, stood the wonderful porcelain dog, which Concetta had once received from a grand lady, and which was only taken down on Sundays to be admired more closely.

I did not understand how the mother managed it; but the little girls were always neat and tidy in their outgrown clothes, and their faces shone, so cleanly washed and polished were they. The eldest child, Concetta, had been at the free school for more than half a year; and it was the mother's pride to make her read aloud to me out of her book. She herself had never learned to read, and although I allowed myself to be told that Salvatore read very well, neither he nor I had ever ventured to put his powers to the proof. Now, since Petruccio could hardly ever get out of bed, Concetta had been obliged to give up going to school, so that she might stay at home with her sick brother whilst "la mamma" was at her work away in the eating-house. This place must not be given up, as not only did she get ten sous a-day for washing dishes, but sometimes she could bring home scraps under her apron, which no one else could turn to account, but out of which she managed to make a capital soup for Petruccio.

Salvatore himself worked the whole day away in La Villette. He was obliged to be at the stone-mason's yard at six o'clock every morning, and it was much too far to go home during the mid-day

rest. Sometimes it happened that I was there when he came home in the evening after his day's work, and then he looked very proudly at me when Petruccio stretched out his arms towards him. He took his little son up so carefully with his big hard hands, lifted him on his broad shoulders, and tenderly leaned his sunburnt cheek against the sick little one's waxen face. Petruccio sat quite quiet and silent on his father's arm; sometimes he laid hold of his father's matted beard with his thin fingers, and then Salvatore looked very happy. "Vedete, Signor dottore," he then would say, "n'è vero che sta meglior stasera?"[1] He received his week's wages every Saturday, and then he always came home triumphantly with a little toy for his son, and both father and mother knelt down beside the bed to see how Petruccio liked it. Petruccio, alas! liked scarcely anything. He took the toy in his hand, but that was all. Petruccio's face was old and withered, and his solemn weary eyes were not the eyes of a child. I had never known him cry or complain, but neither had I seen him smile except once when he was given a great hairy horse—a horse which stretched out its tongue when one moved it up or down. But it was not every day that a horse like that could be got.

Petruccio was four years old, but he could not speak. He would lie hour after hour quite quiet and silent, but he did not sleep: his great eyes stood wide open, and it seemed as if he saw something far beyond the narrow walls of the room—"Sta sempre in pensiero,"[2] said Salvatore.

Petruccio was supposed to understand everything which was said around him, and nothing of importance was undertaken in the little family without first trying to discover Petruccio's opinion of the affair; and if any one believed that they could read disapproval in the features of the soulless little one, the whole question fell to the ground at once, and it was afterwards found that Petruccio had almost always been right.

On Sundays Salvatore sat at home, and there were usually some other holiday-dressed workmen visiting him, and in low-toned voices they sat and argued about wages, about news from "il paese," and sometimes Salvatore treated them to a litre of wine, and they played a game, "alla scopa." Sometimes it was supposed that Petruccio had expressed a wish to look on, and then his little bed was moved to the bench where they sat; and sometimes Petruccio wished to be alone, and then Salvatore and his guests moved out into the passage. I had, however, remarked that Petruccio's wish to be alone, and the consequent removal of the society to the passage, usually happened when the wife was away: if she were at home, she saw plainly that Petruccio wished his father to stay indoors, and not go out with the others. And Petruccio was right enough there, too. Salvatore was not very difficult to persuade if one of the guests wished to treat him in his turn. Once out in the passage, it happened often enough that he went off to the wine-shop too. And once there, it was not so easy for Salvatore to get away again.

What was still more difficult

[1] Is it not true that he is better to-night?

[2] He lies always buried in thought.

was the coming home again. His wife forgave him, certainly,—she had done it so many times before; but Salvatore knew that Petruccio was inexorable, and the thicker the mists of intoxication fell over him, the more crushed did he feel himself under Petruccio's reproachful look. No dissimulation helped here. Petruccio saw through it at once. Petruccio could even see how much he had drunk, as Salvatore himself confided to me one Sunday evening when I came upon him sitting out in the passage, in the deepest repentance. Salvatore was, alas! obviously uncertain in his speech that evening, and it did not need Petruccio's sagacity to see that he had drunk more than usual. I asked him if he would not go in, but he wished to remain outside to get "un poco d'aria"; he was, however, very anxious to know if Petruccio were awake or not, and I promised to come out and tell him. I also thought it was best he should sit out there till his head should clear itself a little bit, though not so much for Petruccio's sake as to spare his wife; and for that matter this was not the first time I had been Salvatore's confidant in the like difficult situation. They who see the lives of the poor near at hand, cannot be very severe upon a working man, who, after he has toiled twelve hours a-day the whole week, sometimes gets a little wine into his head. It is a melancholy fact, but we must judge it leniently; for we must not forget that here, at least, society has hardly offered the poorer classes any other distraction.

I therefore advised my friend Salvatore to sit outside till I came back, and I went in alone. Inside sat the wife, with her child of sorrow in her arms; and the even breathing of the little girls could be heard from the box. Petruccio was supposed to know me very well, and even to be fond of me—although he had never shown it in any way, nor, as far as I knew, had any sort of feeling ever been mirrored in his face. The mother's eye, so clear-sighted in everything, nevertheless did not see that there was no soul in the child's vacant look; the mother's ear, so sensible to each breath of the little one, yet did not hear that the confused sounds which sometimes came from his lips would never form themselves into human speech. Petruccio had been ill from his birth; his body was shrunken; and no thought lived under the child's wrinkled forehead. Unhappily I could do nothing for him: all I could hope for was that the ill-favoured little one should soon die. And it looked as if his release was near. That Petruccio had been worse for some time, both the mother and I had understood; and this evening he was so feeble that he was not able to hold his head up. Petruccio had refused all food since yesterday, and Salvatore's wife, when I came in, was just trying to persuade him, with all the sweet words which only a mother knows, to swallow a little milk; but he would not. In vain the mother put the spoon to his mouth, and said that it was wonderfully good,—in vain did she appeal to my presence. "Per fare piacere al Signor dottore," Petruccio would not. His forehead was puckered, and his eyes had a look of painful anxiety, but no complaint came from his tightly compressed lips.

Suddenly the mother gave a scream. Petruccio's face was distorted with cramp, and a strong convulsion shook his whole little body. The attack was soon over; and whilst Petruccio was being

laid in his bed, I tried to calm the mother as well as I could by telling her that children often had convulsions which were of very little importance, and that there was no further danger from this one now.

I looked up and I saw Salvatore, who stood leaning against the door-post. He had taken courage, and had staggered to the door, and, unseen by us, he had witnessed that sight so terrifying to unaccustomed eyes. He was pale as a corpse, and great tears ran down the cheeks which had been so lately flushed with drink. "Castigo di Dio! Castigo di Dio!"[1] muttered he with trembling voice; and he fell on his knees by the door, as if he dared not approach the feeble cripple, who seemed to him like God's mighty avenger.

The unconscious little son had once more shown his father the right way: Salvatore went no more to the wine-shop.

Petruccio grew worse and worse, and the mother no longer left his side. And it was scarcely a month after she lost her place that Salvatore's accident happened: he fell from a scaffolding and broke his leg. He was taken to the Lariboisière Hospital; and the company for whom he worked paid fifty centimes a-day to his family, which they were not obliged to do,—so that Salvatore's wife had to be very grateful for it. Every Thursday—the visiting-day at the hospital—she was with him for an hour; and I, too, saw him now and then. The days went on, and with Petruccio's mother want increased more and more. The porcelain dog stood alone now on the Madonna's shelf; and it was not long before the holiday clothes went the same way as the treasures—to the pawn-shop. Petruccio needed *bouillon* and milk every day, and he had them. The little girls, too, had enough, I believe, to satisfy them more or less; but what the mother herself lived upon I do not know.

I had already tried many times to take Petruccio to the children's hospital, where he would have been much better off, but as usual all my powers of eloquence could not achieve this: the poor, as is well known, will hardly ever be separated from their sick children. The lower middle class and the town artisans have learnt to understand the value of the hospital, but the really poor mother, whose culture is very low, will not leave the side of her sick child: the exceptions to this rule are extremely rare.

And so came the 15th, the dreaded day when the quarter's rent must be paid, when the working man drags his mattress to the pawn-shop, and the wife draws off her ring, which in her class means much more than in ours; the day full of terror, when numberless suppliants stand with lowered heads before their landlord, and when hundreds of families do not know where they will sleep the next night.

I happened to pass by there on that very evening, and at the door stood Salvatore's little girl crying all to herself. I asked her why she cried, but that she did not know; at last, however, I learned that she cried because "la mamma piange tanto."[2] Inside the yard I ran against my friend Archangelo Fusco, the street-sweeper, who lived next door to the Salvatores. He was occupied in dragging his bed out into the yard, and I did not

[1] The punishment of God.

[2] Mamma cries so.

need to wait for his explanation to understand that he had been turned out.[1] I asked him where he was going to move to, and he hoped to sleep that night at the Refuge in the Rue Tocqueville, and afterwards he must find out some other place. Inside sat Salvatore's wife, crying by Petruccio's bed, and on the table stood a bundle containing the clothes of the family. The Salvatore family had not been able to pay their rent, and the Salvatore family had been turned out. The landlord had been there that afternoon, and had said that the room was let from the morning of the next day. I asked her where she thought of going, and she said she did not know.

I had often heard the dreaded landlord talked of: the year before I had witnessed the same sorrowful scene, when he had turned out into the street a couple of unhappy families and laid hands upon the little they possessed. I had never seen him personally, but I judged it would be useful, in my study of human nature, to make his acquaintance. Archangelo Fusco offered to take me to him, and we set forth slowly. On the way my companion informed me that the landlord was "molto ricco"; besides the whole court he owned a large house in the vicinity, and this did not surprise me in the least, because I had long known that he secretly carried on that most lucrative of all professions—money-lending to the poor. Archangelo Fusco considered that he, on his side, had nothing to gain by a meeting with the landlord, and after he had told me that, besides the rent, he also owed him ten francs, we agreed that he should only accompany me to the entrance.

A badly dressed old man, with a bloated disagreeable face, opened the door carefully, and after he had looked me over, admitted me into the room. I mentioned my errand, and asked him to allow Salvatore to settle his rent in a few days' time. I told him that Salvatore himself lay in the hospital, that the child was dying, and that his severity towards these poor people was inhuman cruelty. He asked who I was, and I answered that I was a friend of the family. He looked at me, and with an ugly laugh he said that I could best show that by at once paying their rent. I felt the blood rushing to my head. I hope and believe it was only with anger, for one never ought to blush because one is not rich. I listened for a couple of minutes, whilst he abused my poor destitute Italians with the coarsest words: he said that they were a dirty thieving pack, who did not deserve to be treated like human beings; that Salvatore drank up his wages; that the street-sweeper had stolen ten francs from him; and that they all of them well deserved the misery in which they lived.

I asked if he needed this money just now, and from his answer I understood that here no prayers would avail. He was rich; he owned over 50,000 francs in money, he said, and he had begun with nothing of his own. It is a sad psychological fact I here point to: the rich man who was formerly poor is usually cruel towards the poor; one would hope and believe the contrary, but this is unhappily the case.

My intention when I went there was to endeavour with diplomatic cunning to effect a kind of arrangement, but, alas! I was not the

[1] The landlord can take everything in such cases, except the bed and the clothes.

man for that. I lost my temper at once, and soon fell into a complete rage. At first he answered me scornfully, and with coarse insults; but the hotter I grew the more silent he became: finally I believe I talked alone for a whole hour. It would serve no purpose to relate what I said to him; there are occasions when one may be allowed to show one's anger in action, but it is always stupid to show it in words. I said to him, however, that this money which had been squeezed out of the poor was the wages of sin; that his debt to all these poor human beings was far greater than theirs to him. I pointed to the crucifix which hung against the wall, and I said that if any divine justice was to be found on this earth, vengeance could not fail to reach him, and that no prayers could buy his deliverance from the punishment which awaited him, for his whole life was stained with the greatest crime that exists—namely, cruelty towards the poor. "And take care, old blood-sucker!" I called out at last with threatening voice; "you owe your money to the poor, but you owe yourself to the devil, and the hour is not far distant when he will demand his own again!" I checked myself, startled, for the man sank down in his chair as if touched by an unseen hand, and, pale as death, he stared at me with a horror which I felt communicated itself to me. The curse I had just called down rang still in my ears with a strange uncanny sound, which I did not recognise; and it seemed to me as if there were some one else in the room besides us two.

I was so agitated that I have no recollection of how I came away. When I got home it was already late, but I did not sleep a wink all night; and even to this day I think with wonder of the waking dream which that night filled me with an inconceivable horror. I dreamed that I had condemned a man to death.

When I got there in the forenoon the blow had already fallen upon me. I *knew* what had happened, although no human being had told me. All the inhabitants of the yard were assembled before the door in eager talk. "Sapete, Signor dottore?"[1] they called out as soon as they saw me.

"Yes; I know," answered I, and hurried to Salvatore's. I bent down over Petruccio, and pretended to examine his chest; but breathless I listened to every word that the wife said to me.

The landlord had come down there late yesterday evening, she said. The little girl had run away and hidden herself when he came into the room; but Concetta had remained behind her mother's chair, and when he asked why they were so afraid of him, Concetta had answered because he was so cruel to mamma. He had sat there upon the bench a long time without saying a word, but he did not look angry, Salvatore's wife thought. At last he said to her she need not be anxious about the rent; she could wait to pay it till next time. And when he left he laid a five-franc piece upon the table to buy something for Petruccio. Outside the door he had met Archangelo Fusco with his bed on a hand-cart, preparing to take himself off, and he had told the street-sweeper too that he could remain in his lodging. He had asked Archangelo Fusco about me, and Archangelo Fusco, who judged me with friend-

[1] Do you know, doctor?

ship's all-forgiving forbearance, had said nothing unkind about me. He had then gone on his way, and, according to what was discovered by the police investigations, he had, contrary to his habit, passed the evening in the wine-shop close by, and the porter had thought he looked drunk when he came home. As he lived quite alone, and, for fear of thieves or from avarice, attended to his housekeeping himself, no one knew what was happening; but lights were burning in the house the whole night, and when he did not come down in the morning, and his door was fastened inside, they had begun to suspect foul play, and sent for the police. He was still warm when they cut him down; but the doctor whom the police sent for said that he had already been dead a couple of hours. They had not been able to discover the smallest reason for his hanging himself. All that was known was that he had been visited in the evening by a strange gentleman, who had stayed with him more than an hour, and the neighbours had heard a violent dispute going on inside. No one in the house had seen the strange gentleman before, and no one knew who he was.

. . . . . .

The Roussel Yard belongs now to the dead man's brother; and to my joy the new landlord's first action was to have the rooms in it repaired, so that now they look more habitable. He also lowered the rents.

The Salvatores moved thence when Petruccio died; but the place is still full of Italians. I go there now and then; and, in spite of all the talk about the Paris doctors' *jalousie de métier*, I have never yet met any one who tried to supplant me in this practice.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XVI.—LAPIS-LAZULI.

"What say you to such a supper with such a woman?"
—BYRON.

JUNE had made place to July, and Countess Massalowska still lingered in Warsaw. She could not get away yet, it seemed, having still some business arrangements to complete. Biruta had, however, already signed the papers which made over the property to her late husband's cousin, but of this fact the world at large was not aware.

It was a hot sultry morning, with no prospect of rain to relieve the heavy atmosphere. Countess Massalowska had risen late, and attired in a loose muslin *peignoir*—which displayed rather freely that which it was supposed to conceal—was taking a turn in the garden before breakfast, along with Gogo, her inseparable companion.

A large Japanese fan, held in one hand, was intended to ward off the scorching rays, but she seldom made use of it, and suffered it mostly to dangle carelessly by her side, as thoughtfully she paced the broad gravel walk. She was pondering deeply, wondering how many more such lonely mornings and evenings she would have to pass before the mission was accomplished, and she would be at liberty to rejoin her affianced husband.

The approach of a servant broke in upon these musings. General Vassiljef waited outside, she was told. He craved permission to come in for a moment and pay his respects.

Biruta hesitated, and cast a doubtful glance at her muslin dressing-gown. It was not her custom to receive gentlemen *en déshabille;* and besides it was so early, scarcely eleven o'clock. She was about to utter a negative reply, when a sudden thought caused her to change her mind.

"Yes, show in the General here. I shall be delighted to see him," and with outstretched hands she advanced to meet the new-comer, who had closely followed the servant's footsteps.

"You are welcome, General, thrice welcome."

Vassiljef, much flattered, pressed an enamoured salute on each white hand. He was carefully attired in gala uniform, and carried a black leather portfolio under his arm.

"I only returned from St Petersburg late last night, so I have taken the liberty of stepping in for a moment, on my way to the Governor, to wish good morning to the fairest of Countesses, and to restore the necklace so graciously entrusted to my care."

"A moment! Why, you must stay and breakfast with me. I positively will not take a refusal. You have no idea how lonely I have been lately. I have not spoken to a creature this past week."

"Not even to your models?"

"I have no models. It is too hot to paint now. I have given it up."

"And that picture you were engaged upon when I left—did you finish it?"

"It did not turn out well, so I rubbed it out."

"Then your handsome shepherd did not answer after all?"

"No—o; he did not answer,—as a model."

The General gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"I thought you would get tired of him before long. There really was nothing so very remarkable about that young man that I could perceive. Handsome—yes; but a weak kind of face at best. A little wanting in character, in originality, don't you think?"

Biruta, not caring to discuss this point, proposed an adjournment to the dining-room.

A Russian breakfast is quite as substantial as a Scotch one, being ushered in by potent liqueurs and brandies, accompanying *caviare* and salted fish, as a slight introduction to hot and cold meat dishes, and various cakes and jams. The steaming brass *samovar*[1] on the sideboard is there to supply endless cups of fragrant tea, such as can only be drank in Russia, modified, as tastes require, by sliced lemon and rum, its invariable condiments in this country.

Countess Massalowska was acquainted with General Vassiljef's tastes, and ministered to them accordingly, putting fully a third of rum into the tea-cup, which with her own fair hand she bestowed upon him, dispensing with the assistance of a servant. It was so much more sociable, she remarked, to breakfast alone with one's friends.

The General had breakfasted already; nor had his repast been of an insignificant nature, but he had no objection to repeating the process, especially in such charming company.

"And wherefore this dazzling splendour, *mon Général?*" asked Biruta, when she had fulfilled her duties as hostess. "Is it for my solitary benefit that you are thus magnificently got up at this early hour?"

The General would have liked to introduce a neat compliment about no dress being sufficiently gorgeous to array the happy man permitted to appear before his goddess, but not seeing his way to do so gracefully, was forced to fall back upon truth.

"I am bidden to Gurko at twelve o'clock."

"To the Governor? Ah yes, so you said before. And what does he want with you?" she pursued idly, not feeling any particular interest in the subject.

"I have to deliver some important documents regarding the business which took me to St Petersburg."

"Really? What sort of documents?"

"Military dispositions regarding . . . Nothing that you would care to hear about, fair Countess."

"But supposing I do care to hear about it!" said Biruta, her eyes alight with a curious expression that might have put another man on his guard, but which General Vassiljef, his head all confused with love and rum, failed to interpret. "I want to know what is this mighty business that has kept you so long away from us."

The General's rubicund countenance positively glowed with delight.

"You did me the honour to miss me,—to find my absence long?"

"So incomprehensibly long!" said Biruta, warming to her part, "that I began to think you must have lost your heart to some fair daughter of the Neva."

[1] A sort of urn, heated with charcoal, used throughout Russia and Poland.

He looked at her with tender reproach in his small Kalmouck eyes.

"Divine Biruta, you insult your humble servant by such base insinuations. Surely you know that I have no more heart to lose?"

"I know nothing, and will believe nothing, unless you tell me how your time has been employed," said Countess Massalowska, turning away her head with a sudden assumption of coldness. "Why did you remain away for three whole weeks instead of one, as you had intended?"

"Because I was detained by the Minister of War, who wished me personally to receive and deliver these papers to Gurko."

"And these papers are about what?"

"Simply the working out of the new mobilisation plan for the troops stationed in Poland. It is not to every one that the Minister would have cared to entrust them." And the General drew up his little squat figure with the self-important smirk that with him did duty for dignity.

"I see," said Biruta thoughtfully, and then lapsed into silence, not seeming to notice the ardent sensuous glances of which she was the object. Presently she said aloud—

"And so you really must go today to the Governor?"

"At twelve o'clock," he said, with a regretful sigh. "I must be off in five minutes. I only stopped here in passing in order to deliver the necklace."

"Ah, the necklace! By-the-by, I had quite forgotten; where is it?"

Vassiljef now produced a red velvet *étui*, in which reposed some tasteful ornaments in lapis-lazuli—little blue balls linked together by filigree gold chains.

"You have executed my commission to perfection, General," said Biruta. "How shall I ever thank you?"

"By suffering me to name my reward."

"And what may that be?"

"The privilege of clasping the necklace round your fair neck."

"If that is all, you are welcome to try your skill," said Countess Massalowska readily, as she rose and placed herself before a large pier-glass in a corner of the room. "Let us see if you will make an efficient *femme-de-chambre*."

The old warrior was breathing very hard, rather like an enamoured porpoise, and his fingers were not over steady as he handled the lapis necklet. Biruta was gazing fixedly at her own reflection in the mirror—the reflection of a tall fair woman, with a sphinx-like smile on her well-curved lips. Presently the blue ornaments glittered on the snowy cambric, and another face appeared near hers in the mirror.

General Vassiljef seemed to find some difficulty in fastening the clasp, for he bent very low over the white neck that was so plainly visible through the transparent fabric, and his fingers now were trembling like those of a man in a fit of ague.

"Well, General," said Biruta, impatiently, "can you not get the snap to fasten? You are not over skilful, it seems."

Vassiljef for all answer bent lower still, and, as though drawn by an irresistible attraction which he was powerless to withstand, pressed his lips against her snowy shoulder with such fierce passion that the prickly contact of his stubbly moustache was plainly felt through the muslin.

Biruta started violently aside, and the blue necklace fell clatter-

ing to the ground. Her eyes flashed angrily, and her bosom rose and fell in stormy indignation. By a supreme effort she restrained herself, however, and when she spoke it was almost in her usual voice.

"You are too audacious, *mon Général;* you must not take such liberties—yet."

Vassiljef incoherently stammered forth some excuse which seemed to express contrition without promising amendment.

At this moment a clock in the hall struck a quarter to twelve.

"You will be late at the Governor's," exclaimed the Countess.

The General pressed his hand over his forehead with an air of bewilderment; he seemed to have forgotten all about the Governor.

"Where is my casque?" he said, putting out his arm in a blind groping fashion.

"Here," said Biruta, picking up from off a chair the white plumed helmet, and holding it towards him.

Mechanically he took it and turned to go. At the threshold he paused and said—

"And may I come again, divine Biruta? You will not banish your humble slave from your presence?"

"Oh yes, you may come again," she replied with a smile, in which no trace of anger could be detected.

CHAPTER XVII.—MOBILISATION.

"Eripuit Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi."
—MANILIUS.

When General Vassiljef had gone, Biruta walked back to the mirror and picked up the necklace from the ground, carefully examining it to make sure that it had sustained no injury from the fall. For some minutes she remained standing before the glass with the necklace in her hand, letting the little blue balls slip indolently through her fingers, almost as though she were telling her beads. She had only now realised the full extent of her power over the General, and was debating within herself how best she might turn this power to account.

"It is a pity he was so hurried to-day," she reflected; "half an hour more, and I could have made him tell me anything I chose. He shall do so next time—yes, even though I have again to run the risk of his odious familiarity. But it is hateful — hateful — hateful!" she exclaimed aloud, covering her face with both hands, as, at recollection of what had just passed, a crimson flush mounted to her forehead.

Her next action was to draw nearer to the mirror, and pushing aside the cambric folds, carefully to scrutinise the spot so lately desecrated by the contact of the old *roué's* lips, almost as though she feared to find it branded with an ignominious scar; for Biruta was a pure as well as a proud woman, and though her purity was less the result of innocence than of a certain cynical self-respect, the part she was playing was very odious to her, and it was one she had never attempted to play before. It could not be otherwise than repulsive, loving another man as she did with all the intensity of a strong nature long deprived of its legitimate rights.

"If Roman only knew," she murmured, putting up a hand to feel the firm white shoulder, its

surface smooth and equal as the petals of a pale blush rose. No, there was no trace here of the vexatious incident, she saw with relief. "And, after all, is it not for Roman's sake that I am doing this?" Biruta mused on, as she refastened the *peignoir*, "To win for him glory, honour, reputation, —the prize at stake, his happiness and my own,—are they not worth some sacrifice on my part? And I am only doing violence to my personal tastes in order to gain a victory for him, while at the same time I am avenging my father's wrongs."

Biruta was quite honest in thus reasoning with herself, and unconscious of any flaw in her logic. Accustomed all her life to possess whatever thing she had set her heart upon, it did not even occur to her mind that happiness might exist quite independently of success in this particular intrigue, nor did it strike her as at all inconsistent that the idea of avenging her father's wrongs should have sprung up thus tardily.

It was a political task which she had set herself to accomplish, and the consciousness that she was going to do something which scarce another woman would have attempted, gave the matter its peculiar zest. Having grown up, too, amid diplomatic surroundings, the ways of diplomacy were familiar to her; and, like most others who have learned to tread these involved and crooked paths, the sober monotony of the more straightforward and simpler roads of life had small attraction for her.

The necklace still in hand, Biruta turned from the mirror in order to restore the ornaments to their red velvet case, and as she did so, her eyes fell upon another object lying on the breakfast-table. It was the black leather portfolio which General Vassiljef had carried under his arm when he entered her presence, —the portfolio which, as he had told her, contained important military documents from the War Office, and which this same forenoon he was to have delivered to the Governor. In the amorous confusion attendant on his exit, the General had actually overlooked the principal object of this morning's errand!

Biruta positively gasped as the probable importance of this oblivion burst in upon her rapidly working brain. Was it indeed true? Was it possible that fate had put into her hand, all in a moment, that which only just now she had been speculating how to obtain by a wearisome and distasteful process,—by days, perhaps weeks, of plotting and intrigue?

She put out her right hand and touched the cold shining leather of the portfolio, and as she did so the terrible gravity of what she was about to do rose up before her. High treason—that is what this thing would be called if ever found out and traced to her. High treason, when discovered, means prison, disgrace, Siberia, perhaps even death! — at least such in Russia are its current significations.

Biruta drew back her fingers as these thoughts rushed through her mind; but in the next minute she had put out both hands and laid hold of the portfolio in a strong resolute grasp. Her determination was fixed. High treason! and why not high treason if it would serve her ends? She was not the woman to let herself be scared by a mere word, by three wretched little syllables. High treason let it be; she was ready to go that length for Roman's sake!

But there was no time to be lost. A minute's delay might risk

discovery; so, hastily concealing the portfolio in a fold of the muslin dressing-gown, Biruta passed out through the vestibule and reached her bedroom unperceived. She threw the portfolio into a drawer, which she locked, and, having withdrawn the key, rang the bell for her maid.

The French *femme-de-chambre* had not yet finished arranging Countess Massalowska's luxuriant pale tresses, when the sound of wheels was heard upon the gravel outside. In the next minute there was a hasty knock at the bedroom door, and a message to the effect that General Vassiljef had returned and wished to speak to the Countess on a matter of gravest importance.

"Tell him that I am dressing, but shall be down directly," replied Biruta, as taking up the curling-irons she began to burn the short hairs on her forehead.

It was, however, several minutes before she made her appearance, dressed in walking attire, her dangerous charms now concealed beneath a lace mantilla. She found the General pacing the vestibule in a state of indescribable agitation, — his utterance thick and husky, his countenance flushed to a deep purple.

"Where is the portfolio?" he cried out even before she had reached the bottom of the staircase.

Biruta looked at him with an admirable assumption of cold surprise.

"What portfolio?"

"The portfolio, the papers, the documents for Gurko. I only missed it when I was already in the ante-room."

"Really?"

"And it must be here; you surely must have seen it?"

"I have seen nothing, for I was engaged at my toilet, but we can ask the servants. Here is Ivan; will you describe to him what it is that you are seeking?"

Ivan was the valet who had ushered in the General, a flat-faced expressionless Moujik of Mongol extraction. He did not remember having seen the portfolio, and did not seem very clearly to understand the meaning of the word; nor had he noticed whether the General carried anything under his arm on arriving and leaving the villa. He was very willing to search, however, and a five-rouble note insinuatingly displayed by Vassiljef caused him to crawl under tables and chairs, and assiduously but ineffectually to shake out curtains and carpets, in quest of the missing object. He was next despatched to the garden, Biruta having suggested that General Vassiljef might possibly have dropped the portfolio there; but when, after ten minutes' bootless seeking, he returned empty-handed, the General's despair knew no bounds.

"But I am a lost man if it be not found!" he exclaimed, thoroughly sobered by panic — large drops of perspiration beginning to show on his deeply flushed forehead.

"I am sorry," said Biruta with a careless shrug, "but you should have taken better care of these papers if they are really so important."

Something in her tone irritated the desperate man, and roused a passing suspicion.

"But it must be here, I tell you, —I am positive that I brought it here: where is my portfolio? Give it back to me at once?"

"General Vassiljef! You forget yourself!"

"And is it not enough to make any man forget himself? Some one has taken it,—some one has stolen my papers! But I will

have them back, as sure as my name is Vassiljef! Ay, if I have to set on foot the whole police of Warsaw!"

Biruta felt that she was changing colour, but it was now too late to go back upon what she had done: there was nothing for it but to brazen out the situation, even at the risk of making Vassiljef her mortal enemy. She laid her finger-tips upon his arm.

"Do you mean to insult me, General?"

"Pardon me; yes, I am excited. I do not know what I am saying. No insult was intended; but some one—a servant, perhaps—might have taken the opportunity of appropriating the portfolio."

"Is it likely?" said Countess Massalowska, pointing to the blue lapis necklet that still lay on the breakfast-table between the cups and plates. "A thief would infinitely have preferred taking this to a parcel of musty old papers, which could have no possible value for him."

"That is true," said the unfortunate man, recognising the force of the argument; "but then, where has my portfolio gone to? It cannot have vanished into empty air."

"The only thief I know of hereabouts is Gogo," went on Biruta, pursuing her advantage; "and he certainly has a particular weakness for paper of any kind. Only the day before yesterday he devoured my sketch of the convent of St Bonaventura at Rome. It disagreed with him, I am sorry to say, for the sky was already washed in with ultramarine blue."

"St Bonaventura be d—d!" exclaimed the General roughly; "what has that got to do with my portfolio?"

"Only that it might have gone the same way as the sketch, down Gogo's throat."

The vision thus evoked of the whole Russian mobilisation plan devoured and digested by a wretched bear-cub, was too appalling. General Vassiljef took out a large red silk pocket-handkerchief, and passed it over his moist shiny forehead.

"That would be dreadful, terrible," he groaned.

"Terrible," agreed Biruta, who, having completely regained her self-possession, derived a keen satisfaction from thus tormenting her victim, much as a cat loves to play with a captured mouse. "Poor Gogo would certainly be ill if he had swallowed such an amount of paper. But let us not take such an unnecessarily gloomy view of the case (though I shall certainly give him a little sulphur in his water by way of precaution); after all, you need not have dropped your portfolio here. It may just as well have fallen from the carriage on the way to the Governor's."

"You think so? You really think so?" he inquired, with a gleam of renewed hope in his eye.

"What more likely?"

General Vassiljef was silent for a minute, then he shook his head.

"No, it is not likely," he said, relapsing into despondency. "It could not have fallen without my having noticed it. I should certainly have felt it slip from my hand."

"I hardly think so, in the—state in which you left my house."

"What do you mean, Countess?"

"I only mean that you had breakfasted rather too well, and that neither your hand nor your head were over-steady when you went away. Unless you had been *grisé, mon Général*, you never could have ventured on such an extra-

ordinary liberty with me as what you took before the looking-glass."

The callous little laugh which accompanied her words would have driven many a calmer man to frenzy. General Vassiljef opened his mouth as though to speak, but fury checked his utterance; then turning abruptly he left the room, and staggered to his carriage.

Biruta watched his departure with a palpitating heart.

"The die is cast," she said to herself. "Everything now depends upon speed and secrecy, for, ten to one, the house will be searched, and the police put on my track."

Within an hour Countess Massalowska had left Warsaw.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHEAT.

"Wie kommt mir solcher Glanz in meiner Hütte?"
—SCHILLER.

Luba, accompanied by the children in the donkey-cart, had been to the forest to gather strawberries. On returning to the house somewhat later in the afternoon, she was informed that her sister was in the big saloon entertaining a visitor.

"What sort of visitor?"

"A lady, a very grand lady indeed, but no one knew her name. She had never been here before."

Entering the room some five minutes later, she recognised Countess Biruta Massalowska as the same who had caused such commotion in the village church on Easter Sunday.

The Countess turned round eagerly as the door opened, and then, on perceiving Luba, gave a short quick sigh that sounded like disappointment.

Hala introduced her sister, and Luba made a rather awkward curtsey, colouring deeply under the cold inspection of those large grey eyes.

Countess Massalowska had volunteered no explanation of her visit to Stara-Wola to-day. There was no particular reason, it would seem, why she should now suddenly call upon Madam Starowolska, after having ignored the neighbourhood for so long. But then, after all, there was no reason why she should not call, thought Hala. It certainly was very flattering to reflect that the Countess had taken the trouble to drive two hours on a boiling July day, merely to visit a country neighbour. To be sure, she did not seem to have very much to say, now that she was here; conversation languished, and the great lady listened but absently to the homely chit-chat about field and garden, of which the talk between country neighbours is mostly made up.

"Have you already begun to cut at Wodniki, Countess?" resumed Hala, after the little pause occasioned by Luba's entrance.

"To cut what?" inquired Biruta, with an uncomprehending stare.

It was now Hala's turn to stare. Surely every one knew that only one thing was cut in July, and that upon the success of this cutting depends the farmer's prosperity for the rest of the year.

"The wheat; we are already cutting ours. It is fully a week sooner than usual, but everything has been early this year, and it would have been unwise to delay further for fear of hail or thunderstorms. We began on Monday, and hope to have it stacked early next week. Is your harvest fur-

ther on?" she finished a little anxiously.

"I really do not know," said Countess Massalowska, beginning to fan herself with her lace pocket-handkerchief as she leant back. "Yes, I think I noticed some workmen in the fields as I came along, but I am not very sure whether it was wheat or grass that they were cutting."

Hala and Luba looked at the Countess with curious admiration, vainly endeavouring to grasp the vast difference between themselves and this marvellous being, so far removed from the prosaic details of everyday country life as to have no comprehension for them.

"This is the first summer you are spending here, Countess?" said Hala, after another rather long pause, which the stranger made no effort to break.

"And the last," said Biruta, stifling a yawn; "there really is nothing to be done here in the country that I can see, but I was unfortunately detained by—business."

Refreshments were now produced,—strawberries, sour cream, honey, home-made preserves, and such like country dainties, of which, however, Biruta partook but sparingly. She ate about half-a-dozen strawberries, and then laid down her spoon with a preoccupied expression.

It was becoming more and more difficult to keep up conversation, and Hala kept racking her brain in search of a topic likely to interest such a distinguished visitor. The wheat had evidently been a dead failure. She must think of something more suitable.

"I am sorry our melons are not yet ripe," she said at last regretfully, but also with a little conscious pride; for the fact of possessing melons at all, whether ripe or unripe, was in itself a credit to Stara-Wola. Very few houses in their neighbourhood could boast such distinction. She thought to herself that it would have looked very well indeed if she had been able to offer a melon to Countess Massalowska: a melon is such a refined, thoroughly aristocratic fruit, that it could not have failed to produce a favourable impression of the Stara-Wola establishment. But if the melons could not be eaten, at least they could be talked about. Talking was not as good as eating, of course, but still it was better than nothing.

"We had five last summer."

"Really?" said the Countess listlessly."

At this moment the door opened, and Biruta turned round again with the air of anxious expectation she had worn on Luba's entrance.

It was only the old grandfather coming in quest of the flies, which, attracted by the sweet viands, had assembled in large numbers. A thick black cluster was hanging upon the dish of honeycomb, and the glass cream-jug had become the scene of the desperate struggle of a dozen drowning insects.

Madam Starowolska, probably feeling conscious that the appearance on the scene of her old imbecile father in his shabby Turkish dressing-gown was highly undesirable, and might tend to destroy the favourable impression produced by the talk about melons, rose hastily in order to intercept his entrance. With some difficulty Pan Nicorowicz was induced to betake himself to another apartment, and in order to effect this, Hala had to coax and humour him like a spoilt unreasonable child, her whispered expostulations and the old man's fretful whimperings being plainly

audible through the half-open door.

Biruta and Luba were now left alone.

"Will you not take some more strawberries?" said Luba, feeling that it was incumbent on her to play hostess, adding timidly, "I gathered them myself in the forest this afternoon."

"You gathered them yourself in this terrible heat? How tired you must be!" said the Countess, with a little compassionate surprise, wondering how a person could stoop a hundred times in succession merely in order to pick up little red berries which any fool could gather.

"Oh, but I like gathering strawberries, and I am not at all tired," returned Luba. "It is very amusing, though not as amusing, of course, as toadstools. And, besides, I did not gather them all myself," she added, with her usual literal veracity. "The children helped me, and Roman, too, for a time."

"Roman!"

The exclamation escaped Biruta's lips unawares; but Luba, taking it for an interrogation, replied accordingly.

"Yes, Hala's brother-in-law. Roman is Felicyan's younger brother—his step-brother, that is to say, for he had a different mother. He is an officer in the German Army."

"And so you left him—Captain Starowolski, I mean—in the forest gathering strawberries?"

"No," said Luba, with a half stifled sigh; "he left the forest first, more than an hour ago. He was going to rejoin Felicyan in the wheat-field." It did not occur to her to wonder how it came about that Countess Massalowska had guessed Roman's military rank correctly?

"Ah, yes, the wheat that your sister was telling me about. Is this field far from the house?"

"About ten minutes' walk."

"Indeed!" said the Countess, no longer leaning back in the exhausted attitude of a few minutes since. She was sitting bolt upright now, and her face expressed keen interest and animation. "If it is really so near, I should rather like to have a look at your brother-in-law's wheat, so as to compare it with the harvest at Wodniki. I should also be glad to make Pan Starowolski's acquaintance," she added as an afterthought.

Luba was very willing to act as guide, and could see nothing unnatural in Countess Massalowska's newly awakened interest in the wheat. Rather the indifference of a little while ago had seemed to her unnatural.

Fully half the grain had already fallen beneath the sickle, and lay stretched over the field in long golden lines, which, thickly sprinkled with dying blood-red poppies and fast bleaching cornflowers, were like as many faded garlands festooned across their path. But yonder, where the field sloped upward to the forest edge, the wheat still stood erect and proud; and the flowers between the rigs, redolent of life and colour, deemed not that Death was at hand, and that ere another sunset they too would be lying prostrate.

Luba and the Countess picked their way over the field, the latter not taking the trouble to hold up her trailing gown of pale-blue muslin and creamy Valenciennes, and serenely indifferent to its destruction; but Luba cast timid aghast glances at the havoc she witnessed, and gave a little audible gasp each time the prickly stubble laid hold anew of the costly lace trimmings, metamor-

phosing them into ragged unsightly fringes.

The reapers grouped about at the upper end of the field were preparing to go home, some wiping their heated faces, or polishing their sickle with a wisp of grass against to-morrow's work—the women tying up broken remains of victuals in coloured pocket-handkerchiefs. Some of the younger members were indulging in a little promiscuous flirtation; and there was scarcely a girl who had not sought to embellish herself by a few bright flowers, stuck in hair or bosom.

Luba cast about her eyes in search of Felicyan and Roman.

"Where is the master?" she asked of a reaper.

The overseer, a grey-haired peasant now approaching, explained that the gentlemen had left the field half an hour previously. They were going to row on the river, it seemed, and Pan Starowolski had taken his gun with him, as he mostly did, in case of winging a stray waterfowl.

Felicyan was fond of a row on fine evenings like this; it was about the only pastime in which he ever indulged, and Roman, desirous of extending his knowledge of the Vistula and its banks, was always very ready to accompany him. Sometimes they would make excursions to a considerable distance down the river, trusting to the chance of a returning steamer to bring them home again, the boat in tow.

A short exclamation of disappointment escaped Biruta's lips.

"Then when will he — your brother-in-law — return, do you think?"

"Very late, probably," said Luba, serenely; "not before nightfall, at all events. When there is moonlight, as at present, they often go very far, and then Hala and I take our supper alone with the children. But I know about the wheat quite as well as Felicyan, and can explain it all to you," she added, with a pretty little business-like air. "The tenth part of the wheat belongs to the reapers as payment. Some of the proprietors about here pay the wages in money, but this way is far the best—don't you think so? It ensures the people having something to eat in the winter, instead of spending all their money in drink. Felicyan's peasants are far more sober than those of many of our neighbours."

But Countess Massalowska was not listening. Her agricultural interest seemed to have been exhausted with the effort of walking across the field. She sat down deliberately on a sheaf of straw, and appeared to be reflecting deeply, with her eyes bent on the ground. Looking up presently, she said—"Sit down here beside me," accompanying her words with an imperious gesture. Then when the girl was seated, she asked abruptly, "Roman Starowolski is your brother-in-law. Is he also your friend?"

Luba coloured deeply, and sought to cover her embarrassment by plucking a large ox-eye daisy that had escaped being guillotined by the sickle.

"He is not exactly my brother-in-law, only the brother of my sister's husband. He is really Hala's brother-in-law."

Biruta made an impatient gesture. "That is nearly the same thing. You have known him for years."

"Known? not precisely known, for I only saw him once before, at Hala's wedding, and I was quite a little girl then—just ten years old. I only really made acquaintance

with him this year about three months ago."

"So did I," said Biruta *sotto voce*, and added aloud—"But now of course you know him well, and you are good friends I suppose?"

Luba began nervously to divest the ox-eye daisy of its petals. "Yes," she said very low, "we are friends;" and then all at once it struck her as strange that the Countess should be asking these questions of her. What could she possibly know of the relations between herself and Roman Starowolski? so she said aloud rather shyly—"How do you know that we are—friends?"

"Because it is only natural that you should be so, and he seems to be much attached to his brother's family."

Luba opened her black eyes very wide.

"You know him—Roman?"

"Yes; I met Captain Starowolski at Warsaw this spring. Did he never mention my name to you?"

Luba shook her head.

"But he has often mentioned yours," said Biruta, who had begun to reflect that when she married Roman Starowolski, Hala and Luba would also be related to her. They, too, would be her sisters-in-law after a fashion. "I knew all about Stara-Wola and its inmates before I came here."

Luba thought that she was beginning to understand, because it is so easy, so fatally easy, to understand that which we desire to believe. Evidently this grand lady, who had dropped so unexpectedly in their midst, took a kindly interest in the family. Was it after all impossible that Roman had made of her a confidant? had confided to her certain hopes and aspirations regarding Luba herself? Why otherwise should he have discussed Stara-Wola and its inmates with the Countess? Biruta's next words did not tend to destroy this impression.

"You have his welfare—his happiness—at heart?"

"Of course," stammered the girl.

"Listen; it is getting late, and I shall have to go back to Wodniki. I cannot wait much longer, but you will see Captain Starowolski this evening?"

"Hardly; he sometimes returns very late, and then I may be asleep."

"But you must not be asleep," said the Countess, imperiously; "you must see him and give him this parcel from me." Putting her hand in her pocket, she half withdrew a tight roll of paper, then hesitated and pushed it back again. "The risk is too great," she muttered; "a verbal message will be safer."

Hala was now seen approaching.

"Hear me, child," said Biruta hurriedly; "I want you to give a message from me to Roman Starowolski. I would rather trust it to you than to your sister; you look more reliable, and wives have sometimes got a foolish habit of telling everything to their husbands. You have no husband, luckily."

"No, I have no husband," echoed Luba, rather pointlessly.

"And you are his friend, and have his happiness at heart? You said so before. Is it indeed true? May I trust you?"

"Of course you may trust me!" cried Luba, with sparkling eyes.

Biruta looked at the girl with dawning comprehension.

"You love Roman Starowolski? Do not deny it."

Luba neither denied nor confessed in words, but everything about her was a confession,—her

bashful droop of the head, her glowing cheek, and the tell-tale softness in her eyes.

Countess Massalowska gave a short, half-impatient sigh, then threw back her head as though to shake off some inconvenient burden.

"Well, it cannot be helped now," she said, more to herself than to Luba, "and perhaps all the better. If she loves him she will not betray him, at all events." Then seizing hold of the young girl's hand, she went on emphatically, "If you love Roman, you will be ready to serve him at any price. You must see him to-night and tell him from me to come early to-morrow to Wodniki. I have important news for him. Do you understand? or rather do not try to understand, but merely obey me. It is a matter of life or death, I tell you!"

Hala had almost reached them by this time, so the much bewildered Luba could only signify assent by a trembling pressure of the hand that held her own.

CHAPTER XIX.—ON THE VISTULA.

"I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well."
—*Henry IV.*

The lovely evening had tempted the two brothers to take a longer row than usual—up the river this time—and it was nearly nine o'clock before they thought of turning. There had not been much talk between them as yet, for rowing against a steady current is a very fair test of strength, and scarcely conducive to exchange of ideas; but once the boat turned homewards, there was almost nothing to do but let themselves glide indolently down-stream.

There are few sensations so absolutely luxurious as the surrender of one's person to the keeping of a mighty river on a fine midsummer evening, when the stars are beginning to strew the water with silver spangles, and no sound is heard but the faint occasional dip of the oars, and the sobbing gurgle of the current as it sweeps through clumps of reeds and bulrushes.

Roman had taken the oars, and Felicyan, leaning back in the stern, was conscious of a vague sense of comfort and happiness. After toiling all day in the broiling wheat-field, and then rowing two hours up the river, he was feeling just now as though he had enlisted the services of a giant to bear him home in a powerful grasp. Almost without effort he would be carried thus along to his own door. Presently, however, he sat up in the boat and raised his gun as a pair of wild ducks, flying rather low, were passing overhead.

"For heaven's sake don't shoot, Felicyan," said Roman irritably. "Can't you leave the poor creatures alone?"

"But why? You are not usually so tender-hearted," returned the elder with a smile, but nevertheless he lowered the gun.

"I have a headache—and besides, I do not wish to attract unnecessary attention; the shot might be heard."

"And what of that? I am accustomed to shoot ducks on the river. My right to do so has never yet been disputed. Any one who chooses is welcome to hear me."

"Oh, you are quite safe," said the younger brother, with a per-

ceptible shade of irony in his tone; "no harm will ever come to you, my innocent simple-minded brother. But the case with me is altogether different. Obscurity is safety, but the highest trees are always those most exposed to storm, and I cannot get rid of an idea, an uncomfortable sort of notion, that I have been watched lately."

"Good gracious, Roman! Watched by whom?"

"I cannot tell, but within the last few days I have frequently met a figure that seemed to be dogging my footsteps,—a small insignificant-looking fellow, but with a pair of terribly piercing eyes. I met him to-day in the forest when I joined the children and Luba at their strawberry hunt; and only last week he was smoking a pipe on the bench before the village pothouse, and talking to the landlord."

"Nonsense, Roman;" but Felicyan looked grave as he said it.

Roman passed his hand over his brow with a rather weary gesture.

"Maybe; and I should probably not have noticed the fact did I not feel sure that I have seen that face already at Warsaw: it certainly is not a country face."

"You may be mistaken."

"I cannot, of course, swear to it, but such is my impression, though, as you say, I may be mistaken. I have not felt very well lately, and am rather given to such nervous fancies."

"And you do not look well, Roman. Instead of picking up in this splendid air and quiet country life, you are looking ever so much worse than when you arrived."

It was true. Roman had lately lost flesh in a noticeable degree, and there was a feverish haggard look in the face which almost belied its youthfulness. The difference between the two brothers was more striking now than it had been some weeks ago, for if Felicyan's work was harder in summer, so too was his appetite proportionately larger, and his figure had rather gained in size. Even the July sun in its tanning process had operated upon the brothers with unequal hand, for while Roman's classical features were enhanced by the pale bronze hue which gave him the appearance of some antique statue, Felicyan's broad face, red and freckled, was not unlike the harvest moon just rising yonder over the trees to the right bank of the river.

Felicyan, not at any time a very observant man, and absorbed just now by the intricacies of the harvest work, had not of late bestowed much thought upon his brother; and having no clue to the additional agitation of his secret engagement to Biruta, these effects of impaired sleep and appetite had escaped his notice. The object of Roman's mission was seldom alluded to between the brothers; it was not a subject on which they could ever think or feel alike, so there was no use in speaking of it. After that first conversation in the cart-shed on Easter Sunday, Felicyan had made no further attempt at dissuasion, nor had Roman volunteered any further information. Especially since his return from Warsaw the younger brother had been curiously reticent, and had given but a meagre account of what he had done or left undone in the capital. Gradually Felicyan had almost ceased thinking about the matter; or perhaps he had unconsciously come to consider this secret mission as something far more harmless than had at first sight appeared. But now, his attention having been this way directed, the dormant fears sprang up again, in a moment developed

to full-grown phantoms. He laid his hand on Roman's shoulder.

"Roman, this sort of life is not good for you. When will this wretched business be ended?"

"I do not know. It may be days only, or it may be weeks. It is impossible to foresee."

"But what are you waiting for? Have you not yet collected all the statistics you require?"

"I am waiting for news from Warsaw. Upon what I hear will depend my further movements;" and below his breath he added, "God knows how hard it is to wait!"

"You have confided your secret to some one? You have an accomplice?"

"A confederate, an ally," corrected Roman.

"But is he sure? Is it a man whom you can trust?"

There was silence, broken only by the surging roll of the water curling round a sharp point of rock, and the cry of a water-fowl somewhere among the reeds.

Felicyan repeated his question.

"It is a woman," said Roman hoarsely.

"A woman! Oh, Roman!"

"And why not a woman?" said the other, almost fiercely. "Why should not a woman help me to do this?"

"Perhaps,—I do not know,—only I have never thought of this, and it seems to me that——"

"What, Felicyan?"

"That it is not woman's work at all."

"Why not? They are cleverer than we are at such things."

Felicyan shook his head.

"A bad woman would be a dangerous tool to employ, and a good woman should not let herself be so employed."

Roman laughed,—a harsh, discordant laugh.

"That is just one of your terribly old-fashioned, simple-minded notions, Felciu; you fancy that a woman nowadays can be like our grandmothers, spending her life between the kitchen and the nursery, just as you imagine that modern warfare consists in hand-to-hand combat. We two will never think alike upon any point."

And yet just upon this very point they were unconsciously agreed. Roman felt the truth of his brother's words, and for that very reason they irritated him. In theory he had seen no objection to female spies; it was only the thought of Biruta being one that had lately become intolerable to him.

"And this woman, your ally, why is she doing this? For money, or out of friendship for you?" resumed Felicyan.

"It is more than—than friendship," said Roman, speaking almost in a whisper.

"For love, then! Oh, my poor Roman, how will it all end! And her name?"

"I cannot tell you more at present, not even her name. I had not meant to say even this much; but I may trust you, Felicyan, to be silent."

"As the grave. But I wish, oh, I wish, for your sake, that these hateful secrets and mysteries were at an end."

"So do I," said Roman with a sigh, relapsing into a brown study.

It was Felicyan who, after a time, broke silence again as they were passing a promontory overhung by bending willows that were casting black shadows into the moonlit water.

"Do you remember this place?" he asked suddenly.

No; Roman did not remember it. To his eyes it looked much the

same as any other spot on the river.

"Why, it is here that you fell in twenty-two years ago. Even now I can never pass this spot without shuddering at what might have been."

A long-forgotten scene in Roman's childhood now rose up before his eyes: yes, it was here, close to that furthest trunk, that the boat had been moored. Felicyan, then a youth of nineteen, had taken his little brother out to fish, and sat at one end of the boat absorbed in arranging the tackle. It was a lovely spring morning, and now, as it all came back to his mind, Roman distinctly recollected how countless large blue dragon-flies and dancing brown midges had been disporting themselves on the water's surface, pursued by nimble swallows who secured their victims without ever halting in their flight. Presently a large branch of hawthorn, thickly laden with blossom, had come floating by quite near the boat, and a whiff of its perfume had filled the boy with a great longing to secure the prize. He stretched out his arms,—there—he could almost touch it—a little further yet! In the next instant he had lost his balance, and falling over, was swept away by the current.

"Felicyan, save me!" he had called out. And mingled with terror of the cold dark waters enfolding him in their moist embrace, there had been confidence in his childish heart—confidence in that big strong brother to whom he was used to turn in every difficulty. Felicyan would not let him be drowned, he felt sure.

When Roman had opened his eyes again, Felicyan, his own clothes dripping wet, was kneeling beside him on the bank. "Thank God, my little Roman, that you are safe!" he said; then, overpowered by the reaction of relief succeeding the agony of the last few minutes, had burst into tears.

Roman had probably not thought of this incident for years, but now, conjured up by a word, the whole scene had grown alive again, and with it every detail of the illness which had succeeded the accident. With what unremitting care Felicyan had tended him during those weary, sleepless nights of pain and fever. He saw it all again now; how could he have forgotten the place?

With a sudden impulse he stretched out his hand towards his brother.

"Yes, now I remember. You were awfully good to me, Felciu,—you always were!"

And then, as it was getting late, the two brothers laid hold of their oars in earnest, and in silence rowed home.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" *À L'AMÉRICAINE.*

In what is called "The Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," America has the honour of having produced the very best and most complete edition, so far as it has gone, of our great national poet. For text, illustration (happily not pictorial), commentary, and criticism, it leaves nothing to be desired. The editor, Mr Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, combines with the patience and accuracy of the textual scholar an industry, which has overlooked nothing of value that has been written about Shakespeare by the best German and French as well as English commentators and critics; and, what is of no less moment, he possesses in himself a rare delicacy of literary appreciation and breadth of judgment, disciplined by familiarity with all that is best in the literature of antiquity as well as of modern times, which he brings to bear on his notes with great effect. Of his own criticism Mr Furness is only too sparing. It is not often that this can be said of editors. But again and again we have found ourselves wishing that he had shown less reserve. The book inspires only one regret. The scale on which each play is dealt with makes it all but hopeless that Mr Furness can himself treat the whole series with equal fulness. The eight large volumes, admirably printed, which have already appeared, include only seven of the plays,—"Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," and "As You Like It." These dramas justify, no doubt, a more liberal allowance of annotation and commentary than the remaining thirty, and Mr Furness did well to begin his labours with them. He is now at work, we learn, upon "The Tempest"; and all his well-wishers on this side of the Atlantic will give an eager welcome to this addition to the series, and join in hoping that he may have health and strength to add to them many more. But whether it is given to him to complete his truly gigantic task or not, he has already done enough to make his name honoured by all Shakespearian students. He has a further claim upon their regard; for to his wife they owe an admirable concordance to Shakespeare's poems, which is not so widely known among us as it ought to be. Mr Furness's work was, we understand, suspended for a time owing to the death of this accomplished lady, the *animæ dimidium suæ*, the partner of his studies, the chief stay and encouragement in his long and arduous task. The only volume produced since her death, and which has just appeared, needs no name to be added to the simple "In Memoriam" by which it is introduced, to tell us who was uppermost in Mr Furness's thoughts, though "his heart's best treasure" was no longer at his side, when he once more gathered up courage to resume the labours with which her memory was interwoven.

That volume is devoted to "As You Like It." It is easy to imagine the solace Mr Furness must have found in working over this most ideal of dramas, forgetting for a time his own ache of heart in the beautiful dreamland of Arden among the incidents and characters, all human to the

core, with which the poet has peopled its sunny glades, and the shades of its melancholy boughs. It will say little for the intelligence of any one who chooses to profit by the labours of Mr Furness over this play, if he does not rise from his book with a quickened appreciation of the dramatist's genius, and an intimate knowledge of the varied characters by which the action of the play is carried on. Mr Furness, we are glad to see, holds the faith, that Shakespeare has been and will always be best known by good stage impersonation—that only when we see his plays well acted, however carefully we may have read them, shall we rightly get at what Shakespeare had in his mind's eye, when the creatures of his imagination passed before it. Charles Lamb in one of his wayward moods advocates the opposite doctrine; but a greater than he, Coleridge, our supreme critic of poetry, and especially of the poetic drama, was so clear upon this point, that he set all his hope of seeing "a large, a very large proportion of the indefinite all that is in Shakespeare sent by the stage into the heads and hearts—into the very souls of the mass of mankind, to whom, except by this living comment and interpretation, it must remain for ever a sealed volume,—a deep well without a wheel or windlass" ('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. pp. 51-53).

The more that, like Mr Furness, we drink in from the "leaves of his unvalued book" the true meaning and spirit of the great dramatist, the more keenly alive shall we become to the want of that "living comment and interpretation," to set his characters, and the evolution of his plots, before us in form and moving as he himself saw them. Shakespeare's language was written not to be read, but to be spoken with appropriate action, and with the vibrating tones of sympathetic emotion. Upon these he relied for producing the impression he desired; and the success of his plays in his own day is the best proof that he did not rely upon them in vain.

It is not hard to picture to ourselves what this "living comment and interpretation" must have done for audiences in Shakespeare's time, in helping them to enjoy the fruits of his genius, when he who, if not a great actor himself, understood the art of acting so well, was by to assist such men as Burbage, Alleyne, Tarleton, and their fellows with his views as to the right conception of his characters, and the best mode of expressing what they felt and did. What he thought and taught on these points became the foundation of valuable tradition down to the closing of the theatres and the dispersion of the old companies during the Puritanical interregnum. The audiences of the Restoration unhappily knew not Shakespeare, as he had been known and venerated by Milton and the scholars and audiences of the earlier time. Morals and taste, which had sunk to a far lower level in the life and literature of the day, brought down the treatment of our great poet to a lower level also, in the representation of such of his plays as were mangled and disfigured by Davenant and others to suit the corrupted taste of their times. The popularity of plays by Dryden, Lee, and their compeers, in which "declamation roared while passion slept," drew actors further and further away from the truth to nature, and the play of genuine emotion regulated by the reserve of art, which the great master had inculcated as essential to "the purpose of

playing." Since the day when the genius of Garrick, self-emancipated from the prevalent vices of the artificial school of acting, opened people's eyes to its defects by a return to modes of speech, action, and expression which, being true to nature and consistent with their experience, appealed irresistibly to their hearts as well as to their heads, the English stage has been doing what it could to get back into the right groove—not always, it must be confessed, with eminent success. Still, from time to time worthy efforts have been made by actors who have gone to Shakespeare and to nature for principles, and have also made the most of a genuine histrionic power by the conscientious study of their art. A thorough reform, especially in the treatment of the higher drama, is, however, of necessity by no means easy, for audiences as well as actors must be educated to appreciate what is good and to reject what is bad. The crowds that fill our theatres go for pleasure merely and excitement. Managers must defer to their tastes, and hit them hard, if Shakespeare's plays are taken in hand, by strong stimulants in the way of scenery and spectacle, of which if they have enough to their taste, the majority care little, whether their effect is to illustrate, or to pervert and overlay the animating spirit of the play, and do not ask themselves whether the treatment of the characters is true to Shakespeare's text. But in the present day there are many on the stage, we would fain hope, as well as among the audiences, to whom this mode of dealing with our great poet is not satisfactory, and who regard it as even more important that his great characters should not be misinterpreted than that his text should not be tampered with, or the development of his scenes interfered with to suit an actor's fancies. The capricious views of a critic or a commentator are of small account;—*Commenta opinionum delet dies*,—and at the best they are read by few. But a false view by a popular actress or actor of any of Shakespeare's heroines and heroes spreads far and fast, and is apt to get so firm a hold upon the minds of thousands, that it will haunt the page of the poet when they turn to it afterwards—and, what is worse, it is pretty certain to become the standard for inferior performers to propagate from year to year, and from town to town. It is difficult even for the critical to withstand the charm of a fine person, a brilliant manner, a sympathetic voice, or a clever though mistaken impersonation, when it is carried out with the ease and seeming sincerity of a performer of experience. We forget the dramatist in the fascination of the individual interpreter; and while he or she holds us under a spell, we care not to inquire, whether the being they are personating is the being of the poet's imagination or some travesty of their own.

It is here where the true critic may step in with advantage both to the performer and the public, by applying to the actor's interpretation the test of the poet's text. Of what avail is all the infinite mass of Shakespearian exposition with which our libraries are loaded, unless writers can be found who are at once able and ready to apply this test? In Mr Furness's volumes we find many guiding lights in this direction. He has been at pains to collect, where he could, accounts of the treatment of characters or special scenes by eminent actors. In many cases the justice and the force of their conception and execution are ap-

parent. In others they are just as manifestly wrong. Strange, indeed, are the liberties which some leading actors venture to take with Shakespeare's text. Thus we find from Mr Furness's book that, on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr Edwin Booth closes the trial scene in the "Merchant of Venice" with the exit of Shylock from the court! And this American audiences and American critics endure! But can we throw a stone at them? Did not Miss Mary Anderson as Hermione bring down the curtain in the trial scene of the "Winter's Tale" by gathering her robes about her, and falling as if dead upon her face in the centre of the stage, instead of being supported off it by her women, according to the authentic stage direction—thus cutting wholly away the rest of the scene, which is absolutely vital to the development of the story and the elucidation of the character of Leontes? And yet, so far as we are aware, not one single voice was raised in the London press against this monstrous sacrifice of the text for the sake of a miserable claptrap effect, or attention called to the fact that one of the finest passages of the play had been thus wantonly curtailed and distorted! If those who undertake to guide the public taste will not denounce this "miserable ambition" to catch applause at any price, and the public are either too ignorant or too careless not to feel the wrong thus done to the poet whom they profess to idolise, what wonder if actor or actress shall cut and carve upon the author's text, if by so doing they can make a showy entrance, bring down the curtain upon a melodramatic effect, or give undue prominence to themselves in any other way?

These are liberties, it is true, that can only be taken with impunity by popular favourites, who think more of themselves than of their art, and who use their power to dictate, often to the vexation of their humbler coadjutors, how a Shakespearian text shall be treated. An actor-manager would be more than mortal who did not succumb to the temptation. Happily Mr Augustin Daly, who has lately been showing us what his company can do in Shakespearian comedy, is not an actor. He seems to have a due reverence for the dramatist, and so no fault can be found with his arrangement of the text. On the contrary, he has done excellent service by giving us "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare wrote it, and not reduced to the few scenes of mere farce which have long done duty for it on the English stage. The play is somewhat of the heaviest, and it needs all the care and thoroughness which Mr Daly and his troop have given to it to put life into many scenes which, however well acted, must always strain the patience of an audience. Excellent actors of somewhat rollicking farce as Mr Daly's company are, they are certainly not seen at their best where blank verse has to be spoken by high-bred Italian gentlemen. The play would therefore probably have found little favour in London but for the Katherine of Miss Ada Rehan. With a fine figure, set off by admirable costumes, she puts an amount of fire and force into her performance, which are especially welcome at a time when these qualities are rare upon our English stage. Where Miss Rehan chiefly fails, like most actresses of the part, is in not indicating the gradations of the change wrought upon Katherine by the rough taming process of her lord. This is a thing which

can only be done by subtle touches of demeanour and facial expression—for beyond a doubt Shakespeare does not give Katherine any opportunity of doing it by words. Here, as elsewhere, he leaves a great deal to be filled up by the performer. But just as surely must he have intended the actress to make it plain before the last scene, that she was subdued not merely by *force majeure*, but also by an honest liking for the pluck and person of the man who had beaten her with her own weapons, before he put into her mouth the very remarkable speech beginning, "A woman moved is like a fountain troubled," &c. The words appear absurdly out of place as expressing the conviction of a Katherine, whom we have seen down to that point quite as vehement and shrewish as she was at first in her resistance to Petruchio.

Emboldened by the great success which, we believe, attended the revival of this play in America, Mr Daly has applied the same skill and pains to the production of "As You Like It," and he has submitted the result of his labours to the English audience whom he had predisposed in his favour by his version of "The Taming of the Shrew." All that costume and scenic arrangement can do for the play has been done by him, and it was a substantial pleasure to see that, whatever might be the shortcomings of individual performers, no single detail had been slighted. In turning the means under his control to the best account, Mr Daly has shown himself a most skilful stage-manager. Nothing, for example, could be more admirable than the way the songs were presented, of which Shakespeare makes such liberal use in this play. Sung as they were by Amiens half lying on the ground, with his brother exiles stretched on the sward around him, and taking part in the refrain, they fitted naturally into the action of the scene, and helped to give the idea of the good-fellowship which reigned among these free foresters, who, like Amiens himself, loved to lie "under the greenwood tree," and to join in the invitation to all who were of like mind to "come hither, hither!" and see how much better was the life of the woods than that of the "envious court." As usually given by a gentleman who advances to the footlights and sings not to his companions but across the orchestra to the audience, all the dramatic value of these lyrics is lost, and they become a mere interruption to the progress of the scene. So, too, Mr Daly did well to bring in the Masque of Hymen in the last scene, which serves, while restoring Rosalind to her father, to bridge over the transition from her mannish guise to the dress and dignity of the woman, and at the same time to tell Orlando by another's lips that her hand is now to be "joined with his, whose heart within her bosom is." Rosalind herself, we may believe, has arranged the Masque as a means to moderate the surprise of her father and her lover.

It is difficult to find in these days any company of actors capable of doing adequate justice to a play which demands refinement and dignity of style in so many of the characters, and moreover requires a knowledge of the all but lost art of speaking blank verse. It was not to be expected that these qualities should be prominent in a body of comedians, whose strength lies in the delineation of eccentricities verging almost upon caricature. Weak as our own stage is in these points in such a play as this, the general run of our English

actors can certainly hold their own against Mr Daly's troop. With few exceptions these fell below the level of what would be looked for in a native representation of the piece. The prevailing fault was that the characters were taken in too low a key. It seemed to be forgotten that while the first part of the play takes place at a ducal court, the chief actors in the second part are a duke (whose scholarly tastes, like those of Prospero, have made him so remiss as a ruler that it was easy for his brother to make head against him), and men like Jaques, Amiens, and other members of his court, who have been driven into exile with him. Their courtly breeding should make itself felt by the performers in the air of distinction which, if not always to be found in courts, ought at least to be found there, and which, in any case, is suggested very clearly by the poet. For this the language and action assigned to them afford abundant opportunities. But in the bearing of most of Mr Daly's company this air of distinction is wholly wanting, and, to all appearance, is not even aimed at. The speeches of the banished duke and of Jaques, for example, were spoken with excellent emphasis and discretion, but the tone of high-bred noblemen was not struck. One missed that undefinable something which distinguishes men accustomed to a higher than ordinary level of thinking, as well as of courtesy in manner, and which is requisite to give to the poet's language its full effect. Much praise is, however, due to the Jaques for his treatment of the speech beginning "All the world's a stage." In accordance with a bad stage tradition, this is almost universally delivered as a soliloquy, confidentially addressed to the audience, while it is in fact only part of the give-and-take of conversation in the ducal circle,—the natural carrying out by the pseudo-philosophic Jaques of a vein of thought suggested by the Duke's remark, that

> "This wide and universal theatre
> Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
> Wherein we play in."

This observation is addressed, not to Jaques but to the exiled courtiers seated round the Duke, of whom Jaques is but one. Jaques, who dearly loves to hear himself talk, sees in it an opening to indulge his sad and cynical humour, and rejoins, "Why, all the world's a stage," in which man "plays many parts, his acts being seven ages!" Whether we owe the way the passage was carried out to Mr Daly or to the actor who personated Jaques, there can be no question as to its being a great improvement on the ordinary business of the scene. Jaques's opening words are made to arrest the attention of his "co-mates and brothers in exile," as they sit or lie on the sward around. Their interest deepens as he brings before them the successive divisions of human life, by which he illustrates these seven ages. This is quietly indicated by the growing intentness of their looks, as he goes on towards the picture of the final stages of bodily decline, in which the deepening pathos of the actor's voice and expression are admirably reflected, as he comes to the last scene of all—the

> "Second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

It was delightful to see the poet's intention so truly illustrated. The actor deserves much credit who was able to present the well-

known lines so impressively, while maintaining the conversational tone which his mode of treatment required.

Touchstone is indeed a touchstone of comedians. It has been the usage to intrust the character, as Mr Daly has done, to the low comedian of the company. But their peculiar humours are scarcely compatible with the qualities of that "motley-minded gentleman," witty, sententious, sarcastic, and acute, and well accustomed to hold his own against the wits, both grave and gay, of the court. Many clever actors have failed in the part, but it would be hard to imagine one who answers less to the poet's conception than the Touchstone of Mr Daly's company.[1] Even worse, however, was the Adam, a character which generally has adequate treatment on the English stage. Except in the hands into which it had fallen in Mr Daly's company, we have never seen it fail to arrest the sympathy of the audience. Mr Daly should see to this. Who would not be proud to play a part, in which authentic tradition tells us that Shakespeare himself excelled—so delicately drawn as it is, and with lines to speak which, for beauty of sentiment, accent, and modulation, even he has not surpassed?

To Orlando an air of youthful romance is absolutely essential. This is a quality for which his representative, Mr John Drew, a clever actor in modern comedy-farce, where he is at home, is certainly not conspicuous. His wrestling with "the bony prizer" Charles, was quite admirable; but "make-believe very much" as one might, it was impossible to accept him as the conqueror of "heavenly Rosalind's" heart, however he might pass muster as the "jolly surly groom," that cures the vixen Katherine of her imperious temper.

And now, what shall be said of Miss Rehan's Rosalind? With scarcely an exception, the critics of the journals pronounced it to be "indeed perfection." One luminous authority told us that nothing so truly Shakespearian had been seen on the stage for a hundred years. Why not at once say, had never been seen, for it would have puzzled his ingenuity to find a record of any celebrated Rosalind previously to his selected century? Another, more precise, assured his readers that, since Mrs Siddons and Miss O'Neill played the part, no such Rosalind had been known. Rather a wild statement in face of the notorious facts, that Miss O'Neill never played Rosalind, and that Mrs Siddons so signally failed in the part, even in the heyday of her youth and charm, that it was written of her by a very competent judge,—

> "That Siddons in her mirth we find
> Mixing up Shore with Rosalind."

Miss Rehan, it is to be hoped, has too much good sense to accept literally the hyperbolical praise which has been so copiously showered upon her. She will do well, we venture to think, to re-study the character by the light of the text. As it is, she seems not to have adapted herself to it, but to have sought to adapt it to herself, and to her own peculiar

[1] One piece of his stage business seemed to us most reprehensible. In the last scene, when Touchstone begins his explanation of a quarrel "upon the seventh cause," he has to say, "Bear your body more seeming, Audrey!" a hint to her not to slouch in country fashion before the great folks he is speaking to. Here Touchstone turned round to Audrey, who is flirting with two courtiers (*proh pudor!*) and with these words swings her round to him with the roughness of an angry boor. This the court-bred Touchstone in the presence of the Duke!

methods of winning upon an audience. These are excellent for the lighter characters of her *répertoire*, of which she makes so much, but they jar sorely with the impression of Rosalind which we take from Shakespeare. Surely if Rosalind is anything, she is an ideal princess, in whom the charm of person is heightened by refinement, grace, tenderness, and an undercurrent of intellectual strength, and who never in the wildest play of her sportive moods is other than the high-bred, self-respecting lady. Does Miss Rehan's impersonation answer to this description? Can it be gathered from her rendering of the part, that she even attempts to realise it?

We have alluded to the liberties taken with the text by actors for the sake of effect. At the very outset Miss Rehan falls into this vice. When Rosalind is first seen she is anything but gay. Her father's exile, her own precarious position at the court, have filled her with anxiety. She enters, according to Shakespeare, in conversation with Celia, who is doing what she can to remove the cloud that is resting upon her cousin's mind. The text says, "*Enter Rosalind and Celia*," and Celia's first words are, "I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry," to which Rosalind rejoins, "Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure." She knows that her usurping uncle is growing so jealous of her, that she may soon find herself driven from the court and the society of her cousin, with whom she was "bred from her cradle," and she is with difficulty restored to cheerfulness by Celia's assurances of devotion. How does Miss Rehan introduce her Rosalind to the audience? By rushing rapidly on the stage with a face all smiles, followed, after an interval sufficient to give the audience time to applaud, by Celia coming on in much the same manner, as if the two ladies were playing at a lively game of hide-and-seek! There is more thought here of making a showy entry for the actress, than of striking the key-note of Rosalind's character in a dignity of demeanour befitting her station, and the educated tastes, of which all through the play she gives such evident signs. Hers is a deep earnest nature, and her love is of that intense and all-absorbing kind which only such natures know. How every inch a princess she is, is very early shown in the way she confronts the usurping Duke, when, "with eyes full of anger," he calls her traitor, on no better ground than that she is her father's daughter. The fine lines beginning, "So was I when your highness took his dukedom," &c., ought, therefore, to be spoken with a concentrated and dignified intensity, not with the melodramatic action and loudness of tone by which Miss Rehan brings her rejoinder down to a level with the angry scolding of her uncle. Here we get from Shakespeare the first indication of the high spirit and courage, which subsequently prompt her to take a man's disguise as a protection to her cousin in their flight from court, and afterwards to carry out the assumption so thoroughly, that she creates no suspicion as to her sex in any of the people with whom she is thrown into contact in the Forest of Arden, or even in her frequent interviews with Orlando. This was not to be done without a constant guard upon herself against

falling into womanish ways, or doing anything a man would not do. When she exclaims, on hearing that Orlando is in the forest, "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" she does so not from any false shame at being seen by him in man's apparel, — she has been seen in the forest in that by scores of men without feeling any concern. Why be shy of being seen in it by one man more? The words are only the voice of natural embarrassment, suddenly to find that here is the man to whom she has lost her heart, by whom "she would be woo'd, and not unsought be won," and that her man's attire stands in the way of her being so. Change it she cannot, and so for the moment she is put out. What can Miss Rehan mean by pulling down her doublet as she speaks the words, as though she would accomplish the impossible feat of hiding her legs under it,—an indelicacy of suggestion at which one can only shudder? Was the woman who could indulge in such a show of mock modesty the woman whose bright intellect so quickly afterwards sees in this very disguise of doublet and hose the means of testing whether her Orlando is indeed so deeply in love with her as she presently finds, on overhearing his dialogue with Jaques, that he protests he is? Here, again, Miss Rehan grievously transgresses against true feeling. Pleased as Rosalind may be to find Orlando more than a match for the cynic, there is clearly more interest for her in the obvious sincerity of his devotion to her than in the wit of his repartees. How false to the situation, then, is the action of Miss Rehan, as she listens in her concealment, making broad demonstrations of delight at each of Orlando's answers, and even going so far as to clap her hands, as if she were applauding a joke in a farce! This, however, is only one of countless similar bringings-down of the ideal Rosalind to the level of a forward and not over-modest coquette, which pervade the personation. What, for example, are we to think of a Rosalind, whose love is of such a kind that she blows kisses to Orlando behind his back, as though she could scarcely keep her hands off him,—like some underbred girl fresh from school to the Harry whom she fancies she adores? Or can we conceive of a highly bred lady throwing herself about upon the trunk of trees, and doubling her legs up under her in her colloquies with her lover, as Miss Rehan does? Or risking discovery so far even as to rest her head upon his shoulder, as they sit together upon the "antique roots" of an oak, and to look up into his eyes like a lovesick girl? Was this the way he would have had his "right Rosalind" demean herself? Was this the way to insinuate herself into his heart by that undertone of true womanly grace and reserve, which it is the actress's business to make her audience feel is riveting upon Orlando at every turn, unconsciously to himself, the charm by which he was at first enchained? The saucy kittenish ways of Miss Rehan may be very amusing to those who either do not know their Shakespeare or are indifferent as to what he intended; but they would be out of place in any poetical drama, and they are especially so in Rosalind. And why, oh, why is that lovely name, Spanish in its origin, and therefore with the *i* in it short, perverted into Rosa-lined and Rosa-lineda?

Miss Rehan has been much commended for her acting in the scene where Rosalind swoons on receiving from Oliver Orlando's napkin stained with blood from the wound received in his encounter with the

lion. In this praise it is impossible to concur, because here she runs distinctly counter to the text, and also to nature. Consider the situation. Alarmed as Rosalind is by the thought of her lover's danger, which her intensity of womanly feeling leads her to exaggerate, still she has the secret of her sex to maintain, and, full of high courage as she is, she will not allow herself to do anything to betray it. Seeing her overcome for the moment, Oliver thinks that this is due to a faintness not uncommon with many people at the sight of blood. Conscious that she is losing self-control, Rosalind falls back fainting into Celia's arms. When she recovers and says, "I would I were at home," Celia rejoins, "We'll lead you thither," and turning to Oliver says, "I pray you, take him by the arm!" He does so with the words, "You a man? you lack a man's heart." On this Rosalind pretends that she was only counterfeiting, and although he will not admit this, "her complexion," the pallor of a swoon, satisfying him "that it was a passion of earnest," yet he never surmises that she is other than the young man he has been told of by his brother. There is the finest scope in this scene for the actress to show, as Oliver approaches the crisis of his story, the growing pallor of the face, the trembling of the limbs, the final falling back into Celia's arms, and the gradual recovery from the swoon. This simple mode of treatment, however, does not find favour with Miss Rehan. Very early she shows so many signs of being overcome that, long before Oliver has finished his narrative, he must have been aware of them, and instinctively have stopped talking and gone to her support. So, too, must Celia. But they stand well back, taking no heed of her palpable emotion, and, as Oliver advances to her with the bloody napkin, Miss Rehan falls full length upon the ground, much in the fashion of Miss Anderson's Hermione. This, of course, is meant to "bring down the house," as the phrase is, and unhappily it does bring it down. But after this, what a farce would it be for Rosalind to try to persuade Oliver that this was merely "counterfeit"! How unlike her high spirit, too, so wholly to lose her self-command! How unsuited to the language of the text, which clearly indicates that Celia has caught Ganymede in his swoon, and has only to ask Oliver to help by taking him by the arm, and not to lift him from the ground, which unquestionably he could not do without discovering that the seeming youth was a woman!

Miss Rehan's rendering of this character has been received with such general applause, that other actresses who essay its impersonation will be prone to accept her reading and imitate her effects, exaggerating them as imitators generally do. Some words of warning may not therefore be amiss. It would have been pleasanter to have had to call attention to beauties rather than to defects in this very clever lady's interpretation, but we have found it impossible to do so. The day has long gone by for dealing with "the heavenly Rosalind" as a comic character, as it was treated in former times by Mrs Woffington, Mrs Jordan, Mrs Nisbett, and others. It must be viewed from a higher point, and the wooing of Orlando by young Ganymede must leave a deeper impression than that the whole of that romantic episode has been merely a piece of good fun.

GOVERNMENT AND THE CROFTERS.

MOST of us can recall the fuss and hubbub in the Highlands which preceded the appointment of Lord Napier's Commission in 1883, and which attended the subsequent legislation, designed—no doubt honestly enough — to remedy a state of matters which had been worked into a public scandal. There were those, ourselves among them, who doubted not only of the policy which underlay the Crofters Act, but also whether any result would be attained commensurate with the sacrifice of sound economic principle involved in its provisions. Last October we drew attention in these columns to the manner in which the Act is administered, and to the condition in which the people remain, notwithstanding a large confiscation of proprietary rights on their behalf. We pointed out the mistake of dealing with a population of indigent labourers as though they were farmers, of permanently attaching to the soil numbers at least four times greater than the soil can maintain, and of permitting wild ideas of possible migration to retard the removal of the congestion which is the true cause of the crofter difficulty. Mr Gladstone's Government promised the crofters "bread"; but no one, we believe—not even the crofter himself — regards the Act with favour. "Fixity of tenure" the occupant has gained; but where are now those gratuitous issues of lime and timber, those supplies of seed-corn and potatoes in bad seasons, those remissions of rents when times are adverse? "Fair rent," too, he has; but in future he must pay it, and pay it punctually, if he means to remain an occupant; for assuredly there are few landowners in the Highlands who can afford to suffer further diminution of their incomes.

On the whole, we cannot congratulate Parliament on the success of their measure, and we look forward with the greater satisfaction to a new departure on the lines suggested by the West Highlands and Islands Commission, whose Report lies before us. The document is interesting from more points of view than one: for example, it implicitly rejects the theory that the crofter is a farmer; on the contrary, the Commissioners speak of him as a person who is "able, with the aid of occasional fishing, to obtain a bare subsistence from the produce of" his croft. Then, too, the Report indicates plainly enough an opinion that the West Highlander is not the ideal character depicted by some of his admirers—mainly, we must admit, by those who know him least. Due credit is given to him for what he does; but it is plain between the lines that more discredit attaches to him for what he does not do. He neglects to fish, while his East Coast fellow-countryman is busy under his nose; his boat is getting "ready" while the brief herring season is half over; he builds no pier or boat-slip for himself in the idle time, which is the larger part of his year; he allows conveniences erected for him to fall to decay; he obtains a Government boat-loan, and fails to pay his instalments; he lounges away his winter at home, instead of seeking work and earning wages for his family in the centres of industry; he is, in fact, a highly unsatisfactory person—so unsatisfac-

tory, that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, again more implied than expressed, that the steps proposed to benefit him will really benefit "energetic strangers" rather than those whom they are mainly designed to assist.

But still, notwithstanding the discouraging prospect, we hope the Government may be induced to go forward, for most unquestionably there are conditions capable of amelioration which injuriously affect the West Highlands. The most important of these conditions is clearly the want of communication with the Southern markets rapid enough to enable the produce of the white fisheries to reach them in saleable condition; and while this disadvantage is allowed to remain, it may always be quoted as an excuse for riot and discontent. It may not be known to our readers, but it is the case, that in order to realise its full value, or often any value at all, fish consigned to Billingsgate market must reach London soon after 4 A.M.; and one of the problems before the Commission seems to have depended on this fact. How, for instance, were cod and halibut from the west of the Lews to be conveyed to London within a reasonable time, subject to the condition of arrival at 4 A.M.? Let us consider how the problem has been solved, for the solution will guide us in our subsequent consideration of the schemes before us.

The Commissioners, then, propose that a steamer shall leave Loch Carloway daily for West Loch Tarbert (Harris), calling at intermediate points, and reaching Tarbert early in the afternoon. At Tarbert the fish would be placed in carts and conveyed to another steamer leaving East Tarbert at 6 P.M. for Oban, where she would arrive, after collecting cargo by the way, about 10 A.M. next day. From Oban the fish would be trucked to Dunblane, and would be conveyed thence by the special fish-train from Aberdeen, reaching London at 4 A.M., or in from forty-four to forty-six hours after shipment at Carloway. In winter this rate of transit is rapid enough,—in summer the fish must be packed in ice, and will then arrive in marketable condition. There are some persons, as we are aware—Mr Caldwell, M.P., among them—who have advocated the construction of a railway from Carloway to Stornoway, probably with the object of securing rapid conveyance of the fresh fish. Let us compare the relative advantages of the route sketched above with that proposed by the railway advocates. The mail-steamer at present leaves Stornoway after midnight, and could therefore only convey the fish landed the previous morning; she reaches Strome Ferry in time for the train at 11 A.M., which does not arrive in London till 7.20 A.M.—too late for the fish-market. Thus, of two parcels of fish despatched at the same hour —one by steamer *vid* Tarbert and Oban, the other by railway *vid* Stornoway and Strome Ferry—the former would reach London three hours and twenty minutes earlier than the latter by *time*—by *market-time* twenty-four hours earlier. Then, again, a railway would be of service only to the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the termini and along the route. To make it useful to others, there must be either branches or steamers, or both, as feeders; and thus an expense would very shortly be incurred not only out of all proportion to the possible traffic, but such as to preclude the distribution of assistance in other districts.

The case of Carloway is an example of the plan of the Com-

missioners in dealing with sea communications. They propose a second coasting steamer on the east side of the Lews, one between Cape Wrath and Strome Ferry, one between Cape Wrath and Thurso, one between Portree and Dunvegan, and one for the circumnavigation of Mull. As trunk-routes they propose two lines between Tarbert (Harris) and Oban, connecting with the Lews and Skye coasting steamers, and picking up their own traffic from the Long Island and west of Skye *en route*. These, in brief, are the improvements proposed for the present; for the future it is recommended that the construction of the railway from Bannavie to Mallaig—with a port at Mallaig—shall be assisted. But assistance to this railway obviously involves similar assistance to other companies desiring access to the west coast, and this is accordingly recommended with certain reservations, and with the assurance that the construction of railways to the coast leads to the readjustment of steamer-routes, and an ultimate reduction of their cost.

In the matter of harbours, piers, &c., the Lews, being in an exceptional position, is exceptionally dealt with. The report proposes the erection of a Harbour Board for the entire property, composed of the trustees of the harbours of Stornoway and Ness, with two representatives from each of the ports of Carloway and Portnaguiran. It is proposed to improve the harbours of Stornoway and Ness; to construct new harbours at Carloway and Portnaguiran; to provide small boat-slips where necessary; and to construct lights at Carloway and Tiumpan Head. In return for the labour and responsibility thus thrown on the Stornoway trustees, who will naturally form the backbone of the new trust, a consolidation of the Stornoway harbour debt and a substantial reduction of interest are recommended.

There are also various suggestions for improved lighting on the west coast, and for the provision of buoys and beacons on dangerous rocks.

So far the recommendations of the Commissioners make no demand on the pockets of the people for construction; maintenance they are required to pay for, but the whole prime cost, except in the case of railways, falls on the public purse. The other proposals in the report proceed on a different, and, we think, putting exceptional cases aside, on a sounder system—viz., one which provides liberal assistance from the public it is true, but only on condition that one-fourth of the cost of the works shall be found by the locality, whether by county council, proprietor, or inhabitants. The principle is clearly a safe one; for, as a general rule, what is not worth an effort is not valued when acquired.

If any of our readers who know the coast of Scotland will reflect for one moment, they will readily realise the immense advantage in safe harbours which the west coast possesses over the east. We believe we are correct in saying that St Margaret's Hope and the Cromarty Firth are the only secure and accessible natural anchorages between the English border and Duncansbay Head. There are artificial harbours, no doubt; but how many of these can be entered at all times of the tide and in all conditions of the weather? Granton, perhaps Buckie, and some day Peterhead. How many more? It is easy to pick out many natural harbours of the first-class on

the west coast, while those of the second and third class, capable of sheltering large fishing-craft, are almost innumerable. Let us glance at some of those, at least, in the first category. Campbeltown Loch, Oban, Tobermory, Loch Nevis, Portree, Aultbea, Loch Laxford, Loch Eriboll, Stornoway, Loch Roag, and Castlebay, cannot be approached in point of convenience, safety, and accessibility by a single anchorage on the east coast of Scotland, and many of these are conveniently situated for fishing of one kind or another. But the Commissioners say, "Even where, as at Stornoway and at Castlebay, the herring-fishing was at its height, there were comparatively few local boats engaged in it." No doubt the explanation is to be found in the facts that "there seems no general disposition among the people to raise themselves by exertion," and that "the larger portion of their time is devoted to the land, and fishing, though more remunerative, is prosecuted only as a subsidiary means of livelihood." There is surely ample justification for the tone of despondency which is apparent in the following passage: "While we trust that the inhabitants of the west coast will avail themselves to the full of the benefits which may be derived from the measures recommended, we think that in any case the result will be to attract an increased number of energetic strangers to these waters, and to enlarge the supply of fish in the markets of the country."

The subject of loans for fishing-boats under the Crofters Act has lately been brought before the Legislature in the form of a return presented to the House of Lords by the Secretary for Scotland, and we observe that the opinion of the Commissioners is not wholly favourable to the present system, which has, as we conceive, three serious disadvantages.

First, The individual contribution of the fisherman (one-tenth, usually diminished by assistance from his crew) is too small. He lacks the spur to exertion which would be supplied by the feeling that, at any cost of labour, he *must* succeed, and that failure means ruin.

Second, Conversely, the loan—in other words the debt—is too large, and the result is that an adverse season,—even a month or two of adverse weather,—produces in his mind a feeling of despair, and apathy ensues.

Third, It is admitted on all hands that a croft—especially of the smaller class—is a costly possession, making demands on the pocket of the occupant which he can ill afford. It withdraws him from fishing when he should be at sea, and it swallows the earnings which should be applied to maintaining his boat and gear in the highest state of efficiency. We think, therefore, that boat-loans cannot wisely be given to any persons who elect to remain in the occupation of land; and we may add, that boats retained in unsafe harbours, or hauled on the beach without reasonable cause, should at once be forfeited. It is not many weeks since we ourselves observed five valuable first-class boats lying at Bayble, in the Lews, in such a position that a sudden gale from the southward must have wrecked them all; and any visitor to the islands who uses his eyes cannot fail to notice many excellent craft hauled up, and falling to decay.

The Bayble boats were where we saw them because, though

registered in and fishing from Stornoway, their crews had their homes in that township, and naturally preferred to return there on Saturday. Our argument is not against the return of the crews to their homes, but against the position of those homes as unsuitable to the crews, especially to those whose boats are the security for a large loan of public money. The Fishery Board require the insurance of boats on which they make advances, and it is not improbable that some part of the carelessness which is manifested as to the fate of these boats may be due to this condition, reasonable as it is: we think, however, that the proposal of the Commissioners to require collateral security besides, affords a good guarantee as against accidental loss or damage, with an additional guarantee (which insurance does not afford) against reckless inattention to the ordinary rules of seamanship in the matter of safe anchorage. The person offering himself as collateral security, no doubt, will usually be a curer, and therefore in a position to supervise the daily proceedings of those for whom he has become responsible; and though he may minimise his own risk by insurance, sufficient liability will remain to induce him to watch those proceedings carefully.

Here, then, we have a scheme differing absolutely, both in principle and detail, from that which became law under Mr Gladstone's Government. No spoliation is proposed, no plunder of any man, and no encouragement of laziness, dishonesty, or mendacity. On the contrary, the plan of the Commissioners is designed merely to remove disabilities which are alleged to handicap the people in the prosecution of their main industry, and it is significantly pointed out that "the success or failure of the measures . . . must mainly depend on the people themselves."

Let us shortly consider the results which may be expected to flow from the effort which the present Government seems resolved to make. The friends of the crofter allege, and we are far from saying they are wrong, that he has hitherto been discouraged in prosecuting his business as a fisherman by his distance from market. If this be true, it follows, or should follow, that improved and more rapid communication will encourage him. It will be open to him to provide himself, by the help of a Government loan, with a first-class boat, capable of keeping the sea all the year round. He may follow the herring shoals from the west coast to the east, or to Shetland; he may push as far as Yarmouth and Lowestoft, or join the mackerel fleet at Kinsale; then during the winter he may lie securely in Portnaguiran, Loch Carloway, or Castlebay, fishing from thence, when the weather permits, the northern or western banks, and despatching his cod and halibut fresh to the English markets. He may become, in short, just such an active, energetic fisherman as his neighbour from the Moray Firth; and no doubt, like him, he will come to regard land as an encumbrance, and will seek to secure a site for a house in the most favourable spot for the prosecution of his industry, combined with the safety of his boat. If this result—and no result could be more satisfactory—should ensue, we apprehend serious difficulty through the operation of the Crofters Act. Take, for example, the case of the Lews, where the Commissioners

propose three harbours: all three are absolutely surrounded by ground in the occupation of crofters, and therefore practically freehold; the proprietor cannot, if he would, grant a single square yard without their consent; and is it likely that their consent will be forthcoming, say, to the settlement of half-a-dozen crews of Ness or Buckie men? And yet, unless the harbour means the establishment of a purely fishing community, is not the cost likely to be thrown away? Those who pretend to know the crofter better than ourselves will perhaps be good enough to answer the questions which we have asked above; meantime we must assume that a grave obstacle to the establishment of fishing as a sole industry is imposed by the reckless erection of freeholds under the Crofters Act.

If, then, the people really have in them the qualities which their friends claim for them, and can be induced to exchange their "loafing" habits for steady industry, there seems no reason why they should not emerge from their present degraded condition. But what if they decline to be educated? what if, after harbours are built, lights provided, steam-ship lines subsidised, and railways constructed, they still maintain their present customs? what if new-comers, who desire to make fishing their sole occupation, are denied sites for their houses at the ports constructed by Government assistance? We can only reply that they will prove to their fellow-countrymen and to the world that their manhood has ebbed from them, that the worst said of them by their hostile critics was short of the truth, and that the sooner their effete race becomes extinct the better will it be for a once noble reputation. We think we hear the silly fury of the Glendale prophet and those of his kind over such truths as this. But the fact is that, prompted by their mischief-making leaders, they may rage as they please, for nothing can be plainer than that they are offered a fair chance of taking their places among the working classes of this country, and that, if they reject the opportunity, they ear-mark themselves for ever as ludicrous failures. They have gibed and sneered at their betters, —they will now be mocked at themselves; they have pretended to teach others by their precepts, —they will now teach them by their humiliating example.

In sober earnest, if the Government adopt in the main, as we feel confident they will, the recommendations which we have been considering, all thinking men of whatever politics will agree with us in the opinion that the utmost has been done for the West Highland population.

We observe that, among their minor recommendations, the Commissioners advise the establishment of a training-ship at Stornoway; and we cannot too earnestly second the proposal, which could hardly fail to produce excellent effects. At present the only direct contact between the population and the service of the Crown is through the medium of the militia and naval reserve, — both condemned, in the case of the Hebrides, by the almost universal opinion of thoughtful persons who have watched the operation of these two services. At first sight it may seem commendable that so many hundreds of the male population should offer themselves as a military and naval reserve force in case of need—and no doubt in case of need they would prove valuable; but at present we are

concerned rather with the question of how best to elevate the people into self-support, if not prosperity; and, regarded from this point of view, both militia and naval reserve tend in a direction opposite to our wishes. In the latter service, for example, the annual drills are taken by each man for a month during the winter, and he receives in return about £8 in money and a good suit of clothes; the result is that practically the whole naval reserve (comprising, in the Lews at least, the flower of the population) remains idle at home for five months for the sake of one month's pay! Could anything be more demoralising, especially to people naturally inclined to indolence? In the other islands where there is no reserve, and on the mainland coast, it has become more and more the custom of the young men to migrate during the winter months to sea, to railway works, or to centres of industry in the south; but from the Lews the winter migration is at an end, and this fact may possibly explain the reluctance, mentioned by the Commissioners, to accept work, which one of their number seems to have been in a position to offer, at wages of from 20s. to 25s. a-week. We wish the Report had contained a strong recommendation for the gradual reduction and final extinction of the naval reserve in the Lews; and there might perhaps have been suggested in its place an annual grant of small amount to be applied to assist the voluntary emigration of young unmarried persons of both sexes, without any obligation of repayment. Such persons frequently desire to try their fortune in the colonies, and in the colonies they do well; but when discouraged by inability to pay their own passages, they sink back into early marriage, and become the parents of another impoverished generation.

And now, to sum up our remarks in a few words: if, at the time when the Crofters Act was passed, the Government of the day had contented themselves with some such plan as that which is before us, coupled with a liberal emigration scheme, there can be no doubt that the proprietors would readily have co-operated with them in re-adjusting the whole crofting area. All Highland proprietors were aware that the individual crofts required enlargement; all were persuaded that crofting and fishing should be pursued as separate industries, but they and their local managers alone knew which of the families on their lands were best suited for each industry, which were hopeless in either. Not one landlord in the Highlands but would gladly have given ground for a fishing village, where Government provided a harbour and fishing-gear; not one but would willingly have promised, under suitable guarantees, a consolidation of vacated crofts, and even rents fixed by independent arbiters. But all voice in the new arrangement was rudely denied them, and they were thrust aside to make way for a body absolutely irresponsible, and, as we showed last October, guided by no definite system that can be gathered from its decisions. Formerly the principle that the crofter was a "labourer with an allotment" guided the estate office to some extent in fixing the value of his holding. For example, an allotment favourably placed for lobster-fishing, or in the vicinity of a good boat-harbour, was obviously worth more to its occupant (whose only remunerative occupation was fishing) than one possessing neither

of these advantages; accessibility of fuel was another element, facility of communication a third, —and so on. Now, as far as we can glean from a study of results, the baneful maxim that the "crofter is a farmer" is dominant in the deliberations of the Commission; and from this maxim flow, as was foretold in 1851, all the anomalies (we do not wish to call them injustices) which the decisions disclose. We are aware of crofts which, as compared with those already disposed of, may be said to be highly rented, yet their position enables the occupants, for four months in summer, to catch from twelve to fourteen dozen of large lobsters a-week, worth from 9s. to 12s. a dozen. On the "farmer" theory the rents of these crofts would probably be reduced, on the "labourer" theory they should certainly be raised. Can any one say that reduction would not be a grave injustice to the landlord? On what principle, we may ask, are the rents of labourers' cottages fixed in the Lowland counties? Is not the rent dependent on the demand, and that again on the facilities for obtaining employment? Quite another principle, however, is applied to the Highlands. There, measures are taken to induce the labourer to remain where there is no employment for him, and to accommodate him at the expense of his landlord! Both suffer, but in the end the labourer will surely suffer the most.

Mr Gladstone was headstrong and omniscient: he began, as at the time we thought and as is now evident, at the wrong end, by anchoring the people on the land in such fashion that readjustment is impracticable, and there is no alternative, if the present scheme fails, but compulsory removal or recurrent starvation in the congested districts. Already a new clause has been introduced into advertisements of Highland properties—"there are no crofters," —and, unless this clause appears, purchasers do not compete, and the capital, which is so urgently required in the North, goes elsewhere. Meantime, too—and this is the melancholy part of it—the old friendly relations between landlord and tenant have vanished for ever. The crofter is now practically a freeholder, bound indeed by law to pay a certain annual sum, which, though called rent, is not rent in any ordinary sense, but is more analogous to what in Scotland is called feu-duty, and liable to removal if he fails. Aforetime he was something less and something more: *less*, because he was removable, though rarely removed, while his stated rent was never exacted if he could show reasonable cause for reduction; *more*, because he was his landlord's friend, often his clansman, always the recipient of his good offices in need or distress.

What well-rounded theory, reduced to legislation, can compensate for the change? When shall we see again, as the writer of these lines has seen, a whole population silently assemble, without warning or request, to share the honour, as they deemed it, of carrying to his grave their chief—and *landlord?*

The question was lately asked an old proprietor of a large crofting property whether he had ever during his long life removed a crofter tenant. After some reflection, his answer was somewhat in these words: "Yes; I once, and only once, removed a crofter in deference to the repeated requests of the whole township in which he lived. I summoned him, hand-

ed him £20, and told him to go to the devil. I believe he went." The township must now submit to the presence of the occasional "black sheep" to be found in every community; and those only who know the mischief that may be worked by a persistent thief or confirmed blackguard in a small society, can estimate the severity of the infliction. Moreover, when people live together in communities, each man has certain obligations towards his neighbours. Thus, if we are inhabitants of a town, such obligations meet us at every turn, and we are compelled, under legal sanction as the ultimate resort, to fulfil them. Now, let us for a moment suppose the legal sanction removed — should we not all be at the mercy of any dirty or ill-conditioned neighbour who chose to violate those sanitary and economic rules which are embodied in police regulations? The condition which we have above assumed, for the sake of illustration, is that which now actually exists in every crofter township; the sanction under which mutual obligations were discharged has disappeared with the supersession of the landlord—no authority has been erected in its place, and every man does that which is good in his own eyes. Formerly, the male inhabitants were summoned by the township constable to repair common fences and roads, and to perform any other work which was required in the common interest; now, the constable's authority — which really represented the landlord's — is at an end, and the common duties are wholly neglected, to the great damage and discomfort of all, but especially of the poorest and weakest.

Let us pursue the subject a step farther. It has long been the desire of those who know the crofter's needs, and who wish him well, to see his common-grazing in all cases worked as a club-farm, with a view to economy of labour, improvement of the stock, enhanced returns, and, above all, uniformity of interest. Take, for example, three crofters, A, B, and C, all inhabiting the township of D; A has five sheep, B has fifteen, and C has fifty. Yet all pay the same rent, as the holdings are similar; all visit the pasture at frequent intervals to examine their stock; all take with them a dog or dogs; and thus not only is there treble labour, but the pasture is constantly disturbed. This in itself is bad both for the stock and for the owners; but in other respects there is worse to follow, for it is obvious that neither A, B, nor C can afford to improve their small stocks, and that, even if able to expend money on the enterprise, they could not retain for themselves the result of their expenditure. The sheep stock thus constantly deteriorates in *quality*, and, when waste of time is taken into account, must often be a positive loss to its owners. We say nothing of the damage to game from the superfluity of dogs; this, however, is a matter which directly affects the crofter, as tending to discourage the sportsman—a valuable neighbour, and usually a generous employer of labour; but the depredation among sheep and lambs is serious, and within the past few weeks has assumed alarming dimensions in one part of Skye.

Unhappily the formation of club-stocks is now out of the question, for this could only be achieved by the purchase, rearrangement, and resale in shares to the crofters of the whole stock of the townships. This involves

the expenditure of capital, and would not, even then, be effectual, unless stringent rules were prescribed for management — rules which there is no authority to frame or to enforce.

On the whole, we think that townships were formerly happier abodes when they were under a certain discipline — rather felt than openly displayed, but still under sanctions which could not then, as now, be wholly disregarded.

Since the above was written, an incident has come to our notice which, if the crofters' friends be really as benevolent as they would have us believe, may change whole aspect of the question,— estate of Glendale is in the m ket! Now, how easy would it for a syndicate—composed, say, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Georg Campbell, Messrs Weir, Fraser Mackintosh, Caldwell, and a few others—to acquire the property, and to put in practice thereon the theories which they seek to impose on Highland proprietors!

In these days, when flatulence is so powerful an instrument of government, surely nature has clearly indicated the President of the new Republic in the Happy Valley!

AN ISLESMAN.

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THE TSAR AND THE JEWS.

Nothing is more remarkable about Russia, than the general ignorance in Europe concerning the social condition and internal affairs of that country.

This ignorance is due to a variety of circumstances—geographical, historical, and others. The Russian population who still inhabit the centre only of what is now the Russian Empire in Europe, were, until comparatively recent times, completely cut off from all contact with the European nations who were steadily advancing in that civilisation the light of which failed to reach the secluded Muscovite. The instinct of self-preservation among the Finnish, Swedish, German, Lithuanian, Polish, Moldavian, and Turkish peoples, who surrounded, and, with the exception of the latter, still surround, the central Russian population, and even to-day form 30 per cent of the Tsar's European subjects, long fought against the advance of the Russians to their present political frontiers. Hemmed in on all sides, the Muscovite remained as ignorant of Europe as Europe was of him.

It was reserved for Peter the Great to force his way to the Baltic, to found St Petersburg, and, as he himself accurately expressed it, to open a window to Europe. Peter's window was, however, but a small one, and for a long period, the faces chiefly visible at it, were those of the foreigners whom the rulers of Russia took into their service, either from western Europe or from the Baltic and Polish provinces over which their dominion steadily encroached. The introduction of the large foreign element into the government, which was a necessity to Russia's progress, has had a remarkable and lasting effect. The Russians who left their provincial homes to establish themselves in the new capital, and to attach themselves to the Court, entered a new world. They necessarily bowed to the influence of the ruling foreigners, and with the

latter they founded that St Petersburg society which has always remained completely out of touch with the mass of the Russian nation, but which until the present Tsar's reign monopolised the government of the country.

Now that the Russian frontiers have reached the sea, and march with those of the civilised nations of central Europe, with fair railway communication from the interior to the civilised West, the Russian house has become full of windows, and the design of Peter the Great would appear to have reached its fulfilment. Under ordinary circumstances windows admit of looking in as well as of looking out, but this ordinary condition is not fulfilled by the Russian windows. Other Tsars may have hesitated about letting too much light into their house, but Alexander III. is not given to hesitation. He found windows, but he determined to exclude the observation of his neighbours, and he has resolutely put up the shutters.

Every possible means is now taken to conceal the truth about Russia, to keep out the foreigner, and to baffle his hateful curiosity. No native journal is allowed to give any real picture of the internal condition of the country. No foreign journalist may send uncensored telegrams to his editor, and no suspected author of unpleasant communications can hope to be allowed to remain in Russia. No foreign missionary may settle, or even travel in the country, for fear he should discover disagreeable truths, and report unfavourably on Holy Russia. The intelligent foreigner who arrives armed with recommendations from high personages abroad, is promptly and easily blindfolded. He is received with fulsome compliments; the officials everywhere are at his service to take him wherever he chooses and show him everything. Their *bonhomie* and frankness of manner is truly charming, *but they never leave their visitor to see anything by himself.* To those who can see behind the scenes, nothing is more exquisitely amusing than to observe the intelligent visitor, confident in his own cleverness and powers of observation, and completely hoodwinked by the men who affect to be at his service, and to assist his inquiries. As long as, from want of knowledge of the language, or from other circumstances, the traveller in Russia finds himself accompanied by, and obliged to accept the proffered services of, any Russian of higher rank than a peasant, he may be perfectly assured that, from first to last, everything will be presented to him in false colours, and that he will be if possible more ignorant of the country when he leaves it than when he entered it.

A country long geographically isolated, historically backward, with little literature to give views of its inner life, with a great gulf and complete want of sympathy between the limited upper class and the masses, with officials distinguished by combined ignorance and chauvinistic sensitiveness, and with an autocrat who declines to hear, or to allow others to hear, unpleasant truths about his empire and people,—such is the combination of conditions and circumstances which keeps Russia a mystery to Europe. The official version of every event in Russia is always the least worthy of credence and the most widely spread, and unfortunately the contradictions which occasionally reach the public ear are too often, through ignorance or prejudice, equally untrustworthy. In no other country

in Europe would it be possible for the Government to steadily organise and prosecute a widespread system of religious intolerance and persecution, without the fullest details reaching and rousing the indignation of the co-religionists of the persecuted in other lands. Yet, although vague stories of trouble occasionally cross the Russian frontier, it is but little realised abroad that Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew, and Armenian all suffer disabilities, and too often persecution, on account of their faith.

It is not long since the Protestants of the Russian Baltic provinces made an ineffectual attempt to attract the attention of Europe, and to stay the hand of their persecutors, by an appeal to the sympathies of their brethren in the West. Now it is the turn of the Russian Jews who seek to make their voices heard, and cry aloud for some influence to incline their tormentors to mercy. In Turkey it is impossible for the Sultan to conceal for a week any detail concerning a single outrage by a Kurdish brigand on an Armenian peasant. Missionaries, journalists, travellers, and consuls hasten to spread the news. Blue-books are published, Armenian committees organise meetings in London to protest, and high Armenian officials are hastily summoned in council to the imperial palace in Constantinople, to deliberate on the best measures for protecting and satisfying their co-religionists. In Russia, Protestants, Armenians, Roman Catholics, or Jews may suffer *en masse*, and but a few dismal wails will penetrate the barriers carefully erected and maintained to stifle the voice of truth from Russia. We have, however, travelled unaccompanied by official guides in those Russian provinces which are inhabited by the Jews, and we have had opportunities of seeing and hearing behind the barriers. We know that the complaints of the Jews respecting present woes and anticipated miseries are but too well founded; and it shall be our endeavour, in describing what we have seen and know, to convey some idea of their position under the existing penal laws, and of the danger which continually threatens both their persons and property from the jealousy and violence of an ignorant and barbarous peasantry.

In Russia the present legal status of the Jew is that of an alien. The spirit of the laws which regulate his position may be briefly summed up as follows: The Jew is assumed to be an individual against whose treacherous wiles the authorities must always be on their guard. He has no rights or privileges, except such as have been specially granted to him by imperial statute, and his enjoyment of even these is precarious. His conduct and occupations must be regulated by special legislation, and he must on no account be allowed, so long as he remains true to his faith, to acquire the position of a permanent inhabitant of the country.

Perhaps the most important of the restrictions on the liberties of the Russian Jew is that which confines his right of residence to certain specially named districts and governments. In the provinces comprised in what is still known as the kingdom of Poland, and in Volhynia, Bessarabia, and Podolia, the Jews are exceedingly numerous, and are said to form from 13 to 18 per cent of the population. In these provinces, and in the government immediately adjoining them to the

east, the Jews have full liberty to reside where they like, but it is only under exceptional circumstances that they are permitted to enter the other provinces of the empire. In Courland and Livonia the descendants of the Jewish families who were already established in these provinces when they were incorporated into the Russian empire, are allowed to remain undisturbed, but no Jews from other districts are permitted to settle. Any Jew who has paid the heavy dues of a first guild merchant in one of these provincial towns where the free right of residence is admitted, is subsequently permitted to move to, and to reside in, any other city of the empire, on condition of enrolling himself as a first guild merchant of the town he selects, and continuing to pay the annual dues prescribed for that privilege.

Persons of the Jewish faith who have completed the university course, and obtained the necessary certificates, as also those who follow certain special trades and professions, particularly that of medicine, are nominally permitted to dwell where it suits them; but the authorities interpret the regulations differently, at different times, and in different places, and constant misunderstandings arise.

The pressure which, under the strict interpretation of the laws, the Jews experience in the provinces in which they are crowded, compels them constantly to endeavour to evade its provisions. At times the authorities appear to regard with indifference the infraction of many of the anti-Jewish laws; and then, under the sudden influence of the complaints of jealous and competing Christian traders, or as the result of the caprice of some zealous official, the prohibitory regulations are called to mind, and in notable instances, hundreds of families have been suddenly expelled from some town or district in which they have been long, and quietly established.

It is chiefly as a trader that the Jew excites the jealousy of his neighbours. Trade is his general occupation, and in it he is undoubtedly a powerful rival to the Russians with whom he competes, and whom he will always try to undersell. His general principles in business are to seek, by a large turn-over, compensation for the smallness of the profits with which he contents himself on individual transactions, and he is willing to take risks, on his own account, for such small percentages of profit, as old-established Christian merchants would demand as commission, on business where they employed the capital of others. The Jew, in fact, forces himself into the position of a commission agent to the merchants who grant him credit. His industry, skill, and personal economy will often make a business succeed where the ordinary Christian would certainly fail, and his success assists that general development of trade which is so important in a backward country. In large matters of business he understands that honesty is the best policy, and he will take the greatest care to maintain a good reputation, particularly where he looks forward to a continued and profitable connection. A fairly established Jew trader is comparatively rarely guilty of petty cheating or chicanery, and he has the great merit of understanding in whom he can himself place confidence. The Russian merchant, on the contrary, suspects everybody, and as he is himself generally and reasonably suspected, business rela-

tions with him often become most difficult.

The keenness of the Jews in competing with one another for business has a most marked effect in reducing both the prices of commodities and the rate of interest in the districts which are inhabited by them, and from this circumstance their Christian neighbours undoubtedly reap considerable benefit. Official statements have proved that the rate of interest paid by the peasant to the Jewish usurer in the western provinces is far lower than the rates charged by the Russian *koulak* in the provinces from which the Jews are excluded. The *koulak*, too, enforces his claim with rigour; whereas the Jew, unsupported by the authorities, has frequently to compromise, or even to accept a total loss.

In Jewish families no member is allowed to be idle, and where trade is the occupation boys and girls are alike apprenticed to it at an early age, and are taught the necessity of industry and energy, and the value of the smallest sums of money as capital from which income may be derived. It is said to be a common practice in some of the larger towns for a father to give his son, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a couple of roubles, and, turning him out of doors, bid him make the best use he can of the money to support himself for ten days or a fortnight, at the end of which period he may return home if he brings back the original capital. Girls at the age of sixteen or seventeen, if not required to assist in the business of their parents, are often started in a small way on their own account. We have seen the mother of a family, with the help of one or two young children, conducting an apparently prosperous business in groceries, and the father engaged in the grain trade travelling about the country, and only occasionally superintending his wife's transactions; at one side of the grocer's shop a small establishment where the eldest son was dealing in hardware, and on the other side, in a wretched shanty, a girl of sixteen trading with a stock of prints and similar articles, not exceeding £15 or £20 in value. This energy and intolerance of idlers in the family is the secret of the success in business of the Jews.

It has often been made a matter of complaint against the Jews that they encourage the peasants in drunkenness, but this assertion does not bear the test of serious inquiry. Considering that there is no retail trade in Russia of equal importance with that in intoxicating liquors, and that the trade of those provinces which are inhabited by the Jews is almost exclusively in their hands, it is not remarkable that they should be found as tavern-keepers, and pushing that business with their customary energy. As already mentioned, the Jews are particularly numerous in Poland, and yet, as compared with the Russian peasant, the sobriety of the Pole is remarkable. Katkoff, who was no friend to aliens, whether Jews or Germans, made the important acknowledgment in the 'Moskovosky Viedomost' that there is less drunkenness in the south-western provinces of the empire than in the central districts from which the Jews are absolutely excluded; and to his remarks on this subject he added the noteworthy statement, that although there was undoubtedly great poverty in the west and south-west of Russia, inquiry showed that the poorest classes belonged to the Jewish faith, and not to the orthodox peasantry.

Circumstances have forced a considerable majority of the Jews to seek a livelihood in trade; but it is by no means true, as stated by their enemies, that they show no capacity for industries where bodily exertion is required. In large manufactories they would seek employment in vain; for no mill-owner would consent to their suspending work from Friday afternoon till Saturday evening, nor could he arrange to keep his works open on Sunday for the benefit of a portion of his hands who might then be inclined to resume labour. In industries where combination is not required, and where each worker can labour by himself and choose his own time, a large proportion of Jews are to be found. A striking proof of this fact was given, when a report was published on the condition of the sufferers from the anti-Jewish disturbances in Kieff some years ago. Out of some 600 adult males who had been rendered houseless, and were temporarily sheltered in the fortress, there were 134 tailors, 40 carters, 22 day labourers, 22 butchers, 21 fitters, and 27 joiners and wheelwrights, in addition to representatives in smaller numbers of various other handicrafts. Besides, however, what are ordinarily known as trades and industries, there is an occupation — namely, that of the middleman — for which the Jew appears particularly adapted. Throughout the south-west of Russia and Poland it is almost impossible to complete any transaction without the intervention of the Jew "factor," as he is called. Whether it be the letting or hiring of a house, the sale or purchase of grain, the leasing of a farm, or the engagement of a servant, the Jew middleman is sure to be mixed up in the matter, and to succeed in extracting some profit for himself. He is often useful, but he is decidedly an unpleasant character, and he contributes much to the unpopularity of his race.

Although the Russian Jew seldom adopts usury as his sole occupation, he is nevertheless the only person from whom the small proprietor or the peasant can obtain the loans which furnish the capital so often necessary for the success of his agricultural operations. The rate of interest undoubtedly appears high; but when considered in relation to the risks incurred in making advances, it is probably not generally excessive. The security is often of the most uncertain nature, and consists, for instance, in the value of the yield of crops, for the sowing and tilling of which the lender is providing the capital. The Government has acknowledged the necessity of loans to the peasantry to enable them to carry on their business; and one of the most strongly urged of the recommendations of the Committees of Inquiry into Agricultural Affairs was the establishment by the State of the Provincial Peasants Banks, which now make advances to the peasantry and small land proprietors. It is, however, difficult to regulate the conduct of State establishments on the same sound commercial principles as ordinarily guide the action of individuals in their private affairs, and it is at least doubtful whether the interference of *tchinovniks*, in what should be purely commercial transactions, will in the long-run prove really beneficial to the peasantry. With regard to the higher classes of landed proprietors whose improvidence sometimes places them completely at the mercy of the Jews, from whom they have borrowed the last possible farthing, it is a question

whether it is an unmitigated evil that they should be dispossessed of the estates which they have not the capital or ability to work with profit.

Capital is one of the great necessities of a country like Russia; and the existence of a large population, whose habits lead to its accumulation, cannot be without considerable advantages. A combination among the Jews to refuse every class of application for loans during a period of some months would effectually check the present outcry against them, and force the Russian nation to a due appreciation of their value to the State. Great services have been rendered to the empire itself by Jewish capitalists. When it suddenly became necessary to provide for the daily maintenance of the immense Russian armies which were assembled in Bulgaria in 1877, the Jews naturally came forward to undertake the contracts which would have been beyond the resources and powers of organisation of any other class of Russian subjects. After the conclusion of the war there was indeed an outcry that the Government was cheated, and there were long trials,—as a result of which the Jewish contractors were mulcted of large sums which they claimed from the Treasury as unpaid balances of accounts. It is no doubt true that in many cases the prices charged to the Government, and the sums claimed under various pretences, were unreasonable; but it must be remembered that the services rendered by the army purveyors were so essential, that at the time, the authorities asked no questions, and the contractors were often obliged to promise immense bribes to officials to secure themselves from obstruction, in the fulfilment of undertakings, on which the safety and welfare of the army depended.

All over the world the Jew is a lover of money, but, nevertheless, his character is not that of a miser. He seeks money not to hoard in sacks in a cupboard, but to employ in some manner which shall still further enrich him, and which will therefore at the same time necessarily develop the trade of the country which he inhabits. When the Jew is in at all good circumstances, he is by no means averse to spending money on his own pleasures and comforts, and of this fact a curious confirmation is to be found in a Memorandum by Mr Wagstaff, the Vice-Consul at Nicholaieff, published in the Consular Reports presented in the spring of 1882 to the Houses of Parliament. Mr Wagstaff, who does not appear to be too favourably inclined towards the Jews, thus quotes the second clause of the Petition of the peasants, to the Committee appointed to inquire into the Elizabethgrad disorders: "That the Jews should impress on their wives and daughters not to deck themselves out in silk, velvet, gold, &c., as such attire is neither in keeping with their education nor the position they hold in society."

The next clause in the same petition refers to the supposed depraving influence of the Jews on the Christian population, and brings us to the question of their moral and social character. The general accusation against the Jews of immorality resolves itself, when examined, into charges of defrauding the peasantry, of smuggling, coining and forging, and of avoidance of their duties as citizens, particularly in the matter of army service. The first of these charges we have already considered. With regard to the others, it must be

conceded that the smugglers, coiners, and forgers who are brought to justice are often Jews; but smuggling is only practicable on a large scale on the western frontier, and that is exactly where oppressive legislation forces the Jews to congregate, and at the same time denies them the right of freely selecting their means of livelihood. Every country which has followed a strict protective policy, and levied enormous duties on the importation of articles of ordinary consumption, has developed a regular smuggling trade, and Russia cannot expect to prove an exception to this rule. The traders in the neighbourhood of the western frontier are all Jews; they understand the German tongue which prevails in the bordering countries, and they have numerous co-religionists residing across the frontier on whose co-operation they can rely. Under these circumstances, if a contraband trade is carried on, it is evident that the Jews are in the best position to work it successfully, and it is absurd to expect from them such extraordinary moral superiority over other nationalities, that they should refrain on principle from a crime against the State which in various ages has been practised in every country. Similarly, no country having so extensive and ill-regulated a circulation of paper money in notes of small value can hope to escape the attempts of forgers to issue false notes; and in this matter also, the Jews, from their position as traders, and from their connections abroad, where for greater safety the false money is generally made, have unequalled facilities for passing it into circulation. In the matter of army service, the Jews are undoubtedly inclined to shirk the obligation of conscription. It has, however, yet to be shown that the ordinary Russian peasant responds eagerly to the summons of the recruiting officials. The larger percentage of Jews who fail to present themselves, when called on for conscription, is probably due to the simple fact, that the greater cunning of the Hebrew renders his efforts to evade a disagreeable duty more often successful than are those of the ignorant peasant.

Two other charges have also recently been brought against the Jews—namely, that they have a regular system of combination for evil purposes, and that large numbers of them are to be found as active members of the revolutionary party. The first of these accusations is too vague and general to be seriously dealt with; and with regard to the second, the charge is disproved by facts. The number of Jews among the persons who have been arrested and tried as Nihilists is exceedingly small, and on this subject there can be no mistake, as the names and status of the condemned have been published officially. Mladetsky, who was hanged for the attempted assassination of Loris Melikoff, was certainly of Jewish origin; but he embraced the crucifix on the scaffold, and had long been a Christian, and, therefore, dissociated from his co-religionists. The woman Helfmann, who was condemned in St Petersburg for complicity in the assassination of the late Tsar, and a woman named Lewinsohn, who was previously condemned as a Nihilist at Kieff, were Jewesses; but both these women were proved to have been living as the mistresses of Christian associates, and this fact alone shows that they had completely separated themselves from their own people.

In matters pertaining to domestic virtue, no really serious charge has been or can be made against the Jews, and the strongest evidence in their favour is to be found in the fact of the rapid increase of the Jewish population, notwithstanding the great poverty among them. The number of Jews in Russia is variously estimated; the Jewish authorities fix the figure at from 3½ to 4 millions, but Russian statisticians declare that there are about 4½ millions, and the annual increase is said to be a fraction under 3 per cent. The Jews generally marry very early, boys of eighteen wedding girls of sixteen. According to the official returns, 38 per cent of the men, and 68 per cent of the women, are married under the age of twenty, and 29 per cent of the men and 23 per cent of the women between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. There are no adult bachelors, and widowers almost always take a second wife. The number of illegitimate births is only 3 per cent, and the general percentage of deaths of children is remarkably small, as compared with that among the Russian population.

Although not forbidden the use of spirits by their religion, the Jews are almost invariably temperate. Their dwellings, particularly in the towns, would often be condemned by any sanitary authority as unfit for human habitation; and the clothing of the poor is scanty and dirty in the extreme, but many habits of cleanliness are enforced by religious custom; and the Jews attain great ages, and are remarkably free from the epidemics of disease which make such havoc among their neighbours. That they have many noble sentiments, is evidenced by the strength of the religious principle which makes them cling to their creed in spite of the enormous temptations which the Government holds out to converts to the Greek faith. Their charity is marvellous; and the calls on the richer members of the community for the support of the poor and infirm are never unheeded. Under every disadvantage, education is eagerly sought; and the success of the Jews in the arts and sciences, is a wonderful testimony to the intellectual powers of the race. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the Jew is that instinctive pride in his origin, and belief in the future of his people, which is his real solace under all persecution, and which has, more than anything else, tended to the preservation of the Jewish race during centuries of trials, sufferings, and persecution, such as would have effectually effaced any less tenacious and powerful nationality.

Having thus reviewed the general occupations and characteristics of the Russian Jew, we may next consider the attitude towards him of the Christian population by whom he is surrounded. The educated classes in the empire are not without an innate prejudice against the Israelite, but the remonstrances of foreign nations have forced them to recognise that the barbarous treatment of which the Jews have been so frequently the victims, is a disgrace to the nation. Wholesale merchants and manufacturers, whether Russian or foreigners, are, from motives of self-interest, inclined to favour the Jews for their business capacity; and the monopoly in trade which they have secured in many provinces, renders their services almost indispensable. But whatever may be the feelings of men of superior education, and of the mercantile class,

the immediate fate of the numerous Jews inhabiting country districts lies in the hands of the ignorant peasantry by whom they are surrounded. If the idea once gains ground among the *moujiks* that the Government contemplates a new campaign against the Jews, the disgraceful scenes of 1881 are sure to be repeated, and Europe will once more be shocked by tales of violence and outrage, of which the Jews will be the victims.

The Russian peasant is not generally fanatical in matters of religion, except as regards the schisms which are daily gaining ground in the Greek Church. His ordinary indifferentism is sufficiently evidenced by his amicable relations with the numerous Protestant and Catholic races in his country, with Mohammedan Tatars, and with pagan Kalmucks. The causes of attacks on the Jews must therefore be traced to the general feeling of dissatisfied restlessness in the country, to the low state of morals among the peasantry, and to the prevalent idea that, as the Government refuses most of the ordinary privileges of citizenship to the Jew, he can have no right to the attainment of a degree of material prosperity superior to that of his neighbours. The ignorant agriculturists, who earn their bread with difficulty by the toil of their lands, are naturally inclined to see an injustice in the possibility of others, who have been officially declared their inferiors, gaining a livelihood without bodily exertion. Dislike of the Jews, and the impression that they may probably be maltreated with impunity, are sometimes encouraged by the nature of their relations with the petty local officials. Corruption is but too common among the latter; and the Jew who finds himself continually hampered by his legal disabilities, is naturally tempted to evade the law by bribing those who are intrusted with its execution. The bribery, which commences with the endeavour to obtain natural, although illegal rights, does not stop at that point; and the Jew who has found the power of his money, and the underpaid *tchinovnik* who has discovered the ease with which he may add to his income, are soon tempted to combine for purposes which are both illegal and immoral, and of which the ignorant peasantry are sometimes the victims.

Much as the *tchinovnik* appreciates the value of the money which he puts in his pocket, he detests and despises the man from whom he receives it, and who has, nevertheless, practically become his master. He keeps a smooth face to the particular individuals with whom he is in league, but he is loud in his general denunciations of the whole Jewish race. The peasant smarts under the injustice which he traces to the power of the gold of the Jew, and he echoes the sentiments of the *tchinovnik*, and reasons that if the latter could be absolved from personal responsibility, by the outbreak of a general riot, he would be only too glad to see the Jews suffer, and would carefully refrain from identifying or prosecuting particular rioters.

These special reasons for enmity to the Jew do not, however, often exist; and it is interesting to note the differences in the conduct and sentiments of the populace in different places where disturbances occurred at the time of the last widespread anti-Jewish riots.

The officially recognised Rabbi in Odessa, Dr Schwabacher, dwelt much on this subject, in a memorial on behalf of the Jews, which he

presented to Count Koutaisoff, the President of a Commission which was sent to inquire into the causes of the disorders. The Rabbi argued that the general character of the riots did not testify to a universal feeling among the people of intolerance towards the Jews. He traced the origin of the riots in Odessa to the mischievous propensities of idle boys, who, being temporarily unchecked, were soon joined by the scum of the population of a seaport town. At Elizabethgrad, Kieff, and Smiela, he observed that the outrages on the Jews were acknowledged to have been the result of the general vandalism and barbarity of the mob, and not of any deep or especial hatred of the Jewish race. In some other towns, before the outbreaks commenced, honest Russians begged the Jews to place their valuables in security, as on the morrow everything found in their houses must be broken and destroyed; and carts were even offered to assist in the removal of their effects. One instance is recorded by the Rabbi, in which a deputation of Christian workmen waited upon a Jewish manufacturer, and thus addressed him,—"Master, we are satisfied with you, and you are satisfied with us, but what can be done against the Ukaz (imperial decree)? To-morrow we must break and destroy all your property; but if you will give us a certificate in writing, signed with your full name, and undertaking all responsibility with the authorities for our not fulfilling the Ukaz, then we will agree not to touch anything of yours."

Dr Schwabacher is perhaps inclined to take too favourable a view of the general relations between his co-religionists and their Russian neighbours; but his general argument as to the non-existence of any deep-rooted and passionate hatred between the two races appears to be perfectly correct. Throughout a large portion of the country, the peasants conceived the idea that the authorities would not only wink at, but would approve plans for plundering the Jews. They made no secret of their intentions; and in every town which was devastated, the coming pillage was the talk of the neighbourhood for days before the actual riot occurred. A curious illustration was given by a correspondent of the 'Moscow Gazette,' who reported that large numbers of peasants assembled one market-day in the village of Zacharievka in the Tiraspol district, and in consequence of a rumour that the Jews were to be attacked and plundered on that day, some three hundred empty carts came in, and numbers of women prepared sacks. When the local police officer asked the peasants what they had come for, both men and women promptly and naively replied: "It seems that the Jews are to be beaten to-day, and perhaps something may fall to our lot." The opportune arrival of troops prevented the disturbance taking place; but it is evident that up to the last moment the peasants believed that they would be allowed with impunity to despoil the Jews, and without displaying any excitement or particular animosity against their victims, they were determined to take advantage of the chance of enriching themselves. Had the outbreak taken place, those Jews who defended their property would, as in other places, have suffered in their persons; and when the mob had become excited with their work and intoxicated with stolen booty, their barbarity would have increased, and Jewish women and girls would

not have escaped ill-treatment and ravishment. Robbery of a weaker and alien race has throughout the history of the world been a principal motive for the attacks of one nationality upon another, and the preceding illustrations show that it has been a main cause of the persecution of the Jews by the Russian peasantry.

We now turn to the consideration of the circumstances which have produced the present moral and social condition of the Russian Jews.

The corruption, greed of money, and exclusiveness of which the Jew is accused, are, as far as they exist, directly traceable to the position assigned to him by the law. Corruption of officials, and combination among themselves, are the only resources which the Jews find for mitigating their position, and the necessity of employing bribes is a powerful incentive to the passion for money-getting, while the advantages derived from combination directly tend to produce a spirit of exclusiveness. The experience of ages of persecution has taught the Jew that wealth is the only power which he can acquire and employ with effect, and the necessity of its acquisition has become a part of the creed of the race. Gifted with untiring energy, and almost invariably superior in intellect and in traditional civilisation to the nations into whose lands their wanderings have led them, the jealousy of the inferior races has ever failed to crush the Jews. Legislation, backed by brute force, and by the passions of the populace, has throughout the history of Europe endeavoured to exclude them from all honourable and profitable employments; but thrift, industry, sobriety, and talent, have, under the unfailing influence of economical laws, always put money into the pocket of the Jew, and he has ever been in a position to lend or to bribe. The man who can bribe his enemies and make loans to his friends may be despised and disliked, but he cannot be completely crushed.

Circumstances forced the Jews to become usurers, and in the middle ages it may be noted that usury was considered to be their natural and legitimate occupation. By a statute of the Emperor Charles V. it was enacted that, "As the Jews pay heavier taxes than Christians, and are debarred from Government service, and from all respectable professions and industries by which they might pay their taxes and obtain a livelihood, we permit them for their necessities to take a higher rate of interest for their money than is allowed to Christians; and this shall not be a reproach to them."

Though still excluded from the Government service, the Jews in Russia are nominally allowed to occupy themselves in various trades and professions. To enter almost any profession, it is, however, necessary to pass through one of the universities, and to obtain educational certificates, and the Jew in seeking to acquire these is often much hampered by the prohibitions which prevent his residing in the town where he could most conveniently undertake his studies. Many other restrictions stand in his way; and even when he perseveres, he finds that in a country where success is especially dependent upon official protection, every obstacle is put in his path by the prejudices of Christian officials. By a decree of 1888, only 3 per cent of the students in the universities of St Petersburg and Moscow are permitted to

be of Jewish origin, and 5 per cent is the proportion fixed for Odessa. The present Minister of Education has admitted 12 per cent at Odessa, but even this concession leaves the Jews under very considerable disabilities, as it is estimated that out of a population of 300,000 there are 106,000 Israelites.

The owning, hiring, or management of land, and consequently all agricultural occupations, are practically prohibited by law to the Jew, even in the provinces where he is allowed to reside; and should he inherit land outside these provinces, he is obliged immediately to sell it. In 1830 some Jewish agricultural settlements were founded in the south, and the settlers are now supposed to number about 100,000. The alleged comparative failure of this experiment is a frequent matter of reproach against the Jews, and they are taunted with their incapacity for honest agricultural occupations. A good trader, however, is not likely to become a good agriculturist; and the son of a trader, the descendant of a race of traders, can hardly be expected to compete successfully as a farmer, with the son of a farmer, the descendant of a race of agriculturists. Trade is the chief resource which remains open for gaining a livelihood, but the laws which restrict residence to certain provinces often impede business, by preventing the undertaking of necessary journeys. The pressure and evil effects of the severe competition among Jewish traders have already been alluded to. The unnatural competition, almost prohibitory of honest profits, in those branches of business where small capital is required, is distinctly traceable to the legal disabilities of the Jew. Hundreds of thousands of Jews are crowded into a limited area in which all the natural requirements of business could be satisfied by a tenth of their number; and where one man might be an honest and useful trader, ten will be reduced to the verge of starvation, and will be almost irresistibly tempted to seek a profit in fraud.

Beyond, however, the better known circumstances and laws which determine the residence and choice of occupation by the Jew, there are numerous statutes which affect his position, and add to his difficulties. In the matter of taxation he is saddled with several special imposts. Besides paying the ordinary taxes for the benefit of the poor, he is obliged specially to provide for the destitute of his own race, who are excluded from the communal system which secures relief to the distressed Russian peasant.

The Mosaic creed compels the custom of buying meat from butchers of the Jewish faith, and in all towns a special tax is levied upon the Israelite purveyors, which is necessarily paid by the consumer in the enhanced price of his provisions. A curious impost called the candle-tax was originally instituted to provide education for the Jews, but no accounts are rendered of the receipts, and besides paying both this and the ordinary educational taxes, the Jews have been obliged to found private schools for the benefit of their youth. Teachers' schools were once established at Jitomir and at Wilna, but neither are now maintained, and the building which was erected at the former place out of Jewish funds has recently been taken by the Government to use as a criminal court-house. The schools were founded during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, and that monarch pursued a generally liberal policy

towards his Jewish subjects. He desired to prepare the way for their gradual assimilation with the people, and he took an important step in abolishing the special costume, and fashion of wearing the hair, which had previously been obligatory.

As regards public worship, the Jews enjoy a fair amount of toleration, and a certain number of rabbis are officially recognised, though they do not obtain the same privileges as the ecclesiastical representatives of other faiths. Proselytism is naturally strictly forbidden, and is indeed contrary to the ideas of Judaism. On the other hand, great temptations are offered by statute to the Jew to desert the faith of his fathers, and in this respect the Russian laws are most severe, and even demoralising in their tendency.

The Jew who accepts Christianity immediately obtains all the privileges of the other Christian subjects of the Tsar, and in addition he is freed from all taxation for a period of three years, and can also receive a small sum of money from the Government. No man can sign a legal bond in Russia being under the age of twenty-one, and no marriage is legal where the bridegroom is not at least eighteen and the bride sixteen years of age; but the son of Jewish parents, who has attained the age of fourteen, can declare his desire to accept the Greek faith, and is immediately absolved from the authority of his parents and guardians. Again, if either a husband or a wife shall resolve to embrace Christianity, the formal reception into the Christian Church —which must by law be a public ceremony—annuls, if desired, the contract of marriage with the partner who adheres to the Jewish faith. And not only is marriage annulled, but a proselytised husband is freed from all obligation to support his Jewish wife and children, and may either finally desert them, or may compel his wife to yield up the children that they may be forcibly baptised. That this law is no idle letter, is proved by an example quoted in a work by S. G. Orshansky, the publication of which was permitted in Russia. Orshansky relates that a Jew named Kaufman, after living seven years with his wife, who had borne him two children, became enamoured of a Christian girl. His wife refusing her consent to a divorce, he freed himself for a second marriage by renouncing the Jewish faith. For two years he contributed nothing to the support of his first wife and her children, and then he resolved upon claiming his son. The woman refusing to part with her child was brought in chains to her birthplace, Ostrog, and lodged in the common jail until the boy was discovered and forcibly baptised. In such circumstances, not only is the unfortunate Jewess legally deserted by her husband, but, by a strange inconsistency, the law which declares the marriage void as regards the christianised husband, and allows him to marry again, maintains the validity of the contract as regards the wife, and thus prevents her from finding another protector for herself and her children. Again, if one of a married couple embraces Christianity, the restrictions, as to place of residence, remain in force for the individual who continues in the Jewish faith, and consequently, the convert can only obtain his full privileges of Christianity by deserting the partner who remains faithful to the penalised religion. Similarly, a Jew whose exceptional civil status is recognised by the law as giving him free choice of resi-

dence, is nevertheless prohibited from giving shelter even to an aged mother, or any distressed relation, who has not independently acquired the same rights.

Such, out of numerous examples, are a few of the more striking laws which injuriously affect the position of the Jews in Russia, and cannot but tend to deteriorate their morals, and to diminish their material prosperity. Commenting on this subject, Dr Schwabacher, in the memorial already mentioned, observes: "The common people reason that if the Government take from the Jews their moral rights, they may ignore their material rights. This is the logic of the peasantry, and it is worked out with thick sticks and stones. Only when it is seen that the law accords to the Jew the full rights of a citizen, will it be believed that the Jew cannot be ill-treated and insulted without evil consequences to his prosecutors."

Unfortunately the authorities who are principally responsible in the matter have persevered for some years in a system of steadily increasing severity towards the Jewish race. Under the pretence of endeavours to meet the difficulties of the Jewish question, measure after measure has been proposed, and many have been carried into effect, all tending to aggravate the disabilities under which the Jew now labours. He is expected to be like other men, and yet he is signalled out by repressive legislation as an alien who in every respect differs from other men. The advocates of the cause of the Jews, and those who have most right to speak in their name, declare that their only desire is to be treated as ordinary citizens, and to be allowed to prove their devotion to the Tsar their ruler, and to the country in which they have been born, and which they would fain call their Fatherland.

In conclusion, it may be appropriate to quote the final sentences of a memorial presented to the Council of Ministers by a Committee of Jewish delegates assembled in St Petersburg from all parts of the empire. "We have hitherto spoken chiefly as Jews, but we cannot separate our sentiments as Jews from our sentiments as citizens of the Russian empire, which we have long inhabited, and to the progress of which we have, equally with other races, contributed both our blood and our property. No law can forbid us from considering ourselves as true subjects of the Sovereign and of the Fatherland. No persecution can eradicate from our breasts the feeling of pious adoration of our monarch, on whose mercy we continually wait, and for whose health and welfare we continually pour forth our ardent prayers to the Most High. In the name of these sentiments of deep devotion to the Tsar and to the Fatherland, and in the name of the sacred interests of the tranquillity and prosperity of our native land, we dare to petition the Government to remove the ancient bonds which fetter us, and to grant us to breathe freely in our Fatherland, on an equality with all the other races who inhabit it.

"We are confident that a brighter day is approaching; but in view of the unheard-of miseries which at this moment weigh down upon us, we pray that, to tranquillise our minds, an official contradiction may be given to the rumour concerning the preparation of new measures adverse to the Israelites, and that the action of the laws restricting their liberty to dwell throughout the empire may be stayed."

ON SURREY HILLS.

Surrey Hills, or, as they have been justly named, the Surrey Highlands, have a charm peculiarly their own. To the lover of nature, under their varied aspects, influenced by overhanging storm or clouds, or by the bright glad sunshine, they are beautiful, with their rich depth of colour: to the true field naturalist they offer all that he could wish for in the way of natural life — fur, fish, and feather, to say nothing of the insect and floral wealth, which I believe to be unsurpassed in the length and breadth of England. In the pursuit of my business I have wandered much over these hills, along their sides and through the great stretches of valley-lands that go by the name of Weald. This term, however, gives but a slight idea of the actual country. For nearly forty years, since I left the home of my youth in the North Kent marshes, I have spent the greater portion of my daily life in the open air among these fertile valleys and hills, so that I may fairly claim a close acquaintance with the scenery of Surrey, the wild creatures that inhabit it, and last, but not least, the robust and kind-hearted people, the woodmen of the forest-lands.

I made my home for a time in a rambling old-fashioned building, which was covered with moss and lichens from the doorstep right up to the chimneys. Old it was in every sense of the word, both inside and out. It stood alone in a sheltered nook of the moor; and, with the exception of a ride of the softest and greenest turf running the whole length of the valley, it was completely shut in on both sides by the firs. Beyond these lay the wild moorland; and on all sides of that the woods, the remains of a grand forest which covered Surrey and Sussex in years gone by.

Some of these places were not, until a few years back, visited by a strange face from one year to another; now — and more's the pity, some of us think—they are overrun in the summer months by men and women who enjoy themselves in various fashions, some of these by no means rural. The majority of these pleasure-seekers are like those who gaze at the exterior of a beautiful casket, in total ignorance of the jewels within. There yet remain innumerable spots on and about the footlands of the glorious hills, where nature can be studied in all her primitive wildness; where a man may forget himself and his petty troubles, whilst the wild things will come almost to his feet and look at him in wonder; where the turf has the richness and softness of velvet, and so very still is it that the gentle coo of the wood-pigeon falls with startling effect on the ear.

Those beautiful insects the fritillaries flit over you there with dashing flight in all directions: so strong is the beat of wing in the larger species that a faint click can be distinctly heard at each stroke.

Here one may rest from morning till night and feel afterwards that not only is weary brain and overcharged heart lulled and soothed, but one is better and wiser for so resting. More salutary than any medicine is the scent from the firs and the warm earth. If you are restless and ill at ease, a gentle drowsiness steals over you, as you listen to the soft hum of the sum-

mer breeze through the needles of the firs, or the faint dripping tinkle of the trout stream that runs through the glades. Drop down into the valleys from the higher lands where you will, and you will come on those small rills with their tiny trout,—pigmy fish, that fully illustrate the fitness of all the conditions of natural law: a tiny rill with tiny fish in it; larger mouths would not get enough here to fill them. These small fish are not young; they are the dwarf trout of the moorland rills.

I am out on the moor early on a soft May morning. It is just light enough to see things: the old clock indoors struck four as I slipped outside, the best time for observation. Not a sound is to be heard, and bird-life seems at first to be extinct. Not so, however, for through the thin mist two birds pass over with a swish of the wings. They are the mallard and his mate, the duck leading. The wild duck frequents spots which the duck tribe generally are not supposed to visit. After the corn is cut they will come to the harvest fields for the scattered grain; also to the margin of the woods for acorns, if there is any water near. To prove this shoot your duck, and then examine the contents of the bird's stomach.

The sun is up now, and the light mist floats over the tops of the firs. Our path runs through them for a couple of miles or more. The trunks shine like copper bronze in spots where the light breaks through, and the fresh green tips of new foliage stand out like emerald tassels against the old, which will gradually drop off in small dead needles, making a carpet beneath, soft to walk on; or a couch whereon to lie for a time, to rest and inhale their health-giving fragrance.

With a clap-clap-clap of his strong wings, the wood-pigeon shoots up over the tree-tops, and floats, with outspread tail and wings, for his mate to look up at and admire, as she sits on her slight platform of twigs not ten feet overhead. This action of his is peculiar, and only to be seen when the birds are nesting. On a branch, full in the morning light, sits another fine fellow. What a picture he makes! The purple tint of his breast, the patch of white on his neck and warm grey of his back, touched here and there with black on the wings, make a study to be noted. With a rush and scolding chatter the squirrels play overhead, leaping and swinging from branch to branch. Look at that harmony of colour displayed where one sits with a fir cone in his hands. His bushy tail is set up with just a small light tip to it; like his back and sides and limbs, it has a warm reddish-cinnamon tint: and with his bright black eyes and creamy-white chest, you have a terra-cotta study brought out and harmonised to perfection by the olive-green of the fir foliage. In spring-time the squirrel's fur is different from what it is in winter.

As I near the sloping part of the wood a sound comes up from the opposite side of the glade, causing me to stand quite quiet. It is the call of the blackcock at play. Creeping to the edge of the wood from tree to tree, I look out, and there is a sight which you might hunt long for and not see. Right in front, and below the spot where I am concealed, on a platform consisting of felled fir-trunks not yet carted off, struts a Black Prince in the bright sunlight, on a portion of the trunks where the bark has been stripped off. He is showing himself in full dress suit to the ladies of his feather, who

stand looking at him from the green turf of the moor. His head bent low, feathers puffed out, tail bent over his head, and wings trailed, he croons away to his heart's content. Now and then, when he gives himself extra grand airs by jumping up and coming down in a different position, he looks very like being half choked with pleasure and self-satisfaction. We have a combination of blue, purple, white, and the crimson wattles over the eyes, brought up by the red-grey of bark and the buff-white of the bare trunk. A blue sky overhead and the velvet turf, littered over here and there with blocks of moss-covered stone, completes the picture.

I could have looked at the birds for hours if it had been possible, but my picture was spoilt by a mischievous meddling magpie which had been following me in true magpie fashion at a distance, from tree to tree, having evidently made up his mind that my movements were suspicious. With a clacking alarm-note he flew over the trees to the other side of the glade; and before he had gone half-way, the Black Prince and his admirers had vanished like a dream.

No matter how the habits and form of the various species may differ, all birds seem to understand a warning cry. As I pass over the green strip, I start them again from some young firs self-sown. These young trees spring up in all directions, single, and in clumps which give fine cover. The birds like these places, because they get here a good look-out as a rule. Blackcock are very shy. With a note of warning to the hens, up he springs again, the white on his wings and tail-coverts showing distinctly, while his back flashes steel-blue in the sun. The hens follow, three of them, and they are soon over the trees to find a fresh playground. They are late this season, for it has been a bitter winter and a long one, the snow covering the hills far into April.

"How do such large birds live on the moors and hills in such bitter weather?" I was asked once by a naturalist, so called because he had studied bird-life from books and stuffed specimens. Stuffed, indeed!—the word is suitable: tow rammed down their throats, and little more.

The stems of the dead plants, especially those of the fern, are tough: any one who has walked through the brake must have noticed how they cross and fall over, making a tangle. When the snow falls it is caught and held up by the dead fronds and stems. More falls, and only the tips here and there peep through. The mass gets frozen, and forms a roof which leaves an open space underneath. It may freeze, and the north-east winds may sweep over, day and night, but it is warm below the surface. And there vegetation thrives: the grass, heath, and whortleberry shrubs are in a grand conservatory designed by the same Great Power that created all things. The blackcock and other birds live beneath the snow; so do the hares, rabbits, and other creatures. I have pulled the top roofing of snow off, like a table-cloth, from some places, in one large frozen flake, after six weeks of bitter weather, and have found the vegetation below green, tender, and growing in good condition.

And that is how the large birds live. When Black Prince wants to come out and look round him, he knocks a hole through quickly. The covering is only a slight one in some parts, and he knows all about it. It is somewhat start-

ling to see a large bird like that come from nowhere, as folks say, and disappear again in the same mysterious direction.

Pay a visit to a furze brake, when the snow covers all the top—a furze brake where the stems in many places are as thick as a man's leg and as high as your head, I mean. They can be found like that in places now few and far between, I am sorry to say, for the forest-fires have made havoc with those sanctuaries for bird and beast and insect. To explore a little, put on a pair of leather gloves and gaiters, and crawl in. You will find it warm. The furze needles that have been dropping for who knows how many years form a soft carpet. Dig down with your fingers, and you are surprised at the depth of decayed needles, also at the animal life. Insects of innumerable kinds hide and live in the fallen matter. When the weather would kill them outside, they find comfort and plenty there. Great humble-bees lie-up in the dry needles for the winter, and other things not quite so harmless.

You will find all the insect-eating birds that remain with us through the winter, if it is a severe one, in and about one of those old-time furze brakes, with very few exceptions.

Right in front of me, as I ramble on, are the beech-woods. Other trees grow there; a fringe of hazel-bushes runs in broken clumps just on the top of a splashed bank. That is the term for a rough wall composed of turf and stones, thrown up, years ago, to keep cattle from roaming about the woods. After a time seedling trees shoot and grow; and when these are large enough the woodman gives them a cut in a slanting direction, and pegs them down along the side of the bank. From them fresh shoots come, so that after a time the bank is bound in all directions. Fresh turf is placed over the cut branches, and the whole grows; there are hazel-bushes on the top. No cattle can storm a moorland splashed bank.

There is a stile for chance wanderers this way, and on it I rest for a time. The sun is well up in the sky, and something within tells me breakfast would be acceptable; but I have four more miles to walk before I can get it. My resting-place is warm and pleasant. Other creatures find it so too, and they come out to enjoy it. A rustle amongst the dead leaves makes me look down. On the mossy root of one of the hazels sits a dormouse—a beauty—with a nut that he has brought from his storehouse near. Not far above is his nest, where he has slept through all the hard winter. He is a bright, handsome little fellow, active as a squirrel in his own domain amid the nut-bushes. All banks and dry-stone walls are favourite spots for observing the mouse tribe. They thrive there and play about in all directions. As I sit quiet on the stile, a couple of woodmice run out, and very soon they begin to feed on some tender grass shoots. They resemble the dormouse in their colour, which is a bright fawn, but their tails are not bushy. Quite as large they are also; and they, too, sit up to eat. As I move to enter the wood they scamper away quickly.

Great trees stand all about me, some of them covered half-way up with moss and lichens, and their lower branches touch the ground, which is covered with decayed leaves, giving a warm brown-red tone, which brings out in strong relief the moss-covered grey-toned trunks. In many places that rich leaf-mould is two feet deep and

more. The light falls on the tender bright-green leaves and plays on the tree-trunks here and there, while cuckoo, cuckoo, is heard on all sides. In some places you catch a sight of wild cherry and crabtree in full blossom, mingled with the mountain-ash. Close to you, singing with all his heart to cheer his mate on her nest, is the flute-player of the woods, the blackbird. Morning and evening, with other birds near of kin, he sings his hymn to the rising and setting sun.

Deep within the wood, and close to the narrow track, stand a few decayed firs which have thrown out a fibrous growth in patches. A small portion of a bird's wing with blood on it below one of these, at my feet, makes me look quickly upward. I can see a sparrow-hawk's nest with young ones in it. They are hungry, and are calling for "mother." Spar'-hawk, the woodmen call him very fitly, for he or "she," as they say, will fly at anything. Here she comes with a bird of some kind. She sees me, and the bird is dropped quickly in the nest. A flash of wings and tail, and "mother" is off,—not far away though, for she is on the watch.

In a captive state the sparrow-hawk is not the most gentle of pets. I have reared them from the nest, male and female. It is surprising what they will eat: they have tempers of their own, too, in common with their keepers. One day spar'hawk will perch on your hand—well gloved mind—a bold, handsome, good-humoured bird: the next time you offer your hand he will strike, bite, and shriek, and throw himself on his back like a feathered maniac. No; as a pet he is a failure, and is better at large,—a bird without fear, and with a large appetite.

Hark! that is the yaffle's laugh. The green woodpecker is called a yaffle by the woodlanders here. Another answers him; if we are cautious we may get a sight of them. There he is; louder and nearer comes his tap-tap-tap. Drawing close to a large tree-trunk, I peer out. The woods begin to ring with their cries. They are on that old decayed beech which is almost ready to fall with age, the yaffle and his mate. What a picture of bird-life! with his crimson and yellow-green back against the old grey trunk. They are at play again, and they cry as they chase each other over, under, and round about the trunk and limbs, while with their claws they make as much rattle as a couple of cats on the climb would. The pretty sight is soon put an end to. "Ike, ike!" a cry of alarm to her mate, and the female bird dives into a hole in the tree. The male scuttles round with a yell, for a grey bird shoots with a flash from some tree near, where he has been on the watch. It is a male sparrow-hawk. The yaffle knows his life is in danger; trust to his wings he dares not: if he is to escape, it must be by his feet. With head turning in all directions, and body close to the tree-trunk, he looks for his enemy. Here he comes! a close shave it is this time. Quick as thought the hawk recovers himself for the mount. The yaffle's head is only just missed; another pounce, and one or two of his back-feathers fly: the hawk has changed his method of attack, and struck at him sideways. The yaffle, mad with fear, is cluttering and shrieking, while his mate answers him. He is near her hiding-place; if he can only get there he will be safe, but he is nearly beat. With a rush the hawk comes for him

and misses. Before he can turn again, quick though he is, the yaffle dives into the place of refuge with his mate. You see the green woodpeckers frequently on the ant-hills in the meadows adjoining the woods, and I think they will hold their own for a long time if the woods remain. They are very shy, and are rarely shot. All their mode of life tends to concealment. It is only when the male bird thinks of taking to himself a mate that he shows himself to advantage. Then he and she certainly talk loudly enough together; and his laugh does not do him good, for it sometimes costs him his life. He is a splendid fellow—if he is not stuffed.

Clearing the woods, a strip of moorland has to be crossed; and, about the edge of the belt of woodland, woodcocks sometimes nest. Well do I remember one nest where Mrs Woodcock hatched out all right; and she used to lead her little chicks from the wood on to the moor to feed. I told a person once that a woodcock and her young had been running about close to me. He smiled, a wise benevolent smile, and said nothing. It was quite enough,—I dislike benevolent smiles much. To settle his unbelief, I could have placed the mother and family in his hands if I had thought fit, but not for twenty pounds would I have done it.

The moor dips down from here to the main road—the road, in fact, cuts it in two parts—and then the woods begin again. There are hills, valleys, moors, and scrub growth. The hills are full of water, and the moors act like a sponge to run it off. Some of the moorland has been cleared from heather, and turned into rough field land, bearing a crop of coarse grass and rushes. In one of these fields through which I frequently passed snipe had nested—the only pair about that quarter. Many a time the woodmen and their boys stopped to watch the snipe's play, and to listen to the peculiar sound made in his downward flight. That bird was never shot or molested in any way, and yet it was not preserved ground he nested on. "We likes to see him cut them capers, we do—it's cur'ous," they would say to me. They were fond of pets, those woodmen, and many a bird they and their children had in cages outside their cottages, the door being left open for them to go in and out as they pleased.

As I said before, my knowledge of Surrey Hills dates back from a considerable period of time—when the mansions of the old gentry of the land, the owners of the soil, with their interiors furnished with solid oak and mahogany, made by hands that loved their work and did it conscientiously, and their walls covered with paintings representing some incident or other of outdoor natural life rather than the so-called pictures of *genre* or the sickly sentimentalisms of the more æsthetic world, were the only houses to be seen. And these stood far apart, nestling in the rich woodlands within sight of a glimpse of thin blue smoke, curling up from some glades where those who worked on their estates lived in their substantial old cottages, that had more solid oak timber in one of them than there is in a dozen of those built at the present time. These were the only signs of human life that the wanderer would see when I first came to these parts of Surrey; but time brings changes—nearly all the old gentry have gone, to the sorrow of some of us, for they were ladies and gentlemen in the fullest sense of the word.

A few old families remain, bearing justly honoured names, but these might be counted on the fingers of one hand, I believe. With the old families, their old retainers the woodmen and their "post and tan" cottages have passed away. They were a hard-handed folk, but kind and homely of speech, themselves nature's gentlemen. I have wandered many a day long with some of them, but they are now nearly all laid to rest in the quaint churchyards of the different hamlets, where they lie covered with what the foresters call their "daisy quilts."

Loyal henchmen I knew them to be, to a man; their regard for their employers was very genuine. One of them observed to me once, after a change of owners had taken place, "I'd sooner hev the old Squire give me one o' his jacketin's when summat had riled him a bit: massy alive! he could put it out, —'twas a real pleasure to hear him, he did rap it out so. But Lor' bless ye! all as ye'd got tu du was to stan' an' hear it all, an' say nuthin'; fur when he'd said it he'd walk away, an' presently, mind ye, he'd cum back an' he'd say, 'Tom, this ere damned gout makes me say things as I didn't ought to: here's half-a-crownd fur ye; ye get on with yer work.' Hap' he'd had a word or two indoors that mornin'; bless ye, they has a rumpus, in the shape o' a word or two, now an' again, same as we has, and when they's had their say they likes one another all the better fur it, that's my 'pinion on it. Most menjous high spirity folks wus the old master and the missus; but oh, warn't they real good uns to all the likes o' we! I'd sooner hev a jacketin' from th' old Squire three times a-day than I'd hev a gold suvrin from this un. I puts up with un till I gits summat else tu du; when I gits that I leaves he quick."

Old Tom's literally recorded declaration of his sentiments expresses the feeling of the few old woodmen's families that now remain on and about the hills. Modern mansions have been built where some of these older ones stood, or near to them—buildings of ferociously glaring red bricks and tiling, strongly relieved by the white quarterings now so very prevalent in mansions of this particular style. Time will soften the glaring tones—the sooner the better, I think, for they flash out from the surrounding woodlands, reminding me always of those scarlet fungi, of wonderful properties for those who are in the secret, that spring up, happily few and far between, in the fall of the year from the turf at the foot of the trees.

As in my descriptions I have no intention of imitating those misleading publications called guide-books, I shall indicate no particular locality; and with Hindhead and Blackdown and their "Broom dashers," or "Broom squires," we have nothing to do. These titles have been bestowed on the descendants of nomads who in past times squatted in the mighty hollows of those hills. Quite enough of the peculiar traits of their ancestors remains still in some of the present inhabitants to indicate where they spring from. We have not sufficient space to describe all, so we follow the sage old proverb that tells us "that is best which lies nearest us," and will take, first, glorious Holmbury, with its fell of the moor, or, as it is named in all parochial documents, "Fell de Moor," with Farleigh, called locally Farley Heath, or Fair Heath—rightly named, for it is very fair to look on. It has also

a history of a past time, when the Romans ruled Britain.

Close to Holmbury, springing from the valley that divides them, is Leith Hill. Local tradition speaks of it as the Stronghold of Leith, when the Romans camped on the sister hill of Holmbury. What a wealth of hills and dales, woods and streams, there is in our health-giving Holmbury! Long ago, when it was a land comparatively little known to the general public, it had a still wilder beauty. In my wanderings I have been in many an out-of-the-way spot; but for perfect rest and the feeling of a safe lodging in some far-away vast wilderness—a hiding-place from the "strife of tongues" and the contentions of men—give me Holmbury, as I knew it thirty years ago.

Rising early and going to bed early, with good plain food, keep a man trim and in full vigour when others have waxed feeble. It quickens the sight, too, this healthy life: a man who uses rod or gun as a field naturalist never needs to look twice at a thing. Such were some of the foresters of these hills and vales in the days of my youth: some of their descendants have made their mark in distant lands, where their knowledge of wood-craft has served them in good stead. They could not bear the changes here, and sought in far-away backwoods what they had lost in their own land. Raven, crow, falcon, hawk, and owl hunted here at that time. In the evening, on the top of the Holmbury moor, you could see a flight of harriers, male and female,—or, as the woodlanders term them, blue hawk and ringtail,—a most interesting sight; the grey and the brown bird flying side by side—some little distance apart, certainly, but still in a line. They are looking for no lark or pipit, nor for any of the song-thrush family, but are in quest of nobler game.

Bad luck to the blackcock, pheasant, or partridge that shows for even one brief moment in any open space; for when the quarry is sighted, the flapping flight will be altered for a quick shoot up in the air of about twenty or thirty feet, and then down comes the hunter, and a very sure pounce it is. The blackcock is a large and powerful bird, but the needle-like claws of the harrier will make short work of him.

When they hunt partridges the tactics of the harrier are a little different. If the locality is a stubble fallow, they frighten the birds to begin with, by making them run backwards and forwards till they bunch up, cowering with fear. Then both blue hawk and ringtail set to work in earnest, and come at them with a dash.

Up spring the partridges in all directions, almost brushing the top off the stubble: all in a clutter they are, one over the other. Then the hunter's work is easy; each makes a pounce, and each has a bird.

In the bogs snipe hummed and bleated out a tissicking music to their mates, and woodcocks bred in the cover by the hillsides. If the woodcock's nest was near enough to swampy ground, the little creatures were led to it; if at a distance, they were carried there and back again. This was once proved in our neighbourhood in a most convincing manner. A woodcock flew past a cover where one of the woodmen was watching for rabbits. He mistook it for a large hawk with a quarry, fired at it, and killed his bird. To his astonishment, when he went to pick it up, he found he had shot a fine female

woodcock and her young one. By the way, this member of the scolopax family trots about a great deal at night in very dry places as well as wet ones; for one fine fellow contrived to walk into a rabbit-trap set on the top of a splashed bank, where, of course, he was captured.

Our woodmen used to say, "When we wants a thing we has it;" and it was certainly the fact. They had no vulgar poaching practices, and they made no fuss, but they managed to get what they wanted. Where are those two inseparables now, I wonder,—such fast friends, yet so different in character,—"Wild Toby" and "Thirsty Chub"? or, as he was still more often called, "Drouthy Chubby." Wild Toby was a clever fellow, who could turn his hand to most things,—a good musician and a good singer, and of handsome appearance, too. As he was wont to observe, "he couldn't live nohow if he didn't go on the root now and again." Fur, fish, and feather need all look alive when Toby was on the root.

"Chubby" was the local blacksmith—a short, blear-eyed little fellow, with a face that had an absurdly pathetic expression. It was rarely clean, nor was he ever seen without his leather apron. If he was sent for to shoe at some gentleman's stables, off waddled Chubby, with dirty face and leather apron. He was a perfect master in his business, and made all the edged tools in use for miles round, axes and handbills. It was a common saying that you could shave yourself with Chubby's axes and billhooks. "Nuthin' never ails me—only thirst," he would say. "Water ain't no good; tea an' such slops I can't abide nohow; an' small beer ain't no use. The only thing as will take this 'ere thirst off fur a time is ale, an' plenty of it." He never stinted himself in that matter. Now and again Chubby would lock up the shop, and go for Toby to have what he called "a day on the quiet." At his special request Toby would bring his clarionet, and as the music moved him, Chubby would blink his eyes, smile pathetically, and endeavour to see the bottom of a quart pot in the most expeditious manner possible. He always provided a separate one for Toby. "Tain't no use offerin' a pot o' ale to anybody else arter I've had two pulls at it," he would say. At a certain point in the convivial proceedings the clarionet would be taken to pieces very deliberately and gravely, put into its case, and handed to the landlady, with a request that she would take very great care of it. Then, to the best of their ability, they would discuss and demonstrate the theory of the best methods of relieving thirst.

Cross-bows are supposed to be weapons of the past; yet I have seen them used by those who had made them, and very quiet and deadly weapons they were. Toby made the stock, and Chubby fitted it with steel, bow, and barrel. He also designed and made the bolts; and this is an example of the way in which they proceeded. Chubby told Toby one day, in the most matter-of-fact way possible, that "some one as he knowed wanted one o' they blackcocks."

"Is it fur he?" asked Toby, pointing to myself.

"No, it ain't; but I thinks as he'd like to go with ye, Toby, if so be as ye've no objection."

I had seen black game many a time, but never a one killed with a cross-bow. It was early in the season, when the cock birds were

playing up to attract their sober-coloured companions, the grey hens. I had marked one of their playing places the day before, when I had started five fine fellows quite by accident. It was a flat kind of green terrace which jutted out from the hillside. I had come upon them from a clump of firs above, on which they roosted if the cover was too damp for them. All birds show off more or less as the breeding season comes round, but the blackcock is a perfect adept in the art. One moment you see him with his head on a line with the ground, his wings trailed and his curved tail thrown up well over his back. With a quick spring this position is reversed, and he appears with head thrown up and well back, his wings drooped and his tail nearly touching the back of his head, showing the pure white of the under tail-coverts to great advantage. The next moment he will adopt the action of a gamecock slightly modified. One thing is certain—he is not so wary at such times as at others.

We started for the playing place before daylight, and got into hiding close to, just as things were becoming discernible. "The master cock will come first," whispered Toby. "He'll be the best bird o' the lot; keep your eyes open."

As the sun showed through the fir trunks down sailed the bird to his platform, where, after a little crooning and bubbling, he began to puff himself out, pouter fashion.

"Now is the time," a thud, and the grand bird falls over dead. "No harm done," says Toby, as he picks him up. "Look here!" As he holds the bolt up for my inspection I see that it is muffled. Many a hare and rabbit had that weapon quietened.

"Nothing but rank poaching!" some of our readers will say; "and a most unsportsmanlike proceeding." I beg to state, however, that this occurred in a no-man's locality, where all had right of common and pasturage for stock.

In bygone times — before the ground-game law was passed — small hillside farmers have been obliged to leave their holdings, for the rabbits swarmed down from the waste to the cultivated parts and simply devoured the crops. Unless wild creatures are kept in check by their natural enemies, or by man himself, they will work sad mischief to all that he rears or cultivates. The wild rabbit of the waste lands is nothing more or less than "pinwire varmint," as the rustics say; and only fit as food for the fox and badger, the different members of the weasel family, and the birds of prey. One and all are most heartily welcome to have him. The so-called wild rabbits of a more toothsome sort, that are supplied to the markets, have in most cases some of the domesticated rabbit's blood in their veins, which, with good food, accounts for their greater size and superior edible qualities. It is a common sight to see tame rabbits —black, white, grey, and sandy— dotting about a warren. The progeny from the tame and the wild ones are the animals of the markets and the poulterers. In the days I write of, the pinwire dotters were the pest of the farmers.

The hills about Holmbury are well wooded: oak, ash, fir, mountain-ash, the quicken of the woodmen, are there. The undergrowth is in keeping with the forest-trees; junipers, heath, bramble, dogwood, and alder, with the bracken and whortleberry plants that cover the ground thickly mile after mile, give rare cover and food to all wild creatures. The children, too,

pick vast quantities of "whorts," as they call them, for sale. In some localities these are much finer than in others: you will see some of the children, more knowing than the rest, quit their companions and make for the warm moist slopes at the foot of hills covered with a luxuriant growth of fern. Under the fronds the whole ground is black with the berries; the youngsters just throw themselves down and fill their baskets as they lie there. Vipers, or red adders, as the bairns call them, are plentiful enough. I know that from my own observation; but I never heard—and I have made frequent inquiries on this point—of any woodland child or grown-up person that had been really injured by one. Viper-oil — adder-ile — you would find in all the woodmen's cottages. The bottle containing it is always suspended by a leathern thong fastened round its neck, just under the gun that hangs above the fireplace. "And there they must bide, without being meddled with," the children will tell you; "fur dad sez ef one on us meddles with they, he'll give us a quiltin' as ull last us a week—an' he wud too."

This oil is most highly valued by them as a sovereign remedy for many complaints.

"I wouldn't take two suvrins for that ere lot of ile," remarked a woodman to me once; "it takes a menjous lot o' adders tu git that lot o' ile frum; an' ye've got tu catch 'em fust." The oil was clear and limpid—it had the look of the best olive-oil. With a little laudanum added to it, and briskly rubbed in and about the part bitten, it is very efficacious. The reason our forester's children do not get bitten is, they know the habits of the creatures that surround them as well as they do their own: their eyes and ears have all the quickness of wild animals. They know instantly if it is a bird, mouse, or reptile that is moving; and in the midst of their whort-picking you may hear some sturdy urchin yell out, "Roost up all on ye! there's a crawler handy, —I hear un."

Three varieties of the same species, which I have captured on these hills, I have minutely examined when alive, to the no small wonderment of the forest-folks. The process was a very simple one: as the viper coiled for the stroke I dropped my straw hat over him, —hived him, as they said. Then placing the toes of both boots on the sides of the hat rim, I gently raised a small portion of it in front. When the creature saw daylight, after that sudden plunge into darkness, he at once very cautiously poked his head out, whereupon I nipped him behind the head with my finger and thumb. I fear, when I left those charming localities, I went credited with many uncanny qualities that I did not certainly possess.

When the sun had gone westward any one might study the habits and haunts of that giant swallow, the fern-owl or heave-jar. Fern-owls were as plentiful as pigeons about a pigeon-cote. This neighbourhood suits them to perfection, both as regards food and shelter, and for nesting purposes. The numbers that visit certain counties must be very great. Here alone, the whole forest hums with their spinning-wheel-like song. Sometimes I have lain out of doors three nights in the same week, watching their ways and their means of living. The heather was my couch, and a very fragrant and good one it makes.

Pitch Hill, Ewhurst Hill, Holmbury Hill, and Leith Hill, at the

time I lived in their neighbourhood, were full of water to their very summits. The whole of the water-supply for the houses and offices, when those red mansions were built, came from the hills in pipes laid down, besides which there were fine open-air swimming-baths conveniently near. There is stone, too, of the most enduring quality—enough, as the forest-folks were wont to say, to last "for ever and a few days over."

Leith Hill much resembles Holmbury in the general surroundings. Let any one who is fond of wild life and scenery walk from Dorking to Coldharbour; from there to Leith Hill; and from the Hill tower let him take the long green stripe down to the entrance of the wood, and on to Pitland Street. That will lead him to the base of Holmbury Hill. Then let him climb the hill and come down through the beautiful glade, with fir-woods on either side, to Fellday, or the Fell of the Moor. From Fellday he should walk to Abinger and look at its quaint church, and the time-eaten stocks just outside the churchyard gates. From Abinger he may wander past Wotton, the home of the Evelyns, and on to Westcott, on his way back to Dorking. He will not soon forget such a day, and if he be a botanist his case will not be empty. Should he prefer entomological research, he can have his fling at moth, butterfly, or beetle. On the stone-heaps from the quarries, on or under the stones, there is insect-life in innumerable varieties. For the lover of birds there are plenty to observe still, although not so many as in past times, for the simple reason that most of the new race preserve strictly. The land is their own to do as they please with; but where game is preserved, the keepers will tell you all varmints must be killed off. Now "varmints," as they have it, include falcons, hawks, owls, ravens, crows, rooks, magpies, jays, butcher-birds, and the poor harmless goatsucker, the heave-jar or fern-owl, in many cases. I was gravely informed by one authority in the velveteen jacket that these "sucked cows when they was asleep." I did not contradict him—his case was hopeless.

I am sorry to tell that I have seen the gable-end of a dog-kennel covered with beautiful creatures, the ornaments of the woodlands. Owls were of course conspicuous by their numbers. Brown, white, long- and short-eared owls were there, all spread out on the gable-end. "A rare good show" the keeper called it.

Yet the same individual told me his place was "run over, an' stunk out, wi' rats and mice." When I told him that I kept such varmints as companions, and not only played with them but talked to them, and gave them credit for having more brains and understanding than some people I knew, it was too much for him. In a perfect torrent of rude eloquence he gave me his opinion about owls, and all fools o' folk who kept such floppin' varmints. As his voice was raised in his excitement, his retriever walked up just to see if anything had gone wrong. Down came the man's ash stick on the poor animal's ribs, with some rough words to the effect that he'd send for him when he wanted him,—he warn't talking about him nor yet to him. I suppose the blow relieved the man's feelings. As for myself, I let him talk himself dry, and then—as it interested me to keep on friendly terms with him—I mildly suggested the fact that the neat little country inn was quite handy.

Whilst he looked through various glasses of "Irish with a slice of lemon," in which I kept him company, his views on "owls and them as kept 'em" became very much modified; for when we parted he bade me remember that "if any o' mine went off the hooks he'd git me some more, either old uns or young uns, fur they'd young uns very near all times o' the year."

In this statement he was perfectly correct.

When my woodland friends found out that all the time I could spare from my business was given to looking at things, as they termed it, and making pictures of some of them, the kind souls would have made a perfect Noah's ark of my small dwelling. I had, at times, to use no small amount of diplomacy to avoid hurting their feelings by refusals to accept certain birds or beasts. At last I was compelled to tell them I had given up keeping things in the house, and I sent all my stands and cages away. Only a favourite brown owl was allowed to remain, and he perched on my knee or shoulder, no matter what time I came in of the day or the night. He learned to know my footsteps, and would watch for me like a dog.

For the last thirty years I have not used a gun; a good field-glass has taken its place.

Besides the birds I have mentioned as being found on our hills, all the finches and the soft-billed birds are well represented, blackbirds, song and missel thrushes, ring-ousels at certain times more or less, fieldfares and redwings, wild geese, wild ducks, heron, woodcock, snipe and plover, black game, pheasants, and partridges. The woodpecker family is in full force: we have the green, the greater and lesser, as well as the black and white woodpeckers. The nuthatch and the wryneck are here; as for the cuckoos, they are all about.

Leaving beautiful Ewhurst Hill, we come down the long glade to Abinger. From here the road takes us to those hills or downs called Hackhurst. There the country has a different aspect, for the soil is different,—it is chalk land on that ridge. The fine turf is merely the facing of it, if we may term it so. Bird-life differs too on this side of the valley, and it is not so varied in character. The birds you see most frequently will be rooks, jackdaws, starlings, pigeons, wood and stock pigeons, or stock-doves, wheat-ears, and sometimes, not often, that small representative of the noble bustard—once so well known on the South Down Hills—the thick-knee or great plover, the stone curlew. He does well here, for most of the land is sheep pasture; and what with beetles, mice, frogs, and worms, to say nothing of other small trifles, he lives well. He is rarely shot, for he is one of the wariest birds in existence, or at least in this district: his large eyes tell you at once that he feeds by night as well as by day. The fields that are cultivated, those on the top of the hills, abound in flints; in fact, the farmers will tell you they grow flints, for they are continually picking them off the ground and carrying them away by waggon and cart loads. When the thick-knee makes his home here, you may as well try to find that oft-quoted needle in a haystack as to find him; he is an inveterate skulker. When danger has threatened him, I have watched him through a glass, with his head

stretched out, and his body squatted on the ground as closely as a toad's.

On a large estate at the foot of one of our hills is a deserted heronry. It has been forsaken for many years. When the owners took possession, the grand birds forsook it. I met one of the old squire's retainers near the spot lately, and questioned him about them. "Ah," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "'pears to me the good uns is all gone: things is all changed, topsy-turvy like, an' the young uns don't take after the old uns—not a bit."

I like to wander there as the sun sinks, and to look at the fine old firs where the herons once built their nests. Some of the trees are far decayed, but they still stand like sentinels. The road that once led to a noble house is now covered with turf; the deer have given place to less noble game: where they roamed, pheasants and rabbits run about. There is the water where the heron used to fish, nearly choked with aquatic growth; and there, in the distance, is the moor with its trout stream and tiny rills as of old, where he got his feed of small trout; but the heron has gone, never, we fear, to return in any numbers. Now and again one or two have revisited the haunt of their ancestors, but they got shot for so doing. Sometimes, when the setting sun flashes on the trunks of those old trees, and lights up the water that is left open of their old fishing-place, when the mist begins to rise from the moorlands, I, too, could wish that the old gentry we used to see there so many years ago could come back once more.

A Son of the Marshes.

MANNERS.

"We must be careful that all our looks be full of sweetness, kindness and modesty, not affected and without grimaces; the carriage of the body decent, without extraordinary or apish gestures; in all our ordinary actions, be it in eating, drinking or the like, we must show modesty, and follow that which is most received, amongst those with whom we converse, for that courtier is but over punctual, who in a country gentleman's house will strictly practise all his forms of new breeding, and will not be content to express his thanks, and esteem to others in the same manner, and with the same ceremony that he receives the respect of others, his practice shows like a correction of the other, and oft puts the modest company into a bashful confusion, and constrained distrustful behaviour and conversation."

This sentence, the portentous length of which is rendered hardly less breathless by the arbitrary scattering of a few commas, is culled from a little brown volume in duodecimo, entitled 'The Art of Complaisance, or the *Means to oblige in Conversation*' (London, 1697). Such merit belongs to this anonymous treatise as flows from rarity, for it is mentioned neither in Lowndes, Allibone, nor in the later dictionary of Halkett and Laing. It is prefaced by a letter signed "*S. C.*" addressed "To his ingenious friend, Mr *W. B.*," and bears on the title the forbidding aphorism—"Qui nescit dissimulare nescit vivere"—(he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to live).

There is, however, nothing very sinister in the dissimulation prescribed by this sixteenth-century mentor: *il n'est pas si diable qu'il est noir.* He commends the self-restraint of a Chesterfield rather than the duplicity of a Machiavelli.

"The height of abilities," wrote the former authority in the course of his fruitless and pathetic endeavour to kindle his son's sluggish spirit, "is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*—that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior; to be upon your guard, and yet by a seeming natural openness to put people off theirs."

This is very much the key of "S. C.'s" treatise, yet throughout it there breathes the spirit of a cruder age, when, to use the pregnant phrase of Mr Nichol (the biographer and shrewd analyst of Francis Bacon), it was as expedient to flatter monarchs as it now is to juggle mobs. The modern reader, running over the several chapters devoted to the principles of conversation at Court, with great men at "the Innes of Court, where are to be found a great number of the finest spirits," with ladies, and, lastly, with persons of all humours, ages, and conditions, will be rewarded by many passages of charming *naïveté* and astonishing frankness; but he may find his smile tending to a sneer at the chapter on "How we must demean ourselves to gain the favour of our Prince or Soveraign." Princes and sovereigns are still held to be very proper objects of consideration, and those who please them best will not lose their reward; but it wounds our democratic self-respect to see the rules of the game set out in cold blood and black and white. *Ars est celare artem;* the taste of our age is too refined to brook having all the

tricks of the trade revealed: it spoils the sport.

"This is an Art
Which does mend Nature; changes it rather; but
The Art itself is Nature."

Professing this, what possible approval can we lend to the conduct of "a reverend courtier who, being asked by what means he had lived so long and (was) so firm in favour at Court, answered that it was by patiently supporting injuries and by repaying thanks in lieu of revenge"? A mean creature, truly, yet our contempt for him in this nineteenth century may be somewhat chastened by recalling a remark made by Francis Bacon, that "the lowest of all flattery is the flattery of the common people." (Tory Democrats please copy.)

We may dismiss "S. C." with a single extract from his chapter on Conversation with Ladies:—

"It is necessary that a man who visits Ladies wear always good cloathes, even to magnificence, if he may do it without impairing his fortune: the expence we make in habits bears us through all,—as an ingenious man once said, it opens all doors to us and always procures us an obliging reception; and as the exteriour part, striking first the sight, is that which makes the first impression on our spirits, doubtless we ought to take some care to render that impression favourable."

It is a common complaint among older people that manners have grievously deteriorated with the present generation. Perhaps it is so; but similar complaints have been uttered over every successive generation: there are always plenty to moan over all change as bitterly as if it were bloody revolution. Our contention is that changed as they are there is still plenty of scope for consideration of others, which is the fount of social sweetness. The eighteenth century abounded more than does the nineteenth in courtliness; it was more picturesque. There is less formality now both in dress and address than of yore, but the gulf that separates the well-bred from the ill-bred remains as deep and wide as ever. If we have not so many Sir Charles Grandisons, surely we have fewer Squire Westerns. Is it the refinement of a *fin de siècle* drawing-room a hundred years ago that would most impress one of us, could he be transported back to it? Change of manners and habits is inevitable, but it does not necessarily imply deterioration. To make a less distant comparison — what is more common in these days than to see a lady being driven alone in a hansom cab? Twenty years ago, in the days when many girls were prohibited from waltzing except with cousins, that would have been pronounced as compromising as going to a music-hall; yet who will say that English girls of to-day are one whit less pure or lovable than their mothers were?

But if we are apt to pass harsh judgment on the manners of our own time, we are equally prone to sniff at any departure from the standard of to-day. There is a very suggestive passage in Mr Hamerton's interesting book, 'French and English.' That writer enjoys the enviable scope of being as much at home with the one nation as with the other: it gives him all the advantage possessed by one sitting astride of a high wall as against one standing on either side of it—he can see and compare objects on both sides.

"In any attempt," he says, "to judge of manners, especially in a foreign nation, we are liable to two mistakes. We are likely to think

that a degree of polish inferior to our own is rudeness, whilst the refinement that surpasses ours is affectation, we ourselves having exactly that perfection of good breeding which is neither one nor the other. An Englishman is particularly liable to think in this way, because the present English ideal of good manners is a studied simplicity. We come to think that a simple manner is unaffected, whilst high polish must have been learned from the etiquette-book."

Between the African potentate who, in order to do honour to a distinguished visitor and to save him unnecessary trouble, masticates gobbets of meat with his own royal grinders before placing them in his guest's mouth, and the Lancashire miner to whom the appearance of a stranger at once suggests "'eaving 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead," there is room to show almost every degree of consideration. The conclusion to which one comes after studying any of the many writers who have tried to formulate rules of social procedure, from Epictetus down to the compiler of the latest manual on etiquette, is that there exists a *nescio quid*—a spirit, intangible, not to be described, but essential to the sweetness and light of human intercourse, without which "the rest is all but leather or prunella." Sweetness of manner has its source far too deep to be learned by practice or rote; it is no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on, like a grenadier's cap, to make one's self of consequence; it must be innate, for it is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—an instinctive consideration of the feelings of others, a forgetfulness of self. Courtliness is the counterfeit, often passing muster for the real thing; its success is commensurate with the success of the effort to please others. But, it may be urged, a man may be full of kindness and sympathy for others and yet fail to please because of his shyness. Well, shyness is of two kinds, the first and least deplorable being a gracelessness caused by unfamiliar surroundings and uncertainty how to behave. It produces agonies of misgiving, with perplexity that scatters thought. But, observe, this kind of sufferer is apprehensive, not of being laughed at, but of intruding on or being a bore to others. He dreads giving offence. Painful though it be, his is, if properly and timeously treated, a transient malady, and often leaves the convalescent more able to give and receive pleasure in the society of others than many who have never suffered from the disease. The reason for this seeming paradox is that shyness of this kind is the result of a lively imagination acting on love of approbation, each of which is, in due measure, essential to a sympathetic nature. But it must not be neglected or encouraged by circumstances, or it will become chronic, and the torment will be lifelong.

The other and more malignant form of shyness is really nothing but pride, generating suspicious watchfulness and cold reserve, each of them fatal to a pleasant manner. You cannot give a sullen pool the sparkle and dash of a mountain stream, any more than Lord Chesterfield could pour his own light and grace into his son's dull nature. This conviction seems to have forced itself on the hapless father rather early in the celebrated letters; for we can almost hear the sigh with which, after writing repeatedly and at length upon the precepts of good behaviour, he flings down the pen with which he has traced these lines:—

"All the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. . . . If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please."

You will never please! It is a heavy sentence. How far must it be held a just one? How far is a man responsible for not having a good address? If our contention is right, he is as responsible for not having natural sweetness as one who is without courage, honesty, continence, or any other natural virtue. But the punishment falls less heavily on the selfish man than on one for whom life without the friendly esteem of others, is worthless. Never please! never feel the firm clasp that betokens the answering warmth in a friend's bosom, nor enjoy the genial glow that welds two equal spirits moving to the same goal; not even, it may be (though herein exist some different and perplexing considerations), exchange that exquisite flattery of preference between man and woman which is no small ingredient in the sweet draught of love. Never see faces look round brightly at the sound of your footfall, nor a circle open with glad acclaim on your approach; but, instead, mark the chill diffused among those into whose company you come — the constraint of remarks addressed to yourself compared with the ceaseless flow of talk among others. Never please! it is worth much study and much pains, if by study and pains the trick might be learnt; but to worry one's self over the rules without cultivating the virtue which is at the root of the whole matter, is so much study and pains thrown away. There is, indeed, one constituent in the power to please which is beyond any one's control—namely, personal appearance. Comeliness, though not essential (for many plain-featured people are of the pleasantest), must be admitted to give an enormous advantage to its possessor. Herein is just one of those perplexing inequalities which incline one to charge nature with injustice. Too little nose by the eighth part of an inch—too much eyelid by the hundredth—harshness in skin-texture, or irregular action of sebaceous glands,—why are these, or accidents even more infinitesimal, suffered to rob a countenance of beauty? But on the whole the injustice is seldom as great as it seems. Proportionate intellect is rarely the complement of great personal beauty. The combination is so rare that, when it *does* take place, it explains the classical belief in demigods—creatures with mortal bodies and human passions, but suffused with the fire of divinity.

The world is so full of men and women—fuller than it ever was before—that it is harder than ever for those anxious for the career of some youth to believe that he can ensure success otherwise than by looking after his own interest. Some pushing fellow is sure to fill the place for which we have destined our son or friend's son if he wastes his chance in considering the welfare of others. Not so; this altruism I am advocating will so work on his personality that it will draw to him far more than he could have earned by selfish effort. As he travels on life's journey he will find himself surrounded by gracious looks and helping hands; even the most worldly will look kindly on one who never interferes with their

pleasure or ambition, whose manner and temper are like a fragrant breath of mountain air. There is nothing mawkish in such a character; the self-sacrifice that moulds it implies resolution.

This one is in no degree akin to him of whom men say, "He is no man's enemy but his own." Such a man may be easy, good-natured in the vulgar sense, and cheerful, but he occupies a place at the lower end of the scale of selfishness. If he is indulgent to others, it is from indolence, and his ruin comes from indulging his own inclinations.

At the other end of the same scale stands ambition, which is only an exalted form of selfishness. This may seem a hard saying, but it will stand scrutiny. Of those who have attained high renown in history it may sometimes be hard to discern the leading motive; but to take the instance of two notable rivals — Napoleon and Wellington — the difference seems clear enough. The former, perhaps, was the more powerful mind, but it was intensely selfish. The indomitable will never turned aside out of consideration either for nations or individuals; the feelings, the sufferings of others were never glanced at in the ruthless march to the end in view: whereas the other, early steeped in the spirit of duty and subordination, grew to grandeur by means of insensible ascendancy over the wills of others, and finally triumphed by virtue of their devotion to and confidence in him. The memory of each differs as much in kind as the effects of their life-work. *Le petit caporal* was worshipped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! while of the other, to this day fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote concerning a letter lately exhumed by the editor of 'Short Cuts' may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander. The letter, so far as my memory serves, was in some such terms as these:—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington begs to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

It seems that the Duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been—the lean, keen-eyed, old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day: he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone, and might starve. The Duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after, and the letter above-quoted is one of the subsequent bulletins.

Montaigne pleads eloquently for the cultivation of sympathy:—

"Ie loüerais un âme à divers estages, qui scache & se tendre & se desmonter: qui soit bien par tout où sa fortune la porte: qui puisse deuiser auec son voisin, de son bastiment, de sa chasse & de sa querelle: entretenir auec plaisir un charpentier & un iardinier. . . . Le conseil de Platon ne me plaist pas, de parler touſiours d'vn langage maistral à ses seruiteurs, san ieu, sans familiarité: soit enuers les masles, soit enuers les femelles. Car, outre ma raison, il est inhumain & iniuste de faire tant

valoir cette telle quelle prerogative de la fortune; & les polices où il se souffre moins de disparité entre les valets et les maistres me semble plus equitables."

Peculiar piquancy and interest attached themselves in those days to conversation with a neighbour on the subject "de son bastiment et de sa querelle." Viewed in the light of events related in the anecdotes to be presently referred to, it is clear that not only æsthetic but defensive qualities were necessary for a satisfactory residence; and a disagreement with a neighbour who was supported by "followers very well mounted and armed, to the number of five-and-twenty or thirty," was one that invited discussion at considerable length and in some detail. In the four and a half centuries that have run their course since these lines were penned we have not done much, in England at least, to reduce the barrier between master and man. Many good, kind men would willingly converse more freely with their servants were the force of habit less binding: there is no *mauvaise honte* more oppressive than that which constrains such people to a silence which is attributed to *hauteur*, and cannot indeed be removed from the category of imperfect manners.

But a still worse fault and a more frequent is the ignoring of the presence of servants. Things are said before them utterly regardless either of prudence or of the effect on their feelings and morals. People converse at meals as freely as if the intelligent beings behind them in broadcloth or plush were deaf and dumb automata. It makes one shiver to think of the kind of thing that those who wait at any London dinner-party must overhear: the contrast between the freedom of conversation used *before* them, and the frigid, *saccadé* tone usually addressed *to* them, must sometimes give them plenty of material for thought.

Montaigne gives practical instances of the advantage of a pleasant countenance. He is so frankly egotist in discussing his own character, so little disposed to screen his vices or exalt his virtues, that one can scarcely refuse credence to a couple of anecdotes with which he illustrates his doctrine concerning a sweet manner. These contain, moreover, such lively pictures of incidents in the life of a French country gentleman of the fifteenth century, that perhaps no apology is needed for repeating them; but so much of the aroma hangs round the old French of the original, that it is only out of consideration towards whomsoever may read these pages, that I refrain from quoting the whole passage in Montaigne's own words.

He describes how a certain neighbour and relation of his own endeavoured to obtain possession of his house and person. Sitting one evening in his library, which he describes to us with such affectionate detail, perhaps composing one of his delightful essays, he was disturbed by a loud knocking at the gate of his chateau, which proceeded from this gentleman, who, seated on a horse ridden to a foam, loudly called for admission. He said he was flying from an enemy who had overtaken him in the neighbourhood, and "luy avoit merveilleusement chaussé les esperons," had pressed him very hard. He also expressed himself as in great distress about his men, who had been scattered, and whom he feared were *morts ou prins*. Montaigne threw open his gates and endeavoured *tout naifvement*, as he says, to comfort and refresh

the knight. Soon after, the scattered following began to arrive by twos and threes to the number of five-and-twenty or thirty, all pretending to believe the enemy was at their heels. Then, *naif* though he was, the scholar-knight began to smell a rat—"ce mystère commenceoit à taster mon souspeçon." Nevertheless he acted up to his principles, was urbane and solicitous for their safety, stabled their panting horses, and admitted them all. Then ensued the triumph of a good manner over ferocity. The courtyard was full of armed men, the two gentlemen were regaling themselves in the hall. The grace with which the involuntary host dispensed hospitality, and the affable way he chatted to his reprehensible cousin over their bottle, so won upon the latter's heart that he confessed his treachery, and gave up all idea of carrying it out. "Il se veit maistre de son entreprinse; et n'y restoit sur ce poinct que l'execution. Souvent depuis il a dict, car il ne craignoit pas de faire ce conte, que mon visage et ma franchise luy avoient arraché la trahison des poings."

The other instance given by the Seigneur savours less of "hame-sucken" and more of knight-errantry. He tells us how he was journeying through a very ticklish country ("par païs estrangement chatouilleux") when he found himself pursued by two or three parties of horse. On the third day one of these overtook him, and he was charged by fifteen or twenty gentlemen, followed by "une ondée d'argoulets"—a band of ragamuffins. Overpowered by numbers, he was carried off into the forest, where his trunks were rifled and the horses of his men divided among his captors. Then ensued a wrangle about how he should be disposed of, which ended in Montaigne being mounted on a sorry jade and packed about his business. But he had not ridden off two or three musket-shots from the place before the charm began to work. The leader of the troop galloped after him "avecques paroles plus doulces," apologised for the inconvenience to which he had been put, made his knaves busy themselves in repacking his trunks, and set him on his own beast. He then raised his vizor, made himself known, and assured his late captive that he owed his release entirely to the exquisite courtesy of his demeanour, which he had maintained under such trying circumstances. "Me redict plusieurs fois que ie debvois cette delivrance à mon visage, liberté et fermeté de mes paroles, qui me rendoient indigne d'une telle mesadventure."

Then, with an unusual access of piety, this quaint writer concludes: "Il est possible que la bonté divine se voulut servir de ce vain instrument (his pleasant manner) pour ma conservation; elle me defendit encores l'endemain d'aultres pires embusches."

It would be ungenerous, especially after such a lapse of time, to attribute the change in manner and intent which the Seigneur credits to his personal charm and frankness, to the fact that his captors may have mistaken him for some one else, and released him on discovering their mistake.

No one can have mixed much with people in a humble rank of life without having marked the patient sweetness with which they meet a thousand aggravating and irritating discomforts, any one of which would be apt to put a well-to-do person out of humour. Just as the wayside dandelion, drawing filth of the gutter into its veins, filters it by its own virtue into

a beneficent juice, so among the poor there are those who change the use of adversity and the humiliation of disease into a spirit that sweetens all their surroundings. Following the example of the Seigneur de Montaigne, I am tempted to describe an incident in my own everyday experience, which, however, unlike those of that illustrious writer, tells of the influence of the sweetness of others upon my own churlishness. It happened on a railway journey in the west of Scotland, on the Monday of Glasgow Fair; and whoever has experienced the vicissitudes of that anniversary must remember that it involves all the congestion, hurry, delay, discomfort, and ill-will of a dozen Bank Holidays in the South. I had important business to attend to in a distant town, and had to wait at a wayside station for an hour and a half beyond the time appointed for the train. When at last it appeared, every carriage was choked with excursionists; the observance of classes was annulled; first, second, third class—everything, even to the guard's van, was packed with folk. Finally, I was fain, muttering impotent vengeance upon unhallowed directors, to squeeze into a compartment already occupied by seven adults and two children. Though in a thoroughly bad temper, I could not but observe the suavity with which room was found for me by those already inconveniently crowded, and, of course, perfect strangers to me. Let any one who thinks this a trivial remark, try a similar experiment in a carriage filled with well-dressed pleasure-seekers, strangers to himself, bound, let us say, to Ascot races. He will not be inclined to repeat it. Gradually the contagion of good temper overcame my ill-humour. It was intensely hot, we were closely packed, and, to crown all, one of the children was taken violently ill. But nothing disturbed the equanimity of my fellow-travellers, nor the simple eagerness with which they noticed wayside objects and the incidents of the route. I parted company with them at the end of the journey, thoroughly penetrated with the lesson they had unconsciously administered, that sweetness of manner and consideration for others neutralise more than half of any discomfort we may be called on to endure. The poor are constantly in discomfort; their patience offers a reproachful contrast to the arrogance of the rich; and it is only by realising this that the first beatitude—that spoken to the "poor in spirit"—can be understood.

Conversation is an important part—though only a part—of satisfying intercourse. The necessity for saying *something* weighs grievously upon most of us at times, and drives us to say many things which neither enrich nor adorn acquaintance. It is only among friends that periods of silence are endurable. The secret of interesting conversation is the same as that of literature—having something in the mind, something to say. Yet how few people have minds furnished with anything but commonplace, or at least how few can produce acceptable fragments from a store of knowledge! Those who have devoted themselves arduously to intellectual work—specialists, in short, who know what work is—are often the pleasantest talkers. Not by any means on their special subjects alone, but on anything that stirs the intellects of others, by the reflex action of sympathy in mind to mind. Many of us must have felt contact with a trained intel-

lect to be the best refreshment after the gabble of "society." As Mr Hamerton says: "Severed from the vanities of the illusory, you will live with the realities of knowledge, as one who has quitted the painted scenery of the theatre to listen by the eternal ocean, or gaze at the granite hills."

It must, however, be confessed that it is often disappointing to meet with a brilliant writer, a renowned artist, or a distinguished scientist. Thrilled as we have often been by the accomplishments of such an one, it is vexatious to encounter in him tiresome tricks of manner, or perhaps to find him seeking relaxation from strain in those very trivialities from which we are anxious to escape. At other times he will sit silent while others' tongues are wagging. It is not the deepest streams that make the most noise. Here is a scrap of conversation—practically it was monologue—jotted down in a country-house smoking-room, where eight men of varied accomplishments were sitting. The speaker was a handsome young fellow, with a frank manner, a pleasant voice, and a fine out-of-doors complexion, who had just returned from a voyage round the world :—

"Oh, D. is a capital fellow to travel with ; d—d clever chap ; knows a lot, doncha know ; all about china and pottery and books and that sort of thing, doncha know. Knew the Taj the moment he saw it, you know. D—d if *I* should have known the blessed thing, you know ; but bless you, *he* knew it in a minute. Oh, he showed me a lot. I give you my word of honour, when we got back to London I stopped the cab in Trafalgar Square, and got out to look. I never knew there was anything there, you know ; but X. had taught me to look about ; and by —— I think it's as fine as anything we saw all the way round. Oh, travellin' teaches one a lot, you know, &c., &c."

Now this young gentleman had received the immeasurable advantage of a first-rate education. He would, no doubt, if called on, risk his life to save a friend, or shed the last drop of blood in his honest heart for his country. He will some day inherit a fair slice of the earth's crust, and be an example of the virtues and defects of an English squire. When the bright light shall have waned from his eyes, when anxiety and perplexity shall have graven their lines on his brow, when the charm of youth shall have melted away—what will remain? Alas! his prattle will no longer be endurable ; he will be voted a bore ; younger folk will get out of his way ; his contemporaries will cling to him from habit, or because his cellar is stocked with choice wines, and his covers with plenty of pheasants. He will never earn that rarest of all distinctions, that of being a charming old man—one who, retaining the freshness of his natural faculties, imparts to others from his store of experience, and sympathises with the hopes, fears, wishes, and aims of young people.

"I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size ;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes."

Some people have the gift of pleasant deference in manner, which, though it may be acquired in some degree by study, is only secure of its effect when it arises from a sympathetic imagination. This was the secret of the late Lord Beaconsfield's extraordinary influence over the minds of others, especially of younger men. In conversation with one he used to give him the impression that it

was *his* opinion he most desired to have—*his* experience he most coveted; and this idea was not conveyed by any formal words, rather by expression of deep eye and mobile lip—by manner rather than speech. Men are easily moved by this delicate flattery; they treasure up the words and tráits of such an one, and dwell lovingly upon them in after-years, when, perhaps, he shall have passed away.

Nor men alone: women (though the rules regulating *their* preference transcend definition) respond gratefully to its influence. The mode alters, but the spirit remains the same. Raleigh's gold-laced cloak flung across the miry pavement would find no approval nowadays; the action would be felt to be as stagey as the embroidery: we have passed into a dim age of broadcloth and chimney-pot hats. In outward mien we differ from the courtiers of Elizabeth as widely as the man past middle age differs from the lad whose photograph records what he once was. It is hard to believe the hair once clustered so low and thick on the brow now so bare, — that the deeply graven cheeks were once so round and smooth. But the good-nature within will find expression in subtler ways. The late George Whyte-Melville, standing in a muddy street, was splashed from head to foot by a lady's carriage-and-pair suddenly pulled up beside the kerb. Hat, face, collar, coat, all were liberally bespattered; but almost before the lady could lean forward to express her concern, he exclaimed, "Ah, Mrs A——! I thought it *must* be you: you always have the best horses in London."

Of all the weapons in the armoury of intercourse this sixth sense is the most potent: it implies at once the perfect temper of the metal and the consummate ornament of the hilt. There is yet another that can hardly be acquired, least of all by our own countrymen. If laughter is that which distinguishes men from beasts, a smile is the badge of their fellowship with angels. It cannot be put on, it must come from the heart; for affectation, always hateful, is more repellent in an artificial smile than in any other guise. Have we but the heart to smile in difficulty or disaster, how these will melt away before us; how angry men's brows will unfurl and fists unclench,—for we know instinctively that none but the gentle *can* smile, just as none but the churlish can scowl. Sons, look in your mothers' faces with a smile; brothers, in your sisters': let their memory of you when absent be of those who looked kindly on them; for, believe it, there is no pang more common, none more unquenchable, than the thought in after-years that we wounded our loved ones with sour looks, born of passing discontent.

Of these supreme signs of graciousness may be written the legend once inscribed behind a sculptured group of the Graces—

"Senza di noi ogni fatica è vana."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XX.—MOONSHINE.

"The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it."—SHERIDAN.

THE two brothers supped alone, for Hala and Luba had already retired to their respective apartments, but Felicyan entering the bedroom half an hour later, found Hala still sitting before the glass combing her long black hair.

She was very lively and talkative to-night, and kept dwelling on each detail of Countess Massalowska's visit with almost childish exultation. It was so kind, so very kind of her, to have driven that long distance in this broiling heat, merely in order to make our acquaintance. Did not Felicyan think so? And she had worn such a beautiful dress—pale blue with white lace trimmings (here Hala gave a little envious sigh); and the horses were so beautifully groomed, not rough and ugly like ours, but smooth as satin. And was it not a pity that Hala had no melons ready to offer the visitor? But she had mentioned that they were not yet ripe, so that at least the Countess might know that they had melons at Stara-Wola. Did Felicyan think that she had done right in speaking of the melons? On reflection she was afraid that it might have looked too boastful; well, not exactly boastful, but just a little pretentious perhaps?

Felicyan had sat down to finish his pipe before going to bed: he wore his usual working dress—a coat of faded fustian—and had on his feet a pair of particularly clumsy boots.

He listened but absently to Hala's lively prattle, his mind still running on the conversation with Roman in the boat, a little while ago.

"And oh, Felciu! do you know such a dreadful thing nearly happened? Just as I had served out the strawberries and cream, the door opened and papa wanted to come in. I had ever so much difficulty in making him go away. Only fancy how terrible it would have been!"

"What would have been terrible?" asked Felicyan, rousing himself to a show of interest.

"Why, for the Countess to have seen papa in his old dressing-gown, of course. What would she have thought of us all?"

Felicyan laughed rather loudly; somehow his mind refused to grasp the full gravity of the old dressing-gown. Hala, usually so sweet-tempered, felt unaccountably irritated by this laugh.

"I wish you would not laugh so loud, Felicyan. It is not—not elegant at all. Roman laughs in quite a different manner."

"I daresay," said Felicyan placidly, knocking the ashes out of his pipe; "but all the same, I can see nothing so very terrible about papa's old dressing-gown."

"Nothing terrible! Why, I should have sunk into the ground with shame."

Felicyan yawned, and began to take off his boots.

"What a pity you were not at

home this afternoon!" remarked Hala after a while. "But perhaps she will come again. She is evidently disposed to be friendly, and she talked for quite a long time with Luba in the corn-field. I found them sitting together on a heap of straw; only think of that!"

"What am I to think of?"

"What is the matter with you to-night, Felicyan? You do not seem to understand or to listen to anything I say. Why, of course I only mean that it was rather surprising, and very—very gratifying, to see a grand lady like Countess Massalowska making herself so perfectly at home in our corn-field. She was sitting there on the sheaves, just as simply and naturally as—as I myself could have done. When she comes again the melons will be ripe. And oh, Felicyan! you must give up wearing that terribly ugly coat!"

"Oh yes; I intend to buy a new one next summer."

"But you cannot wear it a day longer, I tell you!" cried Hala with unusual petulance; "it is as bad almost as papa's dressing-gown. You really must begin to dress more respectably, in case—in case——"

"In case your fine Countess is gracious enough to come here again."

"Why do you call her my fine Countess? It is not nice of you, Felicyan; and just look, you have strewn the tobacco-ashes all over the carpet! But I am glad, after all, that she did not see you to-day; you are a positive figure in that coat,—I should have felt quite ashamed of you."

"Take care, Hala," said Felicyan with sudden gravity; "never say that you are ashamed of your husband. You may be sorry for it some day."

She did not answer, but went on plaiting up her hair as though she had not heard the words. Felicyan finished his toilet and got into bed without having said good-night. Hala remained sitting before the glass looking rather sullenly at her own reflection. She felt dissatisfied with Felicyan—with herself too, perhaps, without knowing it; and she had no inclination to sleep as yet.

The sound of a door opening struck upon her ear after a while. She listened attentively. Perhaps some one was ill. At any rate, she would go and see.

There was no need of a candle, for the moonlight flooding the corridor made everything distinctly visible. The door at the farther end, and leading on to the verandah, was open, affording a glimpse of the silvery landscape beyond, and letting in the voices of myriads of chirruping grasshoppers. Had the servants forgot to shut the door? or had one of the younger maids stolen out to some clandestine appointment under the stars? Hala was a strict disciplinarian, as it behoves every country lady to be, and would brook no such irregularities in her household. She would steal out on tiptoe and surprise the culprits. Yes, her surmise had been a correct one: two figures were there on the verandah—a man and a girl. She could see their black silhouettes quite plainly between the pillars, and the low murmur of their whispering voices came mingled with the shrill chirrup of the grasshoppers. Lovers, of course.

While she was yet hesitating whether to call out or approach still nearer, the man turned his head; and as the moonlight struck full upon his profile, Hala with a start recognised her brother-in-law.

He appeared agitated, and was speaking eagerly to his companion; and this companion was —Luba!

Madame Starowolska almost shrieked out the name aloud in the first shock of surprise; then, obeying some unaccountable impulse which forbade her to pry on her sister's secrets, she crept back to the bedroom unseen and unheard, her brain all in a whirl. Roman loved Luba! She had long expected it; but why this secrecy—this clandestine meeting? Why did he not ask for her hand boldly in the open light of day? But he was romantic probably, and wished to enjoy something of the poetry of courtship before proceeding to more conventional details; and Hala sighed a little as she remembered how utterly devoid of such poetical episodes her own courtship had been. Felicyan had never made love to her by moonlight on a verandah. He had never made love to her at all, in fact, and had spoken to her father before addressing himself to her. Roman's proceeding was irregular, of course: she would have to speak to Luba about it; it was clearly her duty to do so, but in her heart she sympathised, and she need not compromise her sister by revealing this foolish little escapade to Felicyan.

"What is the matter?" he asked sleepily, as Hala re-entered the bedroom.

She came and sat down on the foot of her husband's bed; her eyes were sparkling and her cheek flushed. The excitement of this new discovery had quite banished her irritation of just now.

"What is the matter?" repeated Felicyan, not so sleepily this time, struck by his wife's expression.

"Oh, Felciu! I must tell you something. Such a delightful piece of news! I am so happy it is all right!"

"What is all right?"

"Roman and Luba. Just what I have been wishing for."

"Roman and Luba? What have they got to do with each other?"

"They love each other. I suspected it long ago, and now I am sure of it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Felicyan, now fully aroused. "What rubbish are you prating, child?"

"It is true. I have seen it coming all along."

"But I tell you it is nonsense," he returned somewhat roughly, and sitting up in bed as he said it. "You must have been dreaming to have got such an absurd idea into your head."

"Oh, very well," returned Hala, loftily. "I have got no eyes in my head, I suppose; that is what men always think of us. And it is they who are blind, who do not see what is going on under their very noses."

"What has been going on?"

"Roman's attachment to Luba."

"He does not even think of her," said Felicyan, with great decision.

Hala was not to be shaken in her conviction. Had she not seen with her own eyes?

"I have the proofs!" she said triumphantly.

"What proofs?"

Here Hala became a little confused. She could not betray her sister; it would not be loyal or delicate.

"Is not his whole conduct a proof that he loves her? He originally came here to stay only for a few days, and now he has been nearly three months. Why else

should he remain, unless for Luba's sake?"

"Ah, is that all?" said Felicyan, apparently much relieved. "That is nothing."

"What further proof would you have? He was so anxious to take that ride with her alone the other day."

"It was very foolish of you to allow that ride. I told you so already; and Hetman's back will not be healed for another week at least. I should never have suffered Luba to go alone with him if I had been at home."

"And they stayed away quite five hours," went on Hala unheeding; "and I do not know what he had said to her that day; but Luba looked so happy when she returned (though she was a little pale and tired with the long ride in the heat), and she kissed me so often, as if she had something to tell. But she did not say anything exactly."

"And so you think—you fancy that Luba cares for Roman?"

"I am certain of it!" cried Hala, with conviction.

"But you must undeceive her at once! You must not encourage her in this delusion. Roman does not—never will care for her!"

Hala smiled with an air of superior wisdom.

"It is no delusion—what makes you think so?" Then, as he did not answer, she went on triumphantly—"There now! you have no possible reason to give at all, but your own stupid conviction that a thing cannot be because you are too blind to see it."

Felicyan was beginning to lose patience.

"Listen, Hala," he said, taking hold of her arm in a not very gentle grasp. "I tell you that this marriage you are dreaming of is a mere castle in the air. It cannot, will never take place; and I forbid you—yes, forbid—to give any further encouragement to such idle fancies on Luba's part."

She shook her arm free from his grasp.

"Forbid! Am I a child or a servant to be ordered about?"

"No; but you are a foolish woman who may do endless mischief by her obstinacy. I know that my brother will never marry your sister. If there has been a mistake, it must be rectified. If necessary I shall speak to Roman himself."

"And betray poor Luba! How noble, how delicate that would be!"

"Then it is you who must speak to your sister."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Hala, rising from the bed where she had been sitting, and beginning to pace the room excitedly. She had by this time contrived to work herself up into a very tolerable passion. "I will not act against my own conviction and my own good sense. What is it to you if they love each other? And I am positive that Roman is in love with Luba—far, far more in love than you ever were with me. Why should not my sister marry your brother? Maybe you do not consider her good enough for him? Is not our family equal to yours? Perhaps you wish your brother to make a richer and more brilliant marriage. If those are your opinions, it is a pity that you ever condescended to take a Nicorowicz yourself as a wife!"

Felicyan, though a good man, was not an angel, and only an angel could have swallowed this last taunt unmoved. It was not

often that he lost his temper, least of all with his wife, but he did so now.

"It is a pity that you ever took a farmer for your husband if you are ashamed of the coat he wears!" escaped his lips almost before he was aware of it. In the next instant he was sorry for what he had said. The whole quarrel was based upon a misapprehension he recognised, only brought about by the necessity of keeping silence upon Roman's mission; and the mistake on Hala's part had not been an unnatural one. Yet now that these words had been spoken, he would not let her see that he regretted them just yet. He turned his face to the wall and feigned sleep, but it was long before sleep really came to him. Hala's words had hurt him deeply. Never since their marriage had she spoken to him thus bitterly, thus violently; though in the last few months, in the last few weeks especially, there had been almost imperceptible but constant little frictions between them. There had grown up, he did not exactly know how, a barrier in place of the full hearty confidence and sympathy of former years. It was as if some disturbing element, which he could neither name nor define, had got into their lives, and was slowly but surely estranging them. Hala had often appeared dissatisfied of late, though she had not said so in so many words, — dissatisfied with Stara-Wola, with the house, with the carriage, with her dresses, and— yes—with her husband. With his manners, his boots, his pipe; and the attack upon the old fustian coat this evening had been but the sequel of many other such hints and innuendoes. He had always worn the same sort of boots, square-toed and hob-nailed, yet Hala had never taken umbrage at them before this summer. Why then had she lately made the discovery that they were clumsy and unbefitting his position? And his pipe, which he had smoked for years—and his father had smoked it before him,—why was he now pressed to exchange it for the more delicately flavoured cigarettes which Roman affected? What had come over him or her to produce this change?

But Felicyan was tired after a long day's work and the long row on the river, and he ended by falling asleep long before Hala had ceased pacing the room with agitated steps.

CHAPTER XXI.—WODNIKI.

"Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment."
— *Richard III.*

Roman, in obedience to Biruta's summons, took the first steamer up the river on the following morning, not knowing what news was to await him. Early in the forenoon he reached Wodniki, a massive grey pile of venerable appearance, lying deep in the pinewood forest, out of sight of the river.

Biruta was waiting for him, outwardly composed, but very pale, and with darkly underlined eyes that spoke of inward anxiety and a sleepless night. She was dressed in plain travelling attire, and her trunks stood locked and roped in the hall.

Roman had not seen her for

nearly three weeks, yet their meeting did not resemble a lover's meeting. Each felt instinctively that this was no time for soft words or tender caresses; that a great, a vital crisis in their lives had arrived.

"What is it?" he asked, shocked at her altered appearance.

"I don't quite know," she answered in a whisper, "whether it is victory or defeat, whether I have acted rightly or rashly; you will be able to judge when you have seen the papers. Come with me; I will show you where they are."

She led the way to a long broad corridor which had once been the picture-gallery of the Massalowski family, but now, deserted and dismantled, presented a sorry appearance. The crimson damask that formerly covered the walls was ragged and threadbare, faded almost irrecognisably from the original hue. Only at those places where pictures had lately hung, the stuff had retained the colour, thus forming ruby patches amidst the dirty brown of the surrounding material. Every picture of value had already been removed, and many of those enclosed in large packing-cases which stood about the gallery; only a few ill-conditioned ancestors or dingy landscapes, not deemed worthy of removal, still kept their places, with large gaps between them, and looking rather forlorn in their isolated position. On one of the largest packing-cases sat Gogo, exercising his beautifully pointed ivory teeth on the corner of a broken picture-frame.

Biruta went up to one of the pictures — a landscape blackened by age — and cautiously introducing her arm behind the frame, she showed Roman a long rent in the crimson brocade, whence she drew out a parcel of papers that had been lying concealed there.

"I put them in there last night," she said, "on my return from Stara-Wola, for at any moment the castle might be searched; and one must be prepared for every contingency. I am, in fact, surprised that we have heard nothing as yet about the matter. General Vassiljef is not usually the man to let the grass grow beneath his feet. It is nearly twenty-four hours since it happened; time enough to put on foot the whole Warsaw police, as he threatened to do."

"The police? General Vassiljef? I do not understand."

"I have stolen his portfolio, that is all," returned Biruta, coolly. "And now you are to look at the papers and tell me what they are worth. Sit down there whilst I keep guard," she continued, unceremoniously pushing the bear off the low packing-case that stood at the farther end of the gallery, and motioning to Roman to take its place.

He obeyed, and spread out the papers on the box beside him, while Countess Massalowska, like a sentry, walked up and down the entrance of the corridor, whence a window commanded a straight cutting through the fir woods, the only road by which the castle could be approached.

There was a long silence; the only sound in it the slight rustle of paper as Roman nervously turned over sheet after sheet, and the echo of Countess Massalowska's footsteps on the polished oak boards. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed; then Roman rose quickly to his feet, and came towards her, still holding the papers in his hand.

"Biruta," he said, looking at her almost with awe, "you are a wonderful woman. Do you know what you have done?"

"What have I done?"

"You have done that which ten men in ten years might have failed to do; you have obtained possession of the whole secret disposition of the entire organisation of the troops in Russian Poland for the contingency of a campaign against either Germany or Austria —the Mobilisation plan, into whose mysteries probably scarce half-a-dozen men in all Russia are initiated. Never in my wildest moments could I have dreamt of such success — of such a lucky, such a wonderful chance!"

"Fortune belongs to the bold," said Biruta, throwing back her head with a gesture resembling a war-horse scenting the cannon-smoke. "Did I not tell you so before? And you actually wanted to draw back — to throw up the mission! Acknowledge that you would have been a coward to do so."

"I acknowledge you to be a magician — a witch!" he cried, seizing hold of her hand and kissing it passionately. "I thought myself clever before, but I am a blundering apprentice compared to you. All that I have done as yet is mere child's-play. A few plans drawn from memory, some statistics collected at random, some photographic views of noteworthy points—that is all I have been able to obtain in three months. They will come in usefully, no doubt, for completing and illustrating the situation. But the glory is yours, Biruta. Your booty is by far the more valuable of the two."

"And where are these plans—these photographs?"

"Some of them are here," he replied, unbuttoning his coat and taking out a chamois-leather case attached round his neck by means of a ribbon.

"How imprudent, Roman!" she exclaimed, taking it from him. "Do you mean to say that you travel about the country with all these compromising documents on your person? You would have been a lost man if they had happened to search you."

"I do not usually wear them. I only brought them to-day because I had intended to verify some of the points in returning home by the river. The rest of my papers are at Stara-Wola."

"You will have no more time for verifying points," said Biruta, taking out the papers and restoring to Roman the empty leather case. "You have nothing further to do in the country now, but to return to Stara-Wola at once, and pack up as fast as you can."

"And you will keep these papers?" he asked doubtfully.

"Of course. I shall put them together with the spoil of the General's portfolio."

"But then you will be running a tenfold greater risk than mine has been. You call me imprudent for having a few papers about my person, and yet you are proposing to travel with more than twice that amount! How will you pack them? Where can you conceal them?"

"In Gogo's travelling-kennel, of course. That is how I brought them here," she replied, as if a bear were the most self-evidently appropriate guardian to select for valuable documents. "That is the beauty of having a bear cub as travelling companion, you see; and moreover, a cub with such remarkably well-furnished jaws. No one

will feel inclined to search beneath his mattress."

"There is a carriage coming down the road!" now exclaimed Roman, who had been looking out of the window.

"So there is," and a look of panic came into her eyes. She snatched up all the papers together, and running down the gallery, restored them hastily to their hiding-place. When she came back to the window the carriage they had sighted was just turning into the avenue, and could be clearly distinguished. Countess Massalowska recognised her own conveyance, which had been sent for letters to the neighbouring post-station.

"What a fright I got!" she said, turning away from the window with a sigh of relief.

A few minutes later a servant came into the gallery with some letters and a newspaper. Biruta merely looked at the letters and then tossed them aside—they were not important, being mostly bills and messages which had been forwarded from Warsaw; then she took up the newspaper in order to see whether, as was sometimes the case, it contained a time-table of the trains running between Warsaw and Thorn.

"Ah!" she exclaimed abruptly, when she had unfolded the sheet. It was the evening paper of the previous day. She had turned rather pale, and the terrified look of just now had reappeared on her face. On the second page of the newspaper she had caught sight of the dreaded name of Vassiljef.

"Ah!" said Biruta a second time, when her eye had glanced down the column, but she said it in a different way and with a different accent, thus making of it quite another word; the former ejaculation had expressed terror and despair, while this one seemed to imply hope and triumph.

"We are saved," she said, pointing to the paragraph with her finger. "Time was all we required, and this will give us time."

Roman read as follows under the fashionable intelligence of the day:—

"We regret to learn that the well-known commander General Vassiljef had a stroke of apoplexy this forenoon, which seized him in the carriage in front of the Governor's palace. We understand that this distinguished officer has not yet recovered consciousness, and that grave doubts are entertained of his recovery."

While he was reading this, Countess Massalowska had taken off her travelling-hat and tossed it on to a neighbouring packing-case.

"How lucky it is that I gave orders to have my letters and papers forwarded here!" she said. "I shall not require to start to-day after all, not till to-morrow or next day."

"But why delay?"

"Because there is no reason for such urgent hurry now."

Roman looked disturbed.

"You think that because General Vassiljef is insensible there is no more danger now?"

"No immediate danger, at all events."

"But he may recover consciousness any hour, any moment."

"Hardly. He has had such attacks before, and his recovery has always been very slow. It is not likely to be quicker this time. I will lay any wager that he has not got his wits about him for some days yet, perhaps even——"

"Even what?"

"He may never be himself again,

he may never recover consciousness."

"You think he may die?"

"I hope so."

"Do not say that," said Roman, uneasily.

"Why not? Would not his death be very convenient at this precise moment?" returned Biruta, with a strange smile. So might Judith have looked before entering the tent of Holofernes.

"You frighten me, Biruta!"

"Why should it frighten you to hear things called by their names? I have not killed General Vassiljef, nor am I going to do so—that would be a stupid bungling sort of action; but I shall be glad if he dies, and his death would only be a very natural link in the chain of events. It is always so in life—the victory of one implies the defeat of another; this is a law of fate that always asserts itself, and if we are to be successful in this undertaking, it can only be at the expense of some one else. And after all, is it my fault if General Vassiljef had a stroke at that precise moment?—if his head was not strong enough to stand the combination of circumstances yesterday morning?"

"What circumstances? You have not yet told me how it all happened."

"Oh, a very simple combination; merely a rather too excellent breakfast, and a glimpse of my shoulders through a muslin *peignoir*, that is really all. But the two things together were apparently too much for the poor man."

Roman made no direct answer, but he set his teeth together and looked rather black. It was not pleasant to hear that his victory had been obtained by such means. But victory it was all the same, and now there would be no more need for plotting and intrigue: once back over the frontier, a new life would begin for them both. He felt a burning desire to be gone, far away out of reach of this odious Vassiljef, away from his repulsive love and his redoubtable vengeance.

He renewed his attempt to induce Biruta to abide by her original plan of starting that same day, but she was obstinate.

"I have a hundred things yet to do, and I am deadly weary," she said, yawning and changing all at once into the languid indolent woman that most people believed her to be. "I could have started, of course, had it been necessary—I can always find strength to do what I must; but I confess I am glad of the respite, and of the chance of a good night's sleep before the journey. If I had known this before, I need not have left Warsaw in such a desperate hurry. I had not even time to pack up my skeleton. And though my affairs are practically wound up, and my cousin may arrive any day to take possession, there are many details still to be attended to. Remember that I am probably leaving the country for ever."

"I shall have no peace of mind until I know that you are safe over the frontier with those papers."

"Do not be so chicken-hearted, Roman," she said, a little impatiently. "I tell you there is no immediate danger either for yourself or for me: there is nothing to connect you with me in public opinion so far, nor is there anything to connect me with the loss of the General's papers just yet. Not even Gurko was aware that he was to receive these documents yesterday; and even had he known of it, there is no proof whatsoever that the portfolio was lost in my house. Correspondence with St

Petersburg may of course awaken suspicion by-and-by and put them on the track, but that will not be for some little time to come, and long before that we shall be safe in Germany."

Roman had intended to confide to Biruta the uncomfortable lurking suspicion borne in upon him some days previously, that he was being watched; but she had called him chicken-hearted just now, and there is nothing a man dreads so much as the possible contempt of a woman he loves. So he kept silence on the subject, and they talked of other matters; they discussed their plans for the immediate future, and settled everything in methodical fashion. He was to return to Stara-Wola later in the day to pack up and take leave of his brother, and thence start direct for the frontier. Biruta would follow within twenty-four hours, or possibly forty-eight, she could not say for certain. She gave him the address of an hotel at Thorn, the Blue Dragon, where they were to meet again.

CHAPTER XXII.—WATER-LILIES.

"A love that took an early root
And had an early doom."
—Hervey.

Roman had quitted Stara-Wola at daybreak on Thursday morning, to repair to Wodniki before any one was stirring, and he left no message to say when he would return.

Hala was as much surprised as Felicyan when she heard of this sudden departure, but not unnaturally concluded that Roman's absence must have some connection with the scene of which she had been witness on the verandah last night. What strengthened this conviction was that Luba's face, usually so transparent to read, had betrayed no surprise on hearing that he was gone. Evidently they must understand each other perfectly, thought Hala, as she watched her sister narrowly, and she felt more than ever disinclined to admit that she had been wrong last night in her quarrel with Felicyan. Certainly she had spoken harshly, violently almost, she admitted to herself as she recalled the words that had passed. But then, why had Felicyan been so obstinate, so confident in the infallibility of his own superior judgment? He had treated her like a child in refusing to admit that her opinion could be worth anything—that is what had so irritated her, to the point of speaking to her husband as she had never spoken before; yet she was not sorry for her words, at least she thought not. Perhaps she would not say them again if the occasion were renewed, but it was right that Felicyan should be punished for that dogged self-confidence. Yes, she would punish him by not speaking a word to him to-day, or to-morrow either perhaps. Surely Luba's secret engagement would soon be made known, and then with what pleasure she would turn the tables on her lord and master!

It was easy for Hala to adhere to her resolution of not speaking to Felicyan that day, for he was absent from morning till evening in the wheat-field, where he had given orders that his dinner should be sent out to him in a basket. They were beginning to bind up

the sheaves, and this was an operation he wished personally to superintend, as only the master's eye can gauge correctly the rightful proportion of grain to be assigned to each reaper as remuneration of his labour.

He came back to supper, however, and sat down to table with his wife as if nothing had occurred between them last night, not seeming to notice how ostentatiously she busied herself with the children, and what laconic answers she gave to his remarks about the harvest. It was not Felicyan's nature to keep up a grudge, and he had now resolved to seek an explanation with Roman and obtain his authorisation to Hala's eyes being opened as to what really was going on.

Luba was not at supper. She had gone about all day in a dreamy fashion, with a strange puzzled expression in her pretty black eyes, her straight Armenian brows drawn together in a thoughtful frown, as though she were trying to read the answer to some baffling riddle. She had a headache, she said, and could not eat, the day had been so stiflingly hot, and she felt sure of there being thunder in the air; she would just go down to the creek and take a dip in the water before bedtime.

Luba felt much refreshed after her bath, and dismissing the barefooted girl who had carried the linen, she lingered in the little hut after she had wrung out her long black plaits and bound a towel about her head in order to dry the hair. While bathing she had plucked a large tangle of water-lilies. She liked to feel the touch of the cool white flowers, and to sit idly passing her fingers along their shiny stalks as she pondered over the events of the last twenty-four hours.

Countess Massalowska's visit and the mysterious message to Roman which had accompanied her recognition of Luba's love, what did it all mean? She had spoken of danger too; and why had Roman not yet returned from Wodniki? He would not be back this evening, for the last steamer had passed down the river half an hour previously.

At last Luba rose to go, for it had grown late, almost dark; the moon was still partially hidden, and only a subdued starlight made visible the surrounding objects. A large raft was coming down the river now, one of those unwieldy crafts laden with timber that were constantly passing by here. Luba, standing in the open doorway of the bathing-hut, had paused to look at the raft, which, in the semi-darkness, resembled a species of Noah's ark guided by coal-black fiends, and bound for the infernal regions,—a vision sufficiently uncanny to frighten a stranger, but familiar enough to Luba, who had grown up by the river-side. She did, however, shrink back a little into the doorway as she noticed that the raft was drawing nearer to this bank, and her surprise was considerable on seeing it make direct for the out-jutting promontory that formed one side of the creek. This was a quite unusual circumstance in her experience of the Vistula wood-crafts, wont to keep well to the middle of the current. Surprise turned to fear when she saw a man leap ashore and make direct for the bathing-hut.

The raft had already put off again, and was soon hidden behind the trees. With fast-beating heart Luba retired into the hut, hoping that the stranger would pass her by unnoticed. Now she could distinctly hear his quick

short step approaching; she held her breath in fearful suspense; an instant later a shriek of terror had burst from her lips.

A man with blackened face, over which was slouched a tattered felt hat, stood before her. His dress, a coarse smock-coat and linen trousers, was that of a common woodman. Certainly a most disreputable ominous-looking figure, whom no one would willingly meet alone in the dark, let alone a timid young girl. Curiously enough, however, the stranger himself started back quite as violently on becoming aware that the hut had another occupant.

"Luba!" he cried out in the next moment, as a ray of moonlight through the little window fell upon her figure. "Why, what a fright you gave me! I hardly should have known you."

Seen thus in the moonlight, the young girl's appearance had something almost supernatural; the white linen cloth falling upon her shoulders resembled the veil of some priestess of old, and the water-lily sheaf might have been an offering she was preparing to lay on the altar of the River-god.

"You gave me a far greater fright, I am sure, Captain Starowolski," replied Luba, still trembling so violently that some of the flowers escaped her grasp and slipped to the ground. "What has happened? and why are you in that dress? You have no notion how dreadful you look."

"It was only a joke," said Roman, trying to laugh; "I wanted to see whether I could frighten Felicyan. I did not think of your being here."

The girl looked at him very earnestly, then she shook her head.

"Why do you try to deceive me? It is not a joke."

Roman saw it was useless to deny.

"You are right. It is not a joke," he replied with sudden gravity.

"Then what is it? Why will you not tell me? Why will you not trust me?" she said eagerly, coming a step nearer to him. She felt a great burning desire to know her fate at any price, to put to rest once for all those torturing doubts that had been racking her brain ever since Countess Massalowska's visit. Very low she added, "Do you not know that I would do anything to help you—to serve you?" In the next minute she did know her fate, and her doubts were for ever at rest.

Roman had caught hold of her hand in a warm hearty grasp, but its very warmth chilled her to the core.

"I believe you, Luba, and I trust you as though you were my very own sister. I shall always think of you as my favourite youngest sister, and you—you will not forget your brother when he is gone?"

"When you are gone?" The words were spoken with a gasp that was almost a sob.

"To-morrow I shall be gone."

"But you will come back again?"

"I hardly think so."

"Never again?"

She spoke in a low choking voice, and had put out one arm to steady herself against the rough wooden planking.

"I fear it will not be possible."

"But why? Why? Why?" she cried out loud, the strength of despair giving back her voice.

"I cannot tell you to-night, my dear little sister, for the secret is not mine to tell," he said, still holding her hand, and looking

down lovingly into her white scared face. "But in a few days, in a week at most, you will know everything; Felicyan will tell you and Hala, when I am gone."

"And I can do nothing for you?" she repeated, with a last lingering remnant of hope.

"Nothing, except to call Felicyan and tell him to bring me a change of clothes down here. I must not be seen like this, and no one else must know of this masquerade."

She pulled her hand out of his and ran up the dark meadow, still holding the water-lilies tightly grasped. They had been dripping wet when she had plucked them a little while ago—they were dripping still when she reached the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.—PARTING.

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."
—*Henry IV.*

When Felicyan joined his brother in the boat-shed, Roman had already washed his face clean, and divested himself of the coarse smock-coat that had given him such a vagabond appearance.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, looking from the ragged garments on the ground to Roman's own disturbed countenance.

Now that the traces of charcoal with which he had sought to disguise himself were removed, it could be seen how fearfully pale was his face; the eyes by contrast shining with a fevered brilliancy.

"It means danger, Felicyan—it means that the police are on my track. I suspected it before; I am sure of it now."

The story was quickly told, and by the time it was ended, the elder brother looked fully more disturbed than the younger one. Roman had started down the river by a steamer which should have brought him to a station in the neighbourhood of Stara-Wola more than two hours since. When scarcely embarked, he became aware of the presence of a very unwelcome passenger, who had apparently come from Warsaw,—no other than the same suspicious-looking individual who had already so disagreeably impressed him. What was to be done? A decision was urgent, for it was evident that the man was following him. If he let him follow to Stara-Wola, Roman might be in the hands of the police by nightfall. Clearly there was nothing to be done but to mislead the fellow and put him on a false scent. Hardly had he reached this conclusion when the steward began coming round to distribute tickets to those passengers who had got in at the previous station. Roman strolled across the deck with assumed carelessness in the direction of the obnoxious individual, taking care to place himself well within earshot. He went on smoking his cigarette till the steward approached, and then, in answer to the question of where he wished to get out, had named Ciechocinek, a station close to the German frontier and fully two hours below Stara-Wola. He had paced the deck for some time after this, still smoking cigarettes, keeping himself well in view of all the passengers. Once he had stopped, and apparently overcome by the heat, had taken off his dust-cloak, which was of a light pattern, easily recognisable, and laid it down on a bench straight opposite the presumed detective. Roman felt sure

that none of his actions had been overlooked, though the man had been ostensibly absorbed in the perusal of the newspaper he held before his face. Not long after this the spy had risen and gone down below to the cabin. It was already beginning to grow dusk, and Roman seeing his opportunity, had managed to slip out at the next station, which unfortunately, however, lay on the right bank of the Vistula. His plan had been to walk down to the river-side, trusting to the hope of finding a ferry to take him across, and he did so for more than an hour. Then by good luck he had sighted a timber-raft coming by, and had signalled it from the shore. Not without difficulty had the raftsmen been persuaded to accept him as passenger, and Roman had been obliged to pay handsomely before they consented to put ashore and take him up. A further gift of ten roubles—the very last in his purse — had induced one of the woodmen to exchange his own ragged clothing for Roman's unimpeachable Berlin suit.

The spy — if Roman's calculations were correct—would not discover his absence till Ciechocinek, late at night, perhaps not even then, and would probably spend next day searching the town and its neighbourhood for him.

How and by what means suspicion had been awakened, Roman was at a loss to conjecture. That this spy could have no connection with the theft of General Vassiljef's portfolio was evident; for independently of the fact that the General, lying dangerously ill, perhaps on the point of death, was unable to give the alarm, it had been fully a week ago that Roman had felt himself watched and followed. The whole matter was very mysterious, the only thing clear being that they were now threatened by two dangers totally distinct from each other, — one to Biruta, the other to himself. He now regretted that he had not more strongly urged upon her the expediency of starting at once.

The two brothers sat together on the verandah late into the summer night, long after the household had retired to rest, not talking very much, but each busied with his own thoughts; for we are never more silent than when we have much to say.

It was their very last evening together, they both felt, for Roman would never be able to set foot again on Russian territory. He was conscious of this with a sharp pain-prick, as he realised that he was probably looking at this view for the very last time. He did not love Stara-Wola as Felicyan loved it. It had not wound itself round his heart nor crept into his life as into that of the elder brother; yet now that he was to see it no more, he experienced a soft regret, an unconscious shade of pity, for himself, perhaps, because he was leaving something which he had never been able to appreciate.

Looking down at the calm flowing river silvered by moonlight streaks, at the sleeping landscape beyond, it almost seemed to him for a moment as though he could have spent his life here in the same way Felicyan was doing. But this mood was transitory; in the next minute he smiled at his own folly, as he tossed away an unfinished cigarette into the grass, where it shone for an instant like a gigantic glow-worm, then died away into blackness.

No, not for him were the simple rural joys, the modest excitements, that bounded Felicyan's limited

horizon: there was no point of resemblance between the two brothers; and now their ways, which for a time had run parallel, were going to diverge, and each would be happy henceforth in his own very different fashion,—Roman in the achieved triumphs of successful ambition, and the intoxicating possession of a brilliant and fascinating woman who loved him; Felicyan in his limited round of agricultural duties, his sleek cows, thriving turnips, and his homely countrified wife. Roman cared nothing for cows or turnips, nor could he have been happy with a countrified wife. His mate must be an eagle, not a placid domestic pigeon; and Biruta was an eagle who feared nothing, and could look at the sun unabashed. With such a woman by his side, no dream of ambition seemed unattainable; their life would be a long triumphant pageant. Yet Felicyan too would be happy, in his own inferior grovelling fashion, thought Roman, with that sort of loving contempt which always tinged his feeling towards his brother. His life would flow on to its close as easily and placidly as the current of yonder river, with no great excitements, no strong emotions of either grief or joy, to mark its course. Felicyan was not made for violent sensations, Roman knew. Had he not been fully more upset than Roman himself on hearing of his brother's danger this afternoon?—so anxious, so troubled, that Roman had not dared to confide to him the further and far more serious complication regarding General Vassiljef's portfolio.

And Felicyan, of what were his thoughts, as he sat still mechanically holding the long-extinct pipe in his hand? Was he thinking, perhaps, of the promise made to his dying father twenty-three years ago, that he would take his place towards the little orphan stepbrother? And was he wondering whether he had faithfully kept his word? Had he indeed always acted for Roman's greater good and happiness? He had done his best according to his lights, of that he felt sure; but had he not perhaps been mistaken in some of his decisions? Would he ever have given his consent to this military career if he had guessed all that the service might entail? If military distinction were only to be obtained at price of the feverish anxieties, the protracted state of restless trepidation of the past weeks and months, was it worth attaining at all?

Perhaps Felicyan did not actually think all this, nor was he able to fashion out his thoughts distinctly, even to himself. He was not clever, not good at an argument, nor were his opinions the result of any intellectual process; they were merely instinctive, innate, constitutional I might almost say. He had inherited them from his forefathers along with his broad shoulders and iron muscles. In appearance Felicyan might be a farmer, a simple tiller of the land; he might wear an old fustian coat and a pair of abominably ugly boots, but nothing could alter the fact that the blood of a dozen generations of noble ancestors flowed in his veins. His simple, straightforward instinct, untutored and untainted by contact with the world, had made him feel dimly conscious that the work his brother was doing was not such as befitted a Starowolski whose ancestors had gained their laurels on open battlefields. It was not clean, not gentlemanly work, in fact, he might have said, had he been able to put

his thoughts into so many plain words.

But, as Roman had said, Felicyan knew nothing about modern warfare, and the means it is obliged to employ. How should he be aware that sovereigns are not to be judged by the same standard as ordinary mortals?—that emperors have their own code of honour, which differs materially from the code established among simple gentlemen?—and that, consequently, a perfectly honourable man may act in a perfectly dishonourable fashion, if the interests of his party require him to do so; and that, wearing an imperial uniform, he may, in the service of his monarch, do things which might otherwise procure for him such epithets as knave and blackleg?

It is not consistent with a gentleman's honour to look into his adversary's cards at play; but an emperor need have no scruple (and he has none) in peeping into his brother emperor's hand if he gets the chance.

All this, however, Felicyan did not understand, because, as I have said already, he was not clever by nature, and had lacked the opportunity of forming his ideas from contact with the civilised world.

Along with this dim, undefined disapproval of Roman's career, there was in Felicyan's mind to-night the pain of losing his brother, for he felt that he was losing him irrevocably—losing all that remained of the little fair-haired boy who had once been all in all to him. Roman would go to-morrow morning early, and would return no more. From a distance he would hear of his triumphs, his successes, and would rejoice over them of course; but yet it would not be the same thing as formerly—not at all the same thing. A chapter in their life would be closed which might never again be reopened.

And what was perhaps the most painful thought, amid the many painful thoughts that were crowding upon him to-night, was to realise that his brother's departure would be a relief,—not only relief on Roman's account, to know that he was in safety, but relief to himself as well, to the whole domestic life of Stara-Wola. They would be able at last to shake themselves free of this atmosphere of mystery and misunderstanding so foreign to all their natures. He need have no more secrets from Hala, and Luba would be liable to no more false impressions. No serious harm had been done as yet. It was only that their life had lately got a little out of focus, as it were; but after Roman's departure things would soon get back again into the old groove.

Felicyan knocked the cold grey ashes out of his pipe. It was past midnight; the moon had already gone down behind the trees, and the grasshoppers' voices long since died out into silence. It was getting cool, almost chill, out here on the verandah.

"I must go and pack up so as to have nothing more to do in the morning," said Roman, rising. "And then I shall try to get a few hours' sleep."

Felicyan accompanied his brother, and stood by while everything was being put into the travelling valise.

"I shall not take back my photographic apparatus after all," said Roman, suddenly taking it out again of the valise where he had already packed it. "Safer not, in case my box is searched at the frontier. You may keep it, Felciu, for photographing your cows."

"Thanks, but I should hardly know how to use it," said Felic-

yan, turning over the case rather awkwardly between his hands.

"Then give it to Luba or the children. Now I am quite ready. Oh, by the by, Felicyan, can you lend me some money for the journey? I had to give away my last paper rouble on the raft, and have only circular notes remaining, which cannot be cashed except at Warsaw."

"How much do you require?"

"Well, I must have a couple of hundred roubles at least. It would not do to incur the risk of running short, as one never can tell what may happen. What a fix I should have been in this evening if my purse had chanced to be empty!"

"Two hundred roubles! Why, I doubt if there are much more than twenty in the house at this moment."

"Do you mean to say that you have got no ready money?"

"I rarely have at this time of the year. I do not require money, as nearly everything comes from the land, and the labourers are paid in grain. When the harvest is over and I have sold some corn, I shall be in funds again."

"Then what on earth am I to do?" cried Roman in great excitement. "I cannot possibly get away without money, and I must not delay a day, an hour longer, if I can help it; I must be off by the first morning train. Is there no money to be raised in the village?"

"Hardly; and it would not be prudent either, if you think that some one there has been watching you. But I can drive into town the first thing to-morrow and get money from the bank; they know me well, and will give me credit. I can be back soon after ten o'clock."

"Not before?"

"Scarcely; the bank does not open till half-past eight."

"Well, I suppose that must do," said Roman, with an impatient sigh. "Come, let us go to bed."

ROBERT HENRYSON.

"They do not care for Scottish bookes,
They list not look that way;
But if they would but cast their lookes
Some time when they do play,
Somewhat to see perhaps they might
That then would like them well."

THIS expression of opinion concerning the apathy of the English public with regard to Scottish poetry in general, and the moral fables of Henryson in particular, was delivered by no less a person than Æsop, in conversation with Mr Richard Smith, bookseller of London, who kept a shop at the west door of St Paul's in the latter end of the sixteenth century, and whom he casually encountered in St Paul's Churchyard. Mr Smith, with praiseworthy alacrity, brought out an edition of the work to which his attention was called by the "good Phrygian poet"; but it is to be feared that this public-spirited conduct has had few consequences in England. The edition in question has dwindled down, for all we know, to a solitary copy, discovered by that most erudite and indefatigable of inquirers, the late Mr David Laing, in the library of Sion College, and now apparently amissing, and the laudable attempt to bring such a poet as Henryson into knowledge has been entirely forgotten. It is extraordinary how little notice has been taken in general of the great Scottish school of poetry, which fills up the blank period between Chaucer and the Elizabethan poets, during which there was hardly a poet of name in England; but still more strange is the obscurity into which, even in his own country, the sweetest and most musical of all has been allowed to drop.

Something of this is, no doubt, to be attributed to the obscurity of his life. The other great Scottish "makers" were men of considerable position, apart from their poetical talents, taking generally a prominent part in the large affairs of the outer world. Not to mention the signal instance of the royal poet, James I., Sir David Lyndsay and Bishop Gawin Douglas would have their place in history if neither of them had ever written a line of verse; and even Dunbar, though not of the same political importance, was at least a man of the world, with a place at Court, in constant contact with all the bustle and activity of the world of business and the world of pleasure—

"Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftsmen fine,
Doctouris in jure and in medicine,
Divinouris, rhetouris, and philosophouris,
Astrologis, artistis, and oratouris,
Men of armes and valyand knychtis,
And mony other gudlie wichtis."

There cannot, indeed, be a stronger contrast than that between these two poets,—the one, first grounded in his knowledge of life in the rough and unscrupulous school of a mendicant brotherhood, and finished in the purlieus of the Court, among all the placemen and hangers-on who crowded round so liberal a monarch as James IV., a friar of the kind not uncommon in the fifteenth century, to whom even his generous patron dared not give preferment in the Church—a man of infinite humour and versatility, with his courtly panegyrics, his keen satire, and his loud, often ribald mirth; and the other, a

gentle soul, contented with the quiet borough in which his uneventful life was passed, and gazing forth with simple wonder at the wickedness of the outside world, occasionally roused to a burst of indignation over some tale of oppression and injustice—

"O thou greit lord that riches has and rent,
Thou art ane Wolf thus to devour the puir;"—

but never thinking that anything he can say or do would make much difference. We can see him assisting in his humble professional capacity as a witness to a grant of land made by his patron, the Abbot of Dunfermline; or taking his evening walk, when the hours of business were over, in the cloisters of the great Abbey, and musing on the lines that he found written on the wall; or again at night, when he had settled himself comfortably in his chair, mended the fire, "beikit him about,"—

"Then tuik ane drink my spirits to comfort,
And armit me weill fra the cauld thereout,"—

taking up "ane quair" of his master Chaucer, "to cut the winter nicht and make it short." It is easy to trace the influence that this quiet retired life had upon his poetry, to which it has given a peculiar character that we do not find in any of the other early Scottish poets. There is a chastened, contemplative mood, much akin to the quality which it pleased Fletcher and Milton to call melancholy, which runs through most of Henryson's compositions — the serious, philosophical calm of a member of a quiet community who minded their own simple affairs, and meddled little with the outside world. His humour, of which 're is abundant store in his 'al Fables,' is of a quiet, cul-'d type, dwelling on homely incidents of country life, but with the enjoyment of the scholar who sits apart and watches the play with a kindly but slightly superior amusement, instead of plunging into the thick of the fun as James I. or Dunbar would have done. Of his more serious reflections on the state of things he saw around him, the same can be said. There is the profoundest pity for the downtrodden peasant. There is plenty of righteous indignation, rising now and then into fierce denunciations of the oppressors of the poor, but it is the pity and indignation of a looker-on. It is a part of the same character that he cannot rush into the thick of the fray, as his rougher and sterner brethren could do,—to whom the mere fact of exchanging blows was a delight in itself,—and make an actual attack upon injustice and tyranny, but can only remain, a pitying spectator, at a distance, and cast up his eyes to Heaven with a *Quousque, Domine?* They were rough times in Scotland then, and the gentle spirit of Henryson could not have come unscathed through the unceasing and unsparing strife which was the portion of all those who threw themselves into the turmoil of public affairs. The profound reverence, the simple and sincere piety, the stainless innocence of his poetry, could only have come from one whom fate had set aside in a quieter sphere. There is, perhaps, a touch of good-humoured contempt mingled with the sorrowful respect with which Dunbar speaks of "guid Maister Robert Henrisoun," but it is out of place. Though the serious poems of the latter never rise to a level with the rugged majesty of some of the younger poet's productions, daring almost to blasphemy in the force of their picturing, they stand out as giving the image of the mind of

one who, in those rude days, was really unspotted from the world;

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

The facts of Henryson's life that are actually known to us, apart from inference and conjecture, are only two. On the 10th of September 1462, the venerable Master Robert Henrisone, Licentiate in Arts and Bachelor in Decrees, was incorporated in the University of Glasgow. The degrees which he is mentioned as holding already were probably conferred by some foreign university, as his name does not occur as a student on the registers of either St Andrews or Glasgow—the only two universities existing in Scotland at that time. From the description, *venerabilis vir*, which is applied to him in the record of his incorporation, it is conjectured that he was a man already advanced in years in 1462, but this does not seem a necessary deduction. Sixteen years later he was apparently in the full practice of his profession as a notary public, and tradition would make him live on into the reign of James IV., which commenced in 1488. Some have thought that he was personally acquainted with Dunbar, who must have been a baby in arms in 1462. It is said that he died at a great age, but there is probably no more foundation for this statement than there is authority for the Rabelaisian jest attributed to him on his deathbed. The only tangible fact, besides his admission to the University of Glasgow, is his appearing as a witness to certain deeds by which the Abbot of Dunfermline granted the lands of Spettelfield near Inverkeithing to George de Lothreisk and to Patrick Barone, burgess of Edinburgh, and Margaret his spouse, in the year 1478. In the list of witnesses to each of these deeds appears the name of Master Robert Henryson, notary public. The title of Master probably refers to his academic honours, not certainly to his professional capacity. A colleague, David Maxwell, who also appears as a witness to one of the deeds, has the prefix of *dominus;* probably he was a priest, and as such would be addressed as Sir David Maxwell. It has been suggested that Henryson himself was in orders, as the profession of notary was generally confined to ecclesiastics in Scotland, as being the only persons who had any knowledge of the Canon Law. This subject, however, he might well have studied in the foreign university which gave him his first degrees. A commission from the Pope was also required, confirmed by the bishop of the diocese, to enable a notary to practise in matters spiritual or beneficial, though from the year 1489 laymen were empowered to act in all civil matters with authority from the king only. Henryson, however, is nowhere described as a clerk, and we cannot help thinking that if he had been in orders we should have found some hint or reference to the fact in his poetry.

On the title-page of the edition of Henryson's 'Moral Fables' imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Lekpreuik, at the expenses of Henry Charteris, and to be sold at his booth on the north side of the gate above the Tron, A.D. 1570, the author is described as "Scholemaister of Dunfermeling." There is not much value in a piece of evidence which comes a hundred years after the poet's time, but, of course, the designation may have been copied from earlier editions which are now lost. The description, however, receives some corroboration from the case of John Henryson of Dunfermline against the Archbishop of St Andrews,

which came before the Lords of the Council in 1573. It appears that a petition was presented by "John Henrysoun, Master of the Grammer Schole within the Abbay of Dunfermling, makand mentioun that quhair he and his predecessouris has continewit maisteris and teachers of the youth in letters and doctrine to their great commoditie within the said schole past memor of man, admittit thereto by the Abbots of Dunfermling for the tyme, as havand the undoubtit richt and privilege to that effect by virtue of the foundation of the said Abbey," &c., &c. We have little to do with the grievance of John Henryson, who had been ordered by David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline, professing to have the authority of the Archbishop of St Andrews, to abstain from all further teaching under pain of excommunication. The Archbishop and David Ferguson were called upon to compear before "my Lord Regentis grace and lordis of Secret Counsaill," but did not obey the summons; whereupon the Regent and the Council found that "na sic forme or order of sentence of excommunication suld be given or pronuncit againis the said Johne," and that the Archbishop must either let him alone or pursue him "conform to the lawis and practique of this realme." The fact which does concern us is that John Henryson's predecessors had "continewit maisteris of the said scole in tymes past without interruption," and this has been considered evidence in support of the theory that the poet may have held this office. Perhaps the most we can fairly say is that there is no evidence against it. The profession of notary public, which can hardly have implied any very onerous duties in Dunfermline, was combined with that of schoolmaster by this John Henryson, who was also keeper of the Abbey charters; and Master Robert may well have done the same thing.

There is another tradition which one would like to believe, and which certainly cannot be disproved, if it cannot be proved either. Among the most prominent personages of the reign of James IV. was one James Henryson or Henderson, who was successively King's Advocate and Lord Justice-Clerk, and who purchased the various portions of the old territory of Fordell between Dunfermline and Inverkeithing—which was erected into a barony for him and Elene his spouse, and their heirs, by royal charter, in 1511—and became the progenitor of the Hendersons of Fordell. It is boldly stated by Sir Robert Douglas, in his 'Baronage of Scotland,' that the father of this James was a Mr Robert Henderson, — the names of Henryson and Henderson are undoubtedly the same, and are indeed indiscriminately applied in the same document to the John Henryson mentioned above,—who "appears to have been a man of distinction in the reign of King James the Third, and is witness in a charter to Patrick Baron," &c. The same authority also describes the purchase of the lands of Fordell by James Henderson as a redemption from wadset (or mortgage) of a property which had previously been in his family. This last statement is certainly a mistake: of the other we can only say that if Douglas had any authority for it, he has kept that authority carefully to himself, and no one else has discovered it. There is no pursuit which offers more play for the imagination than genealogy, especially when we base our conclusions on the attractive theory that all persons of the same name must be related to each other, at least when they live in the same neighbourhood,—and Fordell is close to

Dunfermline. The industry of Mr Laing collected a list of some twenty persons of the name of Henryson who were living in the poet's own day, so that there is plenty of room for conjecture on the subject, but we can hardly anticipate any very satisfactory results. We have not even sufficient evidence to say whether he was ever married; indeed his description of the comfort of his fireside appears to us to be that of an old bachelor.

But though Henryson reminds us that it is fitting that "who list to magnify" any remarkable person—

> "His grete ancestry and lineal descense
> Suld first extoll and his genology,
> So that his hert he micht incline thereby
> The more to virtue, and to worthiness
> Hearand rehearse his elderis gentleness,"—

it is perhaps of no great importance to the study of the poet himself to consider the question of possible descendants whose virtues he could have no opportunity of hearing rehearsed. It would seem suitable enough to the general obscurity of his life if he left no kin behind him, but quietly faded out of his little circle, an unobtrusive figure whose absence would perhaps make itself very little felt among the burghers of Dunfermline, probably much more deeply interested in the newly instituted meeting of the "commissares of burrowes" in the neighbouring town of Inverkeithing, "anes ilk year on the morne after Saint James' day, to commune and treat upon the weilfare of merchandice," than in any mere poetical fame attaching to a fellow-townsman. Perhaps the Abbot had better taste. In any case, Henryson was known and honoured by scholars and poets in his own day, or shortly after it. Dunbar laments his loss, together with Chaucer and Barbour, and many northern poets of lesser name,—Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lea, Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir John the Ross, Blind Harry, and Sandy Traill, and other victims of the ruthless Death, who

> "Spairis no Lord for his puissance,
> Nor Clerk for his intelligence.
> . . . . . .
> In Dunfermline he has done roun
> Guid Maister Robert Henrisone."

In the collection of poetry published by the first Scottish printers, Chepman & Myllar, some twenty years after his death, several of Henryson's poems were included—among them the "Praise of Age," perhaps the most beautiful of his short poems. From that time to the end of the seventeenth century there appear to have been a good many editions of the 'Testament of Cresseid,' his most elaborate work, and of the 'Moral Fables of Æsop'; but the shorter poems, in which we think he shows his greatest excellence, were only preserved through the pious care of private collectors such as Bannatyne and Maitland. Later on, Allan Ramsay,—who would be worthy of all praise as a collector of ancient Scottish poetry if he had not been at the same time convinced that it was also his mission to correct and improve it,—introduced to the world the beautiful pastoral, "Robene and Makyne," and by degrees the greatest scholars to be found in Scotland inclined their powerful minds to the consideration of Henryson among other early writers. The result was not always satisfactory. Such an authority as Lord Hailes, for instance, would treat him with an air of patronage and condescension which is truly refreshing. The first and last word of this Rhadamanthus on the subject of our poet is, that his works "have a moral turn, and

are free from that licentiousness which debases the compositions of some of his contemporaries;" all which, indeed, we most powerfully and potently believe, though we may think that this criticism shows an odd want of appreciation of the subject. In later times Mr David Laing gave to the world the only complete edition of Henryson's poems; but still, up to the present day we find one of the greatest of Scottish poets read, at the most, by a little circle of literary antiquarians, and almost unknown to the world at large.

Like the other early Scottish poets, Henryson drew his inspiration chiefly from "worthie Chaucer glorious"; and some of his poems which have had the most success in their time are so entirely modelled on the great English master, that one of them was for a long time considered by good judges to be Chaucer's own. To him, as to others, Chaucer was the guide to the expression of all that was great and noble,—the great master of a highly refined and elaborated school, from which Henryson's contemporaries would seek occasional relief in outbursts of that broad, rough, national humour which has been in favour with the poets of Scotland in all ages. To this strain of broad comedy Henryson is a stranger, with the exception, perhaps, of the curious piece called "Some Practysis of Medycine." Nothing can be more amusing than many of his Fables, but the humour of Tod Lowrie or of Sir Chanticleer's wives is very different from the broad fun of, say, "Christ's Kirk on the Green." But Henryson has a special vein of his own, a strain of serious contemplative poetry, which we do not find in any other writer of his time, and in which we seem to find the very reflection of the poet's mind. His genius also found an outlet in other directions. In the beautiful idyll of "Robene and Makyne" we have the first of Scottish pastoral poems; the lay of the "Bluidy Serk," a curious religious allegory in the form of a ballad, gives us another very different type of poetry; while a third is found in the 'Moral Fables,' though these contain in themselves some very different elements: it is no slight proof of genius to show equal excellence in dealing with such widely varying themes as the "Tod's Confession to Frere Wolf" and the "Preiching of the Swallow." Through all these different styles we find the same power of concentration on his subject, which is one of the principal characteristics of Henryson's poetry. In his most contemplative strain he rarely allows himself to be discursive: his thoughts are not suffered to stray from the theme,—a fact to which we probably owe the extreme smoothness and harmony of his verse, which, except in some inferior and probably early productions, such as that "Against Hasty Credence of Titlaris," is rarely marred by a weak line. Combined with this power of keeping close to his theme is the profound calm, the tranquil, thoughtful gravity of a man outside the bustle and hurry of the world: and in this combination we shall find the secret of the excellence of his more serious poems.

In each of these there is much the same strain of thought. The poet writes as one who has passed the busy, troubled time of youth, and settled down in a quiet old age. His mind is co. stantly fixed upon the thought of coming death, but not with any feeling of horror, or even distaste: he rejoices, on the contrary, that he has come so far on the way to the happiness which lies beyond death,—

"The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss."

In this peaceful period of repose and expectation, he can look with equal serenity back upon his past life or forward to the great change that is close at hand. There is a gentle tone of indulgence even to the follies of youth, the contrast with which heightens the advantages of old age. In his "Reasoning betwixt Age and Youth," we can see the delight with which he pictures to himself the champion of youth, in all the pride and strength of early manhood,—

"A merry man, that of all mirth could mene,
Singand this sang that richt sweetly was set,
'O youth, be glad into thy flowris green!'"

There is no condemnation of the young man for not heeding the rebukes of the old man who warns him that all the glories of youth must pass away, and the conclusion of the argument leaves the poet rather in the mind that both sides may be right,—

"Of the sedullis the sooth when I had seen
Of truth, methought, they triumphit in their tone;
'O youth, be glad into thy flowris green!'
'O youth, thy flowris fadis ferly soon!'"

The fullest development of the idea is attained in the "Praise of Age," which we have ventured to quote in its entirety, as being the one to which we should assign the highest place among Henryson's shorter poems. The description in the opening verse is a touch of his happiest fancy:—

"Intil a garth, under a red rosere,
Ane auld man and decrepit heard I sing;
Gay was the note, sweet was the voice and clear;
It was great joy to hear of sic ane thing.
And to my doume[1] he said, in his diting,
'For to be young I wald not, for my wyss
Of all this warld to make me lord and king;
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.

'False is this warld and full of variance,
Ourset with sin and other sytis[2] mo;
Now truth is tynt,[3] guile has the governance,
And wretchedness has turnyt all fra weal to woe;
Freedom is tynt and flemyt[4] the Lordis fro,
And covetise is all the cause of this;
I am content that youthhead is ago:
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.

'The state of youth I repute for na guid,
For in that state great peril now I see;
Can nane gainstand the raging of his bluid,
Ne yet be stable till that he agit be:
Then of the thing that maist rejoicit he,
Na thing remains for to be callit his;
For why? it was but very vanity:
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.

'This wretched warld may na man trow; for why?
Of earthly joy aye sorrow is the end;
The gloyr of it can na man certify,
This day a king, the morn na thing to spend!
What have we here but grace us to defend?
The whilk God grant us to amend our miss,
That to his joy he may our saulis send;
The more of age, the nearer heaven's bliss.'"

The same theme of the vanity and uselessness of the things of this world forms the substance of several other poems, such as the "Reasoning betwixt Death and Man," and the "Three Deid

[1] As I thought. [2] Pains, troubles. [3] Lost. [4] Banished.

Powis," if the latter be indeed Henryson's. Resignation and hope, with an absolute and unquestioning trust in the divine justice, are the great principles to be inculcated. Perhaps what we may call the moral teaching of Henryson, as distinguished from the intimate personal feeling expressed in the "Praise of Age," finds the finest expression in the "Abbey Walk." The incident which suggests the meditations embodied in this poem we may well imagine to be genuine :—

"Alone as I went up and doun
In ane Abbay was fair to see,
Thinkand what consolatioun
Was best in to adversitie;
On case I cast on side mine ee,
And saw this written upon a wall,
'Of what estate, Man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.'

Thy kingdome and thy greit empire,
Thy ryaltie nor riche array,
Shall nocht endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away;
Thy gold and all thy guidis gay,
When fortune list will fra thee fall:
Sen thou sic sampillis seis ilk day,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

. . . . . .

Blame not thy Lord, sa is his will;
Spurn not thy fute againis the wall;
But with meik hairt and prayer still,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

God of his justice mon correct,
And of his mercie pitie haif;
He is ane Juge, to nane suspect,
To punish synfull man and saif.
Though thow be lord attour the laif,[1]
And efterward made bound and thrall,
Ane puir beggar with scrip and staiff,
Obey, and thank thy God of all.

. . . . . .

In wealth be meek, heich[2] not thyself,
Be glaid in wilfull povertie;
Thy power, and thy warldis pelf,
Is nocht but very vanitie.
Remember Him that deit on tree,
For thy sake tastit the bitter gall,
Wha heis law hairtis, and lawis hie,[3]
Obey, and thank thy God of all."

It is in this kind of serious moral poetry that Henryson appears to us to attain the greatest excellence, though we can hardly say that any of his other efforts in this manner come up to the level of the two poems quoted. Sometimes he inclines to a more satirical vein, as in the "Want of Wise Men," where he deplores the "grete confusioun" which necessarily follows—

"Sen want of wyse men makis fulis sit on binkis."[4]

Others of his more purely religious poems are in a lighter strain, as the "Salutation of the Virgin,"—apparently a youthful production,—with its pretty fantastic invocations of "that princess pure, withouten peer":—

"O lady lele and lusumest,
Thy face most fair and schene is!
O blossom blithe and bowsumest,
Fra carnale cryme that clene is!"

—or the "Bluidy Serk,"—a curious religious allegory, well known in many forms to students of medieval legends,—told with a serious didactic purpose, but couched in the form of a ballad of love and war: one of the earliest specimens, by the way, of Scottish ballad poetry.

But the genius of Henryson was so extraordinarily versatile, that though we give the first place to his serious poems, we must admit that had these been entirely lost, our poet would hardly lose the rank we should assign him. Among the founders of Scottish poetry must, in any case, be counted the author of "Robene and Makyne." We have here the scene laid among the wind-swept hills and the grey woods, the "holtis hair" of Scotland, of as tender and beautiful an idyll as ever Theocritus imagined among the

[1] Above the rest.
[2] Exalt.
[3] Who exalts lowly, and humbles proud hearts.
[4] Benches.

slender cypresses and the dark ivy, the sweet-fruited vine and the cold streams flowing down from the spotless snows of Ætna, of which he loved to sing. There is certainly not the wealth of description the Sicilian poet would have given us: it is a simple tale, plainly told, for the most part in dialogue, where nothing must be allowed to retard the action. And yet the scene is by a few slight touches put most distinctly before us, and especially the change that comes over all with the change in the mind of the principal actor, from the time we are first introduced to him in his careless happiness, as he sits "on guid green hill," with no thought of anything beyond his sheep,—

"The weather is fair and I am fain,
My sheep goes hale above,"—

to the last picture, where all the light and warmth has gone out of the air, the woods look cold and grey in the waning evening light, and the sheep are huddled together for shelter under the bank; when Makyne has rejected his suit,—

"And so left him baith wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in care,
Keepand his herd under a heuch,[1]
Amang the holtis hair."[2]

The story is one often told. It is Makyne who is the wooer at first, while Robin professes an absolute indifference to, and ignorance of, love. "Fain wald I leir that law," he says scornfully, and Makyne is ready to teach him:—

"'At luvis lair gin thou will leir
Take there ane A, B, C;
Be heynd,[3] courteous, and fair of feir,[4]
Wise, hardy, and free:
So that no danger do thee deir,[5]
What dule in dern thou dree;[6]
Press thee with pain at all power,
Be patient and previe.'"

But Robin remains obdurate, and after repeated repulses breaks away from Makyne's attempts to detain him.

"Robene on his wayis went,
Als licht as leaf of tree;
Mawkyne mourned in her intent,
And trowed him never to see.
Robene brayed attour the bent;
Then Mawkyne cryit on hie,
'Now may thou sing, for I am shent,
What ailis lufe at me?'"

No sooner, however, is Makyne's pleading decidedly at an end than Robin begins to repent of his stubbornness.

"Mawkyne went hame withouten fail,
Full weary efter couth weep:
Then Robene in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheep.
By that, some part of Mawkyne's ail
Out-through his hairt could creep,
He followit her fast there to assail
And till her tuke gude keep.
'Abide, abide, thou fair Mawkyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it shall be thine,
Withouten departing.
All hail! thy heart for to have mine
Is all my coveting;
My sheep to-morn, till houris nine,
Will need of no keeping?'"

But the nymph is no longer in a holiday humour, and her answer is chilling—

"'Robene, thou hast heard sung and say,
In gestis and stories auld,
"The man that will not when he may,
Shall have not when he wald."
I pray to Jesu every day,
Mot eik their caris cauld,
That first presses with thee to play
By firth, forest, or fauld.'"

As Makyne grows colder, Robin becomes more eager; but his most fervent entreaties are now of no avail.

"'Mawkyne, the hope of all my heill,
My hairt on thee is set,
And ever mair to thee be leill,
While I may live, but let;

[1] High bank. [2] Among the grey woods. [3] Kindly.
[4] Bearing, demeanour. [5] Daunt. [6] What sorrow in secret thou endure.

Never to fail, as others feill,
What grace that ever I get.'
'Robene, with thee I will not deill,
Adew! for thus we met.'"

So Makyne goes home "blyth aneuch," and poor Robin is left "in dolour and in care" to look after his sheep—a sad warning to all obdurate swains. It is much the same moral that King James enforces upon laggards in love, after he has told his own love-story, when he prays the powers that direct these matters—

"For all the hertis dull
That liven here in sleuth and ignorance,
And has no courage at the rose to pull,—
Their life to mend and their saulis avance
With their sweete lore, and bring them to gude chance;.
And who that will not for this prayer turn,
When they wald fainest speed, that they may spurn."

The poem of "Robene and Makyne" is one of the few instances preserved to us of Henryson's lighter mood. To the same class, however, may be referred, though it is not without a certain didactic purpose, the pretty and quaint conceits of the "Garmond of Gude Ladies." Concerning this poem the erudite Lord Hailes has delivered his opinion that "the comparison between female ornaments and female virtues is extended throughout so many lines, and with so much of a tire-woman's detail, that it becomes somewhat ridiculous." It is not for us to traverse the judgment of so ponderous an authority, but we may perhaps test its value by quoting a few stanzas from what has always appeared to us to be one of the daintiest and most graceful of Henryson's productions.

"Wald my gud Lady lufe me best,
And work after my will,
I suld ane garmond gudliest
Gar make her body till.

Of hie honour suld be her hud,
Upon her heid to weir,
Garnisht with governance so gud,
Na deeming suld her deir.[1]

Her sark suld be her body next
Of chastetie so white,
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same suld be perfyt.

. . . . . .

Her gown suld be of gudliness,
Well ribband with renown,
Purfillit with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrit with fine fassoun.[2]

Her belt suld be of benignitie,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humilitie
To thole[3] baith wind and weit.

Her hat suld be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth,
Her patelet[4] of gude pansing,
Her hals[5] ribbane of ruth.

. . . . . .

Wald she put on this garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my seill
That she wore never green nor gray
That set her half so weill."

By far the best known of Henryson's works are his longer poems, "The Testament of Cresseid" and "Orpheus and Eurydice." We have, however, omitted to speak of these till now, because we do not regard them as displaying the best, or, at any rate, the most original, side of our poet. In his actual imitations of Chaucer, Henryson never rises to the same level that he reaches in other kinds of verse. He becomes more formal and more diffuse; he suffers the interest of his story to flag, till it loses its force and becomes tedious. As an original poet, Henryson has no superior among his countrymen; as a Chaucerian, he is decidedly inferior to James I. The "Testament of Cresseid," however, has achieved more popularity than perhaps any of his other works, with the exception of the 'Moral

[1] Do her harm. [2] Fashion. [3] Stand. [4] Ruff. [5] Neck.

Fables.' In the sixteenth century it was frequently reprinted by Charteris and others. Our mouths water when we hear of a person who, in 1585, possessed three copies of this work, valued at fourpence each, any one of which, could it be found again in our day, would fetch considerably more than its weight in gold. It was also usually printed at the end of "Troilus and Cresseid" in editions of Chaucer's works, and was considered by some as being the work of the master himself. But it is not difficult to see that this is not the case. It is pupil's work—the work of one who, with great poetical possibilities in many directions, is bending himself to a task which he was not so well fitted to perform. There can be no doubt that it is a poet of no mean order who is speaking to us: no other could have conceived so tragic and so human an incident as that of the meeting between Troilus and Cresseid; no other could have written the occasionally vigorous passages which break the monotony of the poem here and there. But it is, after all, merely a set piece, long-drawn-out to the confines of tediousness, with an artificial, laboured air about it, which makes even the versification less smooth than in Henryson's other works. There are moments when one can forget this: nothing can be more charming, for instance, in its simplicity than the poet's description of how the idea came to him, of the night when he stood at the window of his oratory, gazing at the splendour of "fair Venus, the beauty of the nicht"—

"Throwout the glass her beamis brast sa fair,
That I micht see on everie side me by,
The northen wind had purifyit the air,
And shed the mistie cloudis fra the sky;
The frost freisit, the blastis bitterly
Fra Pole Artick came whistling loud and shrill,
And causit me remufe against my will."

There is a touch of anti-climax in the last line that may raise some ridicule, but it is with a loving laugh that we follow our poet in to the fire in his chalmer—much good may it have done to his gentle heart! There the good old man has taken down the book of his honoured master Chaucer which tells of the loves of Troilus and Cresseid, and is musing over the well-known tale and its moral. He is not satisfied that the true lover should be left in unhappiness, unless some retribution also overtook the false love. Doubts arise in his mind—

"Wha wot gif all that Chaucer wrait was trew?"—

and so he takes "ane uther quair" down, out of which he proceeds to tell us the "fatall destinie of fair Cresseid that endit wretchedlie." The story is not too well known for us to repeat it. Cresseid, having after her first infidelity fallen into the lowest depths, is taken in by her father Calchas, who is here the priest of a temple to Venus and Cupid. She refuses to join in the worship of the deities of love, to whom she attributes all her misfortunes.

"Alas! that ever I made you sacrifice,"—

she cries, and bursts into a furious invective against them, which is resented by Cupid. The god of love, therefore, summons the seven planets before him, "ringand ane silver bell," and forms them into a council to consider what punishment should be meted out to this blasphemer. The account of the appearance of the various councillors, as Cresseid sees them in a trance, is one of the finest passages

of the poem: the description of Saturn is a piece of powerful writing, which Henryson has perhaps nowhere equalled. Indeed it reminds one much more of Dunbar than of good Master Robert.

" Attour his belt his lyart [1] lokkis lay,
Felterit [2] unfair, overfret with frostis hoar,
His garmond and his gyis full gay of gray,
His witherit weed fra him the wind out wore,
Ane busteous [3] bow within his hand he bore,
Under his girdle ane flasche of felloun flanis [4]
Fedderit with ice and heidit with hailstanis."

A striking contrast is made with the bright appearance and bearing of "Jupiter richt fair and amiabill."

" His voice was cleir, as cristall were his een,
As golden wire sa glitterand was his hair,
His garmond and his gyis full gay of green,
With golden listis gilt on every gair,[5]
Ane burelie brand about his middle bare;
In his right hand he had ane grounden spear
Of his father the wrath fra us to weir."

A touch of the poet's quaintest fancy comes in with the description of Mercury, who is chosen to be "forespeaker of the parliament."

" With buik in hand then came Mercurius,
Richt eloquent and full of rhetorie,
With polite termis and delicious,
With pen and ink to report all readie,
Setting sangis and singand merrilie;
His hude was reid, heklit attour [6] his crown,
Like to ane poet of the auld fassoun.
Boxis he bare with fine electuairies,
And sugarit syropis for digestioun,
Spycis belangand to the pothecairis,
With mony hailsum sweet confectioun,
Doctor in physic clad in scarlet goun,
And furrit weil, as sic ane oucht to be,
Honest and gude, and not ane word culd lee."

These do not seem to have been the qualities which Henryson always found in doctors of physic, if we may trust his satirical poem, "Sum Practysis of Medicine." It is to be hoped Mercurius did not dispense such prescriptions as

" Baith the bellows of ane brock,
With three crawis of the cock,
The shadow of ane Yule stock,
Is guid for the hoast." [7]

The council of planets refer the question to a select committee, consisting of Saturn and Cynthia, who inflict upon Cresseid the fearful punishment of leprosy. The doom pronounced by Saturn gives us another fine passage—

" I change thy mirth into melancholy,
Whilk is the mother of all pensiveness,
Thy moisture and thy heat in cald and dry,
Thine insolence, thy play and wantonness
To greit diseis, thy pomp and thy riches
In mortall neid, and greit penuritie
Thou suffer sall, and as ane beggar die."

So Cresseid is hurried off to the lazar-house, and comes out daily with her companions in misfortune "with cup and clapper," to beg at the roadside. So far, though the punishment is terrible, the story is commonplace; but we rise into a higher region of poetry when we come to the last meeting of Cresseid with Troilus. The garrison of Troy is returning at night, after

[1] Grey. [2] Tangled. [3] Terrible. [4] A sheaf of deadly arrows.
[5] Piece of cloth. [6] Wound round. [7] Cough.

a successful sortie, with Troilus at their head, when they pass the place where Cresseid and the lepers are waiting. The lepers shake their cups and cry to them for alms, and Troilus, having pity on them, rides up nearer to the place where Cresseid is sitting—

"Then upon him she cast up baith her een,
And with ane blenk it came into his thoucht,
That he sum tyme her face before had seen
But she was in sic plye, he knew her nocht;
Yet then her luik into his mind it brocht
The sweit visage and amorous blenking
Of fair Cresseid, sumtyme his awin darling.
. . . . . .
Ane spark of lufe then till his heart culd spring,
And kindlit all his bodie in ane fire
With hot fever ane sweat and trembling
Him tuik quhill[1] he was readie to expire;
To beir his shield his breist began to tire;
Within ane while he changit mony hew,
And nevertheless not ane ane uther knew.

For knichtlie pietie and memoriall
Of fair Cresseid, ane girdle can he tak,
Ane purse of gold, and mony gay jowall
And in the skirt of Cresseid down can swak:[2]
Then rade away and not ane word he spak.
Pensive in heart, quhill he come to the toun,
And for greit care oft syis[3] almaist fell doun."

It is an additional touch of pathos that Cresseid, whether from the blindness arising from her disease or from some other cause, shows not even this half recognition of Troilus, even asking the other lepers, "What lord is yon" that "has done to us so greit humanitie?" The discovery that it was her true lover that has been so generous brings on an agony of shame and remorse in which she dies—it must be admitted to rather slow music—after making her testament, and sending back to Troilus the ring which he had given her as a love-token in years gone by. Troilus is left weeping over old associations as the curtain falls.

"Some said he made ane tomb of merbell gray,
And wrait her name and superscriptioun,
And laid it on her grave, where that she lay,
In golden letteris conteining this ressoun:
'Lo, fair ladyis, Cresseid of Troyis toun,
Sumtyme countit the flower of womanheid,
Under this stane, late leper, lyis deid.'"

Well, let us hope he did. It gives a finer end to the story, if it is in any way profitable to add an end to a story which was purposely left incomplete.

If the "Testament of Cresseid" inclines to tediousness, "Orpheus and Eurydice" is distinctly dull. It is chiefly from the character of the story, and as being Henryson's only other known long poem, that we class it with the tale of Cresseid, as it is probably a much earlier effort. It appears to us to be perfectly colourless and uninteresting. A nearer resemblance to the style of the "Testament of Cresseid" is found in some of the "Moral Fables." These, too, are in many cases over-long, and interrupted by reflections which tend to break the thread of the story. The very prolixity of some of the tales, however, enables the poet to give us some beautiful pieces of description, in which he approaches very near to the level of his master Chaucer. Such is the description of the seasons in the "Preiching of the Swallow"—

[1] Until. [2] Throw. [3] Times.

"The Somer with his joly mantle of green,
With flouris fair furrit on everilk fent,[1]
Which Flora goddess of the flouris queen
Has to that lord, as for his seasoun lent;
And Phebus with his golden beamis gent
Has purfellit, and paintit pleasantlie,
With heit and moisture stilland from the sky.
. . . . . .
Syne cummis Ver, when Winter is away;
The secretar of Somer with his seill,
When columbine up keikis[2] through the clay,
Whilk fleit[3] was before with frostis fell.
The mavis and the merle beginnis to mell;
The lark on loft, with other birdis small
That drawis forth fra derne[4] ouer doun and daill."

Another stanza of the same poem reveals the profound sympathy with nature which is at the bottem of all the pretty pictures that our poet can set before us—

"Moving this gait, grete mirth I tuke in mind,
Of lauboraris to see the besiness,
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch can wynd,
Sum sawand seidis fast from place to place,
The harrowis hoppand in the saweris trace:
It was greit joy to him that luifit corn,
To see them laubour, baith at even and morn."

We can give but a few out of many similar instances. Another advantage of the occasional prolixity of the 'Fables' is, that space is left to the poet to fill in all the minor details of the picture. The comic touches which are natural to all fables, through the necessity of investing beasts with incongruous human attributes, give an opportunity for the display of a quiet, cultivated humour. The tale of the "Uplandis Mouse and the Burgess Mouse" is an example of this. The lofty condescension of the town-bred mouse, who was "guild-brother and made ane free burgess," to her homely sister in the country; the pride with which she displays the riches that the town can afford, and asks her guest, "with blythe upcast and merrie countenance," whether this is not better than her "sorry nest,"—are painted with a skill that makes one regret that Henryson has written so little of humorous poetry. Then the discourse between the hens after the cock has been carried off by the fox, with its gradual descent from sorrowful admiration—

"Yon was our drowrie,[5] and our dayis darling,
Our nichtingale and als our orloge bell,"—

through various shades of detraction to the final conclusion that the death of such a wretch was "ane very vengeance from the heaven," is another excellent touch of comic picturing. But perhaps the best specimen of Henryson's humorous side is contained in the scene where Lawrence the Fox, or Tod Lowrie, struck with remorse for his evil deeds, confesses himself to Freir Wolf. The ghostly father offers three alternatives to his penitent.

"'Art thow contrite and sorry in thy spreit,[6]
For thy trespass?' 'Na, Schir, I cannot dude;[7]
Methink that hennis are sa honie sweet,
And lambis flesh that new are letten bluid,
For to repent my mind can nocht concluid,
But of this thing,—that I have slain sa few.'
'Weill,' quod the Wolf, 'in faith thou art ane shrew.

[1] Slit or slashing of a cloak. [2] Peeps. [3] Frightened.
[4] Out of their hiding. [5] Love. [6] Spirit. [7] Do it.

'Sen thou can nocht forthink thy wickedness,
Wilt thou forbeir in time to come and mend?'
'An I forbeir, how sall I live, alas!
Havand none other craft me to defend?
Need causes me to steal wherever I wend.
I eschame to thig,[1] I can nocht work, ye wait,[2]
Yet wald I fain pretend to a gentill state.'

'Weill,' quod the Wolf, 'thou wantis pointis twa
Belangand to perfyte confessioun.
To the third point of penitence let us ga,
Wilt thou take pain for thy transgressioun?'
'No, Schir, consider my complexioun,
Selie and weak and of my nature tender.
Lo, will ye see! I am baith lean and slender.'"

Finally, however, a compromise is made that the Tod is to forbear from flesh till Pasche, to which he reluctantly consents on condition that he shall be allowed to eat puddings and "lap ane lytill blude"; but his scruples vanish before the discovery that, while the fish that are his lawful food are difficult to catch, there are some goats within very convenient reach. Conscience, however, remains so far to be satisfied, that he finds it necessary to duck the kid which he steals, twice or thrice under the water, with the formula—

"Ga doun Schir Kid, come up Schir Salmond again,"—

after which he makes a sufficient meal of this singular species of salmon.

Of course the material that Henryson is working upon is not in the least original: most of the tales have been told many times before, by many authors and in many countries. But the details have yet to be filled in, and each different hand will give its own impression to the old material. We may wonder if there could be a friar of Dunfermline Abbey who showed the same kind of skill in dealing with a refractory penitent. In any case Henryson has enriched his 'Fables' with many details of the life around him, which are extremely valuable from a historical point of view. In the tale of "The Dog, the Sheep, and the Wolf," we have a whole account of the usual process in the ecclesiastical courts of the day. The Dog summons the Sheep to the Consistory to make payment for certain loaves, "worth five schillingis or mair," alleged to be due to him from the defendant. The summons is made out by the Wolf, who is judge, and served by the Corbie as apparitor. The court meets at sunset, and the Fox, as "clerk and notar in the cause," calls upon the Sheep, who refuses to submit to the jurisdiction of the Wolf, as being a "juge suspect," on account of his known hostility to the Sheep and his family. The matter is therefore referred to two arbiters, the Bear and the Brock, who, after consulting "volumis mony" of civil law, refer the unhappy Sheep back to the Wolf's court, where he gets such justice as might be expected. Perhaps Henryson himself had been an involuntary witness of such practices of oppression and injustice as are here described. In the "Moralitas" of another fable he makes a violent attack on "false perverteris of the lawis"—

"Whilk under poleit termis, falset mingis,[3]
Lettand[4] that all were Gospell that he schawis;
But for ane bud[5] the puir man he ouerthrawis,
Smoirand[6] the richt, garrand the wrang proceed."

[1] I am ashamed to beg.
[2] Wot, know.
[3] Intermingles.
[4] Representing.
[5] Bribe.
[6] Smothering.

It is in the morality to this last fable, "The Wolf and the Lamb," that Henryson makes his great outburst of wrath against the various oppressors who made life almost impossible to the poor agriculturist. He concludes with an aspiration that

> "God, as thow all richteous prayer heiris,
> Mot save our King and give him heart and hand
> All sic Wolfis to banish out of the land."

Alas! those qualities of "heart and hand" were just what James III. wanted. It would be extremely interesting to know whether the poet had any idea of making an actual appeal to that king, of whose real character so little is known to us. Scottish historians are unanimous in speaking with hatred and contempt of the one King of Scotland who is known to have shown fear. The misrule of the country, the contempt of the great lords, the cruelty to his own family even might have been overlooked; but no one can have a word to say in defence of the fugitive of Sauchieburn. Perhaps he was not the feeble tyrant his enemies represented him to be. In keeping the great lords aloof, he was only following the policy of his sagacious father and his much greater grandfather. In surrounding himself with men of inconsiderable origin —of whose alleged bad character there is no more evidence than there is proof that the brother who opposed him was a patriotic statesman—he was only maintaining the same system which was adopted by the two most far-seeing and long-headed politicians of that time, Louis of France and Edward of England. If we could only know whether Henryson had any knowledge of the king he speaks of,—any idea, perhaps, that the changes he prays for met with a responsive echo in the king's heart, if he had only the strong hand—the great characteristic of the earlier sovereigns of his race—to enable him to carry them out! But in all probability the poet had no such far-reaching aim as this. The ills that he complains of are just such as would come under his observance in his limited sphere. It is chiefly the wrongs of the "mailler," the small tenant-farmer, that Henryson speaks of,—the various exactions he has to pay in money and in other ways, lending his horse perforce to his lord, working for him without wages, "his servand or his sèlf," &c., &c. Of the wild world of frays and plunderings, "rugging and riving," that desolated unhappy Scotland in those evil days, he could see nothing but his own little corner. There was enough injustice, no doubt, to be seen there without going farther afield, and perhaps of as much importance before the great Judge, to whose court he always appeals, as those greater discords of which alone history deigns to take cognisance.

F. R. Oliphant.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

FROM FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

[On the 21st of this month a monument on Plymouth Hoe, erected to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, will be unveiled by the Duke of Edinburgh. This opportunity reminds us of the spirit of England's sons, which in the days of Queen Elizabeth raised their country's name to a height far beyond even that pre-eminence which it had previously achieved. Protestant England then showed of what stuff she was made. To subdue her people, and crush their religious convictions, Spain, with the sanction of Pope Sixtus V., sent out from her shores a gigantic fleet, such as the modern world had never known, of one hundred and thirty vessels, manned with the flower of her sailors and soldiers. Great was the consternation throughout this country at the tidings of the preparations for this formidable invasion, and men's minds were for a time, and very naturally so, apprehensive as to the result. But "we must be free or die" was ever our national creed; and with such men as Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Seymour, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher to lead them, they made ready with the thirty ships of the line—all they could muster—to try conclusions with the insolent invader. From the first, disaster befell the Armada, which had to put back to Lisbon after losing several vessels in a storm. Misled by a false rumour, that the English, on hearing of this disaster, had paid off their ships, in the belief that the invasion had been abandoned, the Spanish admiral sailed for Plymouth, in hopes to destroy the British fleet in the harbour there. But he found a warm reception awaiting him. Lord Howard, with Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, put out to meet him, and in a dexterous skirmishing fight captured two of the Spanish galleons, and routed the rest of the fleet. Not content with this, as the Spaniards retreated, the English harassed their rear, and, gathering numbers as they advanced up the Channel, they were strong enough to attack the Spaniards, who had sought shelter in the port of Calais, sending ships loaded with combustibles into their midst. Struck with panic, the Spanish fleet drew off in confusion, leaving twelve of their ships in the hands of the English. What was left of the diminished Armada was pursued by them as far north as Flamborough Head, where it was farther shattered by a great storm. Seventeen of the Spanish ships, with 5000 men on board, were subsequently cast away upon the Western Hebrides and the coast of Ireland; and of the whole fleet only fifty-three vessels returned in a pitiable condition to Spain. A coin was struck by Queen Elizabeth, on which the Spanish fleet was represented as going to wreck in a storm, and upon it was the inscription, "*Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt*,"—words which Schiller has turned to account in the concluding lines of his poem.]

SHE comes, Spain's proud fleet comes! The ocean broad
  Moans underneath her, as along she steers;
With dismal clank of chains, with a new God,
  And thunders infinite thy coast she nears—
A floating armament of bastions vast,—
  (Such sight the ocean ne'er hath seen before)
INVINCIBLE men call her, all aghast,
  So on she moves, the startled billows o'er:
Well won that vauntful title by the dread,
That all around is by her coming spread;

Ocean, awe-struck, bears on the whelming load
With pace majestic, into stillness crushed;
The ruin of a world within her stowed,
Now she draws nigh, and every wind is hushed!

Thou happy isle, thou ruler of the waves,
Thou of the giant heart and princely race,
Britain! 'tis thee this host of galleons braves,
As there it floats and fronts thee face to face!
Woe to thy freeborn people! There in gloom
It floats,—a cloud with tempest charged and doom!

Who hath from thee the peerless jewel wrung,
That made thee queen of empires? Hast not thou,
Into revolt by tyrant monarchs stung,
Devised the laws, whose wisdom rules thee now,
In that GREAT CHARTER, which of monarchs makes
Subjects, and makes of simple subjects kings?

In many a stout sea-fight, whose fame awakes
An echo that along the nations rings,
Hast thou not conquered the proud right to be
Supreme, where'er thy navies sweep the sea?
To what dost owe this right? Blush, you that dwell
In yon fair land! To what but this alone—
Thy spirit, that no craven hour has known;
Thy sword, that served this dauntless spirit well?

Unhappy land! On these Colossi look,
That belch from myriad throats death-dealing flame,
Look, and divine the downfall of thy fame!
The world mourns for thee of thy strength forsook,
And every free man's heart for thee is sore,
And all good souls that love the right deplore,
With pity wrung, thy downfall and thy shame!

God, the Almighty, from on high looked down,
Saw thy foe's haughty lion banners wave,
Saw gape for thee a sure and ruthless grave;
"Shall, then," He said, "my Albion be o'erthrown
My brood of heroes be discomfited?
The one last bulwark 'gainst oppression be
Razed to the dust, and trembling Europe see
The strong arm paralysed, which tyrants dread?
Never shall Freedom's Paradise," He cried,
"The shield of human worth, be left forlorn!"
God, the Almighty, blew, and far and wide
The Armada drifted, by wild tempests torn!

THEODORE MARTIN.

LIFE AT BOHEMIAN BATHS.

SHAKESPEARE supposed Bohemia to be "a desert country near the sea." Three years after his death, Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Shakespeare's want of sense was manifested by his making men suffer shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, "where is no sea near by 100 miles." Jonson under-estimated the distance of Bohemia from the sea coast, as it is nearly three times greater than he supposed, yet his blunder is more trivial than Shakespeare's. Sir Thomas Hanmer carried his idolatry of Shakespeare to the height of assuming that the printer, and not the poet, was in fault. He maintained that "Bohemia" was a misprint for "Bithynia." Too much attention has been given to a slip which is comparatively unimportant. What is gained by demonstrating that Shakespeare was not omniscient? Those who admire and appreciate him the most, care the least about trivial errors which do not lessen his real greatness.

To place Bohemia near the sea is accounted by some persons an inexcusable blunder, and those who detect and denounce it upon the authority of a map or a book of geography are satisfied with themselves. Yet an error which is commonly overlooked has an importance superior to that of the blunder upon which some commentators delight to enlarge. Whether the character or the situation of Bohemia be considered the more important, may be a point upon which opinions are divided, yet it is indisputable that Bohemia is grossly misdescribed when called "a desert country." It is, and it always has been, a fertile land. Nature has blessed Bohemia with mineral wealth, its tin, silver, and coal mines having long been famous. Still more famous, however, than any prolific fields or rich mines in Bohemia, are the mineral springs, which restore health to the rich and the poor alike, and which, by lessening human suffering, widen the area of human happiness. While Shakespeare was probably as ignorant of these mineral waters as he was of the geographical position of Bohemia, many of his contemporaries may have been acquainted with their virtues, as the waters of Carlsbad were in use two centuries before Shakespeare was born, and those of Teplitz were highly prized in the eighth century.

It is doubtful whether many persons have visited all the mineral springs of Bohemia, and it is quite certain that some springs which are unknown to the general public enjoy a great local reputation. In the north-western part of this Crownland, as it is officially designated, scarcely a village is without a mineral spring. The number of the health-resorts which have emerged from obscurity is about twenty-five, yet the number of those enjoying a European reputation may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Passing over Teplitz, the oldest of them all, I purpose describing three places which attract an increasing number of visitors year after year, and these are Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Franzensbad. The first of them is the most popular; upwards of 30,000 persons visit it during the season, which begins in May and ends in September, and undergo what is called "the cure" there.

This means that they remain not less than three weeks, the physicians holding that those who drink or bathe in mineral water for a shorter period than twenty-one days cannot be really benefited. Sometimes the course of treatment extends over a month or six weeks.

The rise and progress of a health-resort may be likened to the rise and progress in the world of a man from obscurity and poverty to opulence and fame. Nobody except his relatives knows or cares anything for the person who is beginning the struggle for existence, and whose ambition is to acquire wealth and a name; but when success has been achieved, then the fortunate man is courted and praised. Perhaps an unexpected piece of good fortune may have given him the start, and thereafter he found it easy to walk, as Bunyan phrased it, in golden slippers, in the sunshine, and amid applause. The mineral water at the health-resorts, which are now crowded during the season, flowed away for centuries before its virtues were discovered, and many springs may now be running to waste which might give health and strength to thousands when their properties have been ascertained and turned to account. Two very old and highly esteemed mineral springs, the one being at Bath, the other at Teplitz, are said to have been made known through the medium of learned or adventurous pigs. At Bath the legend runs that a swineherd saw the diseased animals among those which he tended disappear for a time and return cured. He followed them, and found that the healing springs, which are now the glory of Bath, furnished the intelligent animals with a natural and effective medicine. A swineherd near Teplitz having missed a pig, he proceeded to the spot from which its squeals proceeded, and found that the animal had fallen into a warm mineral spring. Dogs are credited with doing at Carlsbad what pigs did at Teplitz and Bath. The story runs that, when the Emperor Charles IV. was hunting the stag on the 23d of June 1370, in the neighbourhood of Carlsbad, the hounds ran down the steep slope of the valley and fell into the pool of hot water formed by the geyser which is now known as the Sprudel. It is not explained why the emperor should have resorted to this hot water for a cure of his ailments after seeing his hounds scalded by it. However, he appears to have been one of the early patients at Carlsbad, which now bears his name.

Those who visited Carlsbad in its earlier days had to rough it as much as the settlers on a virgin north-western prairie in the United States or Canada. The Emperor Charles was cured by sitting on a stone bench with his feet and legs immersed in the hot mineral water. For many years after his day the patients at Carlsbad spent the greater part of their waking hours in hot baths. They were parboiled till a cure or death ensued. The ordeal through which they passed is vividly depicted in the following passage, translated from the original by Dr Fabian Summer, which was published in 1571 :—

"When it is desired to cause an eruption over the body, the patient must bathe for ten or eleven hours daily, beginning with a few baths the first day, bathing for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, extending the time from one to three hours and upwards till the eruption has occurred. The water should not be so cold as to give the patient a chill, but it should be lukewarm, not being so hot as to induce perspiration

when the eruption on the skin has broken out. When this eruption takes place, the patient is to leave the bath, cover himself with wraps, and walk up and down in a moderately warm room; or if this should fatigue him, then he is to lie down in bed, so that the evil humours may have free course to the surface. After an hour or two he is to re-enter the bath for an hour, leaving it again and remaining in his room, so that the evil humours may recommence to flow. Thereafter he is to return to the bath for an hour, and he is to do so, as far as may be practicable, four or five times during two, three, or more days, till the flow of the evil humours has ceased. When this happens, he is to bathe again in water fresh from the spring, and not in that which caused the eruption. On the first day this water must not be very warm, but the chill should be taken off it, yet its temperature should be higher than that of the water which caused the eruption; afterwards he is to bathe in warmer water till the skin is drawn together. When the patient begins to bathe in warm water, he is to do so four or five times a-day for fifteen or thirty minutes at a time, and when he leaves the bath, he is to remain for an hour in a warm room. During the following days he is to prolong his stay in the bath each time he enters it."

Some patients who arrived at Carlsbad in order to get well, left it cured, and covered with boils. It may be doubted whether the remedy was not as trying as the disease, yet it cannot be questioned that the treatment was heroic, and that the malady which did not succumb to it must have been incurable. What puzzles the investigator is the evidence to be found showing that delicate maidens as well as strong men were benefited by a course of treatment at Carlsbad. Strange though it may appear, there is ample testimony in support of cures having been wrought at this health-resort even in the days when life at it must have been a species of slow torture. As years passed away, the number of visitors increased, and its popularity grew. Most remarkable, among the many curious facts about Carlsbad, is the circumstance of the treatment being completely altered without the popularity of the place falling off, or the curative virtue of its springs ceasing to command confidence.

In the year 1520, Dr Payer, a physician at Carlsbad, wrote a book wherein he said that the water should be taken internally instead of being applied externally. This daring utterance was resented by Dr Payer's colleagues. They had been accustomed to prescribe baths, and they were not prepared to admit that it would be better to swallow the mineral water than to bathe in it. At Gastein, where the deceased German Emperor William I. and the living Emperor of Austria have sought relief by bathing in the mineral water, it has been suggested that the like results might be obtained from an internal course of treatment; but the mere suggestion has excited distrust and condemnation. Yet the day may come when those who go to Gastein for a cure will drink the water instead of bathing in it. Innovators in medicine are always regarded with suspicion by their colleagues, and they are commonly stigmatised as quacks till they prove their title to the appellation of benefactors. Those who proceed to Carlsbad for treatment at the present day drink the water and regain health. The number of bathers is comparatively few; and the Polish Jews, who appear fitting subjects for a prolonged course of baths, are most assiduous in swallowing glass after glass of mineral water. If they had to bathe in it, they might regard it with as much disfavour as the

casual pauper in a workhouse regards his compulsory bath.

The ordeal of bathing at Carlsbad in the early days, as described above, seems to be as severe a trial to the flesh as could be devised, and no other form of treatment could be much more uncomfortable. Indeed many ills might be more easily borne than a cure at Carlsbad in the bathing days. Yet drinking mineral water by the gallon may, after all, be quite as trying as bathing in it for hours together. At the outset of the drinking cure, the patient was a person to be pitied. As many as eighteen glasses of warm mineral water had to be emptied in the course of the first day of treatment, and the obedient patient was expected to increase the dose till he had emptied forty glasses. Dr Tilling, a physician who visited Carlsbad towards the middle of the eighteenth century for his health's sake, records that he swallowed the contents of fifty glasses in the course of two hours. He survived to relate his experience, and he does not appear to have considered the feat at all remarkable. That he should have drunk so much and so often, and expressed himself the better for the performance, excites the wonder of every intelligent reader. It may be added that, if the doctor was such a wholesale drinker of mineral water himself, he would doubtless prescribe tasks to his patients, which few among them could perform without repugnance or pain.

At Carlsbad the springs are warm, and warm water is known to be more easily absorbed than cold water. There are many records of men drinking large quantities of warm water with a pleasure which they did not disguise; but the water was tempered to the palate by the addition of a little sugar and a fair proportion of spirit. Sugar and spirit are regarded at Carlsbad as akin to poison, whether they are taken separately or in combination. Many patients are forbidden to touch sugar, and all are told that alcohol is certain to aggravate their maladies. Still, the water-drinkers of the days in which Dr Tilling flourished had an alleviation of their misery, inasmuch as they drank the water in close and hot rooms, and they got rid of it as rapidly as those who swallow glass after glass of water in a Turkish bath.

Successive visitors to Carlsbad have had to undergo various kinds of treatment, from the earliest days of which records are preserved, down to those in which we live. The patients who went thither to be cured while Dr Summer and his colleagues practised were kept in warm water till their patience was exhausted, or their "evil humours" had departed. Those who succeeded them were ordered to drink water by the gallon. Peter the Great was one who found this ordeal severe, though in his case there was a mistake for which his medical attendant could not be held responsible. The Czar Peter first visited Carlsbad in 1711. His physician ordered him to begin the cure by drinking three glasses of water; but he misunderstood the words used, and thought that he was to drink the contents of three pitchers, and he selected one of the pitchers used to bring the Sprudel water to the house in which he lodged. With some difficulty the Czar managed to empty one of these pitchers, and he was trying to pour the contents of a second down his throat when his physician called, and was horrified to be told by him, "I think

I can manage a second pitcherful, but I cannot possibly get down a third."

Dr David Becher reformed the treatment at Carlsbad, and rendered the life there more tolerable to patients after 1777 than it was during the four centuries which had elapsed since the Emperor Charles IV. bathed his feet in the water, and gave his name to the place. The contention of Dr Becher, which appears most rational now, was regarded as utterly foolish by his colleagues and contemporaries. It was to the effect that the mineral water should be drunk at the spring. At first the opposition to this proposal was keen and determined. It was said, of course, that nothing could be more absurd and injurious than drinking mineral water at the fountain-head: those who upheld this view being the proprietors of houses in which the patients lodged, and to which the water was brought. For the patient to go to the water instead of the water being carried to the patient, was denounced as a senseless innovation. Those who were paid for carrying the water objected the most emphatically. However, the patients who followed Dr Becher's counsel found that they were benefited more than their fellows who remained indoors and drank the water. Early exercise in the open air contributed to their cure, and proceeding to the springs, and drinking there, gradually became general, and it is the rule now.

Though the change in the mode of treatment introduced by Dr Becher was a great improvement, yet another change which has been made since his day renders the treatment even more sensible, and far more efficacious. He did not realise that excess in drinking mineral water was as prejudicial in its way as excesses of other kinds, and he permitted, if he did not enjoin, his patients to swallow many glasses of water. Even as late as 1834, the usual dose was from twelve to fifteen; now it is from three to four glasses.

At Bohemian spas the resident physicians, whom all the patients are expected to consult, account a carefully regulated diet as an indispensable element in the cure. Those who do not adhere to the rules laid down for their meals are told that the fault is theirs if they derive no benefit from drinking or bathing in the waters. In order to impress upon patients the necessity for adhering to their physician's injunctions, terrible stories are told of the fate of those who have disregarded them. Butter and beer are forbidden to many patients, under penalty of their lives being endangered should they eat the one and drink the other during the treatment. Uncooked fruit is classed among poisons. There is a legend that an Englishman, with the daring and obstinacy of his race, once ate two cherries after drinking a glass of Sprudel water, and died within an hour. Ices are strictly prohibited, yet in the confectioners' shop-windows placards intimate that ices are to be had within, while the display of fruit in the market-place is most tempting. On the other hand, the bills of fare in the restaurants are drawn up for those who are under treatment, the dishes being *Curgemäss*—that is, suitable for those who are drinking the water and are anxious to live according to rule. English patients are surprised to learn that, while they must not drink beer, or eat butter, uncooked fruit, or ices, they may eat raw ham.

A sketch of the daily round will best display the kind of life which is led at Carlsbad by those who are undergoing treatment there. It may be well to explain that the springs, of which there are sixteen, are at some distance apart, and that patients who have been ordered to drink one of them, say the Sprudel, may never meet those who may have been ordered to drink another, say the Schlossbrunn. The latter is on a slope which is known as the Schlossberg, and is the quarter which is chiefly frequented by English and American visitors. Another group of springs, among which the Felsenquelle and the Mühlbrunn are those most in use, lies at the bottom of the Schlossberg, on the left side of the river Tepl, and lower down it than the Sprudel, which is on the right bank. Both at the Sprudel and the Mühlbrunn, a band plays in the morning; but the patients at the Schlossbrunn have to drink the water without a musical accompaniment.

As the clock strikes six, the bands begin the programme with a hymn, and many patients have then drunk or are drinking their first glass. By seven o'clock the majority have reached the springs. A quarter of an hour elapses between each glass; and after the last, which is generally the third, has been emptied, an hour's exercise is taken. Those who have begun to drink the water at six are ready for breakfast at eight.

Breakfast has a pleasant sound, especially in the Highlands, to those who have been up in the morning early; and at Carlsbad the thing itself is not unwelcome, though it is the mere shadow of a meal. The patients have little to eat at breakfast, and what they are permitted to enjoy must be bought for the occasion. Nothing strikes a new-comer more than to see those who had preceded him crowding the bakers' shops, and carrying away in their hands the rusks and rolls which are to form the only substantial part of their breakfast. It is the rule to take this meal in the open air, outside one of the many *cafés* or restaurants. Those who are not seriously ill are allowed to eat an egg, which must be soft boiled, as well as a small roll or a couple of rusks. A great delicacy in German eyes, which can be enjoyed here by special favour only, is a thin slice or two of raw ham. Tea may be drunk, or coffee without cream may accompany the food which cannot be called solid, and those who dislike weak tea or coffee may drink chocolate or cocoa. A rightly constituted patient rises from his breakfast with a raging appetite.

At eleven o'clock a bath is taken by those to whom bathing in the mineral water is enjoined as an adjunct to drinking it. In several cases the physician orders moor-baths, which are formed out of a mineralised peat that is brought by rail every morning from Franzensbad. As moor-baths form an important part of the cure at Franzensbad and Marienbad, any further reference to them may be postponed till life at one of these health-resorts is described.

The patient who has not had enough to eat at breakfast looks forward with an irrepressible longing to his dinner. But his dinner may be as unsatisfying as that of Sancho Panza while he was Governor of Barataria. There is no lack of good things on the bills of fare in the Carlsbad restaurants at the hour of dinner, which is one o'clock. Some patients are warned against taking soup, while most of them

are permitted to eat fish. The soup is cheap and good. The fish, which is usually trout, kept alive in a trough in the river and taken out of the water immediately before being cooked, is good and dear. A hungry patient is dissatisfied to find that a trout for which he has to pay two shillings is very small. Hare and venison are forbidden food to many, and this is the more tantalising as the game of Bohemia is excellent. The meat is not much more tough and tasteless than that which makes an English visitor to other parts of the Continent regret that he has left home. The vegetables and cooked fruit, both of which are on the free list, cannot be surpassed; yet many a patient would gratefully exchange all the vegetables and fruit of Carlsbad for a slice of the mutton or beef which he might have had in England or Scotland. Some physicians at Carlsbad object to their patients drinking any beverage more intoxicating than ordinary or mineral water; others, and they are happily in the majority, permit the patient who does his duty to drink a moderate quantity of wine. The wine most in request is that produced at Vöslau near Vienna, and the finer quality of this wine is equal to good claret, which it closely resembles. Lest the patient should be induced to drink too much wine, he is told to mix what he takes with Giesshübl water — a table water which is popular throughout Austria, and which is free from all mineral taste, and has the character of fine spring water. This table water is bottled at Giesshübl-Puchstein, a pretty and small watering-place, about seven miles from Carlsbad; and a visit to the place where that water issues from the granite rock, and is bottled before the eyes of visitors, is one of the favourite relaxations of the patients.

Plenty of music, a moderate quantity of mineral water, and a restricted dietary, fall to the lot of Carlsbad patients. A band plays somewhere in the afternoon every day, and those who dislike doing nothing and are tired of reading books, listen to the music and drink coffee or Giesshübl water. At six o'clock the concert ends, and at half-past six the theatre opens. In few places of greater size is there a theatre better appointed and more comfortable than the one at Carlsbad; moreover, the company is usually very good, and the pieces are of that light kind which suits the visitors. At nine the theatre is over; those who have not supped before, do so now, and then they hasten to their lodgings. The duty of a good Carlsbad patient consists in appearing at the springs at six in the morning, when the band begins to play, and going to bed not later than ten at night. Three weeks or a month of this manner of life constitutes the cure, and then the patient who has done what his physician enjoins departs in the consciousness that, if not cured, he ought to be, and that, if he should still feel ill, he will find relief after many days. Though he fail to regain the health for which he made the journey to Carlsbad, he is consoled by his family physician with the reflection that he may be more fortunate the following season. The Carlsbad physicians have a formula which meets the reproaches of those to whom they may have held out hopes which are unfulfilled, and which is couched in such terms as the following: "You did not come soon enough;" or else, "You must repeat your visit if you wish to be cured."

While treatment at Carlsbad in the olden days was more severe than at present, life there may have been pleasanter. The visitors did not exceed 300 at the middle of the last century, and the number was 500 only in 1785, when Goethe paid his first visit. None but those possessing ample means could afford to go to Carlsbad when there were no railways. The company during the season was very select, and none of low degree could gain admission to the circle of fashionable people. The visitors danced among themselves and engaged in gaming. Gaming-tables are not tolerated now, and the ball given weekly at the Kurhaus is open to all the visitors, who need not even put on evening dress.

In bygone days the visitor was welcomed with a flourish of trumpets, and when he left, music was again played in his honour. Half a century ago the approach of each post-chaise could be seen by the watchman on the top of the town hall, and preparations could be made to receive the new-comer. Nowadays the only preparations for his reception are the conveyances outside the railway station, which carry the visitor to his hotel or lodgings for a consideration which seems excessive. Prices are high at Carlsbad, and they tend upwards season after season. The patients who find the greatest relief here are the sufferers from liver complaints, and diabetes is alleviated here to a degree which cannot be matched elsewhere. Perhaps the most painful sight is the number of patients affected with jaundice. They are living representatives of the deceased Indian nabobs whose countenances were as yellow as the guineas in their purses.

While the faces of many Carlsbad patients are coloured, or rather discoloured, in an unnatural manner, the figures of many patients at Marienbad are of abnormal bulk. A very large proportion of the visitors to Carlsbad are intent upon getting rid of gall-stones or sugar; as large a proportion of those at Marienbad long to be relieved of superfluous fat. Fifteen thousand persons undergo treatment at Marienbad during the season. At no other health-resort are so many stout men and women gathered together. Rooms on the first floors of the hotels and lodging-houses are in special demand, and those who can mount to the higher floors pay far less in proportion than those who must lodge as low down as possible. It is strange that the hotel-keepers have not introduced lifts, and thereby reduced the demand for rooms at or near the level of the street.

The wide valley in which the dwellings of the Marienbaders stand, and the large public garden which many of them face, was at one time a vast marsh. Three centuries and a half ago a saline spring was discovered near the middle of the marsh, and the Emperor Ferdinand I. ordered a quantity of the saline water to be bottled and sent to Prague. The chemists who treated the water found that it contained much glauber-salt, which is valued as a purgative, and very little of the common salt which is used as a condiment.

Arrangements were made on the spot for extracting the glauber-salt, which was regarded as a rival to that obtained from the Sprudel water at Carlsbad, and it became in great demand at the apothecaries' shops. The people of the neighbourhood holding that the water from which this salt

was extracted must be curative also, they drank it eagerly when out of health, and some of them did so when they were well, under the belief that it would operate as a preventive against disease. They drank copiously, swallowing as much as fifteen pints at a sitting. The sick sometimes recovered, and every cure was noised abroad. Dr Kisch, a resident physician at Marienbad, writes he is obliged to admit that, despite "the irregular and irrational manner in which the waters were employed," many persons were benefited by drinking them.

Marienbad as it now exists dates from 1818. Goethe visited the place in 1821, and he describes in a letter to Zelter how much he was impressed with the spectacle of house-building and garden-planning which he saw. From the date of his visit to Marienbad till his death in 1832, Goethe was accustomed to drink at home the water of the principal spring, which is known as the Kreuzbrunnen, consuming four hundred bottles yearly. As he lived to eighty-three, it is obvious that the water did not shorten his days, and it is certain that one of his ailments was relieved by its use.

There is a close resemblance in chemical composition between the principal spring at Carlsbad and Marienbad. The marked difference is that the former is warm, the Sprudel being 165° Fahrenheit, while the latter is cold. Moreover, the Marienbad water effervesces, being highly charged with carbonic acid gas, whereas that of Carlsbad contains little gas, is quite still, and almost tasteless. The cold water is the stronger of the two in its action, and it is the strength of the sparkling Marienbad water which recommends it to those who long to grow lighter.

There are several springs at Marienbad besides the Kreuzbrunnen; among them the Ferdinandsbrunnen is reputed as serviceable in affections of the mucous membrane generally. The Waldquelle is said to cure catarrh of the bronchial tubes; the Wiesenquelle has the tonic virtues of Wildungen water; the Marienquelle is unusually rich in carbonic acid gas; while those who wish for a strong ferruginous water will find it in the Carolinen and Ambrosiusquelle. Moreover, moor or peat baths are largely used, the moor-earth at Marienbad abounding in mineral substances.

Many of the patients at Marienbad pass their days in a serious fashion. They live to grow thin. If they arrive resembling Falstaff, they hope to depart resembling Cassius in appearance. Their physician orders them to drink several glasses of an aperient water, to eat and sleep little, and to take exercise as if they were in training for a walking-match. Twenty years ago the prescribed dietary was very plain, consisting of barley-broth and stewed plums. It was found that a rigorous adherence to the rules which used to prevail led to something worse than obesity, the patient being in danger of losing his life when only wishing to lose flesh.

The food which many patients take is of the simplest and plainest kind. They are forbidden by one physician to eat oysters, and they are enjoined by another to eat salted herrings, while most of the physicians agree in proscribing strawberries. They are told to go to bed not later than ten, and to rise not later than five; but those who are enthusiastic water-drinkers are warned against appearing at the springs so early as four in the morning.

There are many walks near Marienbad which attract the pedestrian, one of the most picturesque and enjoyable passing through the woods which run to Königswart, where Prince Metternich's castle stands. A large collection of curiosities preserved in the castle is accessible to the public at stated times. This museum contains specimens of the fauna and flora in the neighbourhood; a variety of coins and specimens of paper money, from French assignats down to recent Austrian notes; the ring of Agnes Sorel; the first Napoleon's wash-hand basin; a shoe worn by Madame Tallien; the sweetmeat-box of Queen Hortense; one of the first chronometers, for which Louis XVI. paid 24,000 francs; the cap which Cavour wore indoors; Prince Metternich's stick and snuff-box; a jewelled dagger presented to Abd el Kader by Napoleon III.; a letter from Dumas; the original manuscript of a translation into French of some lines from Schiller made by Napoleon III.; an Orsini bomb; and one of the first visiting-cards used by Bismarck after he was created Prince.

The gardens and grounds around the castle of Prince Metternich are quite as attractive as the museum. Königswart has another attraction in the form of mineral water. Prince Richard, the eldest son of the famous Chancellor, devoted much labour and money to render Königswart a health-resort. Hotels and villas have been built for the reception of visitors. The mineral springs are akin to those of St Moritz in the Engadine, and of Schwalbach in Germany, and the number of visitors increases yearly. The air is bracing, and the waters are tonic, so that those who suffer from impaired nutrition and impoverished blood may hope for improvement at Königswart.

There is a theatre at Marienbad, and concerts take place as often as at Carlsbad. The grounds and springs belong to Tepl Abbey, and the Abbot is always ready to expend some of the large revenues at his disposal in beautifying and advertising Marienbad. Notices often appear in Paris newspapers to the effect that Marienbad is the best of health-resorts, and that it has the inestimable advantage of not being in Germany. The result has been to cause several French invalids to visit it. I have already remarked that Goethe saw Marienbad in its early days when he was well stricken in years, being seventy-four. He then fell in love with Fräulein von Löwetzow, and offered his hand to her. The young lady felt flattered, but she declined the offer. She lived to a great age, and died unmarried. The poem entitled "Marienbad" commemorates and was inspired by Goethe's romantic attachment. At the present day the visitors to Marienbad are not given to falling in love, having more prosaic business in hand. Besides, many of them are young wives who would be happier if they were slimmer. Marienbad's popularity is due to the fact that many cures are effected there, and that many patients who arrive heavy and wheezing depart lighter and rejoicing.

The visitors to Carlsbad are chiefly middle-aged men and women who have lived too freely, and have suffered from over-indulgence in the good things of life, having walked too little and eaten too much, and fallen willing victims to luxury. A period of abstinence, during which the mineral water of Carlsbad has been drunk systematically, may rejuvenate those in whom the business of pleasure,

being carried to excess, has produced premature incapacity for enjoyment. Those who spend a few weeks as patients at Marienbad may be innocent of any tampering with their constitutions, and they are the unfortunate sufferers from inherited misfortune. If their digestions are too good and their appetites too keen, and if the food which they eat enlarges their bodies to a disproportionate size, they are subjects of pity rather than blame, and they deserve congratulation should the cure there redress the balance by rendering them lighter in the scales.

At Franzensbad the patients are chiefly young girls and married women who are martyrs to debility, whose circulation is sluggish, whose digestion is weak, who are easily fatigued, and who, in medical phrase, are below par. The flesh or fat which some of their sisters at Marienbad desire to lose would be an acquisition to them. Unlike the visitors to Carlsbad, these maidens and young matrons have never been able to enjoy the pleasures of the table; and so far from being chargeable with eating and drinking too much, they have found it difficult to eat enough or to assimilate what they swallow. Pretty faces abound at Franzensbad; unhappily many of these faces are too pallid. But the pallor vanishes as the cure is prosecuted, and those who arrive as feeble and pale invalids leave the place with rosy cheeks and alert steps. In short, Franzensbad is the favourite resort for delicate ladies, and till a comparatively recent period few of the patients were males. Now, however, the number of male patients has increased, and young men who are delicate and elderly men who are wanting in tone find relief and renewed vigour by drinking and bathing in the Franzensbad mineral springs. Perhaps the elderly as well as the younger men find the cure at Franzensbad all the pleasanter because it is pursued in the society of ladies who, though possibly wanting in bodily strength, are certainly endowed with personal charms.

In the days when male visitors to Franzensbad were rarer than they now are, Goethe was one of the minority. He went thither in 1808 for the first time, and a tablet in front of the house wherein he stayed commemorates his visit. He returned in 1811 and 1821, and on each occasion he professed great interest in the Kammerbühl, an extinct volcano near Franzensbad, of which he wrote a description. Goethe was a great poet, a notable man of science, and an ardent admirer of the fairer sex. It may be conjectured that he appreciated the female visitors to Franzensbad as thoroughly as the extinct volcano, and that he felt himself in his element there for other than purely scientific reasons.

At a still earlier time in the history of this health-resort an incident occurred which is termed a petticoat riot, but which has no relation to the place as a ladies' bath. The principal spring was discovered in 1502, when the spot whereon Franzensbad now stands was a vast and barren moor. The city of Eger, which the readers of Schiller's masterly play know to be that wherein Wallenstein was murdered by the Irish soldier of fortune, Devereux, is five miles distant, and the mineral water was brought from Franzensbad to be drunk in Eger. It was not till 1660 that the municipality of Eger allowed an inn to be erected at the mineral spring, and baths were not constructed there till 1707. Dr

Bernard Adler, a physician, who strove to make the spring more acceptable, built increased accommodation there, in order to provide for the demand, and enable the water to be drunk on the spot instead of at Eger. This innovation aroused the ire of the women who had been employed to transport it, and they marched in a body from Eger on the 18th of August 1791, destroyed the structure at the spring, and put Dr Adler's life in jeopardy. On returning to Eger they celebrated their exploit by passing the night in drinking beer, in singing and dancing.

Dr Adler was not daunted by these heroines of a bloodless rebellion, and he succeeded in interesting the Emperor Francis I. in his project. The Emperor granted special privileges to the first settlers near the spring, and approved of the plan which has since been followed in laying out the site and building upon it. In 1793 it was named Franzensbad after him. A bronze statue of the Emperor is now a conspicuous object in the public garden.

Though the original spring, which is known as Franzensquelle, is still the chief one at Franzensbad, yet several others have been discovered since the beginning of this century, and some of them are as valuable as the first. One of these is the Salzquelle, a cold spring, in which there is glauber-salt and carbonic acid gas, which is milder in its action than the springs at Carlsbad and Marienbad, and which is very effective in the cases of those whose digestion is imperfect and whose livers are affected, but who do not require heroic treatment. In 1860 the Stahlquelle, which contains as large a percentage of iron as the ferruginous springs of Spa and Schwalbach, was discovered and turned to useful account. About eight years ago another spring containing an appreciable amount of lithia was brought into use, and it has proved to be of great service to those who suffer from gout and rheumatism. These springs, in addition to others which need not be enumerated, enable the physicians at Franzensbad to treat with success the maladies of those who do not require such powerful medicines as the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. Hence Franzensbad has ceased to be a place almost exclusively frequented by delicate women, and it is now visited by men also who stand in need of a treatment which is at once mild and thorough.

Owing to the treatment being less severe than at some other watering-places, the course is more prolonged at Franzensbad, the period during which the cure is followed lasting from a month to six weeks. At Carlsbad the water is drunk in the morning only; at Franzensbad it is drunk between five and six in the evening as well as between six and eight in the morning, while bathing is regarded as a necessary adjunct. The patient who drinks mineral water at six in the morning, takes a bath at eleven, and drinks more water at five in the evening, is subjected to a regimen which ought to have a marked result — and, in the majority of cases, the result is highly satis-satisfactory.

The moor-baths, of which much is now heard, and which are provided at many Austrian and German health-resorts, were first used at Franzensbad. In 1823, Dr Pöschmann, a physician there, believed that he had found in them a new curative medium, and they have since become popular. Some physicians still question

their efficacy, while others in Austria and Germany rely upon them to render good service in many maladies. Though the bath is composed of peat or moor earth to which enough water has been added to make a thick paste of the mass, yet the peat is different from that which is extracted from a bog in Ireland or Scotland. In both Ireland and Scotland the peat is used as fuel; at Franzensbad the mineralised peat will not serve such a purpose. The bog from which it is extracted has been saturated throughout countless ages with mineral water, and the product is a strong chemical compound. Thus a moor-bath is a mineral bath in a concentrated form, and effects are produced upon the system by taking a course of these baths which cannot be produced, according to experts, by any mineral water. Instead of describing a moor-bath from my own experience, I prefer to borrow from Dr Kisch of Marienbad the impressions made upon a scientific observer.

"Immediately after entering the bath, which, I may observe, is a semi-liquid mass of black earth, the sensation is one of excitement, of general warmth, and difficulty of breathing, while, in the cases of those who are unaccustomed to such a bath, palpitation of the heart is common. After the lapse of ten minutes the excitement subsides, but the face remains flushed, and there is a feeling of warmth at the top of the head. A burning sensation pervades other parts of the body, and the skin itches. The pulse is accelerated by eight to ten beats a minute; but this increased pulsation gradually diminishes; yet, during the whole time of remaining in the bath, it continues to be from four to eight beats above the normal rate. Two hours after leaving the bath the pulse becomes normal. During the time one is in the bath respiration is quickened, but this ceases half an hour after leaving it. These effects are the more marked the larger the quantity of moor-earth of which the bath is composed. Another effect is to raise the bodily temperature, and this lasts for a time after leaving the bath. Some of the results are ascribed to the greater heat that can be borne in a moor-bath than in one containing water only; to the mechanical action of the material, which is that of a poultice enveloping the whole body; and also to the action upon the skin, and, through it, of the chemical constituents of the moor-bath."

The dietary at Franzensbad is much more generous and varied than at some other health-resorts. Ladies are tempted to eat by delicacies being set before them. At Carlsbad and Marienbad the patient is told to eat a dry rusk at breakfast-time, whereas at Franzensbad sweet cakes and rich rolls are provided in the bakers' shops, and are eagerly bought by fair patients—the custom prevailing here, as at Carlsbad and Kissingen, of laying in a supply of rolls, rusks, or cakes for breakfast. Some things, such as salads and uncooked food and rich sauces, are forbidden to those who drink mineral water at Franzensbad; on the other hand, the dishes which are *Curgemäss*—that is, which are suitable to be eaten during the cure—are beautifully cooked in the principal restaurants here. Indeed the man or woman must be exacting to an intolerable degree who does not pronounce the cooking at Franzensbad to be equal to that of Paris, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth. Good music is also provided, the band here, like the bands at the leading Bohemian baths, being composed of well-trained players, and presided over by Herr Tomaschek, an accomplished composer. A small theatre, in which operettas are performed nightly, affords the visitor

a variety in the evening. Those who are in the habit of keeping late hours had better keep away from Franzensbad. The theatre is over at nine, and after nine the inhabitants and visitors prepare for bed. The following order, signed by the burgomaster, will show the care taken lest the patients should be disturbed by roysterers :—

"No patient is to be disturbed at night. To ensure quiet, the proprietor of each house must prevent noises occurring, either in the house itself or in the street, between nine at night and six in the morning; on the other hand, the patients are requested, for the sake of others in the houses which they occupy, to stop all noisy amusements, such as music, pianoforte-playing, singing, &c., at nine o'clock in the evening."

The physicians at Franzensbad, at Marienbad, and Carlsbad agree in advising their patients to keep their minds intent upon getting well in the way pointed out to them, and refraining from every form of mental worry and from all thoughts about business. Their only business, as patients, is to regain health. Their amusements should be persevered in no further than the cure permits. If they have been accustomed to smoke tobacco, and if smoking affect them injuriously, then they must relinquish the habit while they are under treatment. If they have been addicted to card-playing, dancing, or any relaxation which may overexhaust them, they are to forego the gratification of the occupation which had been absorbing and fatiguing. In short, their duty as patients is to live by rule and to do whatever their physician enjoins. It is easy, indeed, for a physician to order a patient to disregard business and study, to give up smoking, to refrain from grieving over bad or becoming excited over good news, to exhibit sublime indifference to the political or religious questions which may have occupied his waking hours before journeying to a health-resort. There are some prescriptions which can be more easily written out than made up, and many of the visitors to Bohemian health-resorts find it a severe trial to concentrate their whole attention upon the internal and external application of mineral water. It is not their fault if they cannot leave all worries behind when they take their tickets at the railway station for the place which is to prove a perfect cure for their physical ailments.

Some patients cannot travel unattended, and they may be unable to leave their children at home. For those who must transport their families with them, the arrangements at Franzensbad are complete and laudable. The burgomaster and his colleagues have done what lies in their power to render Franzensbad a family bath. Young children can amuse themselves while their parents are being cured. A place in the park is provided for the enjoyment of the little ones; piles of sand are at their disposal to dig in, and to treat as they would the sand at the seaside. Swings of various kinds are provided, and little children can play for hours together without feeling that the time passes wearily. A croquet-ground is set apart for older children, and those who have put aside childish things can play at lawn-tennis till they are tired. Thus the visitors to Franzensbad, if blessed with families, need have no concern lest their children should be an extra burden to them while patients.

The number of visitors to Carlsbad during the season may be

placed at 30,000 in round numbers, while 15,000 seek for health or slender figures at Marienbad, and nearly 9000 try to become rosy-cheeked and strong by undergoing treatment at Franzensbad. At each place the increase is marked year after year; still, the number of visitors from the British Isles and the North American continent remains small in proportion to the whole. From a selfish point of view, I might deprecate a large addition to the English-speaking patients. A place so thoroughly Anglicised as Homburg is during the season has drawbacks which it did not have when the visitors were of various nationalities. "English spoken here" means English prices; and prices may rise without a corresponding addition being made to the comfort of visitors. However, if anything which I have written about Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Franzensbad should add to the number of English-speaking visitors, I feel certain that those who go to any of them for the first time will return more than once. There are charms in the principal Bohemian health-resorts which are unknown in those of Germany. German is the language spoken in both, but the manners of the people differ in all respects. An Austrian, whose mother-tongue is German, is a delightful companion, while he is a servant who cannot be surpassed for good-nature and gentle ways.

I have done little more than name Teplitz, which is the fourth among the famous baths of Bohemia, and I do not intend to describe its attractions. The mineral water there is used chiefly for bathing purposes, and gouty and rheumatic subjects find much benefit from using it. Yet those who live within the compass of the British Isles need not go to Teplitz in order to get relief from swollen or stiffened joints. They may find as much relief if they go to Bath, which, since the improvements recently made, has become almost unrivalled as a health-resort. The mineral water of Bath acts in a way not dissimilar from that of the thermal springs at Teplitz. All the appliances for bathing in the water are as complete there as at Aix-les-Bains, another noted health-resort for those who are tortured by gout or rheumatism. While the mineral springs at Carlsbad, Marienbad, and Franzensbad cannot be matched within the United Kingdom, it is questionable whether any health-resort can be found on the continent of Europe which excels Bath as a place for the treatment of certain maladies. While it is right to praise that which is really excellent, even though it be in a foreign country, it is equally fitting that a watering-place at home, deserving of a trial and commendation, should not be passed over unnoticed. It is beyond question that the principal health-resorts of Bohemia deserve their fame. Life at these places has many compensations, even if it may have several drawbacks. Nevertheless, the patient whom his skilled physician orders to "try Bath" may go much farther and fare no better.

W. Fraser Rae.

DOROTHEA.

CHAPTER III.

"And all the world is bitter as a tear."

At first it had not seemed so hard, so terribly hard, as it had become after a time.

"My life will be just the same as it has always been,"—so she had found herself deciding, on that first, dreary, solitary day,—"and in addition, there will be this friendship to illumine it, these glad happy memories to look back upon. It had all been pure gain, and so it would prove; she had lost nothing, only won." Thus she reasoned, but reasoning is inefficient armour against a steady heart-ache.

But it should not vanquish her: to allow any shadow had fallen across her life was to accept that terrible commonplace saying that friendship, such as she had decreed, was impossible, and she strove bravely against such a decision.

She was glad, though, when it was time to return home, and there was the relief almost of recovering from despair when letters came, telling of that far-off foreign life from which it seemed her thoughts were never absent. Letters that filled her heart with a reflection of the past happiness, full of personal details and such things as might interest her; letters which had come regularly for some months—had lightened the dreariness of the long, dull autumn in London, and which had given thought and occupation in the matter of replies.

And then a change of tone, a slight allusion to possible coming difficulties, and at last a few lines which told that the dreaded moment had come, and that she must no longer await his return in comparative comfort and peace, but picture him amid all the unknown horrors and dangers of war.

"Long before you receive this note, you will have guessed I have seized upon this chance—inactivity is driving me mad. Probably you will have heard it from some one else."

She smiled, with hot tears in her eyes, as she read the sentence. "How little could he realise her life," she thought, "to imagine that such a rumour would have reached her ears!" And then she brushed the tears away, and locked the letter up with all the others, and went down to the accustomed game of whist.

But she was so absent-minded, strive as she might to avoid betraying herself, that even the old uncles remarked upon it. And putting the only construction possible on it,—"My dear," Uncle Henry said, "I am afraid you are ill; yes, I am sure of it. You look very unwell."

And attracted by the remark, Uncle James looked up also, and Dorothea was aware of the four kindly old eyes, behind their spectacles, gazing at her with affectionate concern.

"Perhaps it would be as well not to continue the game," Uncle James proclaimed judicially; "she looks very like she did before she was ill in the spring."

And despite Dorothea's protestations, the cards were put away, and the two old men, an hour earlier than usual, sat down to

read the paper, whilst she was free to go to the piano.

That was better, though she felt ashamed of the inattention that had secured the holiday: but no matter how secured, it was a boon.

Here, playing in the semi-darkened room, free from inquiring eyes, it did not matter if now and then she raised her hand and brushed away a tear.

And since that night one little note only to say that he was in Egypt; that he would write if he could; and since then,—how many weeks ago was that?—nothing!

Not a line, not a word—rumours of fighting, rumours of illness, which reached even her ears. Long, terrible accounts in papers, which she bought in the hope of hearing something, and all the time life to be lived in the dull routine that had almost become mechanical. And never, so it seemed, had winter been such a dreary succession of fogs; fog or rain,—the days seemed to offer no other variation. She went out constantly, risking coughs and colds, as Grey told her, when she went forth in her sombre attire: she always now wore black, though not without a protest from Grey on its unbecomingness.

"You have not enough colour—even grey would be better;" but Mrs French put the suggestion aside.

"It suits the weather, nurse," she said.

"Which it is depressing," Mrs Grey replied, and no more was said.

Even Lady Courtenay, her chief, almost her only, friend, was away wintering abroad for the sake of the schoolboy, whose illness had necessitated her return from Switzerland.

It seemed unbearable, as if all life could hold no darker, no more terrible hours than had been counted out during this last month, until one gloomy evening, making her way home through the increasing fog, coughing, and aware of the folly that found her abroad at such an hour, hoarse voices suddenly rendered the night hideous, shouting out some late telegrams, and she knew in a moment all that fate still held back to stab her with.

The silent street, so far beyond the circle of busy traffic, was haunted by shadowy, shouting figures, filling the night air with their message of woe. She tried to stand still and steady herself, with one hand against a railing, before she could summon strength to speak; but at some scarcely perceptible sign the hurrying form crossed the street, and thrust the paper into her hand, his hoarse voice repeating his former words as he turned away. "Great battle!" she could not even hear his further words, as she strove in the faint gleam of the gas-light to read the words.

"She knew it," so she said; "she expected it," so she said again. It seemed some words that she had read long ago in some former existence — some far-off time, but she had not forgotten them; she had known exactly how they would look—Dead!

The very first name, — other words followed, but she did not read them; only that one fatal word — Dead! She repeated it under her breath, aloud in the silent, foggy street; the shouting bearer of ill-tidings was almost out of hearing; she was alone, close to her own door-step; the feeble glimmer of gas lit up the number she noted with faint interest. This dull house in this dull square was now all that was left.

The golden days were a memory, the future was killed.

Almost unknowingly, she turned again down the way she had come; she was not thinking, could not think, but her steps led her at length to a church door she remembered,—it was ajar, and lights and music streamed out into the street. Yes, this was what she had vaguely hoped to find; it was better than the solitary, mournful house, with this terrible companion, clutching the paper under her cloak.

There was some service going on, but she did not heed it, was scarcely aware of the fact; kneeling in a remote corner, the singing floated round her as from some other world. She did not pray; no words, no thoughts would come, only the one terrible word over and over again; but kneeling there, with her face hidden, a black shadow amid the prevailing lights and incense, it seemed as if at last she had found some spot where no disguise was necessary.

But not for long—or it did not seem so—before she was standing in her own room, with Mrs Grey commenting on her appearance, reproving her for her late walk, gossiping in the way that was so familiar.

"You look very ill," she said at length; and as her words brought no reply—"You had best be careful," in a warning tone, "or you'll be having that illness over again."

"What does it matter? What does anything matter?" Did she think it, or say the words aloud? and all the time she was fastening bracelets on to her cold arms, clasping a chain about her throat, twisting up the masses of rich hair, for to-night was the usual weekly gathering at No. 30 George Square.

"Don't go down, ma'am," Mrs Grey hazarded again, "you have got a chill—any one can see that; do go to bed."

And for a moment Dorothea hesitated; but after all, what would be the gain? Hours of sleeplessness, with the one story repeating itself again and again, the one word making itself heard.

"No, thank you, dear," she said kindly. "They"—vaguely—"will be disappointed if I don't go down,—it will put them out, and spoil their evening." And after all, she thought, when she found herself in the familiar room, amongst the familiar faces, it was better. Here, at least, other voices deadened that one terrible word.

"Oh, Dorothea, my dear," Uncle James's voice, full of eagerness, sounded in her ears, "just fancy, what luck! Herr Simon is staying with Mr Long, and he has brought him."

"Has he? Herr Simon," repeating the name vaguely, "I am sure I ought to know him."

"My dear Dorothea,"—Uncle James's voice had grown reproving—"Herr Simon is the author of those three large volumes I have on the 'Spiders of Pitcairn.'"

"Of course," she assented, striving to understand his words. "Yes, of course, they are very large;" then seeing his expression of surprise,—"the volumes, I mean."

"It is odd," Uncle James thought, as he left her to carry his enthusiasm elsewhere, "how little real interest the best of women take in scientific subjects."

But escaping from Uncle James did not mean escape from the man of Spiders. Uncle Henry brought him up very shortly, beaming in satisfied pride and reflected glory, to introduce him to his niece. Even scientists are but men: Dorothea French was the only

woman present, and in the eyes of this short, stout, bald, and spectacled member of the company, she seemed a very beautiful and gracious type of womanhood.

To Dorothea his approach was a signal of despair. With Uncle Henry or Uncle James she could behave as she liked, and they would merely set her acts and speeches down to the feebleness of her sex: but with this elderly stranger she must strive to attend to what he had to say, and understand his words. And they seemed singularly difficult to understand. The accent alone rendered them semi-unintelligible; and in addition, as she listened, she often found the sense escaping her. It quite escaped her that she was in the enviable position of talking, for an unlimited time, to the great man of the evening.

Unlimited time! that was the only sensation she had. That it was hours since she had come in here; hours since she had stood in the foggy street; hours since she had knelt in the little chapel; perhaps it would eventually prove to be some terrible dream that would vanish with the cessation of the untutored foreign tongue essaying to speak English,—an English which reminded her—ah! of something very different from this dreary dull scene; of green meadows, ankle-deep in summer flowers, of grand mountains, solemn and calm, in summer twilight; of some tender, reflective peace which she should never know again.

"You have been in Switzerland, madame, so I am told. You will agree, I am sure. I am there this summer. Ah, what a climate! What a weather! I am decided almost to go there again when the summer comes, and study the flora. It would be worth while, hein?"

"Yes," she sighed, "there are no such flowers anywhere. Such roses——"

Her voice drifted into silence, whilst her eyes grew soft and dreamy, and she was scarcely conscious of the start of surprise her hearer gave, the tones in which he repeated "Roses!" And then: "Ah! madame is not a botanist?"

"No," she faltered; "did I say anything very unbotanical? I am sorry, but——"

She looked helplessly at him, scarcely remembering what she had said, hoping he would help her.

"Flowers, with madame," he said gallantly, "are a sentimental, not a scientific subject?" And he did not look displeased, or inclined, therefore, to leave her. "We must allow youth its pleasures and illusions," he added.

"Youth," she repeated quickly, almost bitterly—"I have no youth left."

There was such a sudden thrill of passion in her voice that even her listener was aware of it, and looked at her with the momentary nervousness often experienced by those who are vouchsafed a glimpse when a mask for a moment has been carelessly slipped aside; and dulled and deadened as her perceptions were, she was aware of it, and strove to step forth from the shadow that hung over her.

And after all it meant so little: with all a lifetime to mourn in, why grudge these few moments given to a stranger? They were well rewarded by the beaming satisfaction of the two old uncles, when the guests had gone, and a few words to be said about them was all that remained to be done.

"He is quite as clever as his books," Uncle James said, mixing the weak little decoction of hot whisky-and-water, which was the fitting and allowed beverage after these Friday evening excitements.

And Uncle Henry, to whom sarcasm was unknown, or scarcely comprehended, endorsed the opinion of his brother, and agreed that he, which stood for Herr Simon, undoubtedly was as clever as his book. Then they both had a word of praise for the way in which he had talked to Dorothea, and they kissed her with a sort of added respect in acknowledgment of Herr Simon's flattering notice.

After that she was free to walk up the dark, narrow stairs—even there the fog had obtained an entrance—and so on to her own room, solitary, because on these occasions Mrs Grey did not sit for her. So she was free now to lay aside all thoughts of others, and to let the tears fall as she looked out into the dreary street, and recognised that the end had come, the play been played out, the dream, so short and unsatisfactory, was over and done with.

"Perhaps, after all," she said softly, "it was a selfish idea,—that he was right when he strove to convince me that such dreams are unrealisable. Perhaps if he had lived,"—her voice trembled, as she rested her burning forehead against the cool glass of the window,—"it would have been to be very unhappy, and to tell me that it was my selfishness that had brought it about. But I do not really believe it," clasping her hands. "It might have become in time very little to him, but to me it would always have meant so much. So much, that now it seems as if I had nothing left."

For hours and hours of the winter night she stood, unconscious of the cold, looking down into the foggy street, which was as dull, and dreary, and impenetrable as her life had become.

After that terrible evening, life gradually drifted back into its old routine.

The monotonous routine which she had known for so many years, and which had seemed so peaceable, even if nothing more: there were the long free days, which she had been wont to fill with the thousand and one interests which had occupied her time, the quiet evenings, and the weekly gathering of familiar faces.

All just the same, nothing gone, but an illusionary, dream-like light, which had had no touch of earthly reality about it, but which had of itself sufficed to create a dream paradise.

Without it, she realised how much the dream had been, in the loss of interest and vitality. And yet she strove to battle with the ever-present thought,—strove to let the dream stand apart from her life, and to do her duty in that narrow round which was her allotted task.

But often the longing to know something, hear something more, rose up in such force as to be overpowering.

If only some one who knew him would cross her path, would speak of him, say some words which should take away that terrible sensation that it had all been a dream,—that the present suffering, as the past happiness, were both alike unreal.

But no one came, no one spoke: it was as if she had left the world, and, after a brief visit elsewhere, had returned to the familiar spot. Everything was the same; it was she herself who was changed.

Changed! yes, so changed that at last even the old uncles remarked it.

"You are growing very thin," Uncle James said; and Uncle Henry immediately added, "Do you feel as if you were going to

be ill again, Dorothea, as you were last spring? Because you remember the doctor said——"

"Yes, Dorothea," interposed Uncle James, "you remember that if you had gone away before, you would probably have been spared that illness. And we were very anxious about you,"—and up went the spectacles, and the four kind old eyes were fixed upon her.

"Yes," Uncle Henry nodded, "something must be done."

There was a pause.

"Where is Lady Courtenay? Could you not go to her?"

"She is away, but she is coming home shortly."

Dorothea rose—the scrutiny was embarrassing, the anxiety brought the ready tears to her eyes—and walked towards the window. Yes, she was weak; it was an effort to try and answer the kind old men, sitting over their breakfast, and now following her movements with their anxious looks.

"I will think," she said, turning round. "It would never do," smiling sadly, "to be ill again. I will think all day, and tell you the result to-night. Friday night, too. I must get back my looks for the occasion, though I fear Herr Simon won't be here again!"

"No, I am afraid not." Uncle James's sigh told his mind had fled from his niece's delicacy to other subjects. "He thought a great deal of you, Dorothea,—so Mr Long told me afterwards."

"What a flatterer!" Dorothea smiled. "Well, it was a *bonâ fide* conquest, because he despised my botanical knowledge, or want of it. He told me so——"

"Ah, but, Dorothea," Uncle Henry said, "you are different from other women. I daresay he found it out."

"Am I?" Dorothea was leaving the room, but she looked back to put the question. "I hope not, for as I am a woman, it would be a pity to be an exception, would it not?"

"Oh, I only meant," Mr Hope hastened to add, "that you have had such a different bringing up. Knowing so many clever men,—I daresay that alone makes it easier to talk to you. You are not so frivolous, you know——"

Dorothea did not wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence, indeed there did not seem to be any forthcoming. She walked slowly up to the small sitting-room, her own special apartment, and alone there, with the door closed, she flung herself down on her knees by the fire, her outstretched arms on the low chair, her face hidden in them. "Not frivolous." It seemed such mockery, such cruelty, that her life should be condemned to such loneliness,—that in all the world there was no one to whom she could turn, sure of comprehension or sympathy.

Sobs shook her; the tears fell fast on to her heavy black dress. It was a long time before she rose, flushed and wearied, to recognise how ill she felt, how seldom she had gone out of late, how tired she was long before reaching the legitimate hour of tiredness. "And after all," she argued, "that is wrong. I have no more right to fret myself into an illness than to adopt any other form of self-indulgence. I must do something, of course. A change—that is what any one would recommend, and if that fails, a tonic"—with a little unmirthful smile.

"I am going away for three days," she told Mrs Grey that evening, as she dressed for dinner. "Uncle James thinks I look ill, and I have promised to do something."

"You should wear white, ma'am, and you'd look a deal better. Black is very unbecoming." Grey looked away while she spoke. Since those long-past days she had never asked a question, but loving eyes do not always need the medium of words.

The day after that terrible news had come, she had hurried into her mistress's room, and once there had waited as if undecided, and at last had only asked—"Did you see the paper yesterday?"

"Yes, yes," a faltering reply had come. "Do not say anything; do not speak of it. I know, I know."

Nothing more, and mistress and maid had gone on their way in silence ever since.

What was there to say? That had happened two months ago, and the black gown which meant so little to the rest of her small world, meant so much to her. It was a dreary consolation to feel that she mourned for him in these sombre garments, even as in her heart.

"Such a young, brave life!" she found herself saying so often.

"Not even a white dress, I fear, would give me back my youth, Grey. It is this east wind——"

"And where are you going, ma'am?"

She flushed a little.

"Oh, just into the country for two or three days, then probably for a week to Lady Courtenay. I shall leave you here to look after every one until I send for you, or I will bring you back a bunch of daffodils, or whatever is in flower. What is? I have lost count of time. East wind has blown ever since I can remember."

"But it has been quite sunny to-day; you don't go out enough."

"Has it been, you dear, practical old thing? Well, I had not discovered the fact, but I daresay it is just the country I want. I will cheer up the uncles by telling them I have found a cure."

She certainly did look brighter. At the door she turned back with even a shadowy smile.

"Don't tell any one, dear, but I shall go next Friday, so as to avoid the weekly party."

With her finger on her lips she disappeared.

Mrs Grey did not smile back as the door closed. She sighed.

It was settled—a couple or three days *en route*, staying at some country place of which she knew, and if by Monday Lady Courtenay was at home, she would go to her. She breathed more freely when it was all arranged. Somehow she had feared questions; but no, it was all accepted quite easily, even to leaving Mrs Grey at home.

"I want no one," she had said. "Grey can meet me at Lady Courtenay's on Monday, or, if that is inconvenient, I will telegraph to her to come to me at the place where I feel most inclined to stay."

She stopped in her explanations, —they were evidently falling on inattentive ears.

"James,"—Uncle Henry handed a letter to his brother,—"Herr Simon is back in town, and wants to come next Friday: imagine it!"

"Oh, Dorothea, what a pity! Cannot you put off your visit?"

"I am afraid not," she answered seriously; "all my plans are made."

"They are made *now*," she added to herself, with a ghost of a smile, when she found herself alone, "and I do not think that Herr Simon will persuade me to alter them!"

And now that it was done, and she found herself safely on the

way, she was somewhat comforted. Up to the last moment she had feared so exceedingly that something might arrive to disturb her arrangements.

"I did not know I could care so much about anything," she thought, as the train, a slow one, dawdled and idled through the afternoon sunshine. "I have been so very unhappy," with an upward glance to the cold blue of the spring sky, "that I had quite forgotten how beautiful the world still is." To be alone, even for a short time, with no thought of how she looked, or what she said, —no suddenly displayed anxiety at the sound of a cough,—was a relief. It had even been a relief to say good-bye to Grey at the station, and to realise that for three whole days she was free even from her loving anxiety.

"I am to go to you on Monday, ma'am?"

"Yes, I will telegraph the place and train—it may be Tuesday, but no later. I have written to Lady Courtenay, and shall have her answer by then."

That was over, and now there was nothing to do but to realise the momentous move for which, with unaccustomed strategy, she had planned, — the longing born of aching loneliness and grief that she had determined to gratify.

To-night she was going to the place where his home was, of which he had so often spoken to her.

"It was nothing," she assured herself, — "the merest stranger might do as much;" and yet her heart beat, and the colour flushed into her pale cheeks at the idea. "But it will help me to realise it all," she thought vaguely, "if I see the country of which he has spoken;—it will help to keep it all from slipping away from me. One does not forget so easily if one can realise surroundings. But no one must know." Well, there was no fear of that; there was nothing even strange in an invalid from London seeking this little Devonshire village.

On this still spring day, with the blue sky overhead, the soft ripple of the sea just rising and falling on the sand,—it was as if she had turned the key into another world. Sitting in her room at the inn, too much wearied in mind and body to speak, there was for the first time in all these dreary weeks a sensation of a hushing hand laid on her hurt heart.

"This was peace," she thought, and sighed, — the far-off murmur of the receding tide, and nearer at hand bare-branched elms, with rooks cawing overhead, and the scent of primroses and daffodils in the soft moist air.

She did not cough all night, and when she awoke something of the extra burden which ill-health gives was lightened.

The landlady, fat and garrulous, was full of compliments on her improved appearance.

"You must do as you say, and stay in this climate for a bit, and you'll soon get strong. Haystone? Oh, if you are going there you will do well. I am a Cornwall woman myself, and I will say, if a climate can beat Devon, it's Cornwall. But you must see our sights,—surely. It will cheer you. What do I advise? Well, take a fly and drive to Queen's Clere. It's a fine place, and to-day it's open. Saturday afternoons you can see the pictures. Many likes them," with an impartial air, which suggested a wish to be generous where she could not be enthusiastic.

Dorothea looked away whilst she agreed this would be a good way of spending the afternoon.

"My train leaves about six,

—why not, why not?" she was conscious of repeating all the time. "It will harm no one, and it will be a comfort to me."

So at two o'clock, in Mrs Downing's closed fly, because the still afternoon seemed turning to a close, warm, drizzling rain, she drove away through the primrose-bordered lanes to Queen's Clere.

"It's out of the season," Mrs Downing explained. "Now in summer-time I have known three or four flies, and sometimes a brake full of tourists, drive off as you are doing. It's lonesome for you," nodding her kind old head, "but better than sitting moping here till six o'clock."

And Dorothea, in her heavy black gown, and with a veil over her close small bonnet, was thankful to the rain and the winter, and all things that had conspired to keep the tourists at home. But her courage did not fail: the craving to see his home was so strong, that no timidity could baffle her now. And, after all, fear was unnecessary. Going like this, the driver turning to point out the view in the mechanical fashion that showed long custom; the very words he used, a mere recitation—all tended to remove any sense of the unusualness of the proceeding.

She had seen over other houses, knew very much what she would be shown, almost the words that would be used; and no one would know that to her they meant so much,—that quite another story would run through the glib utterance of some accustomed caretaker.

"The flag is flying," the driver turned to say; "the family is at home, so you'll only be shown the picture-gallery and the drawing-rooms—and the gardens, if you wish.

There was a question in his voice to which Dorothea replied nervously—

"Oh, you must know better than I what is customary."

"Yes," replied the man, evidently pleased with his knowledge. "I will drive you up to the gate where visitors go in, and then I will ring for the housekeeper. Shall I?"

Dorothea nodded. And very shortly after, she was doing just as she had foreseen—was following a portly woman in rustling black silk through drawing-rooms with covers drawn over the furniture in melancholy fashion—covers which the exhibitor lifted to give a peep at the glories hidden away,—with now a wave of her hand towards the window, with a passing remark about the view, and now a word of praise about some statue or work of art.

The rain was falling heavily: when she lifted her eyes to the window, that was what Mrs French saw most clearly, and she thought of the dreary drive back, and the journey on—for, after all, what had she hoped for, or thought of? Somehow this was not the warm, human association that she had meant to realise in seeing his home. These dreary, fireless rooms, with their covered furniture, were as remote from the idea of a place where he had played as a child, and lived as a man, as any other dream-palace.

"They see very little company now." The housekeeper was improving the time with a continuous stream of conversation.

What was coming! But no, nothing to fear.

"In the old lord's time——" and then a long history of departed glories, which had known no repetition in these degenerate days.

"It's the pictures as people come to see—not many, but valu-

able — and the gardens. It's a pity," with a curious glance at the strange lady, "you did not come in summer: the gardens are well worth a visit."

"I am only in Clere for one night," Mrs French explained with elaborate care, "on my way to Cornwall, and my landlady advised me to drive here."

The picture-gallery — a long room, the walls hung with some fine pictures, portraits especially —was entered through the drawing-room. There was a dreary sense of relief that this was all, that but few more difficultly coined remarks would be necessary—and pictures, at any rate, were more interesting than tarnished gilding and faded satins.

Perhaps it was the natural result of physical weariness, but the weight of depression was overtaking her again, from which she had momentarily escaped. Even Grey's familiar face, to which she had so gladly said "good-bye," would have been welcome. "I must go to Em," she thought—"she loves me; she is so good, she will comfort me." And so thinking, her eyes travelled past the gay courtiers and soldiers and powdered ladies, and rested upon a portrait at the far end of the room.

An unfinished portrait; but there was the vividness of life itself in the young eager face, every line of which she knew so well — in the dark eyes, with their strange shadow of sorrow; in the proud uplifted head, the slight, alert figure. In a moment the present was pushed aside; the past, with overwhelming vehemence, had taken possession of her.

All these cavaliers and ladies and little quaint children had vanished from the crowded walls, which for her now only held this one face.

"That is," she began: her faltering voice arrested her own attention, and she stopped, then, heedless of everything, took a few hasty steps towards it.

"Yes; that is a portrait—an unfinished portrait," with painful exactness, "of Lord Aylmer. It is considered a very excellent piece of painting," with careful, cold criticism, from which Dorothea, excited as she was, involuntarily shrank. "And a very good likeness," she added slowly.

"Yes, yes." There was no mistaking the excitement in voice and tone. "It is a *wonderful* likeness."

"You have seen him, perhaps?" the housekeeper questioned, looking curiously at the black-clad figure, the slight flush that even the thick veil did not completely hide.

"Yes, I have seen him," the other woman answered gently, her hands tightly clasped. She sighed as she spoke—a sigh so soft, that it escaped her listener's ear.

"Then you'll be glad also to know the good news — perhaps have heard it—that they say he'll soon be well enough to come home."

"Come home!" The words failed to make themselves understood: she could only repeat them vaguely, with great wondering eyes turned towards her hearer.

"Yes, he was wounded, you know, and then laid up with fever for weeks; but he is getting better now, so they say, and may soon start home,—and the sooner the better, in my opinion, for I have a deal more faith in English nursing and food, than in anything they may try in those foreign hospitals."

"Courage, courage," so she was saying to those quick, frightened heart-beats. "This is not another

terror to be fought with, but a joy which you will understand by-and-by. In the meantime, "I *must* not faint, I will not"—as the dark eyes above her seemed to waver in a mist. "I never did such a thing in all my life—I will not now."

And something must be said. Was it her own voice she heard, far off and indistinct? "It must be a great happiness for his father that he has been spared such a grief."

"Indeed, yes. The only son, you know. Lord Clere has gone out to Egypt to bring him home."

She was moving away now. Yes, there was nothing else to do, nothing else to hear. She was passing through the rooms with vague, unseeing eyes, and yet was aware suddenly—as she and her companion crossed from this apparently unused side of the house to a more inhabited part—of a slight girlish figure that crossed the hall, and turned to look after her with curious eyes. His sister, she felt assured, through all the dim mists that obscured thought and memory—his sister, of whom he had spoken—of whom she had so often thought in these troubled weeks; and some reflective joy reached her heart, as she realised what this home-coming must mean to her.

"Take care you do not catch cold," the caretaker observed, as she wished her visitor good-bye. She was interested in her, and, in addition, grateful for the diversion she had afforded in the somewhat dull routine of winter country life. It had been thrilling to tell the whole story of Lord Aylmer's illness and escape, as she had done at some length, to a stranger, and yet to one who apparently was interested. It was an old story now—it was seldom she met any one who had not heard it; and she was not one, as she herself said, who favoured solitude and silence.

A younger woman had succeeded her in her other duties as housekeeper; and though there was a grandeur and distinction in living in her own rooms, and wearing her best black silk every day, with only the slight occupation of showing off the picture-gallery to strangers, she yet, as other retired workers in all ranks have done, sighed for the remote days when she was an authority in the servants' hall. "It was livelier," she sometimes owned with a sigh, when alone, "but then this is genteeler."

On non-tourist days it was dull. Mrs French had been a godsend.

"Take care you don't take cold—the rain is getting worse."

"Does it rain?" Dorothea questioned vaguely. She had not noticed it. To her the sun was shining and the birds singing; and the bare branches of the trees, where the rooks still cawed, were already under the dominion of spring, the wet, moist earth already scented with primroses and violets.

"I am going to stay here to-night," she told her landlady, "because I find, after all, I must return to London and make a fresh start; so if there is a Sunday train——"

And having learnt there was, so it was decided. It seemed to her as if this one more night in the solitary inn, with the murmur of the sea, and the soft breath of the wind among the elms, would be a rest, and help her to realise and understand what she had heard.

"It was such happiness," she said, over and over again, "to know he lived, only that——"

She asked nothing more; just to know that the same sunshine smiled down upon them both, the

same common sights met and gladdened their eyes. Such happiness! Yes, the touch of that magic wand was visible to all.

"Two days has done wonders for you," Mrs Downing added to her farewell.

"Yes, it has indeed. I shall never forget Clere," she said, and smiled good-bye to all the peaceful inanimate objects, and then to her hostess's fat, comfortable face.

"Oh, it's change you wanted," Uncle James averred, when they sat down to their Sunday dinner.

"But you did not stay long," Uncle Henry added.

"No; I am going away again," she answered, "when Lady Courtenay is at home—it will be more convenient in a little while;" but she looked away as she spoke, conscious of her misleading words. "Tell me about Friday;"—and launched on that important topic, and Herr Simon's presence, there were no more awkward pauses.

"No, I could not go just now—could not leave London at present," that was the unexpressed thought; "perhaps——" but even to herself she did not finish her sentence.

So much lay between then and now: could she expect him to take up the claims of friendship where a hard fate had obliged him to lay them down?

"You must get me out a white dress, Grey," she said, when next evening she entered the workroom; "you are right,—black *is* unbecoming, especially when one is old and ill. And after all," as no comment followed her words, turning restlessly to the window, "the winter is passing. I suppose we may begin to hope for the spring. Do you remember Lord Aylmer?" she asked abruptly, not turning her head as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am, of course. The gentleman——" she paused.

"The gentleman at Alpheim," Dorothea interposed, hastily. "Well, he did not die—it was a mistake. He was ill, but he is better. He is coming home."

Mrs Grey was mending a stocking: she lifted it a little closer to her eyes—they were not as strong as they had been, and the light was failing.

"'Deed, ma'am, that's a good thing," she replied soberly; "it's a deal better to be alive."

Mrs French turned to her with a quick, little, amused laugh. "A deal better," she repeated. And then quickly, "One does not want anything else, not even to see them—at least one can do without all that, if only one knows they are alive."

That night, as she was going to bed, a letter was put into her hand. She looked at it in vague wonder, turning it over and over before opening it, surprised at the strange writing and the foreign stamp,—as people unconsciously do with unfamiliar letters.

She was in her own room when she tore it open, and idly drew the candle nearer to read it by.

Just a few lines in a weak, shaky writing:—

"You will, of course, have heard of my wound and fever. These are the first words I have written,—they are not very successful, I fear. I must wait and hope to see you. REY AYLMER."

She read the words twice, while the tears fell fast, as she strove to realise that though he had gone thus far down the "Valley of the Shadow," he had not forgotten, but had remembered to send her back a word as soon as it was possible.

Though the isolation of her life had been impossible for him fully to understand, yet he had done what he could to relieve her anxiety. He knew, he had felt, how terribly anxious she would be.

All else was for the moment forgotten in that knowledge.

CHAPTER IV.

"Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain,
That cannot be kissed into smiles again."

Hundreds of times, in those days that followed, she strove to settle to the usual duties and interests of her life, but it was in vain. With a book in her hand, she was looking into the fire, or idly leaning against the window, watching the clouds overhead or the few passers in the square below, whilst her fancy painted the past, as it had in truth been, a battle between life and death, or flew on to wonder when he would write again.

"He will write," she said quietly, when a doubt rose up to threaten her—"he will write. He will not come, not yet," emphasising the words, "because he will go straight home, but one day he will come—as he promised."

And whilst she sat with idle hands, she rehearsed over and over the necessity that now rested with her for self-control, which should render possible that dream which she had dreamed,—of a true and faithful friendship, which should mock the incredulity of the world.

"It all rests with me to prove my own words, and they shall be proved. I am not very strong," —her book had slipped to the floor unnoticed, her slender hands were clasped on her knee, the fire-glow caught the red lights in her thick waves of hair, the only brightness in the semi-dark room,—"but too strong," with a shadowy smile, 'to let slip away from me the one chance of happiness that fate has offered me."

"It *is* happiness,"—with a quick, half-defiant answer to some inward voice—"I want nothing more." With her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, she remained on, staring into the fire, while the room grew darker as the spring afternoon was now closing in; but she did not need lights—the fire-glow suited her dreams better. She did not heed the opening door—so absorbed was she that she probably never heard it; only when it closed she turned her head, to discover she was no longer alone.

So many times in fancy she had stood face to face with those dark eyes that had looked out at her from the unfinished portrait, that perhaps, after all, this was only another illusion of the senses, born of the twilight and the solitude; and yet all the time she knew it was not so—knew that at some as yet unpaid price—all happiness is bought, they say, this glad moment had come.

She was going to speak. "Now, now," that fierce voice which had argued with her so continuously was once more making itself heard —"now is the time to redeem your promise. Now is the moment to prove of what worth is your friendship! A mistake now, and it is lost to you for ever."

And yet, in answer to the im-

perious demands of the voice, only one quick, despairing sob would come.

"Darling!" He was by her low chair, striving to take her hands in his,—"listen."

"You startled me," she said quickly, controlling her voice, though with an effort. "I did not know you were here—in London, I mean; and sitting alone thinking has made me nervous. Tell me, are you better?" striving to rise as she spoke.

"No, don't move. I can talk to you much better like this, and I want to talk to you. That's what I have come for. Listen," with a little, quick laugh, that reminded her of those happy past days, "and I'll tell you a secret. No one knows I am here. I am really resting—and when all was arranged for the purpose, I found out that I could rest much better here; so I slipped away when no one was looking, and here I am!"

"Was not that very foolish?" she questioned softly. But her eyes did not repeat her words; she did not strive to move again.

"Very foolish," he repeated; "but you see even I am enough of a doctor to know that when you are mentally restless you cannot be physically restful."

"Well, you shall rest now," she said gently, but determinately; "you shall sit in that comfortable chair," pointing to it, "which I reserve for my especial visitors, and you shall talk till you are tired,—because there is so much I want to hear.

That first word—it had escaped him. She had heard it, of course. It had escaped him in answer to her momentary agitation and fear.

He moved obediently, but he did not seat himself as she had suggested, but remained standing on the hearth-rug close beside her, looking down on her bent head.

"You are a very bad nurse," he said, laughingly, at last; "you ought to have asked if the mental unrest could not be calmed."

"And can it?" she asked unsteadily, without lifting her eyes.

"That is the hope in which I came here."

"You look very ill," she said quickly. "Are you really getting better?"

"Now, again you are proving yourself a very bad nurse," he answered; "you ought to say you are glad to find me looking so much better than you expected."

"Don't laugh." The words were very low, but they reached him nevertheless. "I have been too anxious to be wise now, I suppose. Ah!" with sudden passion in her voice that he had never before heard, "you don't know what it has been. You cannot understand what I have lived through."

The words had escaped her,—were still throbbing through the little silent room. She was standing up, with averted eyes, listening to their echoes, while all they betrayed, the blank future they prophesied, surged through her tired brain.

A second's silence then. "Listen to me," the man said gently, no shadow of laughter now in his tones, only gravity and tenderness in his eyes. "Listen to me; no, do not shrink from me," putting his arm about her, and drawing her closer to him—"let me speak thus. I love you. I told you so once before, you remember. To-night I came here to say it to you again—for everything is altered. I cannot live without you."

"It is my fault, my fault," she cried, freeing herself from him, and seating herself once more in

the chair by the fire. "No," as he would have interrupted, "hear me speak now. I am quite calm now, you see," controlling herself, and clasping her hands tightly together. "I am ashamed at my want of self-control; but it was nothing, it was merely momentary. Go now. Come back again—to-morrow," with a trembling voice, "and you will find me quite calm and self-possessed. We made our bargain," with a ghost of a smile, "let us keep to it. You offered me—friendship; I cannot tell you how gladly I accept it."

Her eyes, grave and courageous, were raised to his, and for a moment rested there. Then, "I will tell you something else," she added quickly. "It will make you sorry, I think, but perhaps"—nervously, —"help you to understand me better. A fortnight ago I did not know that you were alive."

Her voice drifted away into silence, her unhappy eyes still sought his.

"Did not know," he repeated; "why did not *they*"—vaguely—"tell you?"

"There was no one to tell me."

Silence for a moment, whilst the man was trying to realise all her words meant, seeing in them the secret of the thin hands and sad eyes, the worn cheeks from which the flush, born of his presence, had faded, and then—"Poor child," he said tenderly, and with the words laid his hand on the thick hair, as he had done once before, smoothing it with a gentle touch.

She did not resist the caress; somehow for the moment her fear of the future was conquered. There was no passion to terrify, only gentleness and tenderness, laying a stilling, soothing touch on the bitter past; and she felt so desperately in need of human sympathy! "By-and-by"—"Ah, at *any* price!"—the disconnected sentences repeated themselves in her brain.

"Poor child!" he said the words once again, then knelt beside her, taking her hands in his, kissing them tenderly.

"I have been so unhappy," she said, "that is my defence."

"But now that I am here, you will let me try to make you happy?"

"Not in this way." She smiled a little as she spoke. "I"—she hesitated a moment, flushed and paled again—"I love you too well to wish, for any personal reason, to draw you from doing what is right and best. I know *all*, you remember," for a moment laying her slight hands in his.

"Not *all*," he amended. "I told you," lifting his eyes to hers, "that I had given my word to my father. It had gone no further than to him, and he has given it back to me."

"But that means," she faltered, "disappointment, trouble, everything which you feared — disappointment," she repeated, "for others."

"It means possible happiness," he answered briefly.

"Once before," he went on, "I asked for a kiss, you remember? Yes; you gave it. It meant good-bye. Kiss me again now, and let it mean you accept my love."

She hesitated, though something in the dark passionate eyes seemed compelling her.

"I cannot think," she said pleadingly. "I love you; I do not want to harm you—what shall I do?"

"Obey me—that is simpler and easier. It is for me to decide."

She could hear the quick beats of his heart: quiet as his voice

was, she could guess by what an effort he controlled it. All thoughts of self vanished in the knowledge of how bad for him such excitement must be.

"I am not a good nurse," she said quietly, rising as she spoke; "but even I"—with a little smile—"know that people should not be teased when they are not strong, so we will not decide grave subjects to-day; we will only be glad and happy."

He took a turn through the room,—it reminded her of that terrible evening in the "Golden Eagle,"—and then came back to her side. She could see the evidence of self-control in the lines on his face, and how white and haggard it had grown.

"You do not trust me," he said, low and shakenly; "you do not believe me—which is it? What is it? For God's sake, do not torment me! Speak out; tell me what you mean. No," with swift passion, before she had time to speak, "if you are going to say the battle has been fought in vain, keep silence."

He took another turn through the small room, pausing a moment by the window, glancing down, with unseeing eyes, into the dull square below, then returned and seated himself by the table, where she had tried to paint earlier in the day, pushing aside as he did so the paints and fading flowers unconsciously; then resting his elbow on the table, looked towards where she still stood, straight and motionless, by the fireplace.

"There is a sentimentality about women,"—that was the thought framing itself in his mind,—"a false sentiment, which would cling to the past in spite of any new, possible future." He had heard it was possible; he would have answered that it was his belief, had he been asked, but somehow it was an unreal fear to which he had never given a thought.

"I have never told you the very shadow of an untruth," she said suddenly; "let me try and speak to you, and do you believe me. No, do not move," coming a step nearer; "wait—let me speak first. You accuse me of mistrust, coldness—which is it? But you know, surely you knew, I do not deserve the accusation. You know that the only thing that weighs with me is your future happiness,—that I would buy it at almost any price!" She hesitated, resting her hand on the table by which he sat. "I am only afraid of your not choosing that future which would most ensure your happiness."

"That decision," he answered slowly, but without lifting his eyes, "rests with me. I throw responsibility on to no one—it is not my habit; but now it is not of myself I wish to hear."

"But cannot you understand—you must, you do—that though you refuse to allow it, I cannot help feeling that part of the responsibility rests with me, and I do not"—falteringly—"feel fitted to-day to share it. No, I will tell you," she went on more firmly, "though it is not a very easy thing to say," as he made no comment, only waited with averted eyes. "If you had asked me yesterday, I should have said I *could* advise you——"

"And to-day?" There was a momentary anxiety in his tone,—his eyes were lifted to hers.

"To-day I cannot, because——"

His eyes still sought hers; the red mounted slowly, painfully to her cheeks; under the look the words died away into silence. She moved closer to him until she stood behind his chair, where he could not see her.

"Because I love you, love you," she said, low and quickly, covering her flushed cheeks with her hands. "It seems"—she faltered—"so easy to be happy, that I fear it."

"There is nothing to fear"—his voice sounded quick and decided after her hesitating words—"if you trust me. Prove it!" suddenly rising. "I am not a boy," he went on, with his arm round her, "to hesitate and doubt. 'Once,"—dropping his voice,—"long ago, you remember, I held you in my arms, and would not give the kiss I was not free to offer,—because—you looked at me, and I was ashamed of the wish. Now it is different,—nothing separates us. I have fought my fight, and won you—won your kisses, your love, everything of which I have dreamed."

His words, as a swift flood, seemed to wash away the doubts and fears that had haunted her. Standing thus, she could feel nothing, realise nothing, but his passionate kisses, the tender caresses, the quick beats of the heart against which her head rested. Of a sudden, resistance seemed vain and useless—he had conquered. It was, as he said, for him to choose his future, for her to abide by his decision. Such rest, such peace!—not the calm inactivity which she had believed for so great a part of her life to constitute peace, but the palm-crowned peace that follows a well-fought battle.

Across the darkening walls of the tiny sitting-room fell a bar of light, whose warm red glow told of sunset. It caught her eyes, and memory was wafted back across the bleak, cold, wintry months, away from this small dull room, and instead they were standing, they two alone together, in that fair, far-off land—a summer sky overhead, the rustle of the summer breeze in her ears, as it stirred the flowers and grasses at their feet, while the mountain stream hurried by, singing its wild ceaseless song.

Which was the dream, which the reality?

The blaze of distant glory had died away then, leaving a prophecy of coming separation which had been fulfilled in all its bitterness. Since that day she had stood face to face with death and despair—had trodden such weary agonising steps, that it was unrealisable that they could have led to where she stood to-night.

The hand stretched out to save her it was impossible to push aside. "Make me happy," she sighed. "I have suffered so very, very much."

The shaft of light shifted. It fell across and lightened the dark tenderness of his eyes, and brought out gleams of gold in the red-brown of her hair, and in its light the bars that had guarded the portals fell, the gates were thrown open that had been sternly closed so long, and with his hand holding hers, she was free to enter into the Enchanted Garden.

SPORT IN FICTION—AND IN FACT.

If the French are our masters in criminal fiction, we have it all our own way in matters of sport. Dumas was a keen sportsman, according to his own account. He dedicated a book to "*Mes Bêtes*," including some of his favourite sporting dogs, and containing, by the way, an inordinate number of blunders. As a lad, with a companion he rode to Paris, paying their way by poaching, when he set out to seek his fortune, and bartering hares and partridges for bed and board. Yet we never hear much of sport in his novels, save very incidentally, as when Edmund Dantes, disembarking with the smugglers on the Island of Monte Christo, pretends to sprain his knee while chasing the wild goats, that he may be left alone to search for the treasure. Fashionable French novelists occasionally take their heroes to *la chasse* at some romantically situated *château;* but they touch lightly, with wise discretion, on scenes and sights in which they are slightly interested, and as to which in most cases they are absurdly ignorant. The French have gone smoking out the Kabyles in colonising Algeria, and they have been civilising the Turks and the semi-barbarous descendants of the Carthaginians in the Regency of Tunis; but the Jules Girards and the Bonbonnels, the *chasseurs* of the lions and the panthers, who can handle the pen as well as the rifle, are the rare exceptions to a general rule.

Now in England it is just the reverse, and for obvious reasons. All country-born Englishmen, and not a few thoroughbred Cockneys, are devoted to field-sports when they have a chance, and have a practical or theoretical weakness for horse-flesh. The country gentlemen who still live on their estates, when they can afford it go in for preserving, from the red deer downwards, and pride themselves on the "hot corners" they provide for their friends at their battues. Sybarites leave the snug smoking-rooms at the clubs to face the blasts of wintry November, and stand waiting for the pheasants in half-frozen mud; the labourers who enlist as beaters are always eager to take the shilling, though their clothes be rent in the thorny undergrowth; and the schoolboys told off to tap, play truant with no provocation. It would be well if the peasants were content to beat, but poaching is everywhere the pursuit of the idle, and many of the hillmen who raid upon the deer-forests are very fine fellows indeed, though licensed sportsmen may detest them. As for the anglers of all kinds, they are legion, from the salmon-fisher who, handling a nineteen-foot rod like a willow-wand, can cast a line to an inch in the swirling pools of Tay or Shannon, to the artistic trout-fisher who drops a fly like thistle-down in the limpid chalk-streams meandering through the southern meadows. Nor must we forget the patient puntsman of the royal Thames, or the mechanic who squats Turk-like on the canal-bank watching dreamily for the bobbing of his float. Coursing is dying out of course, since Sir William Harcourt in a fit of political spite persuaded Parliament to sign the death-warrant of the hares; but fox-hunting is as much in favour as ever, notwithstanding the moans over agricultural distress and the barbed wire

malignantly interwoven in the fences. Indeed it is only too popular in some of the accessible counties, which are swamped with excursionists come by special train. What shall we say more? for the time would fail us to speak of the signs of sympathy with everything equine—of the riders on thoroughbred cobs in the Park, and the populace who go to gaze at them; of the revival of coaching, and the good folks who turn to stare as the teams pass in a swinging trot along the London flagstones of the gaieties of Ascot or the picturesque glories of Goodwood; of the mobs who still gather on the hill of a Derby day; of the meetings on the breezy Heath of Newmarket or the historic moors of the North. And ladies are content to grace the sports, though we must say we think them unfeminineley out of place at a shooting-party or a Hurlingham massacre.

Consequently, sport in some shape is so essentially a part of English life, that few novelists can afford to ignore it altogether, although many of the uninitiated are wise enough to deal only in allusions. Naturally a door of escape is opened to the good gentlemen and the ladies who go in for the æsthetic and the purely sentimental. Those with the knowledge to handle sport might have very literally a wide field for the sensational. There is many a moving incident in the natural course of things,—when hounds are running a high scent through a stiff country; when the crack for a race carrying the hero's fortunes is beaten by a short head on the winning-post; when the stalker slips over a craig, breaking a couple of ribs and a collar-bone, some forty long miles from the nearest surgeon; when the benighted wild-fowl shooter adrift in his punt is lost in a dripping fog in a labyrinth of shoals and channels. Or to put it in a milder form, there is a magnificent opening for descriptions of scenery, whether gloriously grand or with a more tranquil domestic beauty, when the guns are turning out on the 12th or the 1st after grouse upon the moors or partridges in the stubbles. There is no lack of thrilling sensations if the novelist knows how to depict or analyse them,—when pulses are beating fast in joyous anticipation; when the brain is excited in the intoxication of the breeze, far more exhilarating than the Pomeroy which will circulate at dinner; when the crow of the game-cock makes music to the ear, or when the nerves are delightfully fluttered by the whir of the scattering covey. Nor need the novel in which sporting is judiciously introduced be uninspired by the softer passions. Quite the contrary. There is no place more propitious to the flirtations in which a "man is meant," and which may probably lead on to happy wedlock, than a comfortable country house. And detrimentals deadly with the gun are the despair of anxious mothers. Nay, many a Highland shooting-lodge in these luxurious days has expanded into a hill palace or a princely mansion. The veriest glutton after game cannot be out every day and all day in our variable climate; and nothing is more insidious than the seductions of slow hours passed within doors, or the strolls to the rustic summer-houses in the shrubberies in the intervals between the showers.

The greatest of our early poets are characterised by their devotion to nature, and lived more in the fields and woods than in the study. Allusions to sport are not unfrequently thrown in, and old Chaucer was the first to sing the joys of

primitive fox-hunting, and a rough-and-tumble run with a very scratch pack. What spirit there is in his cheery view-halloo !—

"Aha, the fox ! and after him they ran;
And eke with staves many another man.
Ran Coll our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hond.
Ran cow and calf, and eke the very hogges.
So fered were for the barking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so, hem thought her hertes brake."

Then in the prologue to his 'Tales' he sketches sympathetically the uncanonical priest, who was the prototype of the modern hunting parson :—

"An outrider that loved venerie :
A manly man to tell an Abbot able.
Full many a deinte hors hadde he in stable.
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as fowl of flight :
Of finding and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare."

If tradition tell the truth, we know why Shakespeare left his birthplace. We can imagine the madcap poet, more for the fun and the sport than for the sake of the venison, stealing along under the broad shadows of the Warwickshire elms to snatch a deer from the Lucys' Park of Fulford. Far from repenting the indiscretions of his wild youth, he evidently looked back fondly to them. The poet himself is the Falstaff whom Justice Shallow apostrophises, "Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge." "But not kissed your keeper's daughter," answers the old sinner indifferently, though we should be sorry to swear that Shakespeare had not been guilty of that offence. When in graver vein what can be more grandly melodious than Hippolyta's reminiscences of the hunt in the Cretan forest !—

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

And Shakespeare knew the points of a good hound, bred for strength and courage rather than speed. Hark to Theseus, perhaps provoked by the queen's allusion to Hercules, and rising to enthusiasm over his own favourites :—

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."

Taking a leap forward, we come to Somerville's poetical treatise on the Chase, in which he discourses scientifically on stag-hunting and fox-hunting, though it is characteristic of times in which harriers and greyhounds were more common than fox-hounds, that he gives pre-eminence to the chase of the hare. He, too, has an admirable description of a hound; but Somerville's is the English fox-hound of the period, and the portrait with its life and expression might have come from the hand of a Landseer :

"See there, with countenance blythe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes them cow'ring; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy.
. . . . . .

On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands:
His round cat feet, straight hams, and widespread thighs,
And his low drooping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind."

Thomson in 'The Seasons' has a thrilling appeal to "the sylvan youth" to hunt down "the mighty robber of the fold;" but it smacks rather of rough sport to the north of the Border, and of the Liddesdale hunt in 'Guy Mannering,' or of a day with the shepherds in the Cumbrian hills. It must have sounded strange to the men of "the shires" to be encouraged to unearth "the robber" from "craggy, winding haunts." We need not say that Thomson, who might have tenanted his own "Castle of Indolence," and who was once caught strolling with hands behind his back, nibbling at the sunny sides of peaches on a wall, did not practise as he preached. But even the Lake poets, if field-sports were little in their line—though Wordsworth would sometimes go a-fishing—now and then catch fire and flicker into enthusiasm. There is a merry ring in the lines, chiming in with the echoes of the surroundings and the scenery,—

"Not a soul will remain in the village to-day,
For the hare has just started from Hamilton's bounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds."

In Scott we expect the most spirited sporting sketches, and we have them in perfection. We find them everywhere, from the Greta and the Cheviots to the storm-blasted rocks of Coolin; but the most finished is the chase that ended in the Trossachs, when Fitz-James, forgetting humanity in excitement, rode his good steed to death. It will be remembered that the poet tested the realism of his description by reading it aloud to a sporting relative. The friend listened in silence till the hounds plunged into the lake. Then he brought his fist down on the table, declaring that any dogs must have been ruined who had taken the water after such a run. We, too, are carried away with the flying hunt in the fire of the description; but that any man could have ridden so fast or so far, over such breakneck ground, in our calmer moments we take liberty to doubt. More true to nature, in its inimitably picturesque simplicity, is the passage in the epistle to Ellis, preluding the fifth canto of 'Marmion,' which introduces us to the home of the winter-bound sportsman—

"When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun."

But it ought to be so well known that we need not quote it at length.

As for novels, we find the first notices of sport in the father of English realistic fiction, when Robinson Crusoe in the silence of the night hears horrible roarings from the forests on the coasts of Barbary. Nothing can be more graphic than the scene where the boy Zury sees the terrible great lion lying fast asleep under the hillock; when they load the biggest gun, that was almost musket-bore, with a good charge of powder and a couple of slugs; and prepare the rest of the battery in reserve, with a brace of bullets apiece, and liberal measures of powder. Still more dramatic is the incident when the two mysterious monsters, who would have been worth any money to the managers of the Zoological, come swimming offshore in the land of the negroes, and when the wonderful amphibious beast that has had a bullet through the brain proves to be an unknown variety of the leopard.

But Robinson speaks as if he shot rather in self-defence than in sport — although, as he was afloat in a boat with plenty of sea room, he might very well have left the animals alone. Then when he made himself at home in his island off the estuary of the Orinoco, he hunted indefatigably, shooting parrots and the fowls that preyed upon his corn, and trapping the wild goats who had their haunts among the craigs. But his sole consideration was the pot, or the pipkin, and he was bound to be sparing of his precious ammunition. Later in life, when he was making a tour in modern fashion in the Pyrenees, he did not go hunting the wolves, for it was the wolves that hunted him. Defoe introduces these incidents very naturally in the life of a born vagrant, who, not satisfied with shipwreck and sad experiences in solitude, only returned from his venturesome Chinese travels when he was in his seventy-second year. The novel-writers who immediately succeeded him confined themselves to English society, and wrote in an age when "the town," as it was emphatically termed in the popular drama, was sharply divided from the country. The roads were wretched and the travelling bad. The great landowners were noblemen who frequented the Court, or who cut into the political game when they had parts and influential connections. Fielding and Smollett and their imitators were men of literature and of London society, who travelled abroad when they sought health or recreation, but seldom went farther afield at home than Tunbridge Wells or Bath. At the Hot Wells or on the Pantiles they were sure to be in congenial company. So Fielding's Squire Western, although a gentleman of good estate, is drawn with tolerable truth, as some such semi-barbarous animal as scared Robinson Crusoe on the coast of Guinea. De Quincey authoritatively condemned the famous squire as a monstrosity. He declared that no man could at once have talked such bookish talk and indulged in such coarse and blasphemous language, and that really the squire was no representative type. That may be, but he was certainly representative in his habits of living and in his devotion to easy-going field-sports. In those days the estated gentleman prided himself on Somerville's steady hounds, more remarkable for their noses and perseverance than for pace. His hunter, with more bone than blood, resembled his hackney: he dodged the fences, worked by the gates, or stuck to the lanes, and we suspect that the pack was seldom blooded. But he brought back a famous appetite for the early dinner; he extended his rough hospitality to his neighbours and a little circle of toadies and hangers-on; and though he could imbibe strong liquors like a sandbed, he seldom went sober to bed. It was a sensual and ignoble existence, but there is inherent probability in the picture. The wealthy squire was the autocrat of the district; his promiscuous hospitality was self-interested: it was something that, if he were a glutton and a sot, he should spend his mornings in healthy recreation. He knew nothing of books; except at election time, he took no part in politics; the only subjects in which he was interested were his kennels and his stable, the crops and the cattle, the drawing of a badger or the spearing of an otter. Of course he garnished his conversation with oaths, and naturally he mistook obscenity for humour.

Fielding sketched the character of a rustic sportsman. Scott, who had been a zealous sportsman himself, found many of his best characters among the confraternity. 'Rob Roy,' although written in pain and under difficulties, is one of the most dramatically national of his novels. But, not excepting the Macgregor, with his foot on his native heath, or the deadly ambush on the banks of Loch Ard, or the scenes with the Bailie in Glasgow Tolbooth, nothing to our thinking is better in the book than the Osbaldistones in their ancient hall among the cliffs and heaths of Northumberland. Squire Western is tame and flat as his own fields and woodlands compared to Sir Hildebrand and his sturdy fox-hunting sons, whether they are seated before the bottles and flagons at the ponderous oaken tables, or following the hill-bred fox across the moors and among the craigs of the Cheviots. Scott was never known to miss a chance, and he had his eyes about him on his voyage to the Shetlands with the Commissioners of Northern Lights. Almost contemporaneously—at least there is no great chronological difference—we are transported with 'The Pirate' to the Shetlands, where we assist at the very original massacre of the whales that are stranded in the Voe beside the Udaller's mansion. In 'St Ronan's Well' we are introduced to Sir Bingo Binks, eager to bet with the artist Tyrrel about the weight of the salmon he has landed from Tweed. We are reminded that about that time was a transition period, when the Scotch lairds had recognised the value of their shootings, and were beginning to preserve. Meg Dods, when coming on a consultation about her missing guest to Mr Bindloose, moralises on the good old days—and it was only a few years before—when the twa daft English callants gat leave from old St Ronans to go about his moors as they pleased. But now, new lords new laws—there was "naething but fine and imprisonment, and the game no' a feather the plentier." A brace or two of birds cost fancy prices, "and what for no'?—risk maun be paid for."

In 'Waverley' the hero's uncle is sprained, when the sportsmen are charged by the rush of deer at the gathering of the Highland chiefs who are concerting measures for the rising. Readers of the 'Antiquary' will remember Hector M'Intyre's fight with the *phoca*, and his delight at ranging through the Glenallan coverts and over the well-protected moors of Clochnaben, which provoked his uncle's cynical sarcasms. But the most sporting of the Waverley novels is decidedly 'Guy Mannering,' for the novelist was thoroughly at home in the time-honoured wild sports of the Border, and Dandie Dinmont was as much a sportsman as a sheep-farmer. A casual remark suggests his hearty invitation to Captain Brown. "If you'll call on me at Charlieshope, ye shall see a blackcock, and shoot a blackcock, and eat a blackcock too, man." And when Brown arrives with Dumple and the worthy farmer at the snug steading in the roadless wilds of Liddesdale, they are welcomed vociferously by the whole tribe of Mustards and Peppers, who put poor little Wasp, though he is plucky enough, in deadly terror. Not one of that lot of varmint terriers will turn their back on any mortal thing that comes "wi' skin upon it," for they have been duly entered at the rottens, the tods, and the brocks. Those terriers, and many more of the breed, are mustered among the motley pack

that turned out for the famous fox-hunt. What can be more thrilling than the scene — and Scott himself had been present at many of the sort in his bright and joyous youth — when farmers and shepherds have gathered from all airts of the compass, at the break of the dawn, to wage irregular war with the lamb-slayer? The fleecy vapours are floating round the crests of the hills; they are rolling in dense grey wreaths in the depths of the rugged valleys. The hunters, holding their fierce greyhounds in leash, are perched on each beetling craig and commanding eminence. One of the hounds gives tongue in the hollow, and as the fox is driven from the stronghold in which he has vainly sought shelter, the pack is slipped, and the sturdy shepherds come plunging down towards the maddening chase, manfully regardless of neck or limb. Mustard, Pepper, and their kindred tagrag and bobtail, are yelping hopelessly in the rear, and the lamb-killer is headed, turned, and tossed back among the mob of his worrying savage enemies. Or what is more picturesque as a companion sketch than the romantic night scene, when the Borderers, holding their blazing torches and flaming fire-grates aloft, are marking the salmon by the swirl of the air-bubbles, striking home with the deadly leister, and heaving the wriggling fish shoulder-high? Bank and brae, the rocks in the bed of the river, the boughs of each overhanging tree, and the eager faces, are all brilliantly illuminated in the ruddy glare; and a Rembrandt might have painted them. Destiny had made Scott a man of letters; but for himself, he always asserted that an autocrat in the book world was not to be named in the same day with a successful general. As his soldiering was confined to yeomanry manœuvres on the Lothian sands, he was content to fall back for excitement upon sport, which, in the memorable words of the immortal Jorrocks, is the image of war without its danger.

It was very different with the most distinguished of the modern English novelists, and notably with Dickens and Thackeray. Boz! Boz belonged to the Cockney school, and was only in his element among bricks and mortar. As for Thackeray, he was so far a Cockney that, like Fielding, whom he so heartily admired, he was essentially the man of the town. He frequented the Athenæum in the day, and dropped in at the Garrick of an evening. He is never really happy out of London, and his characters, if they are torn away from that bustling Vanity Fair, are always casting lingering looks behind them. All his favourites belong to the metropolitan world. Warrington stuffs his carpet-bag with tobacco when he goes down to his brother's country seat, yet we do not hear of him taking a gun-case, though the Suffolk partridge-shooting was always unexceptionable. Philip never avails himself of his favour with Lord Ringwood to shoot his lordship's coverts; nor do Clive Newcome and the Colonel think of renting a moor, though we may be very sure that the hero of Bhurtpore had shot tiger and speared many a hog in his day. Yet Thackeray, who draws men and manners like Fielding, glances at sport incidentally. Young Rawdon Crawley, who was a plucky little fellow, never passed a happier day than when "he partook of the sport of rat-hunting at Queen's Crawley with his father and the keepers; and Parson Bute

on his big bay horse had a clerical way of patronising fox-hunting, like Whyte-Melville's Parson Dove in 'Market Harborough.'"

Lever never hunted, so far as we know, but he was fond of horses, galloping through the streets of Florence and elsewhere, with his children mounted on ponies behind him, and riding, like Whyte-Melville's Honourable Crasher, with a shamefully loose rein. But the heroes in his rollicking Irish romances distinguish themselves by breakneck feats, and not a few of his men of the world are mixed up in transactions on the turf. Charles O'Malley might have cleared the donkey-cart on his charger in the streets of Lisbon; but we will never believe that even a Galway-bred Irishman would have ridden a blown horse at the crumbling old deer-park wall under the circumstances when the English captain brought his mare to grief. The pluck of Lever's young warriors is as undeniable as their performances are phenomenal. We must not scan their adventures too closely; but that is a capitally told story where Jack Hinton enters himself at a moment's notice to ride the vicious steeplechaser against Ulick Burke. There are excellent touches in the preliminary night scene when the good priest gives the Guardsman a lead over the course, criticising his fencing with the knowledge of a connoisseur. Whether a corpulent cleric so devoted to poteen and the ladies could have had so light a hand on the curb and so firm a seat in the saddle, is quite another question. More credible, and more sportingly humorous, is the episode where young Dodd and Lord George Tiverton go over with their dark one from Liége to Spa, and give the sporting Belgians a lesson in racing matters. They may be presumed, like Gray Davis and Annesley Becher, to have known more of these mysteries than the novelist, who is perpetually making slips and blunders in his sporting talk.

Anthony Trollope was a good all-round novelist, and devoted to fox-hunting in an easy-going way. We well remember the first occasion when we met him at dinner in a select literary coterie. He engrossed the lion's share of the talk, but it was all on a single subject. He had just been victimised by a horse-dealer, and his mind was full of the grievance. He chose an unfortunate time for blowing off the steam, for doubtless he never carried out his intentions of having the law of his enemy, and if necessary in the House of Lords. It was a pretty sight to see Trollope's burly figure in the hunting-field, pounding forwards with the same determination with which he plodded methodically through his work, and naturally preferring the gates to the fences, for it would have cost him a small fortune to find safe weight-carriers to his satisfaction. But he never dashes off his chapters with a lighter touch than when treating of his darling pursuit. We dare to say, when peregrinating West Ireland in the postal service, he now and then had a day with the Galway Blazers, or some similar pack. There are pretty hunting-scenes in the 'Kellys and O'Kellys,' and others of his early Irish novels. There is no hunting, so far as we remember, in the clerical novels by which he made his reputation. Even the minor canons of Barchester, and in the good old days of Bishop Grantley, could hardly have sneaked out of the close attired in pink and tops. But we learn from the 'Last Chronicle of Barset,' how sharply the Archdeacon looked after the Plumstead foxes, and

Bishop Proudie laughs at a joke about his accepting the mastership of the hounds, with one of his obsequious chaplains for whipper-in. Mark Robarts, in 'Framley Parsonage,' causes scandal to the serious and shocks the sanctimonious by the sporting proclivities he indulges on the sly, and he has an unclerical way of looking into a horse's hoof. In Whyte-Melville's books, the good things in the Midlands come in naturally, but Trollope delights in dragging in a hunt by the head and shoulders, and in introducing us to snug hunting-quarters in some sequestered market-town. He never actually takes his men into the shires, but he loves to plant them in a fair hunting country where the fields are not cramped, where the gorses are well arranged, and where the bullfinches and stiff ox-fences demand bold and skilful riding. The best, or at least the most exciting, day we remember, is when Phineas Finn goes down to the Bull at Willingford, on a visit to the "mad Lord." Lord Chiltern, doing as he would be done by, mounts his friend on the redoubted Bonebreaker, who comes very near to deserving his name. Thanks to luck as well as dash and daring, Phineas escapes scathless; while Lord Chiltern, riding a half-broken puller, has decidedly more fun than he had bargained for, and is the victim of one of those sensational incidents to which we alluded.

Whyte-Melville was known *par excellence* as the sporting novelist. No writer was more universally popular in barracks, in the Service Clubs, and in rainy weather in country houses. Sporting enthusiasts read him for profit as well as entertainment, and picked up many a valuable hint from one whose knowledge, like that of Sam Weller, was both extensive and peculiar. But Melville was much misunderstood by many who were incapable of comprehending him. He was much more than a sportsman with a pleasant style. No man had a lighter touch with a love episode, and he identified himself with feminine character of many kinds in a manner that is feminine nature itself. He was a man of the world—a man of wide if superficial culture; and what was more to the purpose, as he showed in his later books, he was an unaffected Christian, without a suspicion of cant. The scholar who wrote 'The Gladiators' might have done even greater things, had he chosen to be more ambitious. Take him all round, perhaps we know nothing better than his 'Market Harborough.' Like the "Dandy" before he was knocked about, it always goes well within itself, and nothing can beat it over a short distance. In our flying notice of Whyte-Melville we cannot profess to quote exactly from memory, and it would be absurd to verify each recollection as if we were groping among musty folios of the fathers. But some of the speeches are epigrammatic, in spite of the flavour of the stable. Except Mr Sawyer himself, there is no better character than his old groom, shrewd in the brain, short in the tongue, and shorter still in the temper. By an act of loyal rascality Isaac has persuaded the factotum of the Honourable Crasher to buy the worst horse in Mr Sawyer's small stable at an abnormal price. The brute is entered for a steeplechase, and breaks down altogether on the trials. The puzzled stud-groom asks old Isaac confidentially what he would advise, and the oracle answers, "Enter the 'oss for this 'ere race, and lay agin' him for the very shirt on your back." Then when the buyer of the impostor, making

the best of a bad bargain, hitches him up with another horse that has been but once in harness before, and the pair have very naturally bolted when the gentlemen are driving home from Parson Dove's dinner, Mr Sawyer stiffens his legs, hardens his heart, and observes quietly to the coachman, "Are they not going rather free?" "Remarkably free," is the answer of the Honourable; "but I like to see horses run up to their bits." The sequel, of course, is the smash, when they charge a gate "without rising to it." These are samples of Melville's free-and-easy manner, and we might cite any number of examples of his intimate acquaintance with horse-flesh, in his criticisms on legs and loins, on hocks, withers, and shoulders. Then a frost sets in; he strips his hunting attire, and asks us to accompany him to the gaieties of fashionable London. At picnics at Richmond, or dinners at Greenwich, he is the life and soul of his sparkling company. It is only a pity that his genius idealises: were life as he has painted it, it would be far less dull. The Park parade is one of his favourite scenes, and he delights in an outing at some suburban race-meeting like Hampton. Nor is he less happy in the country lanes or in some enchanting village, though for the most part there are sporting proclivities among the rustics he describes. There is the sturdy keeper devoted to the old family, who makes pheasant-breeding the absorbing business of his life, but who preserves the foxes as matter of conscience. Or the peasant with an amiable weakness for poaching, though not altogether bad friends with the keeper; or the swarthy gipsy who forages for the kettle as he goes, travelling from race-meeting to race-meeting, or wherever there is money to be made. His novels are thoroughly wholesome: they breathe the spirit of honour, manliness, and courage throughout, for Melville thinks, like young East in 'Tom Brown's School Days,' that "it is only pluck that will wash." And by the way, in that masterpiece of Mr Tom Hughes's,—perhaps the best boy's life that ever was written,—there are admirable passages in the old-fashioned sporting line. Especially the account of the coaching breakfast in the parlour hung with coaching prints; and the bout at singlestick open to all comers, where the young swaggerer is beaten by the veteran at the village fair.

Whyte-Melville's death was a sad though scarcely an unsuitable one. He had something of the hearty, generous, unselfish sociability of his "Uncle John," and few men have been more deeply regretted by personal friends and innumerable admirers. He left a host of imitators behind him, and not a few who stand out from the ruck, did their master no little credit. We cannot pretend to pass even the most clever of them in review, but we doubt whether any is superior to Major Hawley Smart, who came to the front in 'Breezie Langton.' As for Surtees, he struck out a line of his own. No books are more essentially sporting, though whenever he takes us into society he sinks into absurdity. There is a deal of excellent buffoonery about the respectable Jorrocks, and there is infinite drollery in the lectures he delivered. There is a rich fund of apposite anecdote, and his happy reminiscences were always to the point. But Jorrocks is a brilliant impossibility. It is extravagant beyond belief that a vulgar old city grocer should have been taken away from his and

and tea-canisters to preside over the social gaieties in a pseudo-fashionable hunt; and the action brought to establish his insanity is incredible burlesque. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same may be said of the hero of 'Mr Romford's Hounds.' An impostor like Facey, with the manners of a pig-driver and the instincts of a poacher, would never have been tolerated in any respectable country house. Nor would he have carried out his successive swindles, putting his lordship's mansion to wrack and pillage, and breaking the locks which secured the cellars, without having to change the scene of his exploits from the hunting-field to the treadmill. It may be said that in saying so much we have no sense of humour; but we draw the line between the droll and the incredible. And as for 'Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour,' which is far away the most amusing of the author's productions, we plead guilty not only to reading it repeatedly, but to having committed to heart great part of the contents. Soapey himself, with his sublimity of impudence, may be allowed to pass muster. He is fair-seeming enough to give point to the running joke as to the difficulty of dislodging him from snug quarters. Then the series of sporting scenes is entertaining in the extreme, and all are in conformity with the hero's character. Mr Sponge going to a third-rate dealer to purchase a stud for his expedition; Mr Sponge trying to dispose of a vicious brute like Hercules, or blemished screw like his piebald hack; Mr Sponge being bolted with on the iron-jawed Multum in Parvo, to the indignation of the huntsman and the damage of the hounds. There is as much truth as cynicism, and a sound moral to boot, in the story of how Sponge came to an understanding with Spraggon; and there is a moral too in Mr Waffles going towards grief at a hand-gallop, with his parasites and flatterers hallooing at his heels, and in the smash which destroys the health and the fortune of the feather-brained Sir Henry Scattercash. But even in 'Mr Sponge,' when there are attempts at sketches of society, we still detect the cloven foot; and it is strange that Surtees, who belonged to a good old Durham family, should have gone so wide of the mark in drawing a gentleman or lady. The difference between the two is notable when we turn to the brilliant sporting scenes in the novels of the author of 'Mine is Thine' and 'Fair to See.' Colonel Lockhart, one of the most valued contributors to 'Maga,' though brimming over with fun and humour, always wrote as a gentleman, and as a gentleman who, being always made welcome everywhere, was thoroughly at home on the moors and hills. Nothing can be more delightful than the day in August on Finmore, when the change in Cosmo's shooting soothes the spirit of the grumbling keeper, after he has been brightened up by the invitation to lunch with his lady-love. Nothing can be more felicitous than the incident which precipitates his declaration, when he has had a narrow escape of shooting her in the deer-drive.

It is remarkable that American novelists have made so little of those magnificent materials for sporting romance that were once to be found in their boundless territories. There are only two men of genius whose books have had any popularity on this side of the Atlantic; and it is strange that Washington Irving and Cooper should have had few successful imitators. As for the former, he was rather the historian of veritable adventure—though the enter-

prise, the perils, and the sufferings of the Western trappers and fur-hunters are as thrilling as anything the fancy could have conceived. The escapes of these daring men—and many of them lived to a green old age—seem simply miraculous. Burdened with their traps and ammunition, and encumbered with baggage-animals, they habitually risked their scalps for the hard-won gains which would be lost in a single night of gambling, or squandered in a week of drunken debauchery. They carried their recklessness into everything, and yet they combined it with a coolness and presence of mind which never failed them in the most desperate emergency. They hunted for months, season after season, in the country of hostile Indians, jealous of the white intruders on their hunting-grounds, and as keen as quick to read their "sign." A broken twig or a crushed blade of grass might be enough to betray them. They launched their frail canoes on the streams, shooting down the rapids, and risking shipwreck among rocks and snags, knowing that the water left no trail. Yet each thicket might shelter the lurking enemy, and they paddled with each sharpened sense on the alert. The flight of a wild duck, a strip of bark floating on the river, or the sudden plunge of the otter or the musk-rat round a wooded corner, was enough to give the alarm. They knew no mercy, as they felt no fear, and neither gave nor expected quarter. Had we never read Washington Irving, we should have found far less enjoyment in the delightfully sensational romances of Mayne Reid; for we always liked to think fiction credible. But even when Reid is giving the rein to his imagination, he can hardly overcolour such experiences and exploits as those of the exploring pioneers of the rival Fur Companies—of Captain Barneville and his determined followers. Mayne Reid individualises, and perhaps idealises, the trappers. Old Rube must surely have taken life seriously, in his lonely wanderings and absorbing anxieties about himself and his scalp; nevertheless he is full of quaint dry humour. We remember well how we used to laugh over his vigorous Western vernacular, his "dod-rotted old skunks," and other flowers of speech. Naturally he and his staunch comrade, Bill Gary, had as many lives as the proverbial cat. They were always coming to grief and slipping out of it somehow. There is the scene, for example, where the Indians surprise the hunting camp, and Rube vanishes into the bushes in the clouds of powder-smoke. His comrades give him up; but we know better, and are nowise concerned about his safety. He will assuredly turn up again sooner or later. Nor will he consent to be robbed of the vicious, cross-tailed old mule, which he loves better than anything, except perhaps Bill Gary; and he hazards his life to recover his lady-love, when she is picketed near the Indian tents, almost within sight of the howling curs who do duty as sleepless sentinels. Moreover, Mayne Reid dilates, in dramatic fashion, on all the savage and dangerous zoology of the regions between the Missouri and the Rio Grande. We escape being crushed in the headlong rush of the buffaloes who swarmed in countless herds; we are introduced to the grizzly, with his deadly tenacity of life; to the savage peccaries, or Mexican hogs, with their bristling cuirasses and their gleaming tusks, who hunted the wayfarer into trees, and there beleaguered him. We listen to the wail of the starving wolf, and the mournful night-howl

of the cowardly coyote. And as we lie down in fancy with the hunter by his fire, we people the darkness with the prowling beasts of prey, and drag the folds of the blanket closer about us as we feel the first rain-drops of the approaching storm.

There can be no doubt as to Cooper's idealising the red man, for he made him impressionable to all the softer passions, and he painted a noble type of barbaric chivalry in Uncas, the last of the Mohicans. The real Indian was a very different being, as we learn by reference to the more matter-of-fact volumes of Catlin. Nevertheless, and not only to boys, Cooper's novels in this way are unapproachable. But they should be as familiar as that preliminary epistle in 'Marmion' which we did not venture to quote. Sensation follows on sensation, and each strong situation has a satisfactory termination, save occasionally when there is a touching but natural piece of tragedy. We lose ourselves with the scout and his comrades in the woods, alarmed at the terrors which threaten each step in advance, but confident in the instincts and courage of our guides. In log-forts or lumbering scows, in bark-canoes on the rivers, or in small craft on the great lakes, we are beset by all manner of mortal perils. And we have an epitome of the whole range of border adventure and frontier history in the graphic and vivid biography of Mr Bumpo, from the days when, in the highlands between the Hudson and the Canadas, he won from the Mingoes his name of Hawkeye, and from the French his *sobriquet* of La longue Carabine, to his last appearance on the Western prairies, a superannuated trapper, with a toothless hound.

Imagination has an easy task in good sporting novels; memory and sympathy have more to do with the matter. No man can describe a fox-hunt or a stalk who is not familiar with the experiences of the one and the other—who has not exulted in their triumphs or stoically resigned himself to their disappointments. So it is an easy and very natural transition from sport in fiction to sport in fact. The commonplace satirist says of course that there is as much of romancing in the one as the other, and that the most successful shots with the deadly breech-loader—according to themselves—are at least as sure with the longbow. Honestly, we don't believe it. It is only in human nature to add an inch or so to the length of a tiger, or literally to stretch a point in measuring the antlers of some monarch of the hill; but we have come to the conclusion from internal presumptions that the most brilliant sportsmen are truthful men. Not to speak of the tangible trophies they have collected, assuredly, as a rule, they are singularly candid as to their blank days and discreditable misses. Nor are we surprised at that, for they can well afford to be frank: it is only your pretender who is tempted to falsehood. It is more astonishing that almost without exception they are charming writers, with a genius for scenery-painting and an instinct for style. To begin at home, take the writers on Scotland. They abound in picturesque incidents in what we may call the domestic drama of field and fell, hill and woodland. Scrope, of the deer-forest and the salmon-pool, is the father of them all. Scrope, the tenant of the Pavilion water on Tweed, and the neighbour of Scott at Abbotsford, who so overwhelmed Lady Scott with gifts of game, that her gratitude burst all bounds, and the southern sportsman was invited to

dine in Castle Street, when the Magician was still staggering heroically under the shock of the great disaster. Scrope is the historian of the Forest of Athole. The lonely Forest Lodge was given over to his use, and be it said without disrespect, he was the honorary head-forester as well as the familiar friend of his Grace. He was the first to treat of the science and ethics of stalking. At that time the Forest of Athole was believed to contain between four thousand and five thousand deer, and Scrope had *carte blanche* to supply the larder which was always being emptied by the Duke's generosity. The gentleman of the olden school writes with something of old-fashioned formality. But nothing can be more graphic than his sketches of such deer-drives as could never be shown by Highland chieftains to the kings of the house of Stuart; of the difficulties of getting "a quiet shot" when the treacherous breezes were twisting in the corries round all points of the compass, or when, with the mountain rills in flood, the stalker took lessons from the otter; of the visits of phenomenal harts from the sanctuaries of Cairngorm, for those in Athole were comparatively small, thanks to continual shooting; of the incursions of the wild Highlandmen from Badenoch, who loved the sport for its own sake so well, that even when captured they would not promise to renounce it; and of the superstitions that peopled secluded lodges with evil spirits, and which throned the malignant witch of Ben-y-Gloe above the impracticable cliffs of that cloud-capped mountain. The chapters are scented with peat-reek and Glenlivet, for there was no stinting the whisky in those jovial days, and it is Scrope who stands sponsor to the good story of the gillie who was positively cuirassed with pewter flasks. Next comes the author of 'The Moor and the Loch,' that admirable encyclopædia of field-sports. Colquhoun in his later days looked back with fond regret to the period that had preceded the strict preserving; when the nocturnal wail of the watchful colony of wild cats could still be heard on the shores of many a loch; when the foxes took their tribute of the lambs in Glenfalloch, and when the golden eagle and the peregrine perennially nursed their broods on ledges overhanging Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine.

St John, again, has the same tale to tell of wild shooting and free ranging. We owe a debt of gratitude to the late Cosmo Innes for overcoming the quiet Englishman's native modesty, and persuading him to take to the pen. It was a case of Gilbert White *redivivus*, with the eager sportsman thrown in, when he broke ground in the 'Quarterly.' His was really a romantic life, though apparently a very uneventful one. The southern of moderate means chose to settle in the north. First he occupied a house at Elgin, where he half domesticated the wild birds that haunted the shrubberies, the orchards, and the creepers on the crumbling walls. Then he transferred his quarters to Invererne, an estate, as we fancy, of no great extent, but one which was excellently adapted to his tastes. We know nothing more inspiriting, if not exciting, than the chronicles in the 'Highland Wild Sports,' or in the 'Natural History and Sport in Moray.' He had no great train of followers like Scrope in the territory of Athole. A single keeper sufficed for his wants,—old Donald, a reclaimed poacher and a walking treasury of legend and superstition, who, we are sorry to know, after his master's death had fallen again

upon evil days. As he shot for sport and not for butchery, Donald and his master managed the game-bags between them. Away among the surf-beaten sand-hills of Culbleen, peopled with gigantic foxes and swarming with the rabbits which had gnawed the furze into the shapes of sofas and ottomans, among pools haunted by the wild ducks and near to an estuary frequented by the seals, to all intents he was lost like Crusoe in a wilderness. Then, as we said, he had leave and licence to wander where he pleased. The lands, belonging to The Mackintosh, have since been afforested, where he was abroad for three days and a couple of nights on that memorable chase after the muckle hart of Benmore. Nor was it light work circumventing the wary veteran, when all the ground being a sheep-walk, he was kept perpetually on the move. Even more exciting was the December day among the ptarmigan, where, slipping with the snow-drift in retrieving his game, St John nearly descended in an avalanche to the moorland far beneath; and then came the episode when, even with the local lights of the shepherd who guided him, they seemed hopelessly lost in the snowstorm on their way homewards to the shealing. And St John was an explorer and a traveller as well, for he drove his boat-carriage into almost unknown scenery, when he went on his "Tour in Sutherland." We cannot sympathise with him in his harrying of the ospreys' nests; but nevertheless that bird-nesting extraordinary is picturesquely described. There lies the desolate landscape before us. The solitary truncated column in the centre of the lonely loch, evidently intended by nature as the osprey's impregnable nesting-place, before the Celtic barbarian learned the value of the eggs. There is St John's companion stripped and striking out for the sanctuary, and there are the outraged parents screaming overhead, and stooping impotently instead of striking home.

It is a far cry from the verdant shores of the Scottish lochs to sultry South Africa and blazing Hindustan, — to the waterless Karoo and the pestilential Terai. But these, since we annexed the Cape and appropriated the territories of the fallen Mogul dynasty, have been the favourite preserves of our foreign-going sportsmen. Chief among the books of our boyish predilections was Harris's 'Wild Sports in South Africa,' and we still consider it an embodiment of all that is adventurously heroic. We see the dashing qualities and the stern determination which founded our vast colonial empire in the invalided soldier who spends his Indian sick-leave in the vicissitudes of pleasure, danger, and hardship. The camel has been called the ship of the desert. With far better reason the lumbering Cape waggon may be styled the ship of the wilderness. It puts forth from some outlying township freighted with the stores that may serve for many months with the help of the hunter's rifle. In its ponderous strength combined with extreme flexibility, it crosses ravines, fords, treacherous rivers in flood, and when it comes to occasional shipwreck, can be set afloat again by its crew. It is ballasted with lead for bullets, and becomes top-heavy with its sporting trophies when the trip has been fortunate. It goes forth among savage pirates and land-sharks, though stored with the inestimable treasures that tempt their cupidity in the shape of coloured beads and gaudy cottons. Harris was among the first of those daring adventurers; and why Moselekatse, the autocratic chief of the

Matibili, should not have murdered the intruder offhand, has always been a mystery to us. As it was, the traveller made terms with the ferocious chieftain, and under the guidance of his bloodthirsty warriors was let loose in a paradise of game. What a change there is between then and now! Then countless herds of antelopes, migrating like the lemmings and the locusts, and devouring every green thing before them, covered the plains where the boom of the diamond-digging has sent land-lots to fabulous prices. Then "the huge hippopotamus wallowed at will" in the pools which have been feeding the cradles of the gold-diggers. All that was nothing to the ambitious explorer, who scorned the butchery of such insignificant beasts. His soul was set upon the distant elephants, but on the way to them his adventures and escapes were manifold. He was charged at every turn by the rhinoceros, white and black, with their bloodshot, vicious, twinkling little eyes. Luckily the brutes were pigheaded and short-sighted, or he would have left his corpse as well as the shreds of his clothing in the thick thorn-scrub through which he retreated. Then the fountains where he outspanned of a night were favourite locations for the lions, and the lions were never more enterprising than when the torrents of a thunderstorm extinguished the fires. The roaring awakened the echoes all around, and even when weary it was difficult to sleep to such a lullaby. Once a slumbering Hottentot had been snatched away from the palisaded camp-fire, and there could be no guarantee against a repetition of the incident. But all perils and hardships were more than repaid at the first sight of the glorious camelopard, with his spotted robe of glossy velvet and his graceful neck as he browsed on the foliage of the lofty mimosas. Yet the crowning sensation was still to come, and it is commemorated in a drawing which, like all the rest of the illustrations, is ludicrously devoid of perspective. Nevertheless it is picturesque, and we well remember it. The mounted sportsmen in the foreground, going at full gallop, are looking down a rocky but well-timbered valley. Everywhere among the groups of noble trees are scattered the elephants of both sexes and all sizes. We doubt if such a sight is to be seen anywhere now, even in the most shadowy recesses of the Dark Continent. Certainly the sportsmen of these latter days can never attack under such dangerously unfavourable circumstances. Harris and his companion knew nothing of breech-loaders, of the deadly Express, or of the vital-rending explosive shell. The first shots from the heaviest charges merely roused the good-humoured monster to a paroxysm of fury, and then the hunter became the hunted, having to turn and wind among the trees, and hazarding many a header among the slippery stones. Even the heart of one of the unimpressionable Hottentots almost came to a standstill, as with faltering accents he stuttered out to his master, "Dar stand de oliphant." And we recollect how Harris, sated with slaughter and sport, having had many a close shave of it from sickness, sunstroke, and intolerable thirst, was almost helplessly stranded in his waggons, within sight of the settlements. For the tiny bushmen, formidable from their poisoned arrows, had "lifted" and maliciously murdered his draught-oxen. We need not touch on the similar proceedings of Gordon Cumming, who followed in Harris's footsteps, making four

or five trips to the interior; for the art of the gunsmith had been making progress, and as Cumming was more effectively equipped, and was visiting districts which had already been explored, so far his book is less exciting. As for Harris's volume, we may fairly ask, Can anything in fiction be more sensational?

The Cape is all on the way to India, where Harris, who belonged to the Bombay Presidency, had graduated. Indian shooting is not what it once was; the big game has been killed down to a great extent in the territories that have been long under British rule; but, on the other hand, we have been extending our suzerainty in the North-West, and over the ranges that are the "Roof of the World."

One of the best books on Indian sport is 'The Old Forest Ranger.' The author, Campbell of Skipness, was a Scotsman and a Highlander. He protests that the incidents are strictly veracious, and we suppose we must believe him, though some of them, such as the netting and the spearing of the tiger, are startling enough. In any case, the book is well worth reading as a picture of Anglo-Indian life in the olden time. The mouths of contemporary civilians must water now to read of Mansfield, drawing a princely income, treated respectfully as any Sultan or Rajah, and shifting his hunting-camp about the country, with his train of servants and his stud of Arabs. The scenes are laid mainly in the Neilgherries, and we suspect that the sambur and the lordly bison, and even the skulking tiger, have been disappearing before the popularity of fashionable sanatoria, the fall of the forests, and the spread of the tea and coffee plantations. He may lay on the colouring a little thick, but the Forest Ranger knew how to paint. Beating for tiger with a line of natives on foot, in fragrant orange-groves and through dense thickets of richly flowering rhododendra, is surely the very poetry of sport, if it sometimes turns to tragedy. Not excepting that tiger-spearing by the Falls of the Cauvery, there is no more thrilling chapter than that where, penetrating the recesses of the trackless forest, the Ranger intrudes on the haunts of the bison. We hold our breath as we follow the aboriginal pagan, contemptuous of the peons and shikaris from the plains, as he reads the signs that are invisible to the Englishmen. The shots are fired, and the sportsmen have to dodge the mad charge of the infuriated bull, while the herd are stampeding around like the wild cattle in Chillingham Park. The Ranger declares the charge of the bison to be one of the worst dangers of Indian sport. There he is contradicted by Captain Forsyth, one of the keenest and most self-reliant of shikaris, who wrote 'The Highlands of Central India,' of which he had long experience. Both authorities agree with Shakspeare and all other writers in expatiating on the delights and the glories of hog-hunting. In fact, fox-hunting, with the most formidable blind fences, and the most impracticable streams with their rotten banks, is nowhere by comparison. The galloping ground may be among rifts, nullahs, and pitfalls, where horse and man, mixed up together anyhow, may trip and roll over like a shot rabbit. There is an exciting chapter in 'The Ranger' with a pathetic *dénouement*, when Mansfield and Charles are riding for the spear down a rocky descent that makes one shudder to read of. No wonder that the legs of the pig-stickers' horses should be seamed and blemished with honourable

scars. Overhauling the quarry on their blown Arabs, the beautiful Challenger is ripped to death. And a veteran boar, with his leathern cuirass and his razor-like tusks, is the most awkward of enemies when his blood is up. His pluck is even better than his pace, and his astuteness is diabolical. The author of 'Tent Life in Tigerland' tells how the boar will wheel round and wait, within easy charging distance of an ugly obstacle, ready to take his pursuers at advantage. Mr Inglis was once lucky enough to assist at a moonlight duel between a boar and a tiger. While the tiger was plying claws and teeth, the boar was busy with his tusks, and probably both would have been left lifeless on the field of battle, even had the spectator not interfered and finished them. But for sharpish rounds with the pigs, give us the reminiscences of General Shakspeare. He was perpetually coming to grief and being crumpled up, his collar-bone and ribs were continually being fractured, and he brought home many a scar, by way of souvenir.

Of course the royal tiger figures as first hero in all those Indian books. Forsyth, perhaps, enables us best to realise what a scourge the tiger may be to a district. He was surveying among the Central Indian hills, and the tigers infested the malarious jungles and the scrubby banks of the watercourses, which come up to the outskirts of the lower villages. The hill-tigers, content with venison, did little damage to human beings, except when tempted by the unprotected pilgrims who bivouacked round the hill—sanctuary of Siva. The tigers of the plain fattened chiefly on beef, and seldom even troubled the herdsmen till they became lazy or superannuated. But having once picked up a stray child or a belated woman, they at once acquire a liking for human flesh, and they soon learn that it is to be obtained with the minimum of exertion. They haunt the field-paths, changing the places of ambush, and distributing their attentions between different villages. The beleaguered community scarcely dares to draw water; supplies are cut off, the cattle must be tended in mortal peril, and all cultivation is gradually suspended. So the panic-stricken and starving population takes to flight, and rice-swamp and corn-field are overrun by the jungle.

From chivalry or philanthropy or love of the sport, there are generally Englishmen in our own territories ready to tackle the scourges. But as Forsyth shows—and he treats the subject scientifically and exhaustively—it is extremely difficult to hunt down any particular tiger. It needs knowledge, tact, and time, great endurance, and inexhaustible patience; moreover, at best it is an expensive business. He tells himself of agonies from thirst, aggravated by mortifying failures and disappointment. And when the flying chance does come at last, in the shape of a flash of brindled hide shooting swiftly across a clearing, it is not every man who can hold steady and shoot straight. Moreover, the natives' superstitions must be reckoned with, and no superstitions are more fantastic. They believe the tiger to be possessed with a malignant spirit, who will be revenged on them if they turn informer as to his haunts and his habits. He strikes somebody down, and forthwith the spirit of the victim enters into alliance with the feline murderer. In some parts there is a ghastly practice of leaving the half-devoured remains as they lie, and constructing a platform on a neighbouring tree, on the chance

of a shot should the tiger return. *Apropos* to which, both Forsyth and Shakspeare have the same ghastly story. A pious son had set himself to watch over his father's body. The tiger came slinking out of the cover, when the corpse raised one arm with a waving gesture. The tiger took the hint and retreated, when the watcher, who must have been gifted with iron nerve, descended and tied down the arm. The tiger reappeared, the corpse signalled with the other arm, which was secured in its turn; but having foolishly tempted its fate a third time, the brute was duly bagged.

There are two methods of bagging the tiger. In Central and Southern India they generally seem to shoot him on foot, or only use an elephant to carry the sportsman. We need not say that is desperately dangerous, since the tiger possesses intense vitality, and there is never a certainty of instantaneous death. A tiger with a ball in the heart or the brain may live long enough to go for his enemy; and Shakspeare, with his usual ill-luck, was once grievously mauled, although he picked himself up and played out the *parti*, after he had qualified many times over for the hospital. Forsyth, who combined caution with resolution, nevertheless frequently risked a standing shot in circumstances which would have scared the most daring of northern sportsmen. In the north they go tiger-shooting with a pomp and ceremony which only suits high civilians with deep purses, or the planters, who have not only elephants of their own, but can lay the zemindars who deal with them under contribution. The best and most recent account of the northern sport is given in Inglis's 'Tent Life in Tigerland.' He was an indigo-grower who directed extensive concerns on the borders of the Nepaul Terai, and on the north-western frontiers of Oude. Like the old Forest Ranger, he describes society as well as sport, and adventure rapidly succeeds adventure. He throws off with the sketch of a luxurious camp, where half-a-dozen wealthy planters had met for a hunting holiday. The dinner-tables were spread, the wine was cooling, when they had a warning that in the midst of life we are in death. The dinner-tent was charged by a mighty tusker maddened in the rutting season, and the members of the party had a miraculous escape. But those elephants are uncanny beasts at the best; and it is rare indeed to find one so staunch as to be steady when a tiger hangs clawing to his hind-quarters. Both Inglis and Forsyth relate unpleasant incidents, when the tiger got a hold on the back-bars of the howdah, and when there was no possibility of shooting even at that disagreeably short range, since the elephant was rolling like a ship in a hurricane. A runaway horse is bad enough, but an elephant bolting in the jungle is far worse. Naturally, when timid or ill trained, they will turn tail to a charging tiger; and then the howdah is probably smashed to smithereens, and the rider has to dodge the impending boughs. But there are other accidents against which it is impossible to guard. These forests flow with honey, if not with milk; the howdah rasps up against a pendent bees' nest; the angry swarms, as big as hornets, issue forth, and unless the sportsman has taken his precautions, he may probably be stung to death. But as these assaults are of common occurrence, he is provided with wrappings in which to envelop himself, although even then he has to thread the branches

blindfold, with a reasonable chance of his brains being shattered.

There are wonderfully dramatic episodes in 'Tent Life,' of which either the writer or his intimates were the heroes, illustrating the risks and hairbreadth escapes of sportsmen on the northern frontier. We can only allude to one or two of them. One is a *tête-à-tête* with a mangy old man-eater in the dark interior of an abandoned shrine, when the death-shot was guided by the eyes that were glittering in the gloom like twin emeralds. Another is the chase of a wounded tiger, followed up by Inglis on an elephant without a mahout, through a waterless desert of sand-hills, where the wind covered up his tracks. He had foolishly started when suffering from fever: when he lost sight of the fiend which seemed to have been luring him to his destruction, he had not the faintest notion of his bearings, and he had suffered all the horrors of frenzy and thirst, when he was found in a dying state by his servants. The most thrilling incident of all would have also ended fatally except for a similar deliverance when all seemed over. In India as in Africa, the aboriginal forest tribes have a disagreeable habit of digging pitfalls for big game, and these pits are disposed in the forest-rides which naturally tempt the sportsmen. The treacherous covering is arranged so as to defy detection. Into one of them a friend of Mr Inglis chanced to slip. He lighted soft on the mud at the bottom, happily avoiding the pointed stakes meant to impale the game. In vain he tried to scramble out, for the pit sloped inwards towards the aperture; and there was no one to hear his cries for help. It seemed that his sufferings would be more speedily ended than he expected, for the monsoon happened to burst upon him in torrents, and, the water trickling down from scores of little rills, began to rise around him by inches. It was a very narrow shave indeed, though we need not say he survived to tell the story, for one of his attendants chanced to come within earshot when he had given himself over to despair.

And now we may wind up with an exhilarating change from the plains of the Peninsula to the heights of the Himalayas and the storm-beaten plateaux between Kashmere and Thibet. The last of the sporting books on India is one of the most delightful, and General Macintyre's 'Hindu Koh' is full of daring adventure and brilliant scene-painting from the first chapter to the last. It is a bulky volume, and yet we could have wished it were bigger. Comparisons are odious, and we do not wish to depreciate the feats of the plucky Alpine pioneers who stormed the Mont Cervin and ravished the Jungfrau. But here we have a man who, by way of recreation, goes mountaineering among the loftiest peaks and passes of the Old World without any of the equipment of ropes and ladders and experienced guides. In place of the helpful alpenstock, he is encumbered with the heavy rifle; when he seeks rest after the tremendous labours of the day, he is often bivouacking on a shelving couch of rock, where he has almost literally to hang on by his eyelids. He thinks little of the passes, some 20,000 feet above the sea-level, which have to be crossed in the ordinary course of business. Yet each breath as he toils upward is drawn with difficulty, and the blood is beating painfully in the brain and the pulses. He comforts himself by thinking that when the crest is passed he will have an easier time of it on the

other side. But the normal state of things in those shadeless valleys is disagreeable enough. The glare from the ground is almost intolerable: what with the blazing sun and the shrivelling wind, the skin parches and cracks, and the bloodshot eyes would be blinded were it not for the protection of thick green goggles. Be it remembered that the sportsman who cheerfully faces all this has been training for his exertions in the sultry confinement of Indian cantonments. We rise in the book through a succession of sensations. First, General Macintyre describes the Dehra Doon, with its rushing rivers and romantic forest-scenery, where the game has been grievously thinned since he shot its thickets as a subaltern. Then he takes us to the orchards of the Vale of Cashmere, where the bears who have been attracted by the apricots and the honey, may be quietly potted in the fruit-trees. Next we shoot the jungles on the lower spurs of the great range, where these ravaging bears have their habitual lairs, and where small deer and jungle-fowl are to be found in profusion. We climb upwards to the central belt through rocky ravines, where the hill sheep and goat descend in the season when the ground is undisturbed, and where the coverts of rhododendron that clothe the precipices swarm with rare species of jungle-fowl, and with gorgeous varieties of the painted pheasant.

Finally, we are up upon the Roof of the World, among the sheep and goats with unpronounceable native names, among the yaks and the troops of wild ponies which are regarded by the sportsman as a nuisance. The sweep and solidity of the horns of some of those sure-footed denizens of the cliffs is simply portentous. No wonder an enthusiastic sportsman is ready to risk his life for them, and naturally they must, as a rule, be stalked from above. A man may break his neck very easily in a fall of some forty feet; but the strain on the nerves is increased appreciably when the result of a slip may be a rebound from rock to rock, with a sheer drop of several thousand feet to the bottom. Making a long cast in cold blood was trying enough for General Macintyre, when he could pick and choose the line of circumvention. But repeatedly when the game was near there was nothing for it but to tempt Providence in the most audacious fashion. Often the General got into a tight place where retreat was at least as difficult as advance. Sometimes he had to scramble along a slope damped by the rain, and rather steeper than the average roof of an English house. Once, by way of complication, he put out his shoulder in one of the most dangerous deadlocks it is possible to conceive, and had to direct an operation of rough-and-ready surgery before he could make any attempt at extrication. And moreover, he was generally shod in double-soled shooting-boots, while his aboriginal companions, used to those mountains from infancy, went bare-footed or in sandals. To shoot with straight powder under such conditions, to come back in safety with a collection of magnificent trophies, does equal credit to his nerve, his *physique*, and his courage. To cap these daring experiences of his would be an anti-climax, and so long as our enervated soldiers elect to go in for such holiday-making, we fancy our new scientific frontier will be satisfactorily defended.

A NIGHT IN A MOORISH HUMMUM.

A PALACE-GARDEN; on every side groves of orange-trees laden with their golden fruit, while some even bear waxlike blossoms that scent the morning air with their fragrance. It is May, the month of spring. Deep in the shade trickles a tiny stream, breathing sweet music as it ripples over the pebbles. Here and there above the orange-trees a cypress or a palm rears its head into the azure sky. At the further end of a long avenue are three white arches of the pure Moorish type that form the façade of one of the buildings of the palace. There is no sound but the splashing of the rivulet and the humming of the insects.

Only one blot upon the whole scene: two Englishmen—one of them myself; two men in *pijamas*, lying back in long cane-chairs, watching in silence the little rings of cigarette-smoke rise like bubbles and die away in the foliage above. Both silent, scarcely moving, except now and again to sip black coffee from tiny cups that lie on a Moorish table.

Above my head, on a bough, sits a great green lizard, watching me with his sharp little eyes, marvelling, perhaps, that such monsters as men are allowed to live—creatures that blow fire and smoke out of their mouths, like the "djins" that are said to inhabit the mountains. A flight of bee-eaters, all gold and turquoise under the morning sun, wheel and circle gracefully overhead. Even the lizard fell asleep, and the bee-eaters ceased their flight.

How infectious is Eastern life! The very air seems to breathe lassitude and languor, and to make one feel that all reality has been left far away, and that one is living in a land of dreams.

My cigarette had burned out. I called my Arab servant, who waited near, so as always to be at hand, to bring more.

My words—few though they were—broke the spell; slowly my companion turned toward me.

"We are too lazy," he said. "Let us get up and take our guns, and try and get a few partridges or sand-grouse outside the city walls."

"Certainly," I answered; then turning to my Arab, called to him—"Bring our guns and fifty cartridges."

A few minutes later he appeared with the weapons. Neither of us stirred. Another half-hour passed by. It was too late then to think of shooting, for the sun was already high, and the city of Morocco in May is not a place rashly to venture out in during the hot hours of the day.

I laughed aloud.

For a second time the spell was broken—this time really broken.

"Old boy," I said, "we are letting time slip by too fast. Our few weeks in Morocco city will soon be passed, and we have seen next to nothing."

"Seen next to nothing!" C. responded in a voice of astonishment; "why, you have seen the Sultan in all his glory, under the imperial umbrella—a sight precious few Europeans have seen, I can tell you. You have dined, and made yourself ill, at an imperial dinner-party; you have steamed in the Emperor's launch and picnicked in the Emperor's gardens; you have ridden races in

the *Agidal*![1] Why, you are living in a palace now, with imperial servants to wait on you, with imperial horses to ride, with imperial guards to look after you! You have seen the great tower of the Kutubia and the bazaars, and yet you have the cheek to say you have seen nothing;" and he ended in a snort, then mumbled, "seen nothing, indeed!"

"Why," I laughed, "that is the longest speech I have ever heard you make. True, I have seen all those things, but I want more; I want to see the mosques and the baths."

"And get your throat cut."

"No, no! anything but that; but I am getting this native air so instilled into me, that I feel, in spite of all you have said, *blasé* of palaces and suchlike. I want excitement—to see something all men don't see—to have a little experience of my own."

"Oh, I know what you want," C. responded; "you want to see something no one else sees—something that, if you were caught seeing, you would run a risk of being killed."

"Exactly," I answered—"something exciting. I want to——"

"Yes, I know exactly," he interrupted; "you want to have done something the others haven't done, so that when you get back you can talk about it, and perhaps write an article about it, and make yourself out more or less of a hero."

"Well, not exactly that," I laughed.

"Would you like to go to the Hummum?"

"Certainly; I should like it above all things," I eagerly responded.

"I will see to it."

My companion spoke Arabic as well and as fluently as he did English; in fact, on more than one occasion he had passed himself off as a native, and had once lived as one for some months in Fez.

A gong rang at the end of the avenue. I strolled to my tent, and donned a more respectable costume, then joined the rest of our party at breakfast.

"Make my excuses," shouted C. from his tent, as he heard me pass; "I am not coming to breakfast this morning. I am off to arrange about to-night."

The next I saw of him was at tea-time, when he came to me and whispered, "All right. Everything is arranged. We spend to-night in the Hummum."

. . . . . .

Shortly after ten o'clock, arrayed in the flowing robes of upper-class Moors, we left the palace by a side gate and entered the street.

C. and myself were disguised alike. We wore coloured *kuftans* — a long under-garment — over which hung the toga-like *haik*. On our heads we carried turbans of enormous proportions; a dagger, and a pair of yellow slippers, completed our disguise,—yet not completed, for beneath the folds of our *haiks* lay concealed a revolver.

We were accompanied on our adventure by three of our native servants and a professional bathman, whose services a bribe of a few shillings had procured. On the road C. informed me what arrangements he had made.

"It was easily done," he said. "I sent Achmet (a trusted servant) to the Hummum near the Bab Dukala with a message that a rich Moor required the bath.

[1] The great palace and park of the Moorish Sultans.

A few dollars succeeded in obtaining the monopoly for to-night; while a message that we, like most rich Moors, would bring our own bathmen, dispensed with the professionals, whose presence would render the discovery that we were Christians a certainty."

"Are you sure of all our men?"

"Oh yes, I can trust them; but hush, we must not speak for fear we are overheard."

We were drawing nearer to the heart of the city—crossing, in fact, the square over which the great minaret of the mosque of the Kutubia keeps guard—sister tower to the Ghiralda of Seville.

It was a gorgeous moonlight night—and clear against the deep blue sky, spangled with a myriad stars, rose the great block of masonry, the landmark of Morocco,—the one object that guides the countrymen to the city of the palm-groves from the far-spreading plains and the still more distant mountains.

What scenes that great tower has gazed upon—what tragedies, and what romances! Sultan has succeeded Sultan in quick succession, only to fall, as did his predecessor, by assassination, or some more secret death, hidden perhaps in a jewelled hair-pin or a cup of coffee. Great wars have raged beneath its shadow. Palaces have risen — filled with works of art brought from far-away Spain—and have fallen again, crushing their treasures beneath their ruins.

The old tower itself has suffered too—suffered just as the city which nestles at its feet has done, only less so. Poor Kutubia, thou wast raised when Morocco was a great seat of learning, and still thou remainest to see it as it is now —a vast ruin, a city of the dead, nothing more or less than a great village of fanatical Moors and Berbers, only half inhabited. Yet these very men are the offspring of those who sat and pondered over scrolls and books in thy cool mosque. How changed now! We passed close under the tower, and entered a long narrow street. On our right were houses; on our left, from over a high wall, rose the feathery heads of a grove of date-palms.

Often we passed groups of Moors walking silently to and fro, as though the calm and peace of the moonlight night had touched even their dull souls, and hushed to silence the ribald joke. No one noticed us particularly, though a few stepped to one side to let their fellow-countrymen (as they supposed) go by. We passed the entrance of a *café*. I stood for a moment in the street and gazed in. A poor enough place it was. In one corner four men were squabbling over a game of cards; here, a man was strumming on his two-stringed *gimbri*—a dreary accompaniment to a still drearier song; there, two men lay sleeping, their smoked-out *kif*[1] pipes by their side, telling clearly the reason of that heavy, dull sleep.

Suddenly a sound of music was heard in the air, and a minute or two later a wedding procession turned into the street we were in, and passed us.

As the revellers neared us, we stepped back into a dark archway, where we waited till they had safely gone on their way.

From our retreat we were able to see all the procession, which passed within a yard or two of us.

A group of men and boys led the way, bearing lanterns of fan-

[1] An opiate made from hemp.

tastic shape. After them marched the band, who, on *gimbris*, pipes, and tomtoms, made the night hideous. Dancing-girls followed the musicians, twisting their bodies in the true oriental dance, while on their heads they bore each a well-stocked tea-tray—which remained perfectly balanced as the fair dancers tripped and turned along the ill-paved street. The heroine of the whole proceedings followed next—the bride. Poor thing, she was shut up securely in a none too large box, which swayed backwards and forwards on a mule's back, like a "ten-tonner" in half a gale of wind. The box in which she was hidden was richly painted and decked with gay muslins and embroideries. More men and boys with lanterns brought up the rear.

The procession had passed; once more we enter the open street, and make our way toward the Hummum. As we passed the great gate of the Dukala mosque, I stood for a minute and looked upon the scene within. Great arcades of white columns, row beyond row, till at last they became invisible in the gloom. Here and there hung from the roof a lamp with crimson glass, which threw a soft though feeble light on the surroundings. A long line of devotees fell in unison upon their faces, and raised themselves again, to the voice of one who read the Koran. A sweet heavy smell of incense found its way into the street, while the splash of the fountain in the court within could just be heard above the voice of the priest.

As I stood gazing, one of our men advanced, and drawing from his leathern bag a key of formidable dimensions, opened with it the door of the house adjoining the mosque, and, in a hushed voice, bade us enter.

We followed him into perfect darkness, our men with us.

All having entered, the door was closed and locked securely from the inside.

"Follow me," said a voice ahead, and silently we groped our way along a passage, touching the walls with either hand, and treading carefully for fear of step or stair.

A second door barred our progress; a second key opened it as successfully as the first. A gleam of moonlight shone through the door. We passed on, and entered the outer court of the Hummum.

For a moment I was dazzled. There was something so exquisitely lovely about the scene that I seemed to struggle for breath. I could do nothing but stand and wonder.

We were in a large court, open to the air in the centre, and surrounded by columns,—but such columns!—so graceful, so slight! There was not grandeur about the court, rather it was of a perfect delicate type that renders description impossible. So perfect was the symmetry that it was not any particular part that caught the eye, but a *tout ensemble* of wondrous beauty.

Beneath the arcade that surrounded the court the floor was raised a few inches, and decorated in arabesque designs in coloured tiles. The centre or open portion of the court was paved in black and white marble squares, and was quite plain, except for a fountain formed of a white marble lion, from the lips of which fell two tiny streams of water into a marble basin with gentle, never-ceasing splash. The roof of the arcade overhung some foot or two with

its strange green tiles, over which roses trailed in marvellous profusion.

Such was our first view of the Hummum. Every moment we discovered something new,—now that the ceiling of the arcade was richly painted; again, that the very walls were covered with rich designs in arabesque.

Neither of us spoke.

C. broke the silence—even he, the prosaic, the practical, was overcome by the beauty of the scene.

"That little dark passage we passed on entering," he said, "is like the river Styx,—it divides two worlds—the real, which we have just left, and the divine, which we have just entered. We are no longer in the city of Morocco. We are nowhere. We are in the imaginary lands of the Arabian Nights."

I gazed at him in surprise. Never had he spoken like this before. He seemed to notice my look of astonishment, and added—

"I wish I had brought my pipe;" then strolled off to examine the fountain, whistling the latest of Parisian *café chantant* successes.

A call from our bathman brought us to a small door, which opened into the court. At his bidding we disrobed and passed in, finding ourselves in a large dim vaulted chamber, as hideous as the outer court had been lovely.

Our men awaited us here, each with a lighted lantern of native workmanship, the stained glass of which threw fantastic patches of colour on the dull grey walls and ceiling.

Through two more rooms of the same size and construction we passed, each devoid of decoration, and resembling more one's idea of the torture-chambers of the Inquisition than the luxury of a Moorish bath.

We entered a third room, the floor of which, slightly lower than those of the other rooms, was ankle-deep in warm water. Like the others, it contained no furniture, but two curious "wells" attracted my attention at once. A ring suspended from the ceiling acted as pulley, and from the regions beneath our men drew up bucket after bucket of hot water.

As in our baths here in England, the furnaces were subterranean;—the one essential difference between a Turkish and a Moorish bath seeming to be that in the former the atmosphere is dry, while in the latter water is thrown in every direction to produce steam.

Each of the rooms we had passed through was warmed, though the last one, in which we now were, was a great deal hotter than any of the others.

We were lain down on our backs on the hard concrete floor, while the bathman set to work to bathe us in turn. The process much resembled that of an ordinary Turkish bath, with the exception that all one's joints were cracked in succession by the skilful Moorish bathman—a not altogether pleasant proceeding, though the after-effect amply repays a little suffering, as it gives one a delightful feeling of airiness and exhilaration. Soap, which we had brought with us, was freely used, though whether the natives ever make use of that useful article I do not know. From their looks I should say no, at least amongst the lower classes. This part of the bathing lasted nearly half an hour, nor was I sorry to be released from my lying posture (the floor was of concrete and very

hard) and allowed to stand, while bucket after bucket of hot water was thrown over me. Beautiful as was our first impression of the Hummum, I must confess this third room did not altogether please us. It was full of steam and very stuffy, there being no ventilation; and, moreover, it was not free from odours. However, we had come with the intention of doing our duty, so we gallantly performed our parts from beginning to end.

The bathing over, we were dried by the Moors and wrapped up warmly in woollen *jelabas*—hooded cloaks—brought by our men from the palace for this purpose.

Passing slowly through the other rooms, and waiting a few minutes in each, we entered once more the court of the fountain. The fresh air was delicious after the stuffiness and heat of the inner chambers; but our attendants insisted on our covering our mouths in our *haiks* for the first five minutes or so—doubtless a necessary precaution on issuing from such a heat as we had experienced into the cool night air. At one corner of the court, under the shelter of the arcade, was a raised dais, on which was spread matting and carpets and cushions. Here we laid ourselves down in luxury, watching the tiny circles of cigarette-smoke, and sipping black coffee, which one of our servants had fetched from the nearest *café*.

It was a charmed existence. I have never before or since experienced anything quite like it. That languor which seems so to grow upon one with residence in all oriental countries reigned supreme, while still we experienced that most delicious sensation that we were doing wrong—that at any moment the people in the city might hear that Christians were defiling their Hummum, and break down the doors and rush in upon us.

But languor and lassitude gained the day, and all thoughts of danger—all thoughts, in fact, of reality—vanished from our minds. There I lay dreaming, yet dreaming with my eyes wide open—wide open to drink in every line of that court of chaste architecture. Without, above the walls, rose a palm-tree, the feathery leaves of which half-hid the moon from my sight, while they sighed plaintively as the cool night breeze wafted them to and fro. Then a nightingale from the gardens near settled amongst its branches, and sang in rich melody, soothing the palm so that no longer its branches swayed in restlessness.

The voice of the *muezzin* rang through the night air, softened by distance, as he called all men to prayer—not one voice, but many, for from every mosque tower issued the words, "Come and pray, prayer is better than sleep; come and pray. There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the prophet of God. Come and pray, prayer is better than sleep; come and pray!"

C. scarcely spoke, though once or twice he volunteered the remark—

"What a fool I was not to bring my pipe!"

The nightingale sang on its melody; the fountain splashed and splashed in sweet monotony, and I fell asleep, to dream of palaces and of palm-trees, of poets singing in the rose-groves of Shiraz to their Persian lady-loves in the balconies above, of the sweet voice of the bulbul and the scent of the orange-blossom.

When I awoke Aurora had drawn aside the veil of night, and far above me little clouds sailed

by, racing each other like many-hued dolphins in an azure sea. A flock of sparrows were bathing in the fountain. I followed their example, and splashed about in the cool water.

Then it was for the first time I saw the court was a ruin; then it was I discovered that there were holes in the painted ceilings; that great patches of the delicate arabesque were missing; that the tiles were chipped, and that the fountain-lion had lost a paw. Yet even now it was very lovely; it seemed an echo of what it once must have been; but I would rather have not seen it by daylight. I would rather have left at night, and carried away in my memory none of its defects, but all its glories, just as I had seen it under the exquisite influence of the pale moon.

I awoke C., and we returned with our attendants to the palace, without adventure of any sort. In the palace-garden the bulbuls were singing, and the orange-blossom filled the sun-laden air with its sweet fragrance.

We ordered coffee, and once more sought our long cane-chairs under the shade of the orange-trees.

Presently C. turned to me and said, "Well, I hope you are satisfied now. You have done something the others haven't done, something you can talk about—and boast about too, I doubt not—when you get home." Then, slightly sarcastically, he added, "And I suppose you will go home and write a romantic article about it."

"Certainly," I responded.

And I did.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

LIFE'S PAUSES.

A CURIOUS stranger environed in doubt,
An interrogation-point toddling about,
A bundle of questions,—nothing more,—
Cooing and creeping upon the floor.

A comma of sunshine, a playtime to see
The flower, the bird, the brook, and the tree;
A vision of childhood,—count one for the pause,—
A ripple of laughter, a golden clause.

A stile in the pathway, a summer day,
A blissful moment too sweet to stay;
Swift semicolon of youth divine,—
Count two in tracing the raptured line.

An exclamation—"You! O You!"
The same old story, forever new,
An arrow's flight to a soul new-found,
A volume of love in a vowel-sound.

A song, a prayer, a marriage vow,
A compound word in the chapter now,
Only a hyphen, but angels wait
And hush their anthem in heaven's gate.

A gleam of light in the gliding years,
A colon of joy in the font appears,
A point of hope in the fleeting text:—
Our line continued in the next.

The sentence finished, a gentle mound
By waving grass encircled round;
A period here, but not complete,
Merely a rest for weary feet.

A rest for the night till the morning wakes,
Till the purpling east in glory breaks;
Faith writes a dash for the great To-Be—
Beyond Time's bracket—Eternity.

WALLACE BRUCE.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY.

THE imperial destiny of the offspring of the little league of barbarian tribes, whose seats lay scattered amongst the meadows and marshes of the Eider and the lower Elbe, has affected not only history, but also the mode of writing it. A bare record of occurrences is no longer sufficient. History must do more than "merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past. It must modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future."[1] The annals of that English race which has "conquered and peopled half the world" are to the historians of the present more than the annals of Rome were to those of a former age. The interest of Roman history was principally scientific, when not merely antiquarian; that of English is in the highest degree practical and real to contemporary nations. The expansion of England into the British empire cannot but have a great, even an awful interest for those who may watch its progress, and who can hardly fail to note, at all events, its more immediate results. In truth, there are abundant signs that the imagination of all, of foreigners more than of ourselves, has been profoundly stirred by it, and that men are not satisfied with only a narrative of its development. It is the causes and the processes by which it has been produced that they wish to know. When these processes are once assumed to have been divined, immediately there arises a desire to imitate them. The record of current events shows this plainly. Never has maritime and colonising activity been more eager than it is now. The backward are hastening to seize a share of the "distant unsettled commercial regions" still left unappropriated. There is a widespread conviction that national greatness must depend upon maritime eminence and colonial extension; that to remain within the ancient borders is to decline. It is on this account that historical investigations of the methods by which we have acquired our present world-empire are so much more interesting than the mere record of the stages through which we have passed on the way to it.

As yet the investigation has been very insufficiently pursued. The American author — whose work[2] it is proposed to notice — has set himself the task of doing so more thoroughly than has yet been attempted. There is not, he says, any work which gives "an estimate of the effect of sea power upon the course of history and the prosperity of nations." In the performance of his task Captain Mahan has produced a very remarkable book. A great part of it, no doubt, is addressed chiefly to the student of naval strategy; but there are whole chapters, and many passages in others, which merit the closest attention of statesmen. The style is singularly clear, and even dignified; and sentences frequently occur which show that the author is no ordinary inquirer. Notwithstanding the more general scope indicated by its title,

[1] J. R. Seeley.

[2] The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

the book may almost be said to be a scientific inquiry into the causes which have made England great. The results of the inquiry are used didactically, and for the benefit of the author's fellow-citizens.

Though Captain Mahan is dominated by the philosophic spirit, and deals with his subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, a warmer motive than a love of science has led him to undertake the investigation. If nowhere specifically stated, the motive is still evident. It is to turn the minds of his countrymen to sea affairs. The arguments with which he supports his opinion, that their future welfare depends upon the adoption of what may be called a maritime policy, deserve serious attention, especially as they happen to have lately been illustrated by the action of his Government in assembling the Pan-American Conference, in greatly strengthening the navy, and in professing to claim Behring's Sea as a *mare clausum*. If we add to these the unauthenticated, but at the same time persistent, reports of intended American acquisitions on the coast of Hayti, some of Captain Mahan's arguments will appear highly significant. His book has therefore a twofold interest. It explains how England achieved her present imperial position, and sketches a policy which the Americans are likely to follow, and which, if they do follow it, will have momentous consequences for the world at large.

The author's arguments may be stated, pretty nearly in his own words, in the terms which follow. With some remarkable exceptions the waste places of the world have been rapidly filled, and a nominal political possession now generally exists in the most forsaken regions. As the openings to immigration and enterprise offered by America and Australia diminish, a demand must arise for a more settled government in the disordered States of central and tropical South America. Reasonable stability of institutions is necessary to commercial intercourse with them, and to the peaceful development of their resources by "the citizens of more stable Governments." There is no hope that this demand for political stability "can be fulfilled from existing native materials." When it arises, "no theoretical positions, like the Monroe doctrine, will prevent interested nations from attempting to remedy the evil" by political and presumably forcible interference; and "that nation will have the strongest arguments which has the strongest organised force."

Thus a collision, which "can scarcely fail to result in war," may be anticipated; and the date of its advent will be precipitated by the completion of a canal through the Central American isthmus. The execution of this work may be expected to modify commercial routes; and the well-known strategic conditions of the Mediterranean will be reproduced in the Caribbean Sea. The importance of the new channel to the United States will not be measured only by the improvement in communications between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The geographical position of the great Republic ought to give it no small advantage when the time comes for determining what people shall exert a paramount influence over the Central and South American States. If between the intrusive nations there is anything like an equilibrium of power, we shall have "the familiar and notorious example of the Turkish empire, kept erect by the forces pressing

upon it from opposing sides," reproduced in the western hemisphere. In that hemisphere the position of the United States will, or should be brought to, resemble that of England in the other.

The decline of American maritime commercial enterprise, indeed the almost total disappearance of the American flag from waters remote from home, have usually been ascribed to the depredations of Confederate cruisers during the civil war, and to vicious legislation since. Captain Mahan incidentally shows that there is a much more sufficient explanation. It is simply that maritime undertakings were found to be less remunerative than developing the internal resources of the country. Capital has for years past found its best investments, and labour its largest opportunities, in the interior of the Republic. The filling-up process, already mentioned, will soon bring round a day when shipping will again pay; and the Americans will revert to the ideas and the practice of a past generation, and place their foremost interest in the development of their marine. It is this which makes a study of the strategic aspects of the Mediterranean of such value to those who may be hereafter concerned with the Caribbean Sea. The author forcibly contends that the naval history of the past is still full of valuable lessons, particularly in the field of strategy; but also, and though in a less, still in no inconsiderable degree, in that of tactics. His method of supporting his contention justifies the historical form in which he has cast his essay.

He urges that—if the Americans are to assume the status which they desire to hold on the other side of the Atlantic—they must set about re-establishing their maritime institutions on a proper scale. They must, as the author puts it, "build again their sea power." Of this the foundations can only be securely laid in a large commerce under the national flag. If legislative hindrances are removed, a hint which Captain Mahan's protectionist fellow-citizens will probably not fail to observe, and more remunerative fields of enterprise exhausted, the sea power will not long delay its appearance. It is interesting at this moment to inquire whether the captain represents any considerable share of the public opinion of his country in his views on points outside "protection." The swing of the political pendulum at the last presidential election brought the Republican party back into power. The "platform" of the Chicago Republican Convention of June 1888—at which Mr Harrison was selected as the candidate of the party for the presidency—contained passages which may aid us in the inquiry. The Democratic administration, which it was hoped to oust from place, was accused of inefficiency and cowardice in its conduct of foreign affairs:—

"Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties effected by Republican administrations for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions on our commerce ['*foreign burdens and restrictions on American commerce*' is good], and for its extension into better markets, it has neither effected nor proposed any others instead. Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbours. It has refused to charter, sanction, or encourage any American organisation for constructing the Nicaragua Canal, a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and of our na-

tional influence in Central and South America, and necessary for the development of trade with our Pacific territory, with South America, and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific Ocean."

These expressions become doubly significant when it is known that their authorship is attributed to the present Secretary of State, Mr Blaine — the Mr Blaine of the Pan-American Congress, of the Behring's *mare clausum* doctrine, of the policy of largely increasing the navy. In fact, the "planks" of the Chicago platform, the policy of the Washington Cabinet, and the views put forward by Captain Mahan, appear to have a very close interdependence, which is the more worthy of notice because political action corresponds to party sentiment and is supported by scientific argument. It is, perhaps, not by any means without deliberate reason that Captain Mahan prefers to call the Gulf of Mexico the Caribbean Sea. The name of a foreign State is at least unrecognised in the latter appellation. The analogy between this sheet of water and the Mediterranean—on which the author is fond of expatiating, it must be owned most instructively and with great argumentative skill—has an interest more immediate than that merely connected with a historical investigation. He maintains that to provide resting-places for its ships will be one of the first duties of the Government; and that it "will have to obtain in the Caribbean Sea stations fit for contingent or secondary operations." That efforts have already been made to obtain stations of the kind has been repeatedly reported in the newspapers. It will have been seen from the foregoing that Captain Mahan outlines a policy of vast importance, which had been hinted at by the managers of the party now in office, and of the practical acceptance of which by the United States Cabinet there are some convincing signs.

It is the great merit of the book that the advocacy of this far-reaching policy is based upon apposite and clearly drawn historical parallels. When internal development had been virtually completed, what was it that led to external expansion? The author answers — The possession of sea power. It is, of course, by illustrations from the history of "that English nation which more than any other has owed its greatness to the sea" that this reply is chiefly confirmed. But he draws also from other sources. In the introductory chapter there is an instructive investigation of the causes which gave the victory to Rome in her struggle with Carthage. At that period "sea power had a strategic bearing and weight which has received scant recognition." For some reason or other the "essentially non-maritime State had established over its seafaring (Carthaginian) rival a naval supremacy" which was hardly disputed in the Second Punic War. It did not exclude maritime raids large and small; for control of the sea, as we found in the days of our predominance when at war with Napoleon, "does not imply that an enemy's single ships or small squadrons cannot steal out of port, cannot cross more or less frequented tracts of ocean, make harassing descents upon unprotected points of a long coast-line, enter blockaded harbours." Though the Roman control of the western basin of the Mediterranean could prevent none of these, yet it did forbid the sustained and secure communications which were vital to Hannibal; and by this prohi-

bition caused his defeat and the ultimate ruin of the country which he served.

Nature and all its previous history unmistakably declared that Carthage was to flourish only as a maritime, commercial, and colonising State. By following up the law of its being, it for a moment seized the empire of the Mediterranean world. Why it lost it, and why swiftly on the loss destruction followed, may be briefly explained. It neglected its sea power, and allowed a *parvenu* rival to surpass it in the element to which it owed all its own greatness. The clearness with which Captain Mahan puts this before his readers, is a striking proof of his command of his subject. But he suggests another instance of the deleterious effect of inattention to a country's maritime interests. This instance, if illumined by a less lurid light than that which blazed in the fall of Carthage, is more familiar to us, and historically much less remote. "France, admirably situated for the possession of sea power, received a definite policy for the guidance of her Government from two great rulers, Henry IV. and Richelieu." The lead thus given was followed by Colbert; and at one period of the seventeenth century the sceptre of the sea seemed likely to fall into the hands of France. Fortunately for England, Louis XIV. determined to have a policy of his own. He nourished a persistent hostility to the Dutch, who might have served him as maritime allies, and have been to England dangerous foes. He helped us to break the naval power of the Netherlands, and drove what remained of it over to our side. More than this: he neglected the maritime institutions of his own country, and turned "from the sea to projects of continental extension." From that moment it was decreed that maritime supremacy should never belong to France. The "false policy of continental extension" had become inveterate in French rulers. Though Canada, Louisiana, and Hayti showed what the nation was capable of in the field of colonisation, in naval policy the Regent Orleans trod in the steps of the *Grand Monarque*. The results were experienced in the subsequent Seven Years' War, which virtually reduced the kingdom to its European limits. It would be hoping against hope to expect the theorists and inditers of unpractical academic essays amongst ourselves — whose historical studies are limited to the period that began with Sadowa–Königgratz, and ended with the peace of Frankfurt—it would be hoping against hope to expect such persons to learn the lesson offered by the naval history of their own country. Of that history they are completely ignorant. Persistent exaltation of the military institutions of an inexperienced and unmaritime empire has left them no time to study it. The perusal of one or two of Captain Mahan's chapters might save them from the absurdity of attempting to force upon their fellow-countrymen an imitation of German arrangements as to which there is nothing to show that they would be either suitable or possible to a long-established maritime and colonising State.

At a not very remote period in the history of that State, there occurred a series of events, the results of which conclusively established the impolicy of neglecting national conditions and natural characteristics. In the interval between the Seven Years' War and the American War of Independence, the naval power of Eng-

land had been permitted to relatively decline. "Notwithstanding," says Captain Mahan, "the notorious probability of France and Spain joining in the war, the English navy was inferior in number to that of the allies" in the American war. In the preceding contest, single-handed, she had conquered France aided by powerful allies. "Yes," exclaims our author, "but by the superiority of her Government using the tremendous weapon of her sea power." In 1778-79 she had to stand on the defensive, and not only was her most formidable weapon allowed to fall into a state of inefficiency, her dispositions also were faulty. "The American War of Independence involved a departure from England's traditional and true policy, by committing her to a distant land war, while powerful enemies were waiting for an opportunity to attack her at sea." It is exactly this that the imperfectly instructed Germanising theorists of the day wish to repeat—to commit this country to a distant land war, in a contest during which we should be open to attack by powerful naval enemies. It is not the least convincing evidence of the intellectual eminence of Washington that he clearly perceived the true strategic nature of the War of Independence. "Whatever efforts are made by the land armies," he asserted, "the navy must have the casting-vote in the present contest." He formally placed upon record his conviction that upon naval superiority every hope of success must ultimately depend. The English Ministers, as completely regardless of the true source of their country's power as any contemporary Anglo-Indian official in his ignorance of the conditions on which our island-realm won India, and has retained it, had committed England to the prosecution of a distant land war. The results of this policy have lost none of their instruction, and should be borne in mind by certain modern professors of imperial defence. One army after another surrendered; and though our fleet never suffered any great defeat, but won more than one brilliant, if usually barren victory, "the combined efforts of the French and Spanish fleets undoubtedly bore down England's strength, and robbed her of her colonies."

The present commercial and economic position of England is often assumed to be especially unfavourable to her in case she were engaged in a war even with an antagonist greatly her inferior in naval strength. "More than any other her wealth has been intrusted to the sea in war as in peace." Captain Mahan perceives that, as the United Kingdom now depends largely upon external sources of food-supply, France—owing to the geographical situation of her ports, and especially of the comparatively recently created Cherbourg—would perhaps be able to do her trade more mischief than in former wars. But at the same time, he pointed out that there are compensating circumstances. The enormous extension of railway communication will render the northern ports available as points of importation; and many of the routes running to them will not be very seriously threatened by cruisers using Brest or Cherbourg as bases. Cruisers needing incessant renewals of coal-supply, as those of modern times do, cannot operate very far from their supplying base. The whole question of assailing maritime trade in war is of special importance and interest to Englishmen; and it has never been so thoroughly and so scientifically investigated

as by Captain Mahan in the book under notice.

Attacks directed against peaceful and usually defenceless merchant vessels constitute a "form of warfare which has lately received the name of commerce-destroying, which the French call *guerre de course.*" That a country will be harassed and distressed by serious interference with its commerce will be conceded by all. Captain Mahan, however, will not give it a place amongst the principal operations of naval warfare. "It is," he says, "doubtless a most important secondary operation; and is not likely to be abandoned till war itself shall cease." But historical evidence shows that a purely commerce-destroying or "cruising" warfare is inconclusive and worrying, but nothing more. "Regarded as a primary and fundamental measure, sufficient in itself to crush an enemy, it is probably a delusion." In 1667, Charles II., says Campbell, "took a fatal resolution of laying up his great ships, and keeping only a few frigates on the cruise." Before the year was half over the Dutch fleet was in the Medway, having caused more alarm and damage than all Charles's frigates "on the cruise" had caused to the enemy. "It was not the policy of 1667, but Cromwell's powerful fleets of ships of the line in 1652, that shut the Dutch merchantmen in their ports, and made the grass to grow in the streets of Amsterdam." Louis XIV. was driven to adopt the policy of Charles II. in the war of the Spanish succession. Though the commerce of England undoubtedly suffered to some extent, yet on the whole, so far from being destroyed, it increased. In the preceding war, when France sent great fleets to sea, "our traffic suffered excessively; our merchants many of them were ruined." In the Seven Years' War, as long as the French fleets could keep the sea, the damage done by privateers to English commerce was enormous. But the victories of Hawke and Boscawen drove the French line-of-battle fleets from the ocean. The commerce of France was nearly destroyed; but the trade of England increased yearly, "and such a scene of national prosperity, while waging a long, bloody, and costly war, was never before shown by any people in the world." The story was exactly repeated in our great conflict with Revolutionary France, during the latter part of which it is well known that our maritime trade increased enormously. The truth revealed to those who inquire of naval history, and who do not form arbitrary or highly imaginative conclusions, is, that commerce-destroying as an important operation of war must be supported by fleets. It was because our fleet was occupied in confronting those of France and Spain, which thus virtually supported the cruisers of the insurgent American colonies, that our commerce suffered at all at their hands during the War of Independence. But even then the losses of the Americans were heavier than our own, and proportionately much harder to bear. So, too, in the war of 1812, the British fleet had still to blockade the ports of the French empire, the ships in which thus afforded an effective, if unintentional, support to the American cruisers. Here again the mischief done to our extensive commerce was absolutely less, and relatively enormously less, than that which our cruisers did to the commerce of the United States. The result of the cruises of the Alabama and Sumter in the Civil War was due to causes similar in effect if not in

appearance. The Confederates, it is true, had no fleets to occupy the attention of the Federal navy. But, as a fact, nearly the whole Federal force was occupied as much as it could have been by any fleet in blockading the coasts of the Southern States; so that the seas were traversed almost at will by Semmes and his companions. Nevertheless, all the mischief that they wrought no more saved the Confederacy from falling than the capture of English merchantmen by the thousand saved Canada to France, or prevented England from seizing Havannah in one hemisphere and Manila in the other. The truth is that, though attacks on our commerce may do us immense injury, they can be frustrated by suitable measures, which can only be carried out with a sufficient number of ships of war.

Probably enough has been said to show that appeals to naval history are likely to disclose information of great practical importance to ourselves. In no country with considerable maritime interests has this class of history been more neglected than in England. Captain Mahan cites English, not foreign writers, when giving examples of a tendency to slight the bearing of maritime power upon events. This tendency was less marked amongst us formerly than it is now. To judge from literature alone, there were probably more English books published on naval subjects in the sixty years of George III.'s reign, than in the seventy that have elapsed since its close. This might be explained by the non-occurrence of naval wars in the latter period, were it not that it has been just the other way in foreign countries. In the great Continental States an amount of attention is paid to maritime affairs, which makes the relative apathy of seafaring England all the more astonishing. The great daily journals of Paris—the 'Debats' and the 'Temps,' to count no others—devote more space to naval matters than the whole daily press of London. In France and in Italy eminent representatives take an active part in the discussion of naval subjects, with which none but the incumbent of, or pretender to, a seat at the Admiralty and a few retired officers concern themselves in the British Parliament.

If this merely affected the *amour propre* of the naval service, and tended to leave a few grievances, real or imaginary, unredressed, it would not be worth alluding to. But it has much more serious results. Whilst our already vast maritime and transmarine interests are being daily and largely developed, concomitant measures to provide for their security have been altogether insufficiently considered by the public generally. Whilst we make an annual parade of the increasing statistics of our ocean trade, and listen to vague admissions that our naval strength ought to equal that of any two Powers, it is startling to find that it was a French Deputy who, in the current session of the Chamber, formally announced that during the last twenty years France and Russia had devoted to their navies about fifty millions sterling more than England had to hers. Financial arrangements are, after all, but the outward and visible sign of inward sentiment. That which it really cares to possess a free and wealthy people will resolutely set itself to obtain. The almost passionate energy with which a nation of islanders, endowed by their sea power alone with a great empire in the East, occupied themselves in strengthen-

ing one only of the frontiers—and that an inland frontier—of India, has no counterpart in its maritime policy.

The fact is, that we have permitted ourselves to be led by theorists dazzled by the glamour of a few German victories—great indeed, but over forces remarkable for the vices of their organisation and discipline, and their backward state of preparation. Hence indiscriminate approbation and proposed indiscriminate adoption of German institutions. That the countrymen of Drake, of Blake, of Hawke, of Nelson; that the sons of the men who added Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and a host of other territories to the British dominions—could have tolerated advice to mimic the ways of the unnautical drill-sergeants at Berlin, is a grave symptom of changed ideas as to the real foundation of British greatness. It is the fashion of the mimic to copy, not what is best, but what is least worthy of imitation. We might have imitated German thoroughness, German industry, German frugality, German endurance of small emolument. To imitate these things none advised. The pattern of an ugly head-dress was held to be better worth copying than the laborious devotion of its wearers to unexciting but necessary duty. The height of administrative skill has been declared to lie in the adoption of some foreign official designation. Because a corps of patient, if rather pedantic, officers work — in perfect accord with the somewhat drill-ridden institutions of their country—in a certain building on the banks of the Spree, maritime England must foist some more or less incomplete copy of their chief upon her army and navy! Study of the book which Captain Mahan has produced may save us from persistence in such folly. Naval officers, students of their profession, will find instruction on nearly every page; whilst those who cannot and need hardly be called upon to understand the diagram of a sea-fight, or any distinctly technical details, may learn from it how their country achieved her present position amongst the nations, and how that position may be maintained.

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SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

The name which heads this page is the only one under which history will recognise the career of one of the most meritorious British statesmen of modern times. As Sir Stafford Northcote, he was for more than thirty eventful years intimately connected with the national life of the country, and we had scarcely become familiar with his new and higher title when England was suddenly called upon to mourn his too early loss. While we must look to his posterity to illustrate the title of Iddesleigh, the name of Sir Stafford Northcote will always hold its place in the annals of the constitutional and parliamentary progress of his period. In his familiar place on the front Conservative bench he could be regarded from more than one point of view, and he inspired respect from whatever standpoint he was looked at. As a Conservative leader, skilled both in tactics and strategy; as a man of affairs, whose ability and experience had been proved in administration, diplomacy, and finance; as a county gentleman of the highest type, and as a man of more than ordinarily cultured and scholarly tastes,—he stood before the public as a representative of the best results of our elective system. It might even be said that he lived long enough to become a specimen instead of a representative of it. When he entered parliamentary life the admirable combination of excellent qualities which he brought to his work was not rare among members. When he left the Commons for the Upper House he was almost the last of a race of members who had made English government the ideal of freedom over the civilised world; and in the newer and worse Order

Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh. By Andrew Lang. Two vols. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1890.

which has ensued, those very qualities which constitute his claims upon the memory of the country would have been serious obstacles to his influencing the course of events. He stood among the foremost at a time when character and honour counted in public men; when statesmen moulded, instead of being moulded by, the opinions of the country; when party warfare and party politics were yet tempered by patriotic considerations; and we cannot call him unhappy in being spared those changes of which his latest parliamentary experience must have given him no equivocal foretaste. Unquestionably Sir Stafford was a man of his day, and he lived till its sunset.

In that period of our parliamentary history which lies between the first and second Reform Bills—a period during which the British House of Commons occupied a higher position in the eyes of the world than it had held before, or is likely to hold again—a front place in politics was only to be achieved by genuine merit and force of character. The petty devices by which members in our day push themselves to the front would then have only made the House too hot to hold them. The "bores," who with us succeed in wasting three-fourths of the public's time, could then have been counted on a few fingers, and their incapacity for doing harm, combined with the amusement they afforded, secured them a contemptuous toleration that was for the most part good-humoured. Obstruction was not known except as an *ultima ratio*, to be resorted to in the gravest emergency, and even then only with the sanction of the leaders of the Opposition and the concurrence of their whole party. On both sides of the House were men who, however small they might seem in the inflamed vision of contemporary partisans, now stand revealed to us in the pages of history as wise and far-seeing statesmen, to whose abilities any country might with confidence intrust its destinies. It was in this school that Sir Stafford Northcote received his political training; and how apt a pupil he proved may be inferred from the fact that the briefest of apprenticeships enabled him to at once become a power in his own party, and to secure the respect of the most prominent among his opponents.

But before we proceed to trace Sir Stafford Northcote's public life, with which we propose chiefly to concern ourselves, we must say a word regarding Mr Andrew Lang's memoir, which furnishes a basis for our remarks. This we believe is Mr Lang's first essay in biography, and we are happy to congratulate him upon having been able to carry into a new field those admirable qualities of style and treatment which have won for him so high a position in other domains of literature. When we say that Mr Lang's Life of Sir Stafford Northcote stands apart from other political biographies, we do not mean to disparage either the one or the other; and we still wait for an ideal. But that originality, penetration, and artistic workmanship—all, in short, that can lend an appropriate grace and charm to his subject—were to be expected from Mr Lang, need not be said; and these expectations are fully realised. His study of Sir Stafford Northcote, the man, is as finished a portrait as one is likely to meet with in a gallery of biography, and its warmth and colour lend a glow to the more outlined sketch of Sir Stafford, the politician and

the statesman. Biographers of statesmen are apt to lose their subjects in the history of the times; if Mr Lang errs, it is by going to an opposite extreme. We may regret this all the more as the book before us affords notable testimony to his capacity for handling political questions in a light and airy fashion, which if it does not invest his expositions with much authority, will at least insinuate them into the attention of readers who are too generally glad to avail themselves of any excuse of dulness for skipping such subjects.

We follow Mr Lang with interest through his account of Stafford Northcote's boyhood and early years, and gather as we go an insight into the elements that went to form his character. A bookishly inclined boy, he acquired in childhood that taste for desultory reading of which late in life he was to be the zealous defender; and long before he had reached his teens he had essayed the doubtful sea of authorship, and had written—we do not know if he had completed—a novel.

"This fiction," says his biographer, "contains the elements of all romance; and, in the very second sentence, we find a piece of wood which, when sat on by the heroes of the tale, turned into a trap-door, and opened the way into a subterranean staircase. The supernatural is then introduced with a rather lavish hand, for some sheep which alarmed the adventurers by screaming were changed into monkeys by a magician. Finally, a palace arose by magic, and disappeared as rapidly, leaving six men and women and a thousand children ('some of them orphans') without house or home."

In those days before Mr Rider Haggard had formed the taste of British novel-readers, this promising romance apparently did not meet with a publisher; and Miss Burney's record remained unbroken. Though possessed of a lively fancy which found successful vent in light verse-making, Northcote was not in after-life characterised by much play of imagination—probably he kept it well under. He seems to have had a great facility for making Latin verses, of which his schoolmates reaped the benefit,—"he was always doing other boys' verses." His Eton career appears to have caused some anxiety both to Mr Coleridge his master and to his parents; but he cannot have been wholly an idler, for he left Eton much better prepared for the university than the majority of his compeers, and at one time had hopes of the Newcastle Scholarship. "The inequality of his performances, and the utter want of constant purpose in his character," as well as "a disposition too inclined to sacrifice itself to the solicitations of others," are the besetting sins which Mr Coleridge solemnly lays to his charge, which, translated into unacademical English, probably means that the boy could do good work when he pleased, that he sometimes scamped it, and that he was not proof against the temptations to a spell of play or fun when anything was on foot. But Mr Coleridge had a talk with his pupil, and soon he has the satisfaction of informing the family that Stafford "is an altered creature," and that "he will for the future consider it no less a point of honour than a duty and a pleasure to seek literary distinction by steady and well-directed industry." And Stafford would seem to have adhered to this good resolution, for before leaving Eton he was thought worthy of trying for the Balliol Scholarship, to which Mr Coleridge would certainly not have

consented if Northcote's work had not given promise of success. On the river he had his own share of distinction. He was noted for the "neatness of his oarsmanship;" "pulled in the perfection of Eton style;" "always got a good grip of the water, with a strong, clean cut, and feathered neither too high nor too low"—a sort of aquatic forecast of the course he was to pursue in politics; and he closed his school career by pulling bow in the Eton eight in 1835.

Even while at Eton his friends had formed some hopes that he would make a figure in public life, and his grandfather, Mr Cockburn, speaks of him then as "our future statesman." And even at that time much of his manner in debate, as it was familiar to us in after-life, seems to have been formed. The description given by an Eton contemporary of Northcote in the debates at "Pop," might apply equally well to the veteran debater in the House of Commons.

"He was just as philosophical in the debates at 'Pop,' taking chaff and contradiction very coolly, but waiting for you round a corner, as it were, and confronting you with some unanswerable argument when you had ceased to expect it. His placidity made you think he had strong opinions, but he never cared to join in the first fray of a debate, when everybody was anxious to speak. . . . He used to listen to what others said, and was clever at reviving a debate which flagged. He was not reckoned one of our best speakers, for he only stood up when he had something to say—adding nothing by way of rhetorical ornament."

It is essential to an account of Sir Stafford Northcote's early years that something should be said about the religious influence under which he was reared. His mother, Mrs Northcote, was a devout woman, whose weak health probably had propelled her towards the mysticism of Edward Irving, and she had largely imbued her boy with her own views. These were not rubbed off by the rough contact of school, for Northcote and another boy are recorded as having read the Bible together in whispers. When he left Eton he read for some time with Mr Shirley—afterwards a bishop—a clergyman of decided Low-Church type, who "generally took occasion to give a religious turn to our conversation on every subject." These facts are of importance, as suggesting how the prevailing religious atmosphere of Oxford was able to make so little impression on Mr Northcote. The year in which he entered Balliol was a notable date in the ecclesiastical history of the University. The appointment of Dr Hampden to the Regius Chair of Divinity in that year had divided the University into two camps; Newman in the pulpit of St Mary's in that year began his expositions of the *via media*. The absorbing interest in Oxford was ecclesiastical, and it was almost impossible for any one within its walls, whether don or undergraduate, to keep outside the vortex. Mr Northcote had "Ideal" Ward for his tutor for some time, but Ward had not then come under Newman's influence. But the direction which Northcote's religious speculations took was very remote from the dogmas which were being so keenly debated round about him. While others were weighing the respective merits of Anglicanism and Romanism, Mr Northcote was considering the bearing of the Irvingite revelation upon the Church of England, not in a spirit of fervid inquiry certainly, but with a well-

disposed and sympathetic curiosity. His father was naturally concerned at the religious tendencies exhibited by his son, and Mr Lang publishes a correspondence between them on the subject, which is notable only as showing the frank and cordial confidence existing between the two. Young Mr Northcote defends his position, but the utmost length he is able to go is to insist upon a possible reconciliation of Irvingite tenets with Holy Scripture without arguing for its probability. He follows the common method of adapting Scripture to creed developments, instead of inquiring whether these developments were the logical outcome of the written text. But theology neither now nor afterwards was his bent, as may be inferred from the fact that his only difficulty in the Thirty-nine Articles is that defining the king's supremacy; and his interest in theological polemics must have always been of a somewhat superficial nature. His Irvingite prepossessions gradually fade away, until we find him an attached Churchman of broad tendencies, who for some incomprehensible reason or other was more than once assailed at the hustings as a Puseyite.

Mr Northcote's Oxford career was very much like that of other reading men of his day, except that he was also more of a boating man than most undergraduates could afford to be who had honours in view. Mr Lang, an excellent authority on the subject, says:—

"Not very many reading men have been able to row in their last summer term and secure their First, while water men have a very strong opinion that the muscles of the studious are absorbed into their brains. The writer cannot, indeed, remember an example of such divided and successful energies as at this time Stafford Northcote was displaying, apparently without any strain. Those who remember him at College say that his facility was extraordinary. Without being brilliant or a wit, he did all things well, and all things with ease. The number of hours during which he read, without a break, astonishes one who has known many hard readers. But it is to be noticed that he kept his afternoons for himself, and never studied after dinner. Even so, for a man to be in training, and yet to read from eight to four, shows unusual strength of constitution, mental and bodily."

His place was a First in classics and a Third in mathematics, and with these honours his University career practically closes. He competed for the English Essay on the subject, "Do States, like Individuals, inevitably tend, after a period of Maturity, to Decay?" afterwards included in the published volume of his Lectures and Essays;[1] but Arthur Stanley, afterwards the Dean of Westminster, was his successful rival, as he had previously been for the Newdigate. He did not stand for a fellowship, but kept his terms, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in due course. But though working with his usual conscientiousness at mastering his profession, his thoughts seem to have steadily turned towards public life; and an unexpected opening suddenly launched him upon his true career. There is a letter, written to his former tutor, Mr Shirley, just before he found himself connected with political life, which leaves no doubt with which party his sym-

[1] Lectures and Essays. By Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh, G.C.B., D.C.L., &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1887.

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In the session of 1856 Sir Stafford successfully carried through the House a bill for the establishment of industrial schools, as a supplement to the Reformatory Bill of the same year. It was his own draft; but he had to take so many amendments on board, that he dubs it his "omnibus" in his correspondence. He had spared no pains to master the subject, and had visited the *colonie agricole* at Mettray the previous year. He had also mooted the idea at a meeting of the Reformatory Union at Bristol, where it had found warm support. Considering the short time he had been in the House, and the fact that he still stood apart from the main body of the Conservatives, his success with the bill was remarkable, and can be ascribed only to his readiness to accept suggestions and to his disposition for reasonable compromise. He felt his anomalous position in the House. He considered himself a link between the Derbyites and the Peelites, but more of the former than the latter. Mr Gladstone thought he could chiefly describe himself by negatives. He experienced a feeling very common with members who have exhausted the novelty, but have not yet been infected by the excitement of politics. He would like well enough to have another year in Parliament, but has serious doubts whether he would stand again in case of a dissolution. The position of the Conservative party, broken up as it was, and with little cordiality between the two leaders, was disheartening; and its reconstruction was going on "at about the pace of the Tertiary formation," as he describes its progress. He felt his relationship to Lord Ward irksome to his parliamentary independence. In this strait he consulted his chief adviser. Mr Gladstone, with an eye already fixed on the haven of Liberalism, considered the state of parties "anomalous and disjointed." He would willingly undertake to explain matters to Lord Ward, but "your natural place, I think, will ultimately be found in the agricultural part of the representation." And he casually adds that independent men acting under independent heads might preserve "the old stable elements of the House of Commons." One of the "independent heads," we need not doubt, rested on Mr Gladstone's own shoulders. But to quit Parliament altogether would, he assured Sir Stafford, "be the worst solution" of his difficulties.

The debate on the lorcha Arrow case, and the difficulty with China soon afterwards, made Sir Stafford more convinced of the mutual inconvenience to himself and Lord Ward of their existing relations. Lord Ward supported the Palmerston Government in its difficulty, and under pressure from the Whips endeavoured to induce Sir Stafford, who was one of the impeaching majority, to withdraw his opposition. Sir Stafford consulted Mr Gladstone and Sir William Heathcote, both of whom advised him that, after he had definitely stated his opinions upon the question, it would be impossible for him to withdraw to please Lord Ward. Lord Ward, however, was still willing to support him at Dudley; but in the general election of 1857 that followed the defeat of the Government, Sir Stafford, on Mr Gladstone's advice, stood for North Devon, and was defeated. He did not return to the House for upwards of a year, spending the time pleasantly with his family at St Germain en Laye and in Paris,

making occasional flying visits to England to keep his hand in in politics.

But what was really to be the turning-point in Sir Stafford Northcote's career was now at hand. He was no longer to be doomed to waste his time as an isolated political unit, but to find a place in the inner circles of Conservative organisation, where his best faculties and abilities would find a fuller scope for usefulness. In June 1858, while on one of his visits to London, he had "a curious sort of letter" from Mr Earle, saying Mr Disraeli wished to see him, and this led to the proposal of a seat for Stamford, and the prospect of the secretaryship of the Treasury. It was not without doubts that Sir Stafford took this proposal into consideration. Mr Disraeli was not then the political personage that he was to become some years afterwards. His past career was still so fresh in the minds of Conservatives that they were quite justified in withholding from him the full measure of their confidence. It was just at this time that Mr Disraeli and Mr Gladstone were passing each other in their political orbits, the one gaining as much in conscientiousness through the elation of success and a new-born feeling of *noblesse oblige*, as the other was losing the same quality under stress of defeat and disappointment. As late as 1857, indeed, there was a considerable probability of Mr Gladstone joining the Conservatives, but the party could not have held both him and Mr Disraeli. One must have had to go, and looking at the characters of the two, as they stood then and afterwards, we can easily realise a possible interchange of their parts: Mr Gladstone settling down as a calm and dignified Conservative leader of the high Tory type, and Mr Disraeli becoming a Radical firebrand, to rouse the democratic passions of the country. Such is the irony of parliamentary politics. Sir Stafford had some natural hesitation to mark himself as "Dizzy's man," and he had some misgivings as to how Mr Gladstone would regard the step.

"I should not myself consider that I was deserting him; because I have never followed him, and never mean to follow him in an anti-Conservative direction, and I have always desired, and still desire, that he should join the Government; and moreover, I should take care to let Disraeli know, if I do accept, that I shall never act against Gladstone in a personal question, should such arise. But my position with respect to Gladstone is a very awkward one; and I am afraid, if I take office, two things will be said, which might equally annoy him —one, that my doing so showed that he was favourable to the Government; the other, that it showed that I had deserted him for Dizzy. I don't fear any bad consequences to myself from joining on Dizzy's invitation. I should be abused a little, but that I don't care for; and I should always hold myself free to take an independent line if necessary."

Mr Gladstone counselled acceptance; and it was with a feeling of half-puzzled wonderment that Sir Stafford emerged from the interview with Disraeli that was to mould his future career. "Dizzy talked as if he had always had my interests in the very centre of his heart;" and certainly a capacity for discovering coming men was not among the least of Mr Disraeli's gifts. So Sir Stafford is prepared to cry "Three cheers for Dizzy!" but all the same he is not to commit himself to him "in the event of any great break-up." But the chances of discord were soon lessened by the influence which Sir Stafford acquired in Mr Disraeli's

counsels — an influence which is scarcely brought out with sufficient clearness in Mr Lang's work. Sir Stafford was the type of a class—the abler Conservative county members whom Mr Disraeli was most anxious to secure, and who then looked at him askance and with some dubiety. Their hopes rested upon Lord Derby, and they read but did not understand the ideas in which the *Press* was seeking to educate them. In this way Sir Stafford was a decided acquisition to Mr Disraeli, as a link between him and the squires, and as an interpreter to the Conservative leader of their political views. From a very early period in their connection, we find him, in letters and memoranda, counselling his chief upon the position and policy of the party; and as we shall see later on, his advice was frequently of paramount influence.

His election for Stamford passed off quietly, and in January 1859 he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury—no sinecure post. But his tenure was a short one. Lord John Russell had once more brought the question of Parliamentary Reform to the front, to restore the sinking prestige of the Whig party, and Lord Derby's Government, to obviate a more Radical measure, brought in a bill of their own. Looking back upon it in the light of our own experience, we may say the bill was a good and a sound one—equalising the borough and county franchise and disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders. But there was dissension inside the Cabinet over this last provision, which Lord John Russell selected as his point of attack, and he defeated the Government by a majority of thirty-nine. Sir Stafford was for moderate reform, and extension of the franchise without redistribution, which he considered a reasonable measure for professed Conservatives to put forward.

Sir Stafford was again returned for Stamford at the general election that followed, and sat in Opposition with his party. A Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Paper Duty, and the Commercial Treaty with France were the chief features of its programme. Sir Stafford objected to the price we were paying for the French treaty, and reminded the House that even gold might be bought too dear, and only considered it serviceable as making a breach in the French system of protection. Mr Gladstone was Lord Palmerston's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Stafford Northcote was the only member on the Conservative benches who could dissect his illusory schemes and submit his finance to a searching criticism. On one occasion Mr Gladstone tells Sir Stafford that he had "endeavoured to arrest your progress by a prolonged shaking of the head;" and in the discussion on the French treaty Sir Stafford retorted upon a Ministerialist who had praised Mr Gladstone's "simple eloquence," "The eloquence of the right hon. gentleman nobody ever doubted, but that its characteristic was *simplicity*, he was hardly prepared to admit." He moved the amendment in opposition to Mr Gladstone's motion for the repeal of the paper duties, on the ground that the state of the finances were inadequate for the surrender; and results, both at the time and afterwards, proved the correctness of his view. He offered no opposition to the principle of the bill; but he made a very weighty speech on the imprudence of sacrificing a lucrative source of indirect taxation before

deciding by what direct taxes the deficiency was to be met.

"I do not wish to be understood as saying that I object to the substitution in a proper way of direct for indirect taxation. What I mean is this, that we ought to take very good care to make direct taxation as free as possible from objection, and to put it in such a shape that when we strike away indirect taxation, we may be in a position to fall back on direct taxation, with the certainty that it will not fail us in consequence of the objections which it will engender. This is the point in which the scheme of the Government fails. Is it prudent to strike away indirect taxation, when we have in its place only the income-tax, which high authorities tell us is unsuitable as a permanent source of revenue, and when no one can assure us that it can in any way be altered or improved?"

It was during the Budget debates of 1861, according to Mr Lang, that Sir Stafford made his first deep impression upon the House, and justified the confidence and applause of his party leaders. He was the only speaker the Conservatives could put up, with any assurance of success, to answer or criticise Mr Gladstone. During the era of Mr Gladstone's great financial illusions, Sir Stafford may be said to have led rather than to have followed Mr Disraeli, for the latter, who was little of a financier and less of a political economist, does not do much more than re-echo views which we recognise as those of his lieutenant. Mr Gladstone was at first disposed to take rather a lofty ground with his new antagonist, and Sir Stafford, who knew the other's "cunning o' fence," was proportionately wary of how he attacked him. "I am horribly afraid of moving an amendment in the resolution itself," he writes to Disraeli during the Budget debates of 1861. "Gladstone may bring up an array of figures to show that we shall upset the finance of the country, and may carry off a number of votes."

We must refer our readers to Mr Lang's work for an excellent summary of Sir Stafford's great speech on the claims of sugar and tea to a reduction of duty as contrasted with paper. It was indeed an admirable exposition of Conservative financial policy, and brought him in compliments from all sides. Lord Stanley declares it to be "the most complete parliamentary success that I have heard in the twelve years I have sat in the House. You are marked out for a Chancellor of the Exchequer." "It is Gladstone at his best, without Gladstone's temper," was another comment; and *à propos* of the actual Chancellor of the Exchequer, an apt quotation was made—

"Keen are his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

His forensic success was followed by his work, 'Twenty Years of Financial Policy,' into the writing of which he was "entrapped" by some booksellers, and which may still be read with profit as a lucid exposition of the principles of British finance, especially with relation to the earlier successes of a free trade policy. Here, as all through his career, he urged the caution with which the income-tax, properly a war reserve, should be employed; and questioned gravely whether the recourse which was constantly being had to it was "a proof of financial strength."

These years were years of disturbance abroad, on the continent of Europe, and in America, which was being rent asunder by the

Civil War. Sir Stafford took a view of European affairs which, contrary to his usual line of vision, we would have considered somewhat pessimistic but for the cataclysm which swept over France some years later. With regard to the American difficulty, while Ministers were dealing with the subject from a purely diplomatic point of view, Sir Stafford Northcote approached it from the commercial side, and was able to carry his chief along with him. A not unnatural sympathy for the struggle which the Confederates were maintaining against such crushing odds swayed a large number of prominent Conservatives, and there is reason to suppose that they might have made an impression upon Mr Disraeli, and have led to an attempt to obtain recognition for the South. Lord Coleridge, in an article in 'Macmillan,' singles out Mr Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote on the one side, and the Duke of Argyll and Sir George Cornewall Lewis on the other, as the four men who "mainly contributed to keep this country neutral, and to save us from the ruinous mistake of taking part with the South." Again, in the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, when Conservatives were divided in their views of England's duty, Sir Stafford's influence was effectually exerted to keep the country out of the *imbroglio*. The Palmerston Cabinet was divided into war and peace parties; the Premier on one side, and Mr Gladstone and Mr Milner Gibson on the other, and Earl Russell, as usual, blundering and irritating both sections of his colleagues. Lord Robert Cecil, who was much more rash and fiery than the present Marquis of Salisbury, had roused an indignant spirit in the country by his letters to the 'Times,' denouncing the high-handed procedure of the Central Powers. There was, too, a secret understanding between the Tory leaders and Lord Palmerston at the time, leaving him a free hand, within pretty wide limits, in foreign policy, provided he gave due consideration to their views in home questions. Mr Disraeli, according to Count Vitzthum, declared that it was "all humbug going to war for Denmark," but Lord Derby took a graver view of the European crisis. Sir Stafford spoke his mind to Mr Disraeli with his usual frankness, as he states in a letter to Lady Northcote:—

"Although we have some strong Danish feeling in our party, I do not believe that the Conservatives as a body can wish to go to war with our old German allies, with France hanging on our flank, ready to play her own game on the Rhine as soon as England is fairly committed against Prussia. I believe that many difficulties, which are now insoluble, on account of the mess Johnny Russell has got into, might be got over by a new Ministry, and that we might succeed in bringing about a settlement which Austria, and probably Prussia too, must in their hearts desire."

Again, in the China difficulty, when the Taeping successes had created a desire for intervention on the part of England, Sir Stafford wrote Mr Disraeli a long letter urging opposition to Lord Palmerston's intervention, and calling upon Parliament to lay down strict principles of abstinence in Asiatic as well as European and American domestic quarrels. His favourite policy is a *via media* "between fussy interference and absolute indifference," a seasonable rule of conduct while Lord Russell was at the helm of the Foreign Office. Sir Stafford, at an Exeter dinner in 1864, made a very happy

criticism on the Whig foreign policy of the day:—

"They were possessed of a marvellous secret, of a patent invention, by which they were to settle the affairs of the world without any expenditure of blood or treasure on the part of England. They were in the happy position of possessing what we may consider the patent medicine of England—'moral influence.' Never was there a patent medicine of Mr Holloway's more puffed and vaunted."

But though Sir Stafford did his duty as a counsellor in times of foreign crisis, and had in later years to bear a chief share of the burden of our foreign policy, his heart was never in diplomatic discussion, and he could never apply himself to debate with the same enthusiasm as when internal affairs or some economic subject were in question. We cannot stop to particularise the heavy and varied Committee work which he undertook during these years of Opposition, such as Schools of Art, Public Accounts, and Irish Taxation, but the share which he took in the Public and Endowed Schools Commissions was most important and helpful. An anecdote of Mr Disraeli, however, which belongs to this period is too good to be passed over. Writing from Kirby Hall in Yorkshire, Sir Stafford says: "The principal delight of our friends here is Dizzy's advice to the farmers to cross their sheep with Cotswolds. Can't you imagine him gravely giving it, as if he knew the difference between a Cotswold and a Southdown!" This early parallel to Mr Gladstone's equally valuable advice to farmers to grow strawberries instead of wheat and make jam instead of malt, is both striking and amusing. We may mention that Sir Stafford paid a visit to Hawarden soon after the fall of the Russell Ministry, and had a most cordial reception. The Oxford election had been a great difficulty to Sir Stafford: he had already foreseen in Mr Gladstone's attacks upon the Irish Church a germ of hostility to ecclesiastical establishments generally, and had abstained from voting at Oxford. He would, however, have supported Mr Gladstone if his vote would have turned the election.

Sir Stafford's seat was secure at Stamford, and he now first entered the Conservative Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. From the beginning of the session of 1866 to July he kept a rough diary, which Mr Lang reprints, and which gives a very vivid picture of the days of the Conservative Reform Bill in 1866. Though the Liberal Government was tottering on its last legs, the Conservative prospects were not reassuring. Lord Derby was failing fast, and there was a difficulty about the leadership. Reform was imminent upon whichever party was in office, and the support of the Adullamites had to be conciliated. Lord Derby thought that if Disraeli gave up the lead of the Commons, the only alternative was Mr Gladstone, "who is quite prepared to take the high Conservative line;" "but we should never get on together—he would always be quarrelling with me, and I should be thinking he wanted to trip me up." Disraeli was inclined to offer Cabinet office to Mr Lowe and Mr Horsman, but Sir Stafford recommended rather an approach to the old Whigs in the event of a break up. Already Sir Stafford foresaw that beyond the immediate dangers of Reform a crisis would arise over the Church.

"I told Dis," he writes, "that I thought the chief question for us to consider was the future position of the

party when the Reform hitch should have been got over. The question of the relation of Church and State will probably become the most important with which we shall have to deal. We must endeavour to maintain the Establishment without unduly subjecting the Church to the State. This will be difficult under any circumstances, but especially so if the Government we form does not command the confidence of Churchmen. Already some of the High Churchmen are so alarmed at the danger of Erastianism that they are for a free Church, and they look to W. E. G. as their leader to that result. If we compose our Cabinet of men who have so little of their confidence as Stanley, Lowe, and Horsman, the breach may be precipitated, and men like myself may be forced to join the free Church party as the lesser evil."

All this fusionist talk was dissipated when on Lord Dunkellin's motion to substitute rating for rental in the Liberal Reform Bill, the Government was defeated, and Ministers sent in their resignation. A few invitations to join the Conservative Ministry were given to Whigs and Adullamites, and when these were coldly received, Lord Derby resolved to make a Cabinet with his own supporters. Sir Stafford, as has been said, became President of the Board of Trade, and held that office until next March, when, in consequence of Lord Cranborne's secession, he was transferred to the India Office. We hear little about the split in the Conservative Cabinet over reform from Sir Stafford's papers, and we must go to "Hansard" for a full exposition of his own opinions.

"His own attitude," says Mr Lang, "was merely and simply that of his chiefs. He did not want to lower the franchise, any more than they desired it. But he was no more inclined than they to divorce the Conservative party from the current of affairs. . . . His habitual and almost proverbial hopefulness enabled him to see a happy future for England and our enfranchised working class, especially as the influence of the Conservative party 'has been used almost always on the side of labour and of the working man.'"

Sir Stafford Northcote's Indian secretaryship was a career of uninterrupted satisfaction and success, although crowded with momentous events and important measures. The Abyssinian Expedition was the most important undertaking which we then had in the East, and Sir Stafford had the good judgment to leave Sir Robert Napier with almost a free hand to make his preparations and to lay his own plans. Its rapidity and success, surpassing any other military operation of a similar magnitude that we have since undertaken in Africa, best attest the wise policy by which the India Secretary regulated its course. Among other measures which fell to be dealt with by him during his term at the India Office were the beginnings of the decentralising policy which is still being wrought out; the initiation of the great schemes of irrigation which the Orissa famine had suggested for the prevention of similar calamities; and the admission of natives to the Covenanted Civil Service. Sir Stafford was very anxious that some method might be devised of opening up the Covenanted Civil Service to natives without compelling them to come to England to compete, and suggested that experimental nominations might be tried in the various Presidencies. The Conservative Government did not, however, remain long enough in office to give effect to his views. In the case of the Mysore succession, Sir Stafford took such a view as might have been expected from a states-

man personally unacquainted with the character of native rule, and threw over the chance of allowing the principality to lapse to the Indian Government upon what was certainly a very favourable construction of the Partition Treaty. Like all English statesmen, the word "annexation" had a repellent effect upon him. With regard to the troubles that were brewing beyond the north-west frontier, Sir Stafford unfortunately had to look through an opaque lens, and it was all but impossible, while Sir John Lawrence remained Viceroy, to induce the Indian Government to depart from its position of masterly inactivity. The Indian Government knew quite well what was transpiring in Afghanistan and the Central Asian khanates, but refused to recognise the inevitable bearings of Russia's movements upon the future. The despatches of the period show clearly enough that the home Government was not made aware of the significance of facts, the gravity of which the Council at Calcutta had great difficulty in disguising from themselves. It is useless now to point out what might have been; but if the policy which Lord Mayo commenced some years later had been inaugurated any time between 1866 and 1868, we cannot help believing that a great portion of our Central Asian troubles might have been averted. Sir Stafford readily agreed to Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission to St Petersburg, which, if it was productive of little permanent benefit, at all events roused the Russian Government to a perception that their advance towards the Oxus was being jealously watched in India, and that such barefaced annexations as Khokand and Bokhara would have to be more skilfully managed in future.

Few men who have filled the chair at the India Office have left better memories of themselves among the natives of India than Sir Stafford. This was not merely due to an act of such unusual private munificence as his present of £1000 to hospitals and charitable institutions, which was so unostentatiously given that it almost escaped notice at the time, but rather to the conscientiousness which impressed all his conduct towards our Eastern empire and its natives. He had to do unpopular things too. The Abyssinian Expedition forced him to establish the precedent that India must pay for the military operations of her own troops on the other side of Suez, a precedent which has been somewhat unduly stretched since. He gave the ball to the Sultan at India's expense, a vicarious hospitality which to most other secretaries would not have been so readily pardoned. But what most conciliated confidence was the impression that Sir Stafford would examine matters for himself and not be led by the Council of India, which, rightly or wrongly, has but an indifferent character in the East as an administrative organ. This impression is now confirmed. In a private letter written about the time he accepted the India Office, he declares that he is not going to play Adam to the Council's Eve, and say "The Council thou gavest to be with me tempted me." But the fact that the years of Sir Stafford's secretaryship were the beginning of a new financial era in India, and that he of all the other statesmen of his party was the fittest to deal with the problems that came before him, is

sufficient to explain much of the success of his administration.

In 1867, when a vacancy in the representation of North Devon had occurred, that constituency, repenting of its former short-sightedness, now solicited Sir Stafford to become its member, and henceforth dutifully returned him so long as he remained in the House of Commons.

The Christmas of 1868 found the Conservatives once more in opposition, and Sir Stafford a statesman at large. The following year was almost entirely devoted to the affairs of the doomed Hudson Bay Company, of which he had become chairman, and which was now to be compelled to make over to Canada the extensive territories in the North-West which it held under the charter of Charles II., and which it was now unable to administer under the inroads of immigration. Riel's rebellion had made it plain enough that the territorial power of the Company must fall, and the task that Sir Stafford set himself was to make the fall as light as possible, and get the best possible terms out of the Canadians. We cannot go into his negotiations with the Canadian Government, to carry on which he crossed the Atlantic for the first time and made the acquaintance of the political leaders of the then new Dominion. He also made a short tour through the States; but for the racy stories connected with his transatlantic experiences we must refer the reader to Mr Lang's volumes. Space compels us to take the same course with other wanderings of Sir Stafford—his yacht trip to the opening of the Suez Canal, and visit to Athens; a Mediterranean cruise in the Pandora; with various other holiday excursions nearer home, of which Sir Stafford has left in his own words delightful records of places visited and persons met. And in what remains to tell of his political career we must also be brief, urged thereto by the consideration that that part of his public life is so recent as to be familiar to most of our readers. But even those who have followed politics most closely during the last twenty years, will find much fresh light let in upon the part which Sir Stafford Northcote played in them in these volumes.

In February 1871, Sir Stafford was requested by Lord Granville to join the Commission which had already sailed for America, to arrange the terms of reference to arbitration of the differences between Britain and the United States regarding the Alabama claims and other subjects of international dispute. It was somewhat of a novel experiment, and its wisdom, as justified by events, was not inaptly illustrated by an anecdote told by Judge Hoare, one of the American Commissioners:—

> "A man came into court and called the judge a d——d fool. The judge threatened to commit him for contempt of court. The man begged to refer the question to the arbitrament of the jury. The judge consented; whereon the jury decided that his referring to them proved he *was* a d——d fool, and gave their award accordingly."

The Americans received the Commissioners with unbounded hospitality, for which we were afterwards to have the pleasure of settling the bill; and Sir Stafford's letters show how heartily he enjoyed the "real good time" and the genial society into which he had dropped. It would be needless to go over the wrangling that ensued when the Commission set-

tled down to work, or to show how the "Britishers" were overreached, to use the mildest possible word descriptive of Mr Secretary Fish's conduct. Suffice it to say, that the Commissioners signed the Treaty under the impression that the indirect claims for damages were dropped, and that Sir Stafford publicly animadverted on their revival in a speech before the Exeter Chamber of Commerce. The American Government took up the allegation in a spirit of righteous indignation, and Sir Stafford was obliged to defend himself, which he did in a very able letter to Mr Fish, reiterating his sense of the understanding which he had arrived at of the terms propounded by the American side. Whatever Lord de Grey might have done, we are certain that Sir Stafford Northcote would have been no party to an admission of the indirect claims; but an unquestionable mistake was committed by the Commissioners in not having these barred in black and white. On the San Juan dispute Sir Stafford was more firm, and would have broken up the Conference had not the Americans given way.

Back in England, Sir Stafford was not allowed to remain idle. He was asked to become chairman of a Commission to inquire into the working of Friendly Societies, a subject in which he was much interested, and to which he entered with all the enthusiasm which he felt for anything affecting the condition of the masses generally. He and his fellow-commissioners traversed the country collecting evidence, discovering "no end of jobs," and finding "a richer vein of rascality in Glasgow than one could discover in Belfast." The result was a bill which he carried through Parliament in 1875, after Mr Disraeli had returned to power, which provided for the registration, and, to some extent, for the Government supervision, of these societies, and which still practically regulates their working. The measure was a fair specimen of the principles which Sir Stafford applied to economic legislation. It was "a compromise," and "mainly permissive." "It is better," he argues, "that the societies should not be governed as well as they might be, than that Parliament should do anything in the way of governing them beyond what was absolutely necessary." We believe the principle here laid down to be right; and if Sir Stafford Northcote's Act has failed to prove sufficient protection, the blame lies with the constituents of the friendly societies themselves. The societies gratefully recognised his work, and the chief of one of them, representing 600,000 members, said that, in Lord Iddesleigh's death, "England has lost one of the greatest supporters of voluntary thrift, as exemplified in the working of friendly societies and of kindred institutions."

In spite of his success at the India Office, Sir Stafford must be considered as having attained his true sphere of action when he took over the Exchequer in the Conservative Ministry of 1874. He was unfortunate in receiving the control of the national finances at a time when the tide of national prosperity had turned, and a season of commercial and material depression had begun to sweep over the country. He was unfortunate also in receiving from his predecessor, Mr Gladstone, a *damnosa hereditas* in the shape of an illusive surplus of six millions, "got up," as Sir Stafford explained, "to a certain extent by putting off a great many claims and charges which would ultimately

have to be met." This imaginary quantity was the chief economic result that the Liberals had to show for six years of administration. Mr Gladstone, with little hope that he would have the handling of the money, proposed to lavish it in a lordly fashion. He would abolish the income-tax, he would remit the rest of the sugar duties he had promised in his address, which Mr Chamberlain was compelled to describe as "the meanest public document which has ever in like circumstances proceeded from a statesman of the first rank." Sir Stafford was not going to attempt the impossible. He held very much the same views as Mr Gladstone regarding the income-tax, but he saw that they could not repeal it without giving the nation "some marked relief in the class of articles of popular consumption." So he contented himself with reducing the income-tax, he relieved local taxation, aided the police and lunatic asylums, and took off the sugar duties, and attempted a reduction of the public debt, which he had always regarded as a primary duty on the part of a good financier. The Liberals cried out that their magnificent surplus had been frittered away, but the country as a whole pronounced Sir Stafford's arrangements to be the best that could have been arrived at under the circumstances.

In 1875 his great scheme for reducing the National Debt, the first serious effort in that direction since the recommendations of the Finance Committee of 1828, which were never carried out to any very appreciable extent, was brought forward. Mr Gladstone had made partial experiments by way of terminable annuities, which, though sound enough in principle as far as they went, were yet inadequate to produce a permanent effect upon the mass of debt to which they were applied. Sir Stafford established a new Sinking Fund, commencing from 1877, derived from the difference between the annual interest on the debt and a fixed assignment of £28,000,000 yearly from revenue. This difference then stood at about three-quarters of a million, and the proposal could not be considered ambitious. But moderate as it was, it hypothecated a future prosperity of the revenue which no Ministers could guarantee, and Mr Gladstone was ready enough to twit the Chancellor of the Exchequer with pledging the future, and "soaring into the empyrean." But Sir Stafford must be admitted to have had the best of it in his reply:—

"As for binding the future, Mr Gladstone himself had left his successors 'to provide for the terminable annuities which, at his suggestion, we have been paying for the express purpose of extinguishing debt, and it is just as fictitious and as unreal as any other system.' Mr Gladstone, 'the most incredulous man I ever met,' 'keeps on shaking his head whenever I refer to him.' Sir Stafford maintained that he had explained his scheme in ten minutes, while Mr Gladstone, in 1865, occupied half an hour, 'gave every one a headache,' and indeed divided the person of the Chancellor of the Exchequer into two —the Chancellor as finance Minister, and the Chancellor as banker. . . . As to the terminable annuities, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dividing the person, as one may say, making terms as banker with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as finance Minister, had been both buyer and seller of these annuities, and had fixed the price as he thought fit.

"'If you attempt to rest any scheme for the reduction of debt on terminable annuities, . . . you will either make a bargain too favourable, and

add to the debt, or you will make a bargain too unfavourable, and so rob those for whom you are trustees—the savings banks' depositors.' He would retain terminable annuities to a certain extent by provisions in the bill; 'but to say that it is the only really sound and sensible principle to act upon, and that the other which I propose is unsound and visionary, seems to me to be nothing but gross and sheer prejudice.' He maintained, after alluding to Mr Gladstone's critical eye as worthy of 'the Epidaurian serpent,' that his plan was sound and stable, because it established a consistent policy of repaying debt, and yet could be set aside whenever the necessities of the country required that it should be put an end to."

There are economists who altogether condemn the principle of the Sinking Fund as "automatic," "thaumaturgic," and "wonder-working"; but that Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal was a moderate and sensible movement in a right direction will not now be called in question by practical financiers. The only regret is that the burst of the storm which had been hanging over Eastern Europe, and the disasters which more or less directly sprang from it, precluded him from practically illustrating the utility of his plan. All the time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer trade was stagnant, customs and excise at their lowest ebb, agriculture labouring under such a depression as had never been known within the experience of farmers, a state of armed tension at home and war abroad; and instead of being able to reduce the debt, the Conservative Government was compelled to add to it. Nevertheless, it may be safely said that at no other period in our financial history was an increasing burden of taxation more carefully and conscientiously adjusted to the means and interests of the British taxpayers, and money raised with less illusive prospects or financial jugglery.

Throughout the Eastern troubles of 1875-78, Sir Stafford was in perfect harmony with his colleagues as to the course which they took during the difficulties which sprang out of the Servian and Herzegovinian complications. This was to countenance the just rights of the suzerain Porte, to use their influence in favour of an amelioration of the just complaints of subject races, and to join if possible in collective action with the great Powers for that object, and with a view to save Turkey from insurrection within and aggression from the outside. Sir Stafford, after leaving office, drew up a memorandum "on the Foreign Policy of the Government," a summary of which forms an important chapter in Mr Lang's second volume. In an amusing account quoted from Mr Disraeli of the various shades of opinion prevailing in his Cabinet, he characterises the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as desiring "to see something done, but don't exactly know what"—a judicious opportunism which enabled them to act with effect at the proper moment.

Mr Disraeli had now gone to the Upper House as Lord Beaconsfield, and upon Sir Stafford had devolved the troublesome task of leading the Commons in these distracted days. The insensate fury with which Mr Gladstone assailed "the unspeakable Turk," and his friends, the scarcely more pronounceable Ministers, out of doors, found no faint echo in the House itself; and "bag-and-baggage" and "perish India" were the popular watchwords of the hour. Amidst this turmoil Sir Stafford maintained a steady demeanour. His defence of the policy of the Gov-

ernment was invariably frank and masterly, and convinced the country, if not the Opposition, that we were doing all we could for Turkey and her subject states short of armed coercion, and that our neutrality had never exceeded what was required of a friendly and benevolent ally. In the Afghan war Sir Stafford was at first disposed to think Lord Lytton had been precipitate; but a clearer insight into affairs at Cabul showed him that there was no longer the same possibility of standing aloof as had existed eight years before, when he was at the India Office; and our Central Asian policy was clearly expounded and ably defended by him in the House.

A more notable testimony could scarcely be quoted of Sir Stafford Northcote's influence in Parliament than the well-remembered fact that during his last years in Opposition he had to lead not merely his own party, but the House as well, on certain critical occasions. One of the most striking of these was in connection with Mr Bradlaugh's claims to take the oath, when Mr Gladstone stood aloof from what was his manifest duty, and compelled Sir Stafford to vindicate the cause of order in the House. It was Sir Stafford who had to move Mr Bradlaugh's committal to the Clock Tower, and Sir Stafford again who had to move for him being set at liberty. He took his stand on the law as it stood at the time, and on the omnipotence of the House of Commons "over its own members within its own walls." His line of action carried the House so far with him that he was able to defeat the Government on the second reading of the Affirmation Bill. On his last day in the House of Commons, the Bradlaugh question again came up, on a letter from the member for Northampton, intimating that he intended to take his seat; and Sir Stafford notes in his journal "that he ought, in strictness, to have renewed his motion for excluding Mr Bradlaugh from the precincts, but that he did not wish to conclude his thirty years of membership by proposing the exclusion of a brother member."

Among the latest measures with which Sir Stafford had to deal was that of Obstruction, which, during his own leadership, had first displayed its alarming capacity for thwarting parliamentary business in the debate on South African Confederation. Sir Stafford himself, we are told, "was not eager to alter the rules of the House;" but he had to yield to the exasperation of members, and moved the Orders empowering the Speaker to name a member after he had been twice called to order, and suspending him, after he had been heard in his defence, for the remainder of the sitting. This mild measure proved ineffectual; a Select Committee dealt with the growing lawlessness inside the House with no better results; and Sir Stafford was obliged to bring forward the rule extending to Thursdays, which had hitherto only obtained on Mondays, of going into Committee of Supply without preliminary debate, unless the Army, Navy, and Civil Service estimates had been first taken, and then only upon a question connected with the votes. Without this safeguard, inadequate as it has frequently proved to be, it would long ago have been made impossible for Government to carry business through the House of Commons. Then came the more stringent order for suspending a member on being named from the Chair without the right of defence. It

fell to Mr Gladstone's Government to introduce the *clôture* as a remedy for obstruction, and to Sir Stafford to criticise the proposal. His opposition was formal, and, with all his respect for the dignity and traditions of the House, he could not blind himself to the fact, that the usages which had secured free and honourable discussion among the gentlemen who sat in the House at the time he entered it, exercised no moral or material restraint upon the great mass of contemporary members. His opposition may be regarded as a courteous disclaimer of the obvious fact that the *morale* of the House was as bad as the Ministers, whose policy was responsible for the change, confessed it to be by their coercive proposals.

Irish questions and the Home Rule movement naturally occupied much of Sir Stafford's attention during his last years in Parliament. He opposed Mr Gladstone's land legislation, feeling that Irish disaffection was not to be removed by interfering between landlord and tenant, and that it was maintained not by grievances but by agitation. Sir Stafford had divined at a very early period that Mr Gladstone would throw himself into the arms of the Home Rule members, and employ them in his support whenever he was out of office. During his last years of leadership in Opposition he consistently kept the Home Rulers aloof, and resolutely refrained from any action that could be construed into an alliance with them. He was always careful to point out that it was not particular grievances, but the whole connection with England that the Parnellites were striking at, and in a political tour in Ireland he gave a very happy illustration of the attitude of their leader:—

"There is a story told of the Earl of Kildare, who, in the reign of Henry VII. or VIII., was in arms against the British power, and who was particularly at enmity with the bishop of his diocese. The Earl burned down a church in the diocese; and when questioned afterwards, and asked how he could have done so horrid a thing as burn a church, he said he never would have done it if he had not thought the bishop was inside. I believe the same is the case with Mr Parnell, and there are many institutions which he only attacks because he thinks that the British power is inside them."

To do justice to Mr Parnell, however, we believe that if he had failed in the church he would have set fire to the palace. Sir Stafford's views on the Irish demands are summed up in one very pithy dictum, "Ireland requires many things; but one thing she requires certainly—she requires to know she is governed."

On the subject of "coercion" his views were definite and consistent both in office and in opposition. If there was to be coercion, it must be applied as a policy, not as a "hateful incident," firmly persevered in in spite of all obloquy, and not by fits and starts, but until its legitimate objects had been accomplished. All through the course of Mr Gladstone's Irish mismanagement Sir Stafford proved himself to be a prophetic critic, proving at each point that Mr Gladstone's ostensible aims were exactly those which could not be realised, and that every fresh concession was only a stepping-stone for further demands. A consistent policy, a coherent policy, a policy that would present some prospects of a definite and final solution of the Irish question, even if it was in a remoter future, was the call which Sir Stafford, throughout his leadership

of the Opposition, vainly made upon the Gladstone Government. There was one respect only in which he was able to discover consistency. When the Kilmainham Treaty was revealed, Sir Stafford was able to acknowledge that the Gladstone Government had proved true to their principles:—

"They are proceeding on the principles on which it seems to me that they have all along proceeded. These principles are somewhat those of a pendulum, which swings sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other. . . . They are pursuing a policy which they have not thought out to its ultimate issues. . . . They are without a policy which they have themselves sought and decided on, and which they are prepared to recommend on their own authority to the House."

He followed the Gladstone Government through all its tortuous Irish policy during its last term of office, and brought prominently home to the country each fresh change of front on the leader's part. First, the vaunted resolution to rule Ireland without coercion, without the Peace Preservation Act, as a protest against the "illegality" which had marked the administration of their predecessors, a course which Mr Gladstone is again advocating — in Opposition. Then came the discovery that the Irish were "steeped to the lips in treason," and the imprisonment of the Land Leaguers. And finally the Kilmainham surrender and the Phœnix Park tragedy. Then, as now, Mr Gladstone, "when aiming at office," "had spoken of an absence of crime, a general sense of comfort and satisfaction," and had to come to Parliament soon after to obtain coercive powers to deal with this Arcadia. Sir Stafford was quick to point out the dual government of Ireland — the Government of the Queen, which Mr Gladstone speedily proved to be inoperative, and the government of the Land League. The taunts which Sir Stafford applied to Mr Gladstone in office are equally applicable to Mr Gladstone in Opposition, seeking, as he now does, to apologise for Irish lawlessness and crime by laying the blame on the administration of the Law. His own Government was the best adducible evidence of the impossibility of governing Ireland without coercion.

Sir Stafford also saw the weak point in the Premier's capacity, which would effectually prevent him from piecing together the ruins of the system which he had destroyed, so as to content all classes in Ireland. He quoted the sneer of Catherine de Medicis to the King after the murder of the Duc de Guise, "*vous savez tailler, il faut savoir coudre.*" The distinction marked a difference between the two statesmen. Sir Stafford had a highly constructive faculty, and was always at his best in planning out some practical scheme, such as Civil Service Reform, his Sinking Fund project, or a system of State recognition of industrial societies. Mr Gladstone's building operations invariably begin with wholesale demolition, and it is rarely that he gets the length of clearing the site for his proposed edifice. Sir Stafford foresaw with sorrow the down grade on which Mr Gladstone was entering with regard to Ireland; but we do not believe that even his prescience forecasted the depth which he would reach in his descent, as exemplified in his appearance a few days ago before his Mid-Lothian constituents. Gladstonians had assembled from all parts of Scotland to listen to an exposition of the deep and

well-considered policy that was to lead them back to power; and all they heard was a parrot-like reiteration of the very familiar mendacious revilings of Mr John Dillon and Mr William O'Brien, whose peculiar *rôle* Mr Gladstone has taken up during their regrettable absence.

Sir Stafford, with all his optimism, was unable to take a sanguine view of the immediate future of democracy. He saw more clearly than perhaps any other statesman that the Irish difficulty was not the Land League or the National League, or even the American dynamitards, still less Mr Parnell and his tail, but Mr Gladstone himself, and that in him was included not merely the disruption of Ireland, but a number of other destructive forces only waiting for an opportunity to vent themselves. At a time when the ex-Premier has again launched out upon his incendiary career, the opinion to which Sir Stafford—who to his last years could never speak of him without a lurking feeling of kindness, and even of respect—gave utterance at Aberdeen in 1885, comes to us as a solemn and weighty judgment. "I am prepared, from a long acquaintance with him," he said, "both as a friend and as an opponent in Parliament, to bear the highest testimony to the great abilities of the late Premier, Mr Gladstone; at the same time I think he is about the most dangerous statesman I know." In the five years that have elapsed since these words were uttered, Mr Gladstone has amply confirmed Sir Stafford's prescience; and we simply owe it to his diminished influence, and restricted means of mischief, that the "squally weather," which Sir Stafford anticipated was to blow from Hawarden, has not freshened upon a general and destructive tornado. For himself Sir Stafford could only impress upon the new electors "his confirmed doctrine—the doctrine of improvement on old lines, of honesty, steadiness, industry, all that could give confidence in England;" and the worst calamity that he could forsee, as resulting from the decline of these qualities, was the flight of Capital. Our future was to depend upon the maintenance of our old and tried morality in the Legislature as well as socially; and these were among the last and most valuable councils that Sir Stafford bequeathed to his generation.

On June 15, 1885, when it was already determined that he was to go to the House of Lords, Sir Stafford writes in his diary, not we are sure without a full heart and affecting memories of the place where he had "drunk delight of battle with his peers:" "This has apparently been my last night in the House of Commons. I have sat in it rather more than thirty years, and it has become a part of my life." It were difficult, he records, to say which side cheered him most as he entered the House; and the unusual compliment was paid him in a presentation of plate from both sides of the House, one piece bearing a medallion of himself between those of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr Gladstone, of which Sir Stafford happily remarked—

> "If I feel like the mortal horse who ran third in the chariot of Achilles with the two immortal steeds—if I feel that I am unworthy to be placed among such distinguished men, yet I cannot help being proud, when I remember that it was in such company that I played my part in the House of Commons to the best of my ability."

We have now little more to add. When the Salisbury Ministry came in in 1885, Sir Stafford took his

seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Iddesleigh and First Lord of the Treasury. To both the Government and the House the change was a loss: to the Government, for there was no one who had the matured parliamentary experience and influence to fill his place; to the House, because it lost an example of character and courtesy now more than ever needed as an object for imitation. He was well pleased to preside over the Commission on the Depression of Trade, although well aware that the Legislature could do little to improve the outlook. He held the seals of the Foreign Office from July to December 1886, when Lord Salisbury took them into his own hands in consequence of arrangements on the accession of Mr Goschen to the Cabinet. We need not go over again the still remembered scene of his death in Lord Salisbury's anteroom, which is yet fresh in the minds of the present generation. It came as a keen shock, sore and deep, to the country, but it caused little surprise. It was generally known that Sir Stafford Northcote carried his death about with him in a sense more immediate than most men may be said to do, and his presence in the midst of scenes of impassioned debate and angry political turmoil always inspired an admiration for his bravery, tempered by a keen sense of sympathy for the peril to which he was exposing himself. A sense of this always sufficed to restrain the impatience of his followers at times — and there were frequently times — when they felt that a bolder and more forward policy was incumbent upon Conservative interests. But Conservative interests throve under Sir Stafford's leadership, and he left the party a much more united and firm body than he found it, in all cardinal principles of Conservative politics.

We have confined our study of Mr Lang's book to only one side of Sir Stafford's character, and that side, in the opinion of many, will be the least genial and attractive one. We have chosen this side as the one more publicly important, and because Mr Lang has devoted his best work to those aspects of Lord Iddesleigh's life that were less prominently displayed to the public. His ideal domestic life, his friendships so loyally cherished, his cultured recreations, his intercourse with society in America and at home, his delightful addresses to all kinds of meetings all over the country, his philanthropic undertakings, and his playful sallies in verse, have all met with full justice at the hands of his biographer. We might spend pages in summing up the qualities that endeared Sir Stafford to his friends and his countrymen, but we prefer to have recourse to the quotation which very naturally suggested itself to his biographer, and which, including as it does the less in the greater, gives us the man as a harmonious whole—

"He was a very perfect, gentle knight."

WANTED, A NEW RELIGION.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN.

THERE can be no doubt but that the chief craving of modern "culture" in England is for new forms of religious belief. We live in an age of doctrinal unrest. Mankind is suffering from a species of spiritual indigestion, and people are continually chopping and changing their religious diet in the vain endeavour to find something that agrees with them. They are everything by turns and nothing long. Our latter-day dilettanteism changes its fashions in matters of dogma as lightly as it alters the cut of its garments or the shape of its hat. It says, "Try Positivism," or, "Try Esoteric Buddhism," with as little concern as one might say "Try Pears' soap"; and each religio-philosophic fad has its brief run of success, only to be supplanted by some newer and more popular favourite.

Signs are not wanting that the times are now ripe for the birth of a new creed. Mr Frederick Harrison's Religion of Humanity has so far failed to regenerate mankind, and the annual charge of the Pope of Positivism to the world in general upon the "First of Moses" (as New Year's Day is styled in the Comtist calendar) excites little more than a passing smile. Spiritualism has had its day, having long since given place to what is comprehensively termed "Occultism." Esoteric Buddhism is getting a trifle *passé*, and there is schism in the ranks of the votaries of Theosophy. The quaint theories propounded by Mr Laurence Oliphant under the name of "Scientific Religion," owing in great measure to the premature death of their gifted originator, have never taken deep root in England; and it is to be feared that this, the last creation of the fertile brains of our British altruists and transcendentalists, has fallen still-born before an unappreciative public. Nothing new or original in the way of religion, so far as I am aware, has since been offered to the world.

Such being the position of affairs, I am about to suggest in this article the means whereby this craving for novel and fantastic creeds may be turned to practical account by young men anxious to get on in society. To aspirants for fame in London drawing-rooms, I say without hesitation, "Start a New Religion, and start it at once." The world will turn an attentive ear to any fresh prophet who may appear upon the scene, provided only his doctrines bear the semblance of originality, and be dressed in a garb of attractive whimsicality. As yet the field is unoccupied by any favourite of commanding popularity, and this will, of course, be all in favour of the herald of the new evangel. To command attention, he must naturally be possessed of certain necessary qualifications. Of these the first and most obvious are impudence unbounded and unblushing, and that faculty for self-advertisement which forms nowadays for ambitious mediocrity so admirable a substitute for genuine merit. In olden days men were taught that by faith they might remove mountains; we moderns prefer to put

our trust in "cheek." Only in two things let your faith be unbounded—in your noble self, and in the infinite gullibility of the human species — and you may achieve much.

For the new cult to be a complete success, it should contain a strong infusion of the supernatural or spookical element, as that sort of thing always draws. Spiritualism or Occultism, in their original forms, may be defunct or out of favour; but humanity is infected as strongly as ever with the same superstitions and the same cravings after the marvellous which formerly made them so popular. Just now Hypnotism is all the rage, and your esoteric teachings will place you in "organic *rapport*" with Professor Kennedy and other distinguished men of the hour. The demand for this particular kind of sensationalism will never wane as long as human nature remains what it is, although it may break out in new and varied guises. It is a species of mental dram-drinking, an appetite which grows with what it feeds on; so that the more fantastic the theory, the more absurd and impossible the "manifestations," the more readily they gain acceptance. *Credo quia impossibile* is the formula; and many a lady of "advanced ideas," who professes a fine contempt for such people as are content to accept the time-honoured dogmas of Christianity, will greedily swallow the wildest nonsense if only it be dubbed "occult."

You will therefore impart to your religion a strong flavour of the supernatural. Drag from out the limbo of bygone phantasies, from the "realm of eternal chimera," some peculiarly crack-brained occult notions, and dress them up in modern garb. Figure as the Gnostic of the Nineteenth Century. Make your appeal to

> "Minds that soar
> Beyond the worn conceptions of the Past."

Discourse sonorously and alliteratively of the crumbling of creeds, and bid mankind cease to rumble among the dry bones of theological belief, and prepare their minds for the reception of new thoughts. Your "new thoughts," by the way, like those of most other modern religious reformers, will individually be as old as the everlasting hills, but that is a mere trifle. The novelty will consist in their combination and the form in which they are presented.

By following these suggestions you will minister alike to the universal passion for the marvellous and to the growing spirit of inquiry and unrest in all matters dogmatic, and if you are fairly clever and play your cards well, you may have society at your feet. Melancholy mild-eyed youths, with pale faces and long back-hair, will simper admiringly round their new Gamaliel. The mildly agnostic lady, who has doubts but hardly dares express them, dallying with infidelity even as some other ladies delight to dally with impropriety, will worship at your shrine. The higher philosophy lady, with a tear in her voice and a hugely expansive soul that is always yearning to get upon a higher plane, will gaze up into your eyes with those liquid orbs of hers dim with straining to penetrate the arcana of the unseen world, and seek your counsel and sympathy. If she is young and pretty, you will doubtless accord them to her—especially the sympathy. Do not, however, be too daringly heterodox, or you will frighten away the more timid members of your flock who prefer

their heterodoxy in small doses. In fact you will perhaps do well to label yourself a Christian, or shall we say a "Christian Eclectic"? Your Christianity will, of course, not be of the sort most people are accustomed to, but you will not fail to explain that yours is the only true form, and that no others are genuine. There is such a continual shifting back nowadays of old theological landmarks, and the Christian religion appears in such numerous and strange disguises, that one variation more or less will make but little difference. Superior people are growing dissatisfied with the creed of the multitude, and each individual wants to have his own private tap, so to speak, in affairs of dogma, all to himself. Accordingly he picks out from the creed of his fathers, and from those of other countries, such bits as suit his taste, and leaves the rest. This process he calls Eclecticism. These nice long Greek words have an imposing air which is eminently satisfying to the dilettante mind.

Should you chance to be a clergyman and to enjoy a good living, by all means stick to it, and continue to draw your pay as a minister of the Anglican community. The Church of England is so singularly comprehensive in these days, that it would be a thousand pities to give up a good thing merely on the score of your opinions not being strictly in accordance with the Thirty-nine Articles. You will of course be not unmindful of the æsthetic longings of your auditors. These may be gratified if you expound your novel doctrines in peacock-blue vestments against a lily-painted screen for a background. Be sure and not be dull, for though we English dote on dulness in our books (*vide* the strange popularity of the theological romance), we like to be "roused" or else amused in our sermons. You will do well to adopt a more or less outlandish jargon in your expositions, and avoid like poison being plain or explicit. You have only to mystify and muddle people's brains sufficiently for them to think you an exceedingly clever fellow.

I have expressed the opinion above that the present is a favourable time for the "floating" of our new religion, to borrow what seems an appropriate term from the field of joint-stock enterprise. By the way, talking of joint-stock enterprise, it seems hard that the "promoter" of a dogmatic novelty should not, as the law stands at present, be able to secure a patent for his wares, so as to shield himself against piratic competition. Why should not our philosopho-religion-monger have the protection of the law for his quack soul-medicines as much as the advertising chemist has it for his material drugs? He might then, like the Duke of Plaza-Toro in Mr Gilbert's latest opera, turn himself into a Limited Liability Company, and secure an influential directorate for the due puffing of himself and his doctrines. This, however, is digressing. It may be urged against my view that our creed could now be successfully launched, that there exists already too great a surfeit of religions for a new one to have much chance. I do not think, however, that the objection is a valid one, at least as far as this country is concerned. True, as Voltaire sneered long ago, we have some hundreds of religions in England, but people are still thirsting for more. The period of religious "awakenings" has passed

indeed, as far as the educated classes are concerned, but a new era of what we are pleased to term "Rationalism" has dawned in its stead. Everybody is fretting and fussing about the "intellectual bases" of their religious belief, and that most indigestible form of literary food, the theological romance, is greedily devoured by all the old ladies of both sexes. The young man of the period, too, is full of doubts and problems and questionings, and the beliefs of his grandmothers and maiden aunts are but as pap for his soaring intellect, which he feels requires stronger victual. His self-complacency is flattered (and the agnosticism now so fashionable is largely the product of intellectual vanity) by the notion that the old ideas, while good enough for ordinary persons, are unsuitable for men of superior mental calibre.

Hence it is that mankind nowadays are ever on the look-out for some new thing in matters spiritual; but as most people are incapable of constructing a new creed on their own account, they must turn to some other person to do it for them. You, my dear sir, for whose instruction and benefit these pages are written, will be that person. With you it rests to satisfy the spiritual cravings and aspirations of an inquiring age. With you it rests to minister to the disease peculiar to this nineteenth century, that so-called "earnestness" which, too often begot of a morbid and unhealthy egotism, daily furnishes recruits to the noble and ever-increasing army of prigs. For, as old Teufelsdröckh would have it, "Beneath yon hideous coverlet of Problems and Doubts and Earnestness and Questionings, what a Fermenting-Vat of Priggism lies simmering and hid!" Prigs in trousers galore, and prigs, ah me, lackaday! in petticoats too. For the ladies, dear things, are being drawn into the vortex of rationalism and speculative inquiry. Some of them write novels mildly seasoned with unbelief, and they all read 'Robert Elsmere.' The "Demon of Agnosticism" has invaded all sections of polite society, and he is nowhere more at home than in the gilded saloons of the great. Nor does he now, as formerly, confine himself to the smoking-room and the other purlieus of the male sex, but growing bolder, like goosey gander in our childhood's legend, he wanders (where neither of them have any business to intrude) "in my lady's chamber." Here his horns and hoofs have long since ceased to terrify, and familiarity with him has bred, not contempt, but a conviction that he is not so disagreeable an imp after all.

Timidly at first does the fair inquirer set forth on her voyage of doubt and discovery.

"Wasn't the world really then made in six days?" she anxiously asks, a cloud of mystification settling on her brow.

"Oh! but when the Bible says 'days' it really means 'ages,' don't you know?" is the ready answer of some friend of "advanced ideas." This is the first fatal step down the primrose path which leads to the abyss of "liberal opinions."

Dark doubts are next cast upon the oratorical capabilities of Balaam's ass, followed perhaps by such queries as the following:

"Don't you really believe that Joshua made the sun and moon stand still in the valley of Ajalon?"

"Oh yes, my dear," replies the advanced lady in her superior way; "but these things are all allegori-

cal, you know. Nobody, for instance, nowadays takes the story of Jonah and the whale in a literal sense."

And let me here observe that this tendency to put a symbolical construction upon perfectly plain and explicit passages of Scripture is a phase of modern thought of which due note should be taken. The familiar process of torturing words and sentences out of their obvious import is a highly convenient one, as things can in this way be made anything the reader pleases. Symbolism, however strained, possesses a fascination for the female mind, and the agnostic ladies as well as all other seekers after new truths (or shall we say old truths in new lights?) will derive comfort and consolation from the astonishing interpretations you will place upon texts which old-fashioned people have hitherto been content to take literally. Moreover Symbolism, be it remembered, is the key-note of Occultism, and our new religion will be nothing if not occult. Theosophical canons of construction differ from most others in the free scope they allow the imagination, and in your *rôle* of Gnostic or Christian mystic you will be able to give your powers of invention full rein. In hermetic literature and conversation nothing is to be taken literally, but in the sense in which a person of disordered brain would understand it. Therefore you will speak largely in parables. If it be objected at any time that you are talking undiluted nonsense (which is indeed highly probable) you can always reply, with Rabbi Maimonides, that "the greater the absurdity of the letter the deeper the wisdom of the spirit." The veil which shrouds the Great Arcanum of the Occult from the vulgar gaze can never be wholly withdrawn, but your mysterious utterances may be accepted as a gratifying, if only partial, revelation of the Hidden Wisdom.

I have little to add to the few bald hints and suggestions thrown out above, but I may remark in conclusion that you need not be afraid of mingling too many ingredients in your mystical hotch-pot. The field of your operations, sufficiently large already, is daily widening, and remember you have to cater for a variety of tastes. A seasoning of altruism to tickle the palate of an age that busies itself much with social problems, with perhaps a dash of German idealism, and the result will be a nice metaphysical *réchauffé* that will tempt the appetites of all such as hunger after dogmatic novelties. And now, in taking leave of the subject for the present, I have only to wish the founder of the New Religion every success, and to express, not without confidence, the hope that he may enjoy at least six months' social notoriety as the legitimate reward of his enterprise.

TARSUS—PAST AND PRESENT.

On several occasions it has been my good fortune lately to halt for some days at Tarsus, the city of Cilicia, where St Paul was born, a birthplace second only in interest to Bethlehem amongst Christian Gentiles. Each visit brought some new point before my notice in connection with the past and present of this "no mean city," so that almost unconsciously I find I have inserted in my notebook a good deal respecting the present condition of the town, and what is left of the past.

When Cleopatra came to Tarsus to pay her celebrated visit to Antony, she was able to sail right up the river Cydnos in her galley, and landed near those pretty falls which were then in the centre of the city, but which now form a pleasant object for an idle stroll about a mile to the east of the present town. In those days Tarsus had a port called Rhegma and a naval arsenal; the arsenal has disappeared, but the port is represented by a stagnant fever-spreading lake, with about four or five feet of water, no longer communicating either with the Cydnos or the sea, though not a thousand yards from either. Like all other spots in Turkey, the Tarsus of St Paul has gone into complete and irretrievable decay; the canals which irrigated its fields are choked up and useless, and the classic Cydnos, which still flows as of old, is now known as the "cemetery stream" (mezarlik-Tschai), as if the very name had been chosen to suit the desolation which is around it.

Mersina, an open roadstead, is the only approach to a port of which the modern Cilicia can boast, and from Mersina you can now go by train to Tarsus. Four years ago an enterprising English company opened a little line forty miles in extent as far as Adana, with the station for Tarsus about half-way. The programme of this little line was ambitious, for it hoped to cross the anti-Taurus range, tap the rich valleys of the interior, and push on to Baghdad. At present it does not seem as if it would get much beyond its forty miles, for the Fates and the Government are against it. Three years of famine followed its opening; the camel-drivers from the interior do not care to unload their beasts for so short a distance; and the Turks, who thoroughly dislike railways and the attendant civilisation, say that the famine and the calamities incident on it are a judgment from on high on such iniquitous undertakings. This year the harvest has been good, the railway receipts good, and this foolish superstition of the Turks must in consequence cease.

Tarsus of the past, situated in the centre of the great Cilician plain, rich in rivers and canals, and teeming with fertility, must indeed have been "no mean city" when Asia Minor and the Mediterranean basin formed the centre of the known world. East and west it was protected by stupendous mountains, crossed only by certain passes or gates, through which passed the great highroad from the west to the east. Of its many magnificent buildings, its academies, gymnasium, and stadium, where the celebrated games were played, we have abundant accounts in classical lore. Tarsus in Strabo's time surpassed even Alexandria and Athens in its

school of philosophy, and this geographer tells us that in his time "Rome was full of learned men from Tarsus." Athenodorus, the instructor and intimate friend of the Emperor Augustus, was a Stoic of Tarsus, and after his life of influence in imperial Rome he returned to Tarsus to die. Even in early Moslem times, when, shortly after the death of Mahomed, Palestine and the neighbouring countries fell under Saracenic rule, Tarsus maintained her position. For many years in this city, one of the frontier fortresses of Islamism, 100,000 horsemen were accommodated; and it was, writes the Arabic geographer Ibn Haukal in 978 A.D., "a city well built and populous, and all the cities of the interior had here houses for their townsmen." The complete obliteration from the face of the earth of this once famous city is one of the most striking instances of the evanescence of human grandeur. In modern Tarsus you see what you think are workmen engaged in drawing water from a well: there is a windlass and a rope, but instead of a bucket of water up comes a fine hewn stone; you approach the edge of the supposed well, and you look down to a depth of forty feet, and see that it is no well at all, but a quarry from which the men are bringing up the hewn stones of the former city to construct their own miserable tenements. Blocks of marble, sarcophagi, broken statuary, and many valuable relics of the past come up out of these wells; and the fact soon becomes apparent that the Tarsus of St Paul is as completely a buried city as Pompeii, and now reposes under a mass of earth,—earth which has been washed down by floods from the mountains, and earth which has increased in bulk by a process of self-generation which only those can realise who have had to do with ancient ruins, and the unaccountable way in which nature buries them when they are left to a process of decay. This obliteration is of course most marked in cities like Tarsus, situated on a plain; but even then we find few which have suffered so complete and widespread an annihilation.

The modern town of Tarsus contains about 26,000 inhabitants, and most of these would seem to have been lately imported—a century ago there was only a small village on the site of the old town. It is girt around by a luxurious belt of gardens, rich in oranges, lemons, citrons, and pomegranates, appearing like an oasis in the vast desert of the Cilician plain. Above ground the modern Tarsus presents little that is genuinely old, save a few churches converted into mosques, and buildings which date no further back than the days of the Armenian kingdom,—a somewhat miserable epoch, when the Crusaders, for their own convenience, raised an Armenian family to the rank of kings for their services in assisting the passage of troops. The head of this family was named Reuben, and he gave his name to the Roupanian dynasty which followed him. With the cessation of the Crusades and the expeditions to Palestine, this dynasty came to an end, and Tarsus, together with the whole of the Armenian kingdom in Cilicia, fell into the hands of the infidel at the close of the fourteenth century.

Another geographer called Yakut, a Greek slave, who was educated at Baghdad, and subsequently travelled much, gives us, in his voluminous biography, published in a work of 4000 pages by the German Oriental Society,

a glimpse at the epoch which perhaps wrought the most complete ruin on Tarsus. He tells us how, in the year 965 A.D., Nicephorus Phocas, the Byzantine emperor, reconquered Tarsus from the Saracens, drove out all the Moslem population, destroyed the mosques, which were in all probability the ancient temples and public buildings of the Roman Tarsus, and for the ensuing centuries the Cilician plain was one continued scene of struggle between the Crescent and the Cross. At one time, when the Crusaders were victorious, the Armenian kings of Cilicia would come down from their capital at Sis and attempt a reconstruction of the town. At another time, when the armies of the Cross were weak, this district was overrun by hordes of Arabs from Palestine and Egypt, and the Armenians took refuge in their mountain fastnesses. There was no peace for this stricken land till Bayazid finally reconquered Tarsus for the Turks, and since then the peace of decay has settled down on the Cilician plain, and has wrought a ruin even more complete than the passage to and fro of hostile armies which sought it as their battle-field.

Nowhere is the Turkish proverb more aptly illustrated than at modern Tarsus, which teaches that "You should never run if you can walk, you should never walk if you can sit, you should never live if you can die." Tarsus is the home of more nationalities than most places of a similar size, and all of them seem to have well studied the above lesson. The curious thing is how to account for the presence at Tarsus of so many races. Some say their ancestors came on pilgrimages to Mecca and stayed here, others that they left home in troublous times and found a home here; but at all events, the fact is that at Tarsus you find colonies of Afghans, Sepoys from India, Abyssinians and Ansairee from the Lebanon, besides the usual proportion of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. In summer time Tarsus is a horrible place to reside in, being terribly malarious from the many marshes and rank vegetation around it, so that all those who can afford it go up to the mountains, and a perfect colony of well-to-do Tarsiotes may annually be found at a spot called Geuzneh in the Taurus, whilst those poor wretches who remain behind drag on a miserable existence until the autumn rains disperse the fevers. In winter Tarsus is delicious, never cold though occasionally wet; the views over the snow-capped Taurus are lovely, and the network of gardens around it in spring-time burden the air with the rich fragrance of their blossom.

There is a round hill, or rather mound, just outside the town, which may have been the acropolis in ancient days. It is covered with grass-grown ruins, and at various times rich archæological treasures are unearthed from it. This hill is the chief characteristic of the modern place, and over its grassy slopes the inhabitants of the town love to wander. During the rainy season, when the low-lying ground is deep in mud, this hill is the halting-place for all the caravans on the way from the interior to the coast; and sometimes of an evening it appears to be literally alive with camels, whilst their quaintly clad drivers light their fires and prepare to bivouac in their piles of merchandise. Before turning in themselves, they always feed their camels with large cakes of meal and oil; and many interesting

scenes of nomad life may be studied amongst them.

The vegetation around this hill is in spring-time rich and varied. Here grows in abundance that mysterious plant the mandragora, with a sickly purple flower, low-lying leaf, and a fruit about the size of a partridge-egg. Every one here will tell you that when pulled up by the roots the mandragora utters a cry, and that these roots always have the human form,—a legend given us by Shakespeare (Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3):—

"Shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad."

Many strange specimens of these may be picked up in the bazaars of Tarsus—though most of them show signs of the knife having been used to accentuate the human likeness. Not till the plant is a hundred years old, they tell you, does the root take this curious form. It is one of those funny little flower-myths which one so constantly comes across in the East.

From this hill a very interesting *coup d'œil* of the town and district can be obtained. Here you realise the hole the town is in, and see to advantage the green belt of gardens which encircles it; and here you can follow the jagged outline of the Taurus and anti-Taurus, and see the waves of the Mediterranean glittering in the sun, beyond which, in faint outline, when the weather is clear, can be seen Cyprus. On this hill the Turks keep a crazy old cannon, which they let off at sunset and sunrise during Ramazan, to the inconvenience of those who reside in the immediate vicinity. Not long ago this hill was offered as a free gift to an American missionary body, who propose to build an institute to the memory of St Paul at the place of his birth, with the object of educating and converting from their evil ways the Armenians of the district; but nowhere on this hill of ruins could satisfactory foundations be found, and the energetic Americans are now looking elsewhere outside the city for the site of their memorial institute.

As seen from this hill, the aspect of modern Tarsus is by no means displeasing. There are the minarets of a few mosques, always supposed to lend an enchantment to every Turkish view; though, if we had the presence of mind to think it, the mill-chimneys of our northern towns are almost as picturesque: certainly the Moslem call to prayer is more romantic to our minds, though less practical, than the volumes of smoke which our minarets belch forth. In the outskirts of the town are the reed-huts of the Ansairee or Arab *fellaheen*, who own most of the best gardens around the town. These Ansairee came from the Lebanon about fifty years ago, and belong to that mystic sect which Lord Beaconsfield idealises in his tale of 'Tancred,' and who practise a secret religion, which, like freemasonry, excites the curiosity of all the uninitiated. They are of an industrious turn of mind, and have therefore flourished more than their neighbours. Their number at Tarsus and the adjacent villages is said to be close on 10,000; and inasmuch as they have money, the Turks treat them with great respect.

One or two of the larger buildings we see from the hill belong to Greek cotton merchants; and then, compared with other places of a like size, Tarsus has an enormous number of places of worship, which the manifold denominations therein residing have erected for themselves.

When you descend from the green hill and enter the town, you plunge at once into one of the most detestable of all Turkish places, redolent with every objectionable odour, and with scarcely any redeeming points of beauty. Even the bazaars, usually picturesque in every Eastern town, are poor here, having been lately destroyed by fire; and the idle authorities have supplied the old domed roof by a tin one, which makes shopping insufferably hot when the sun shines. The only interesting sight in these bazaars are the tent-makers, busily at work weaving tent-cloth in their dark recesses. The continuity of custom in the East is perfectly marvellous, surviving the ruin of cities and the lapse of ages; and not the least curious of these instances is to know that the Tarsus of St Paul and the Tarsus of today both have tent-cloth making as a speciality.

The moneyed man of modern Tarsus is the Greek. All through the Levant where money is to be made, it is the Greek who does it. Mr Mavromati arrived in Tarsus over sixty years ago, with all his worldly goods in a handkerchief. He began life by being a grocer's boy in the bazaar; and if the story of the foundation of his fortunes be true, he owes it to the discovery of an ancient Greek tomb, rich in gems, by an Arab *fellaheen*. Mavromati knew the value of the finds, purchased them, and sold them at a fine profit, which supplied him with the first capital on which to build his career. To his credit be it said, he gave the son of the peasant a good education, and now Mavromati is the richest man in all the country round. He owns warehouses at the port of Mersina; a cotton factory called the Cydnos on the banks of that classic stream; and everywhere in Tarsus you see his employees, or those of other Greek firms, working the raw cotton in a sort of wicker churn to separate from the pods the loose adhesions. Then the pods are handed over to women, to pick off the husks before the cotton is sent to the mill. They sit in crowds before their long, low workshops, picking away diligently from ten to eleven hours a-day, and the wages they receive average about two metallics, or just a little over a penny a-day.

Mavromati is now old, and his old age is a prosperous one; and he has just viewed with satisfaction the construction of the Greek church at Mersina, to which he contributed the handsome sum of £4000. Fortunes such as these are by no means uncommon amongst the Greeks of the Levant, and many are the charges of usurious dealings brought against them. They are the *gombeen* men of Asia Minor, and large tracts of the best land are rapidly becoming theirs—for the Turk is a far better hand at borrowing than making money. Greeks flourish at Tarsus, and so do Armenians; but there is not a Jew now to be found in the place, though there are some Hebrew tombstones of no very ancient date. At present, however, the race to which St Paul belonged is conspicuous by its absence from Tarsus.

The Armenians of Tarsus are a numerous but hopelessly divided lot. There are the Armenians proper, who worship according to their ancient cult; there are the Armenian Protestants and the Roman Catholic Armenians, each with churches and communities of their own, and each cordially detesting the other. This is the real secret of the weakness of the Armenian cause all over the Le-

vant, and the chief reason why this race has been unable, like the Greeks, to rise up and assert itself in the declining days of their Turkish masters. Perpetual bickerings and jealousies prevent anything like united action on their part, and make them what they are—a down-trodden and subservient race.

It is to the Armenians of the ancient Church that we must look for legends and traditions of St Paul. It is the same all over the East, for no Church ventures on bolder assertions, or possesses more hopelessly absurd traditions, than the Armenian. In the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat the Armenians know where Noah was buried and all about the ark. They point out the spot where the patriarch cultivated his vines, and they have suggestions to offer with regard to the site of the Garden of Eden. Similarly, at Tarsus the Armenian professes to know all about St Paul, and the spots which were connected with him.

The modern Armenian church at Tarsus, erected not many years ago, is now dedicated to the Virgin. It was built on the site of an older edifice dedicated to St Paul, and supposed to have been originally founded by that apostle on one of his apostolic journeys to Cilicia. In the churchyard is shown an old trunk of a tree, to which the bell of the present church is attached. This, they confidently assert, was planted by St Paul, regardless of the fact that it is not more than a couple of centuries old, and that its roots can hardly have reached the site of the Tarsus with which St Paul was acquainted. Around the church are the graves of the present race of Armenians, each with the symbol of the departed thereon. The defunct merchant is known by his weights and measures, the blacksmith by his anvil and his hammer, the scribe by his inkstand and pen, the woman by her distaff and spindle. In a retired corner amongst these is the grave of an Englishman, a consul, who resided in Tarsus half a century ago. Having read an account given by a French traveller, Paul Lucas, of a certain marble slab he was shown in this church, on which, according to tradition, Christ is reported to have washed the apostles' feet, I made inquiries concerning it, and was triumphantly shown the tombstone of an Armenian who departed this life in the year 1535. It would, I think, be almost impossible to equal the Armenian in barefaced stories concerning which there is not a shadow of truth.

An amusing little burlesque on tradition owed its origin to the unintentional remark of an American missionary at Tarsus. In the garden of the American institute before alluded to, in sinking a well they came across an old house, some thirty feet below the surface, with three rooms, and doubtless in much the same condition as it was in the days of St Paul. On showing this to a fellow-countryman who happened to visit Tarsus, he suggested that this house had as good a right to be connected with St Paul as any other relic in modern Tarsus—and sure enough in due course a sensational account of the very house in which St Paul dwelt appeared in an American journal.

Equally trustworthy is the well which is venerated in Tarsus, and called by them "St Paul's well," or "the well of the house where St Paul was born," the spot to which most modern pilgrims are taken for want of some better object of veneration. It is in the courtyard

of a house belonging to an orientalised European, named De Bas. Undoubtedly it is an old well, sunk very deep indeed below the foundations of the old town. It has chambers in it, like the well in which David hid the spies, and in one of these chambers a stone with the inscription "Paulos" on it was found, and the place was at once connected with the great apostle of Tarsus, regardless of the fact that the lettering is of the Byzantine epoch, when the name Paul is of constant occurrence in Cilician epigraphy.

Such are some of the Armenian traditions now current in Tarsus—traditions only now believed by the few who still adhere to the dogmas of the old Armenian Church; and these represent quite the inferior class of the race—wrinkled old hags, who wear sometimes as many as fifteen handkerchiefs bound round their heads, so that their cheeks become pressed up and their chins emaciated, and before thirty may lose the use of the muscles of their jaws. The lower-class Armenian is not a pleasing specimen of humanity in Cilicia, but he is shrewd, and capable of doing great things in the commercial world if the chance is thrown in his way. At Smyrna, for instance, the Armenians are the wealthiest of all the nationalities there assembled; and, unlike other people who rapidly acquire wealth, they contrive to retain their thriftiness. They inhabit big houses, where five or six families are served at table with food which a poor family in England would refuse. They have elegant sitting-rooms, and bedrooms too, which are only opened once a-year, on the occasion of the annual party in Carnival time. The furniture has doubtless been sent out by Maple; but all, even down to the handsome bedsteads, are only for show.

Having been shown St Paul's well, the modern pilgrim is taken to see a tomb—a square pyramidical tomb, erected in the outskirts of the modern town. It has a wall around it, and there is a sacred tree within the wall, all hung with scraps of *ex voto* rags, and the spot is venerated by Christians and Turks alike. An oath taken by this tomb is binding in Tarsus on Christian and Moslem alike. The Christian will tell you with his usual effrontery that this is St Paul's tomb; but the Turk, with more chance of reason on his side, tells you that it is the tomb of the Khalif El Mammun, a personage who is really known to have died in the year 833, and to have been buried at Tarsus—son of the Khalif El Rashid, who rebuilt and refortified Tarsus after the Saracenic occupation. Possibly it may be the tomb of the Emperor Julian, who was buried at Tarsus; but the site of the tomb is unknown. Everything at Tarsus in connection with the extreme past is vague and unknown.

The Turk too, at Tarsus, has another sacred tomb, which he tells you is that of the Prophet Daniel, who, according to their tradition, was brought hither by the Median army, and here ended his days. In a mosque spread with rich oriental carpets, behind a grating, stands a wooden erection with its flag by its side, and covered with embroideries. This is Daniel's tomb, or rather the symbol of the tomb, which is, they say, fifty feet below the surface; and a neighbouring stream, a branch of the Cydnos, is believed to flow over it. It is a curious fact that another tomb at Susa in Persia, which is also by Moslem tradition said to contain the remains of the Prophet Daniel,

is also supposed to have a stream of running water perpetually flowing over it.

Undoubtedly the only genuine relics of the past, and therefore the most interesting remains in modern Tarsus, are those of the Armenian dynasty which came to an end at the close of the fourteenth century. The churches are now converted into mosques, and owe their preservation to this fact. They are substantial buildings of the basilica type, recalling many of the earlier Christian edifices we see in Rome and other Italian towns. The *medresseh* or mosque school, where the youthful Moslems of Tarsus pick up a few crumbs of learning, is the earliest Moslem building, erected by Omar in 1385 in the Persian style, just after the second Moslem conquest; the others are all Armenian. One church has been converted into a wing of the bazaar, and is full of lumber. The *khan* or hostelry for travellers is of the same period; but the mosque where Daniel's tomb is, and another by a stream close to, are old Armenian churches, originally dedicated to St Peter and St Sophia. In the former there are two inscriptions in verse in old Armenian, over two side-doors on either side of what once was the higher altar. One states, "This is the door of the Lord's righteous people, and the place of the heavenly men." The other runs thus—"Protect King Auchin of the Armenians, and be intercessor in his chief actions." This is a satisfactory date, for King Auchin died in 1319, and probably most of the Armenian buildings of Tarsus belong to this period.

The Romanesque was the architecture affected by the rulers of Armenia, owing naturally to their intercourse with Italians. Willebrand, a canon of Oldenburg and a Crusader, visited Tarsus in 1211, and tells us "there was a very solid wall around it, and a castle in which St Theodore endured martyrdom,"—he also describes one or two churches. The Italian republics of Venice and Genoa, in the days of the Crusades, had intimate commercial relations with Tarsus, and had commercial houses here and at Missis and Ayash on the coast. In 1215 Genoa obtained a charter from King Leo II., by which she obtained the free use of a street in the bazaars, land on which to build a church, baths, and an oven, and a garden outside the town.

As for the solid walls mentioned by Willebrand, there is very little left of them now, and only the crumbling remains of the castle which Bayazid built when he finally won Tarsus for the Crescent five hundred years ago; but outside the area of the present city there are several more satisfactory remains. There is yet left one of the gates of the great Roman city, still magnificent in its proportions, and far surpassing in effect the other remains of the later city. If I had anything to do with regulating the spots of veneration, and was personal conductor of a pilgrimage to Tarsus, I should undoubtedly lead my company to this gateway; for the great apostle of the Gentiles must have passed through it again and again, and so must all the other great men who paid a visit to this town. There stood a few years ago another gateway to the east of the town, which was wantonly destroyed by the Turks, in spite of the remonstrances of the European consuls. It was, I am told, an exceedingly fine specimen of Roman work; and the Turkish government being in want of building material, even though the consuls offered to

provide equally good stones from elsewhere, would have their own way, and pulled down the gate.

The environs of Tarsus are exceedingly charming. Down by the Cydnos are rich groves of oranges and palms, watered by little canals fed by the river; and really, when the mountain snows are melting and the body of water is large, the falls of the Cydnos are very picturesque, bounding in foaming sheets over masses of conglomerate rocks, and fringed with gay clumps of oleander and many other flowers. "If any one bathes in the Cydnos, he is sure to catch a fever," said the Greek who conducted us thither; and we felt that the character of these waters had little changed since the days of Alexander the Great, who was rash enough to indulge there in a bath, and narrowly escaped death from the fever which ensued. The Khalif El Mammun, too, is said to have died from a fever caught from bathing his feet in the cool waters of a stream near Tarsus.

Outside the town there are many traces still standing of the old Roman town. There are traces of the aqueduct which brought down the water from the hills, for the ancient Tarsiotes apparently could not put up, like their modern representatives, with the muddy, unwholesome-looking water provided by the wells. Here and there occasional columns may be seen, and other trifling remains of the city which was celebrated even in antiquity for the stateliness of its edifices, the magnificence of its games, and the erudition of its learned men. The best known, and by far the most puzzling ruin of ancient Tarsus, is the Dunuk Tash, a pile of massive masonry, prehistoric in its character, and covering an acre of ground even in its present state of ruin. It stands a little way out of the modern town, and is surrounded by luxuriant gardens. Speculation has been rife amongst archæologists as to its origin. Easy-going tradition, which cares not for adverse criticism, has long called it the tomb of Sardanapalus. But tradition, alas! here as elsewhere, is of little satisfaction to the sceptical traveller of the nineteenth century. He is better pleased to believe that it is what the latest German archæologist who visited Tarsus says it is, the remains of a great temple doubtless of Assyrian origin. Some day excavation may prove that it is something quite different, but at present the temple theory has the best of it, and the tradition of Sardanapalus is no longer tenable. One thing, however, is clear to the most ignorant—this vast mass of ruins is by far the most venerable relic to be found anywhere in the plain of Cilicia, and stood at Tarsus centuries before St Paul's birth gave to this ancient city its modern reputation.

Those who are energetically inclined, and do not mind nights of misery in Turkish *khans*, may visit the far-famed gates of Cilicia from Tarsus. Everything that is magnificent in the way of gorge scenery is supplied by a trip to Koulek and the pass into Cappadocia. The mountains are soon reached, and the air in summer is fresh and invigorating. The gates themselves, through which the road passes, consist of a narrow opening of twenty-five feet, where the stream rushes between perpendicular walls of rock, which peak back in a succession of precipitous cliffs to the mountains on either side. All the way from Sanshek Khan the country is enchanting, on either side well-wooded heights

rising abruptly from the clear mountain-stream, and lofty peaks piercing the deep blue sky. On the cliffs now and again you may read Greek inscriptions, which remind you that you are not in Switzerland, but in the classic pass through which passed countless armies—Persian, Greek, and Roman.

This great highway from east to west passed straight through Tarsus, which was a convenient halting-place on the line of communication. Eastwards the road is not so interesting, and it is a three days' expedition before you reach the eastern Cilician gates. You cross the Pyramus, another classic stream at Missis, where are the remains of another great Roman town. You then cross the hills of Jebel Nur, and pass by Kurt Kulak, and finally reach the Iron gates, on the other side of which the plain of Issos extends before you.

In the mountains which rise immediately to the west of Tarsus, some interesting expeditions may be made. On a gentle eminence, on the first spur above the plain, are white-marble quarries, long since neglected, but which, in the days of her greatness, supplied Tarsus with material for the adornment of her palaces and her public buildings; and not far from these is the mosque over a cave, which the Turks of this part of the world say was the cave in which the Seven Sleepers slept their long sleep of three centuries. The story here told is the counterpart of that told near Ephesus; and here, too, flock Moslem pilgrims at the appointed season, taking with them their sheep or their lamb to roast whole, enjoying an *al fresco* picnic whilst attending to their devotions.

Here you may meet Turcoman nomads from the mountains with their flocks, who come in wintertime to the warm region of the Cilician plain in search of pasturage, and who return in summer to the central plateau of Asia when the snows are melted. They dwell in small round tents supported by poles, and bring with them the paraphernalia of nomadic life, giving a glimpse at that distant inner life of Asia which is as little known and as hard to realise as the life of the savage races in Central Africa,—maintaining for us in this nineteenth century examples of that patriarchal system which is always surrounded by a halo of romance.

On a precipice some hours' ride beyond the mosque of the Seven Sleepers is the rock of Tandoor, where the Armenian kings had their summer residence, and their refuge in times of danger. It is naturally protected by sheer precipices, and nestles in the heart of the Taurus, telling us also its story of the past in an inscription bearing the name and date of King Leo II., the great builder of his race, whose reign fell in happy times, when the Crusades were prosperous and Tarsus a great centre of crusading activity.

J. Theodore Bent.

SEA-FISHING AT THE CAPE.

In the Cape waters, an amateur fisherman who has graduated in the noble craft of sea-fishing along the shores of the old country, and who is conversant, like the writer, with the south coast of Devonshire, will find much to interest him both in the fish he sees and in the novel circumstances of the sport. To many of those who visit South Africa hurriedly, and rush up-country on errands of superficial inspection, the charms of a few pleasant and meditative days' sea-fishing around the Cape peninsula may be most thoroughly recommended. The impressions carried away from Africa are too often those of hot and dusty roads, barren interiors, and hard and uninviting trails of country, along which the only signs of civilisation seem to be badly built corrugated-iron shanties, empty bottles, and broken tins. The discomforts also of post-cart travelling can never be exaggerated. But let the stranger tarry awhile within sight of Table Mountain before he takes his jaunt into the wilderness, and let him there exhaust the pleasures which in spring and autumn especially can be got from sea and land. Above all, let him try the sport of sea-fishing. Africa has something new again here to show him. New forms of life, strange organisms, phosphorescent displays, sometimes in the evening as beautiful as the magic lights of fairyland, the ceaseless movement and glitter of dancing waters beneath subtropical skies, will greet his eye, all of them in direct contrast to the somewhat jading incidents of the barren veldt. Along the edge of the tide the marine zoology, with all its "uncommon objects," its subtropical colouring, and infinite variety, will form a new world not yet thoroughly exhausted by the prying zeal of the naturalist. The hanging cliffs, the open face of this Southern Ocean, the sobbing wavelets falling on the sandy coves, as white as snowdrifts here, and "the many-twinkling smiles" of waters marvellously clear and pellucid beneath the clear and azure light of a sky rivalling, if not excelling, Mediterranean hues, must all contribute to soothe and inspire. It is true that the frown of the Cape of Storms is terrible enough sometimes, but the smiles it assumes are very beautiful and fascinating.

At the Cape peninsula the fisherman will find two mighty ocean currents from which to draw his quarry. There are the warm waters of the Mozambique current, heated in the tropical Indian Ocean, and flowing down the east coast of Africa; and there are the cold waters of the Antarctic zone coming up from the south, and meeting with the Mozambique waters at the Agulhas Banks. These Banks of Agulhas, judging from their soundings, shelve down quickly and deeply, where, for ages, these two great ocean streams have worn deep channels for themselves, depositing, on this side and on that, huge banks of sand and shells. The Cape peninsula as a fishing-place occupies a very good position, the two currents providing a double number of fish. The very conformation of the land provides also a choice of fishing stations, varying according to wind and water. Curiously enough, the warm and cold waters of the two currents do not easily commingle,

but preserve almost side by side their separate character, — a fact which impresses itself upon bathers along the north and south shores of the Cape peninsula. This peninsula is a long strip of high land, lying almost due north-west and south-east, attaining its loftiest altitude at the north end along the well-known ridges of Table Mountain (3650 ft.), properly so called. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow flat strip of sandy bush-covered land, the north side of which is indented by the broad and sinuous curve of Table Bay; whilst the south side is contained in the magnificent sweep of False Bay, with its minor inlets of Kalk Bay, Simon's Bay, Fish Hoek, and others. In Table Bay the waters are often ten degrees colder than in False Bay, —a fact rather difficult to comprehend, as it might be expected that the Mozambique current, having held its own as far round the peninsula as False Bay, would follow the line of the shore, and encircle the whole of it with its warm flood.

There is no need for Cape fishermen to wait wearily on cliff and hill for signs of the coming shoals. The spoils of the sea, nearly all the year round, seem ready at hand for him to take. Some months and days are of course infinitely better than others. The best time is in the months of September, October, April, and May, when there may be a gentle breeze from the west. The best advice to a piscator is to go out early in the morning with the fishing fleet, and stay with them all day. Kalk Bay and Simon's Bay are better, perhaps, than Table Bay. The ocean scenery is very sublime and beautiful off Hang Klip, or near the dreaded Bellows, and is far grander than that along the comparatively flat and sandy west littoral. The light, perhaps, is hardly breaking from the dawn when you start from Kalk Bay, and the hollows of the coast, overshadowed by the cliffs, are dark and gleaming, except where the snow-white breakers fall upon the snowy sand. Sea-birds are lying motionless on the water, as if they had floated there all night, and hardly rise before the bows of the boat as it cleaves its way steadily with a four-knot breeze. The little villages disappear, and the white cottages of Simon's Bay, our naval station in these waters, diminish to small specks on the hillside. Presently, as the boat is fairly in the offing of the bay, and the great Southern Ocean opens up with its immeasurable breadth, the long heaving swell is felt — the last vestige, perhaps, of some mighty gale off Agulhas. As your eye falls upon their long deep backs, scarcely rumpled into sombre creases, you wonder what forceful energy must be theirs when their bristly manes arise, and they thunder along beneath the gale. Here indeed is the Cabo di Totos Tornatos; here the *infames scopuli;* here the towering cliffs of Camoens, celebrated in his 'Lusiad'; and yonder is the ever-present image of the impious Dutchman, far to leeward, striving to weather the Cape in his phantom ship. Let fancy run like the boat before the breeze, and people the ocean with such classic images.

If you wish to make the best of your time, and the breeze is not too strong, you can let go drift-lines from the stern, on the chance of Cape mackerel, a finer specimen than that caught off the Devonshire coast—fat and smooth, and about eighteen inches long. The bait used is very often a bit of dried shark's skin, or, when you have

caught a fish, a bit of mackerel itself sliced off above the tail. If you get amongst a good shoal, the tugs on the lines are constant. But the chief fish of commerce in the Cape is the "snoek" (*Thyrsites Atun*), a long hawk-like-looking fish, with sharp dorsal fins. It is these that the fishermen are chiefly occupied in catching. Their employers give them 1¼d. for each fish, and those that are not sold in Cape Colony are split and salted, and dried for exportation chiefly to Mauritius. A single fisherman can often earn 25s. to 30s. a-day at snoek-fishing. These snoek have curious habits of their own, as they will disappear altogether during the months of June, July, and August. During these—the winter months—they probably go to their spawning-grounds off the banks. The best time for catching them is in May, and in that month there are generally vessels, bound for Mauritius and the East, loading up with the dried fish, which are stacked in sheds close by. When well cured, the snoek is not unlike haddock, and makes a good breakfast dish. The natives at the Cape are extremely fond of it. When pulled up out of the water, it strikes one as being a particularly fierce and voracious-looking fish, with its elongated cylindrical body, protracted jaws, large trenchant teeth, and sharp dorsal fin. The Malay fishermen have a knack of clubbing it with a thick stick (knob-kerrie), as it is pulled up into the boat, and then quickly jerking it under the left arm in order to extract the hook. Let the novice, however, beware of following their example unless he is cased with a thick tarpaulin jacket. The fish has a particularly sharp, and some say poisonous spike, which will soon make itself felt, and inflict a nasty puncture under the arm. Amongst other fish there is the red "stumpnose" (*Chrysoblepas gibbiceps*), a choice and handsome fish, with a curious snow-white spot in front of its forehead, rare in Table Bay, but frequently caught with hook and line in False Bay, Mosterd Bay, and Fish Hoek. There is the "dageraad" or butcher-fish (*Pagrus laniarius*), with his sharp teeth and voracious habits, about a foot in length, and highly prized. It is of a dark rose-colour, with a black spot at the insertion of the pectorals and with another at the extremity of the dorsal fin. There is the gorgeous "seventy-four" (*Dentex rupestris*), about two feet in length, with a large body and large scales; its back and sides are aurora-red, clouded with ultramarine blue, having an orange tint near the tail. It is rare in Table Bay, but plentiful on the other side. There is the "blauwe kaapsche steenbrasse," a monster measuring nearly three feet in length—an excellent table-fish, and fit for pickling and salting, and caught frequently in Hout Bay. There is the "kabel-jouw" (*Sciæna hololepidota*), measuring about two or three feet, and dried and salted like cod-fish, and exported to the East. There is the "geelbeck" or yellow-mouth (*Otolithus æquidens*), three feet in length, very plentiful, and caught either with hook or net. Its flesh is dry, but useful for salting. There is the "half-cord" (*Scomber capensis*), a large fish measuring from two to three feet, and only an occasional visitor to Table Bay. Here, too, can be seen the "elftvisch" or *Temnodon saltator*, which has gained its name of *saltator* from its habit of leaping out of the water. The "maasbanker" or bastard mackerel is distributed along the waters of the coast from

east to west. Here also a familiar European variety, the "stokvisch" or hake, is found, although, strangely enough, it was said to have been utterly unknown in these waters before the earthquake of December 4, 1809. It has now become a very plentiful fish, and is well known on the markets. In addition, there are the red gurnard ("roode knorhaan") and the blue gurnard, both rather rare in Table Bay; the "Jacob Evertsen," called after a Dutch captain, and conspicuous for its red face and large projecting eye; the "hangberger," feeding under the overhanging rocks on crustacea, and hence its name; the "bagger" (*Bagrus capensis*), an ugly and curious fish, which hides amongst stones in muddy waters and entraps its unwary prey, having flesh like an eel; the spotted ray (*Raia maculata*), which, like the stormy petrel amongst birds, is said to be amongst fishes the forerunner of bad weather; and many others besides.

Amongst all the fish the "seventy-four" displays the most beautiful colours when it dies, the lightest green and blue tints changing into the deepest purple, and the orange and aurora-red sides becoming instinct with a quivering and coruscating light. It seems a pity and shame to do to death a thing so beautiful, lustrous, and iridescent. Occasionally your line may pull up a huge cat-fish, with its long clammy feelers winding round the hook and line, making it difficult to know which part to cut and slash at first. Placing your fingers along the tentacles, you feel the slimy, clinging, sucking power of the monster, and realise the terrible stories of what the monster octopods can do to their victims. Sometimes, also, your boat will drift amongst a school of small sharks, with their long black backs and white bellies displaying, as you pull them up the grim orifice, and jaws which in his congener are so terrible to the swimmer. The carnivorous "Simon pure" himself I have seen off the Cape, under the bows of a steamer lying at anchor in the warmer waters of Mossel Bay, more than fifteen feet long. The Malay fishermen are always disgusted when they get amongst these small sharks, as they seem to drive the other fish away, and are no good to catch. Rather barbarously they cut off the cartilages of their noses and let them drift, believing that they will starve because they cannot scent their prey. There is stern war always going on in the sea, and sometimes when hauling in a mackerel on a drift-line, I have known a hungry snoek rush at it and plant its sharp teeth so deeply in its back that I have been able to secure both fish, the biter and the bit.

South Africa is a country of wonders both by sea and land, and if, in the annals of sport, *venator* has been able to boast that he has seen on land in South Africa all kinds of game, from an elephant to a snipe, *piscator* can certainly respond with a similar boast of the products of the sea, and say that he has at hand the largest as well as the smallest kinds, with all their intermediate genera and species. In no subtropical country in the world have the huge mammalia of sea and land been brought into such close juxtaposition as in South Africa. Before the days of game extermination it would have been possible for the naturalist and sportsman to see almost at one glance and sweep of the eye the stately elephant wandering along the breezy hillsides of the coast, and the

huge whales spouting in the waters of the bay below. Such a sight must often have presented itself to Bushmen if not to European eyes. The whales have all but deserted the Cape shores now. Once, when fishing along the shore with a casting-line, I saw four of these monsters come into Simon's Bay and swim close up to the well-known Roman Rock; and on another occasion a single specimen was stranded on the shores of False Bay, and captured at once on the sandy shallows, whither it was supposed it had come to breed; but, as a rule, the *Balænæ australes* or Cape baleen whales have sheered off southwards, and are found round the more lonely cliffs of the Crozettes, where, according to the evidence of an ancient mariner, they can rub the tiresome parasites from their sides against the deeply shelving rocks. The numerous gate-posts and monuments of whales' ribs found in the Cape Flats—such a puzzling sight to a stranger—as well as the rusty iron bolts and rings driven into the rocks, and discernible at low water, where whales were originally towed in and cut up, testify to the fact that the whale-fishery was a profitable pursuit once. Walfisch Bay, higher up on the west coast, was also, as its name testifies, a resort of whalers' crews, who now have to go past the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha, and drive their harpoons into the Antarctic whales. Formerly, also, there were innumerable seals on the islands near Table Bay, such as Dassen and Robben islands; and even now on the small rock called euphoniously Seal Island in False Bay there are said to be a few harmless Phocæ left. But they as well as the Balænæ have had notice to quit, and man will reign in the solitude he has made. Fortunately, however, man's hand is powerless to reduce the millions of smaller creatures which are replenished year after year from the breeding banks of ocean. The most scientific and advanced methods of trawling make, after all, but an inappreciable difference to the fish-supplies of the world. In shallower soundings near the rocks and projections of the shore there are many other fish. There are the dark-brown "Hottentots" (*Sargus capensis*), which play in shoals around the submarine caves and grottoes; there are the beautiful "Romans," found chiefly near the Roman Rock near Simon's Bay—a round fish of delicious flavour, with a body of orange colour shaded by silver grey (*Chrysophrys cristiceps*); there is the silver fish (*Dentex argyrozona*); the rare "king klip visch" (*Xiphiurus capensis*), closely allied to the Murænidæ, and said to be, without exception, the best fish for eating in the Cape waters; and many other smaller fry which gather round your bait as you let it down to the deeper waters, each nibbling a little in his turn. The favourite bait for this closer inshore fishing is "rooi haas" or red bait, a kind of spongy zoophyte gathered from the rocks at low water, covered up in a horny case.

But the simple method of letting a line down is not always attended with success. At three or four fathoms the bite at the distant bait is almost imperceptible, except to the practised hand of the old Hottentot fisherman, which feels exactly what kind of fish is nibbling and when to strike. If the sport is not exciting enough in itself, you can rest a little and anchor near a rocky ledge, and watch down in the clear water, fathoms deep, the movements of the crystal fish-world below you. Here is

a natural and living aquarium, wherein are clustered in bright battalions all forms of submarine life. On a clear day the rays of an African sun pierce far down beneath the surface. The angles of light are deflected, and flash along in concentric shafts of glory, according to the laws of an actinology of which you have but faint conceptions in the duller northern skies. It is a moving and palpitating medium of sunshine; and peering down into the azure depths, reflecting as they do the unclouded dome above, you float between two worlds, the liquid and the atmospheric light. Far below, against the basement of the rock, you may discern the roots of the sea-bamboo spreading upwards like the *babiaan touw* or monkey's-rope which winds up through the tangle of the subtropical African forest, a cable twisted into the solid mass. Below there seems to be a dreamy, restful peace in the crystal vaults, and the fish that glide in and out the foliage of the sea move silently and ghostlike. This silence of fish-life is, to the land naturalist, one of the weirdest things of all. But in these beautiful and soft-cushioned realms war and terror reign. Even whilst you watch, there is a huddling and darting together of the smaller fry, as an enemy comes near, like a hawk on land upon the linnets, and the "klip" or rock-fish, which has been watching at the entrance of the rocks, seeks safety in the farthest and darkest nooks. But all this in silence. No cry of terror, alarm, or death reaches us from these lustrous realms, even if the striker strike whilst we look. The liquid mass is the cenotaph of sound. How weirdly also the sea-bamboo waves! To every movement of the upper layers of water it waves in mute obedience, its long broad leaves swaying in a tremulous fashion as the linden arms bend before the summer breeze on land; only it is with a long trailing motion, winding, coiling always. Straining your eyes downwards, you notice on the rocks themselves star-fish lying stretched out apparently lifeless, and lobsters and cray-fish shuffling awkwardly across the water-worn slabs.

Perhaps the more enjoyable, because the more leisurable fishing, is that obtainable at low water along the rocks and granite ledges. Choose at the Cape a fairly quiet day in May or September, and take a long and primitive bamboo rod, a dip-net, and a casting-line, and bespeak from some "old salt" plenty of good red bait the day before, together with cat-fish caught at low water. Follow the tide as it retreats from ledge to ledge, and pursue it from one slippery foothold to another. To cast a line far out into some little retreat which you can see to be clear and level, and will give play to your hooks and weight, is a work requiring some skill and strength. Sometimes, in the fascination of the sport, the fisherman may be tempted to clamber to a perilous foothold amongst the steep granite boulders and monoliths round which the ebbing tide sweeps and swirls. Perhaps there is a chance of a royal "steenbrasse"—a veritable monster of the deep—weighing 90 lb. or 100 lb. Should he be there, it is a fierce conflict between man and fish, especially if the crag be a slippery one, as it often is, and the ground for playing the fish limited. The cautious fisherman cannot always trust to his own unaided strength, and he will do wisely to fasten the end of his line to some rock behind

in case of accidents. To play and land successfully a Cape salmon with ordinary salmon-tackle from a boat, or to haul on shore a mighty steenbrasse from a wave-washed crag, are two forms of sport well deserving the notice of the British sportsman. The bamboo rod will do for the quieter work of capturing the Hottentots and Romans. The dip-net, baited with cray-fish a day old, will tempt the "klip" or rock-fish (*Blennius versicolor*). There is a richness of flavour about the latter which reminds one of the red mullet. No fish displays more diversity of hues than the "blennius"—its back and sides being sometimes dark and mottled, at other times showing in brighter green and red colours.

I have known two kinds of poisonous fish in the Cape waters, one of them small and the other large. The latter kind is known by the local name of "keeler," and is, as a rule, good to eat, although the oil is the most profitable use it can be put to. Only at certain times is it poisonous. Cape fishermen declare that they can discern at these times a poisonous streak of water from its colour, which they say is a dark dirty brown. It is said to be accompanied by an unusual display of phosphorus. Occasionally the mussels are poisonous; and one year several pig-faced baboons, out of a troop which have long haunted the Cape peninsula, were picked up dead after eating them. Sly and sagacious as the baboons are in selecting their food, they are scarcely wary enough to guard against this periodical epidemic. Within recent years several Malay fishermen have died from the effects of eating the "keeler." Fortunately it is not a common fish, and experience in time may remind the Malays that when there are so many good fish in their waters, it is folly to experiment upon the doubtful ones. The other poisonous fish is a small toad-like object with a small mouth, which often takes the red bait intended for others. It puffs itself out with venomous wrath, and it is well to avoid handling it. The local name for it is "Billy blaas-op," or Billy blow-up.

It should be noticed that there are no great tidal rivers and estuaries along the coasts of South Africa, such as charm the eye of the fisherman in Norway and Canada. There is nothing corresponding to the river trout or the salmon fishing. The pools of the half-stagnant water-courses in South Africa can boast only of springers or harders (*Mugil capensis*). In a river-pool close to the Knysna shores, to the east of the Cape, I saw on one occasion a large number of sharks lying in the shallows evidently enjoying the sunshine, but they looked a grim and uninviting quarry.

If you get tired of lazy long-shore fishing with net and line, you can vary your amusement by peering into the numberless caves and grottoes in search of the marine life that haunts the place. Follow the line of high-water mark, and mark the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. Here in crumpled masses lie the long snake-like arms of the sea-bamboo, recently torn up in a violent gale. If you are fond of bathing, beware how you dive amongst them as they grow. They are terrible and slimy arms for poor swimmers striving to escape from a wreck—and wrecks are not uncommon off the Cape. They are sensitive to every motion of the water, and as the swimmer makes an eddy with his arms and legs, wind round and enclose him with cold

and clammy feelers, like an octopus winding round its prey. When the Birkenhead struck and went down off the Cape, the sea-bamboo and kelp helped to drown many a gallant soldier.

Intermixed with the sea-weed and the *debris* of dried algæ and fuci will lie many beautiful shells of the dainty Venus' ear, patellæ by the score, echini, and, where the sands are deep and long, so that it can wash up unharmed by rocks or by the splashing of the wave, the wrecked and disused tenements of the nautilus or Portuguese man-of-war. How perfect its shape! How delicate its convolutions!—

> "This is the ship of pearl which poets feign
> Sails the unshadow'd main,
> The venturous bark that flings
> On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
> In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
> And coral reefs lie bare;
> Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair."

Along the more broken parts of the shore, where the tall granite boulders are washed out, you will chance upon a cave worthy of Cymodoce and "the cold sea-maids." In front of such a retreat stretches a smooth white vestibule of sand as pure as snow and as delicate as alabaster. At low water the waves, after leaving their *débris* just within the shadows of the cave in neat and measured line, have retreated to the jagged and broken frontier outside, beating and frothing against the reef. But upon this delicate floor there is no wrinkle, scar, or angry spoon-drift, so gentle has been the approach and soft the inroad of the water; and the cave itself is a hall of echoing sounds. Here is the place for the mid-day meal, and for such a siesta as Proteus loved.

On the northern side of the Cape peninsula, where the full swell after a south-west gale breaks upon the reef, the sight is grander and far more terrific. Imagine such a wave as you often see on the English coast when a ground-swell rolls in, and ocean heaves in stately and measured intervals, gathering silently, strongly, and fully in great smooth piles of water,—only imagine the wave nearly fifteen or even twenty feet high, and let it be of the deepest green and of translucent water, with the clear light of the south gleaming right through the wall, so that, just before the inevitable crash comes, and as the wave is tottering to its fall, you can detect shoals of little fish swimming against it, and rising and diving through it. Then mark it when it falls! how it smites like Thor's hammer or as Neptune's trident, with a stroke tremendous! All is spray, mist, and smoking confusion, and the mighty body of water rushes in madly like a foaming mill-race. To the very recesses of the rocks and caverns, and against the basements of the granite monoliths, the onset is felt; and along the strange and secret water-worn passages the waters explode at intervals, when the force of the billow is unusually strong, like a salvo of artillery.

All day long the fisherman at the Cape will have the sea-birds as his companions. By the dreaded Bellows, and round Cape Point lighthouse, perched on a cliff eight hundred feet high, swarms of gulls are always coming and going. On some of the outlying rocks, at the northern side especially, rows of solemn penguins sit in conclave; along the beach the white kittiwakes and black gulls will

swoop and play; and now and then the lordly albatross, a stranger from the south, with his mighty span of wing, is seen as a king amongst sea-birds. Sometimes in the summer sky you may see the diver pause for an instant before, plummet-like, he darts with unerring aim upon the shoal of fish that are ruffling the surface of the water below him. On all sides, from amidst the half-subdued splash of summer waves, as if mingled with it and forming part of it, comes the never-ending cry of the sea-birds. As the water ebbs new rocks are disclosed to view, new feeding-grounds exposed, and black lines of "duikers" migrate in ordered array from one spot to another. Far out in the offing the "moly-mocks" follow the fishing fleet, and even the stormy petrel comes close to the boats when food or offal is thrown overboard.

Little by little the fisherman at the Cape will learn to discern the face of the new heavens, and read the weather signs. He will be on his guard against the sudden squalls which rush down the deep rocks or bays; and above all, as the time for the south-east gale approaches, he will watch carefully the appearance of the weather on Table Mountain. Along the ridges of this clear-cut mass King Æolus plays some strange and unexpected pranks. There very often a hurricane of wind will roar through a perfectly clear sky—clear from morning to night—right down to the horizon. At night the uproar continues under the soft light of a galaxy of stars and the creamy glow of the Milky Way. Above all, however, he will learn to watch the coming and going of the table-cloth on Table Mountain. The formation of this mountain drapery is a very strange and fantastic sight—more fantastic, perhaps, than the wonderful play of morning cloudland in the high Alps, when the mists are coming and going around the dark and hanging pine-woods, to be scattered soon by the rising sun. The table-cloth, so much dreaded by sailors as the sure sign of rough weather off the Cape, can easily be foretold by dwellers in the Cape peninsula. Far down on the horizon, seaward, where the Agulhas Banks run out to the south, and the ocean currents meet, a line of low misty cloud may be detected. This is the first sign of the south-east gale. Then upon the lofty hills above Hang Klip and around the highlands of the tract known as Hottentot Hollands, thirty miles from Table Mountain, and forming one side of False Bay, thin layers of misty cloud can be detected. Presently in the onward sweep of the wind rushing northwards the surface of Table Mountain is reached, and here and there, along the edge of the ridge or in the hollows of the highest kloofs, a little fleecy cloud, not "bigger than a man's hand," will appear. It springs upon our sight like a soft white spectre from the fathomless ether, and dies almost immediately,—so quickly sometimes, that you might think your eyesight had deceived you, and that Table Mountain was haunted with shadowy cloud-like ghosts. But wait a little, and another larger and more definite mist will form, shape itself into some fantastic wreath, and slide down the face of the mountain, only to vanish again,—only to resolve itself into thin air. These, however, are mere ghostly tokens and stray *avant-couriers* of a larger host that every moment begins to hold each height, to occupy each nook, and glide about mysteri-

ously and softly, until one by one they are all merged in a mighty fleecy mass that follows the line and contour of the mountain, and to sailors far out at sea looks like a huge white dome suspended over the horizon. But the play of cloudland in the sunlight is very beautiful. Detached masses, white in the brilliant air as carded wool, rush, dive, and twist along the mountain in silent throngs, moistening with their touch the orchid and the moss. To look at, they are as fine as cambric, soft as eider-down, and seem called from the purple depths just to kiss the rugged pile and then to die away. So fairy-like their movements, so elfish their gambols, that they appear, each one of them, to have a moving spirit and individuality of their own. Wonder greets their birth, and fragrance follows in their footsteps, for little by little the impalpable mist refreshes the parched earth where fire has scorched its surface, and the rush-beds lie in blackness. Nothing is more luminous and ethereal in cloudland than these light *vellera*, born only to look over the deep escarpment of Table Mountain, take one glance at the abysmal depth, and then vanish. For beyond a certain line, clear and well defined, along which the table-cloth can be imagined as falling, the mist cannot reach. The sailors at the Cape say that the devil is spreading his table-cloth, white and beautiful though it looks, and mountaineers before now have been enfolded and lost in its clinging veils.

It has been often asked, Cannot all the fish wealth of the Cape be utilised for commercial purposes more than they are? Cannot an aquarium be made at Cape Town like many of those in England, which shall reveal to an attentive gaze the curious and often very beautifully coloured denizens of the Cape waters? It must always be a great surprise to strangers that, with the ever-increasing native markets of the interior, and the opening up by railways of trade-routes on all sides, so little should be made of the Cape edible fish. At present the industry is pursued in rather a careless and half-hearted manner by Malays, Hottentots, and half-breeds. The Malay population of the Cape peninsula, who, in the good old days of the Dutch East India Company (1652-1800), were conveyed to South Africa as slaves and servants in the East India merchantmen, brought with them some aptitude for the sea, together with all the primitive methods of sea-fishing. Ethnically they are, of course, entirely distinct from the African aborigines—the Bushmen, Hottentots, and Kaffirs—none of whom appear to have developed a taste for the sea. The presence of so much game in the open plains and along the valleys of South Africa probably kept the Hottentots in plenty; and with regard to the Kaffirs, they seem to have come too recently from some home in Equatorial Africa to have imbibed a love for the ocean. Strangely enough, also, the immigrant French Huguenots and Hollanders, after the well-known exodus of 1680-1690 to South Africa, appear to have neglected their seamanship, and become, during a hundred and fifty years' sojourn in the wilderness, entirely a pastoral and nomadic race. Equally with the raw and untutored Kaffirs, the descendants of the Boer *voertrekkers* have been astonished at the great "sea-waggons" and steamers of the English. No colonists in the world are less conversant with

the sea and its wonders than the Dutch Boers. The fishing industry of the Cape has been reserved, therefore, almost entirely for the Mohammedan Malays, and their coadjutors the Hottentots and half-castes.

Yet these ungarnered treasures of the deep, which do not appear to have been fully catalogued even yet by the scientific hand (unless we accept Dr Pappe's list as complete), are surely very great. It is certain that much more can be made out of the Cape oysters and soles, both of which are extremely good. Along Plettenberg Bay the former abound, and possibly the Knysna lagoon could be utilised as an oyster breeding-place, and prove to be as valuable as the basin of Arcachon in France. The dried bladder of the "kabeljauw" (*Sciæna hololepidota*) can be used by Cape *vignerons* instead of the isinglass for clarifying wines, and isinglass is a most valuable article of commerce. It has been proved that the southern Australian seas, which are in about the same latitude as the Cape waters, are not much inferior in their resources to the colder waters of Europe. The skin of the rays and of the angel-sharks in Europe are found very useful to polish wood and ivory, and from certain portions of the skin of the angel-shark the Turks are said to make the most beautiful sea-green watch-cases. The coarse Cape sponges are also useful; and the Cape lobster (*Palinurus Lalandii*) is easily caught in vast numbers all the year round, attaining a length of 13 inches and a breadth of nearly 5 inches. The tinning industry might surely be developed here, and the delicate flesh of the half-grown crustacea preserved as a luxury for local or foreign consumption.

Lord Bacon once said of the fisheries of Newfoundland that they were more valuable than all the mines of Peru, because their wealth could never be exhausted. In the race for diamonds and gold in South Africa, may it not be suggested that the wealth of the seas is now being most unaccountably neglected. Yet there it lies in masses all round the coasts, ready at hand for those who wish, with little trouble, to take and utilise.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

A TWICE-MARRIED COUPLE.

A TALE FROM THE CHINESE.

"WELL, if I could make verses like you, and were as well up in the classics as you are, I should look for a wife among the families of the city merchants, and not throw myself away upon a cashless girl like Green-jade."

The speaker was a young man of the people, and of a forbidding aspect. His sallow cheeks were deeply marked with smallpox, his brow was overhanging, and his features were coarse and unintellectual. His dress was at the same time pretentious and dirty, and his manners were cringing and boisterous. The person addressed was a man of about his own age, but bore higher marks of culture than any displayed by Le Poko. Not that his appearance was by any means pleasing. His eyes were small and restless, his cheek-bones were abnormally high, his under lip protruded in a manner suggestive of meanness, and there was a general air of timidity and unrest about his gait. Le's remark evidently made an impression upon him. His eyes danced at the thought of the wealth and position which his friend's suggestion conjured up—for he was very poor, and was often dependent on kindly neighbours for his daily food. But presently a softening influence affected his expression.

"If you knew Green-jade as well as I do," he said to his friend, "you would not give such advice so readily. She has the beauty of Kinlien, the talents of Su Siao Siao, and all the virtues of the mother of Mencius. Added to which she is very fond of me, and would be content to keep house in a mat-shed and live on broken victuals, if I could make her my wife."

"And if, my dear Wang, you were to marry her, what would be your position? You would be unable to study, for you would not be able to buy the commonest books, and so all hope of advancement would be over for you. And to earn your bread you would be obliged to become either a common hawker of cheap goods, or a hanger-on at a mandarin's *yamên*. But if you were to take my advice, you might have a library at your disposal, powerful patrons to befriend you, and rich scholars to associate with. You would then be sure to win your way at the Examination Halls, and you might easily rise to a high post in the empire."

Le's mean advice was in accordance with the genuine instincts of his nature; but he had another motive in urging his friend to be faithless to Green-jade. Being the daughter of poor parents, Green-jade was unable to preserve the seclusion common to young ladies, and had not only made the acquaintance of Wang in the market-place and in the street, but had also occasionally chatted with Le. Not that she had any sympathy whatever with that graceless young man; but knowing that he was a friend of Wang—for whom, strange to say, she had formed a deep attachment—she was ready to be courteous to him. It is, however, a law of nature, that persons should be most attracted towards those of the opposite sex who possess qualities in which they themselves are defi-

cient. And thus it came about that sensual, mean, coarse, and ignorant Le fell head and ears in love with the refined, intellectual, and graceful young person whom her parents had christened Green-jade, in recognition of her priceless value. He was not long in discovering, however, that Green-jade's affections were settled on his friend; nor had he any difficulty in finding out from Wang that what passed for his heart was given in exchange. Indeed the intercourse between the lovers had gone beyond the stage of chats in the market-place. Wang had of late been constantly in the habit of dropping in of an evening to see his neighbour Mr Chang, whose daughter would bring them tea and fill their pipes, while listening to their conversation on the wisdom of the ancients, the deep philosophy of the classics, and the soul-stirring poetry of the days of Confucius. To these things did Green-jade seriously incline, and with a greedy ear she devoured up the discourse of the two scholars. It even sometimes happened that when her father was called away on household matters she would take up the theme, and Wang was charmed to find how just a literary taste was combined with the striking personal charms of his inamorata.

By degrees their chance interviews became less classical and more personal. And though never crossing by one iota the boundary-line of strict propriety, Green-jade gave Wang evidences which were not to be misunderstood, that, if he would play the part of a Fêng, she would be willing to take the *rôle* of a Hwang.[1]

Such was the position of affairs when Le poured the poison of his advice into Wang's ears. Not on one occasion only but repeatedly he urged the same counsel, and even went the length of inquiring in the town for an heiress whose parents might be willing to link her fate with that of a promising scholar. Little by little his proposal, which had at first shocked Wang, became more palatable to him, and before long he even began to form schemes of work, and to dream of promotion won by the wealth of his rich bride. In this frame of mind he found visits to Chang's house distasteful, and he avoided meeting Green-jade as far as possible. Though he had enjoyed her company, he was incapable of feeling any deep affection for her. He was flattered by her evident liking and admiration for him, but beyond the sensation of gratified vanity, he had no sentiment towards her. With Green-jade, however, matters were very different. She had, with that wild infatuation which is common to imaginative young women, given her heart entirely to Wang, and she had become accustomed to regard his visits to her father as the bright spots in her existence. In her blind partiality she had entirely overlooked the meanness of his character, which was sufficiently obvious to less prejudiced observers. The discontinuance of his visits was therefore a grief and a surprise to her. Day after day she watched eagerly for his arrival. Every footfall raised her expectations, and her disappointment as they disappeared in the distance was in proportion to the depth of her longing.

With unnecessary scrupulousness she reproached herself with

[1] The Fêng and Hwang are the male and female phœnixes which are regarded as emblems of bride and bridegroom.

having done something to offend Wang, never imagining it possible that any fickleness on his part could account for the change; and even when rumours reached her—and Le took care that they should—that Wang was seeking to ally himself with a wealthy family in the neighbourhood, she still attributed his altered conduct to some fault of her own which she had unconsciously committed. With stern self-introspection she examined the whole course of her conduct from the time of her first acquaintance with Wang to find out wherein her fault lay, and wept bitter tears over words spoken and deeds done which she fancied might have given offence.

Meanwhile Le's agents had been busy, and had brought Wang a proposal which in some respects fulfilled his highest expectations. As in all large cities, the beggars in K'aifêng Fu were a numerous and powerful body. They exercised a social tyranny over the inhabitants, and habitually levied blackmail from them. If any one more daring than the rest ventured to resist their exactions, they invaded his dwelling or place of business, and kept up such a clatter with bells, broken dishes, and hollow bamboos, that he was soon obliged to yield to their demands. There was only one man to whom these lawless vagabonds yielded ready obedience. From time immemorial the chieftainship of the beggars of K'aifêng Fu had been vested in a certain Chu family which had grown rich on the dues paid by the individual beggars, and by the interest exacted on money lent to unfortunate members of the ragged army in times of need. So wealthy had the existing chief become, that he had for some time before the period at which our story opens ceased to take any active part in the administration of the beggar clan, and having no son, had delegated his authority to a nephew, known as "the Leper," from the fact of his having unfortunately contracted that disease in pursuit of his calling.

Chu had been early left a widower, with one daughter of whom he was dotingly fond. Her slightest wish was eagerly attended to, and in all household matters her word was law. She was pretty also, and though not highly cultured she possessed many pleasant qualities. She was generous, affectionate, and bright-humoured, and was highly popular among her associates.

So soon as she arrived at a marriageable age, her father sought to find her a suitable husband among the young men of the city. Being rich, he thought that he might naturally expect to ally her with a youth of the official class, and accordingly employed a go-between, a certain Mrs Kin, to search out one who should be worthy of her. The go-between, who had a better appreciation of the position than Chu, undertook the mission with many doubts, which were confirmed when the parents of one and all declined with scorn to connect their son with so meanly born a maiden.

It was just as she had received a rebuff from the wife of the district magistrate, whose son had originally been low down in the list which Chu had given her, that Le's proposal on behalf of Wang reached her. The suggestion appeared to her to be a reasonable one, but she felt that some diplomacy would be required to reconcile Chu to the idea. There was a wide difference between the son of a mandarin and the penniless son of a deceased small shopkeeper, who though

clever, it is true, had yet all his honours to win. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that she presented herself before Chu to report on her mission.

"Well, dame, what news have you for me?" inquired Chu as he greeted her.

"In some respects," replied Mrs Kin, "the Fates have been adverse, but they have been cruel only to be kind. It so happens that all those families you mentioned to me, from that of the Taotai downwards, are, for one reason or another, prevented, much to their annoyance," she added without a blush, "from accepting your most tempting offer. In some cases the young men were already engaged, in others ill health made marriage impossible, and in one or two instances I heard such dreadful accounts of the young men's manners of life that I suggested difficulties."

"So far the Fates seem to have been very adverse," said Chu; "but what have you to set on the other side of the account?"

"Why, then," replied the go-between, "just as I had begun to think that I should have but a poor account to give of my negotiation, I happened to meet a Mr Le, who is himself a no mean scholar, and who mentioned to me casually that a young bachelor friend of his, who is as learned as Chu Hi, and as loftily-minded as Confucius, was anxious to ally himself with a lady who might be fitted in all respects to share the greatness which unquestionably awaits him, so soon as he shall have passed his examinations."

"And who is this paragon?" asked Chu.

"His name is Wang," said Mrs Kin, "and most appropriately is he so called,[1] for he is made to rule. The only thing against him is that at present he is poor; but if you consent to bestow your honoured loved one upon him you will cure that fault, and will give wings to this butterfly which will enable him to fly at once to the summit of the mountain of honour."

"What is his parentage?"

"His father," replied the go-between, "was a trader, and unfortunately died before he had made that fortune which would have inevitably been his if the Fates had not snapped his thread of life. On his mother's side he is related with a very distinguished family in Peking, one member of which now holds office in the Board of War; and another would have doubtless succeeded to great honour had not some colleagues, jealous of his rising fame, accused him of treason, and so turned the Dragon countenance against him that he was most unjustly beheaded."

"Dear, dear! that was unlucky," said Chu, who, in face of the non-success of his first proposals, began to take kindly to Mrs Kin's overtures. "But tell me something of this young man's personal appearance."

"To be quite truthful with you," replied Mrs Kin, who constantly employed this kind of adjuration when she spoke the truth, in order to give an air of authenticity to her statements generally, "I have not seen him yet. But if Mr Le, who has honesty stamped on his face if ever man had, is to be believed, he is more like one of the eight immortals than a child of man."

"It is a pity that his circumstances are so poor," said Chu,

[1] *Wang* means to rule.

anxious not to seem over-desirous for the match.

"What is there in that?" said Mrs Kin. "Was not Kwan Ti[1] a seller of bean-curd in early life? And was not Han Sin,[2] when young, so poor that he was obliged to obtain sustenance by angling for fish in a castle moat?"

Overwhelmed by these historical allusions, Chu gave way, and commissioned Mrs Kin to consult a soothsayer as to the agreement of the Mêntanghu (family relationships) on either side. Pleased with her success, Mrs Kin went direct to Wang and communicated to him the result of her interview. At the same time she enlarged on the immense wealth of the lady's family, and the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Pearl. Wang was secretly delighted with her news, but was shrewd enough to appear indifferent.

"I am sure," he said, "I am very grateful to you for the interest you have taken in this matter. But unfortunately my circumstances are not such as would enable me to make the necessary wedding-presents, and I propose, therefore, to put off all thoughts of marriage until I have won my way to office."

"If Miss Pearl were an ordinary young lady, I should applaud your prudence," answered Mrs Kin; "but, as a matter of fact, she is one in ten thousand, a stork among poultry, a sun among stars, and to neglect the chance of an alliance with her is to fly in the face of the gods. And as to the wedding-presents, do not bestow one moment's thought upon them. I will arrange that they shall be as handsome as any that the Prefect's daughter got yesterday, and that you shall not be asked for a single cash on account of them until your pockets are overflowing with Miss Pearl's taels."

"On those conditions I am, if the lady is all you describe her to be, ready at least that you should open negotiations on the subject."

With this consent Mrs Kin took her leave, and lost no time in consulting a soothsayer on the prospects of the match. As she was able to promise a liberal fee, the result of her conference with the deities coincided exactly with her wishes. The next full moon was the time indicated by the Fates for the marriage, and the happiness promised to the young people was such as was to surpass the common lot of men. Mr Chu made most liberal preparations for the ceremony; and a complaisant money-lender, who had many a time and oft advanced money in promotion of Mrs Kin's schemes, willingly lent the sum required by Wang to provide the wedding-gifts.

As the match was not a particularly brilliant one in a social point of view, Mr Chu determined that he would make up in magnificence for what was wanting in that respect. As the day approached his house became a scene of wild confusion. Upholsterers were at work in the reception-rooms, as well as in those which the young couple were to occupy; presents for the bride came pouring in; and milliners, accompanied by coolies bearing loads of silk and satin, haunted Miss Pearl's apartments. That young lady looked forward to her bridal day with mingled feelings. She knew enough of life to know that the reports of professional

[1] Kwan Ti, a celebrated general who was canonised as the God of War.
[2] Han Sin, a statesman who was created Prince of Ts'u.

go-betweens were not always to be believed, and that marriage was not always the state of bliss that it was commonly reported to be. At the same time, her ambition was stirred. She saw plainly, if her father did not, that her parentage was a fatal bar to a good marriage, and she felt that her only chance of escape from the stigma which was cast upon her by her father's calling lay in marrying a man who would win by his talents a position for himself in the State. The inquiries she made privately convinced her that Wang's abilities were such as to secure him an official appointment, and she determined that no expense should be spared to enable him to surround himself with rich and powerful friends.

Meanwhile the report which had reached Green-jade's ears of Wang's intended marriage was fully confirmed with every circumstance of time and place. The hope which she had cherished that he might yet return to his old intimacy at her father's house was crushed fifty times a-day by the rumours which reached her of the magnificent preparations which were being made at Mr Chu's, and of his bridal gifts, which Wang was collecting for presentation to his bride. Little did the gossips know the misery which they were inflicting on the poor girl by the news they brought her, and much did they wonder that she turned away from their chatter without asking a single question about the bride and bridegroom. She never told her love, and struggled on through her daily employments with a heavy heart and a deepening sorrow. The light was taken out of her life. There were no longer any meetings and talks to look forward to, and there remained only a danger of her settling down into a condition of despair. Even her father, who was not an observant man, could not help noticing that she had lost all elasticity of manner, and putting it down to ill health, urged her to pay a visit to a relative living at Tsining, on the Grand Canal.

Fortunately at this juncture a letter came from the relative in question, asking Green-jade, for whom the writer had a great affection, to undertake the instruction of her little girl, her own health being unequal to the task. The proposal was accompanied by many expressions of kindness and regard, and a liberal remuneration was offered for the required service. The lady, a Mrs Ting, who was a cousin of Green-jade's father, had been fortunate enough to marry a man who was not only an excellent husband, but was also a man of great ability. With unusual rapidity he had risen through the lower grades of the public service, and was at the time of which we speak Prefect of Tsining. Green-jade, in the frame of mind in which she then was, eagerly welcomed the offer, and her father, though grieved at the idea of losing the society of his daughter, felt that it was an opportunity of providing for her which he ought not to refuse. The proposal was therefore accepted, and poor little Green-jade busied herself in making such preparations as it was within her means to compass.

The news of Green-jade's intended departure produced on Wang and Le very opposite effects. To Wang it was a relief to know that he would be no longer annoyed by the consciousness of her presence. He was not the least conscience-stricken for the part he had played, but it was disagree-

able to him to witness the effect of his misconduct. But Le was in despair. With all the force possible to men of his coarse nature he loved Green-jade, and the idea of losing sight of her was misery to him. He had not intended urging his suit until after Wang's marriage, lest his treachery to his friend should become too apparent. But the turn which events had taken determined him to seek an interview with Chang at once. He was fortunate enough to find him alone.

"I hear," he said to his host, "that your 'honoured loved one' is preparing for a journey. May I ask if she is likely to be long absent from your palace?"

"My insignificant daughter," replied Chang, "has not been well of late, and I had proposed that she should pay a visit to the wife of the Prefect of Tsining, who is a relative of mine, when an invitation from that lady came, asking her to undertake the charge of her daughter. So that, in all probability, she will be away for some years."

"I have long watched your honoured daughter growing up like a fairy among her young companions, or like a phœnix among crows. I have admired her beauty, and have wondered at her learning. As you know, I have not yet 'established a family,' and it would overjoy me to receive your beloved one into my cold dwelling as my bride. May I ask 'my benevolent elder brother' how he regards my proposal?"

Chang had never liked Le, and he was well aware that his daughter shared in the same feeling: he had therefore no hesitation in declining the offer, more especially as he knew that Le's means were of the straitest, and that his modest description of his house was more in accordance with truth than his assertions commonly were. He replied therefore—

"Honoured sir, your proposal reflects glory on our humble family. But my daughter, having undertaken the charge of Prefect Ting's little one, cannot snatch the precious fruit which you so temptingly offer for her acceptance."

"But would it not be possible to decline the Prefect's proposal?" pleaded Le.

"I fear not," replied Chang; "and therefore, while I am much honoured by the proposal you have made, I am regretfully obliged to decline it."

Chang spoke in so positive a way that Le felt that it would be useless to press his suit further, and he therefore took his leave in a by no means enviable mood. Regret at losing Green-jade, whom he had regarded as a sure prize, was largely mingled with wounded vanity, and anger against Chang. For a time he even thought of kidnapping Green-jade when on her way to Tsining, but there were difficulties in the way, not the least of which was that arising from want of cash, and he eventually made up his mind to take every means in his power of revenging himself upon Chang, and of so humiliating him as to make him wish that he had given his consent to the match.

Meanwhile Green-jade's departure for Tsining was speedily followed by Wang's marriage to Miss Pearl. Every accessory which money could buy was provided to add lustre to this last ceremony. The procession of bridal presents on the evening before the wedding was a sight to be seen, and the street arabs pronounced it to be, without question, the finest thing of its kind that

had been seen for many years in K'aifêng Fu. But these exterior splendours were entirely eclipsed by the sumptuous decoration of Chu's reception-rooms, and by the feast provided for the wedding guests. Wishing to do Wang every honour, Chu had begged him to ask all his associates to the entertainment; and Wang, desirous to mitigate his friends' sneers at his marriage by showing them the evidences of his father-in-law's wealth, took advantage of Chu's hospitality to invite all his fellow-students and literary acquaintances. But numerous as these were, there was plenty for them all. The tables literally groaned under the weight of the delicacies which were piled upon them. Birds' nests from the islands, venison from Mongolia, wine from Chekeang, pears and grapes from Shantung, and preserves from Canton, were provided in more than sufficient quantities to satisfy the appetites of the feasters, who, at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony and the retirement of the bride and her bridesmaids, were left to the full enjoyment of the luxuries before them.

Nor were the festivities entirely confined to the inside of the house, for in the street the arrival of the guests had caused a crowd to collect, among whom, by Chu's orders, cash and common viands were distributed. The news of this lavish expenditure quickly reached the beggars' headquarters. The Leper had been aware of the wedding, and supposing that it would be conducted quietly, had not cast a thought on the fact that he, as a kinsman, had not been invited. When, however, his emissaries brought him word that crowds of guests were pouring into Chu's wide-opened doors, and that the feast was almost a public one, he felt that he had been slighted. He was naturally of a touchy nature, and ill health had increased his infirmity.

"What does this proud cousin of mine mean," he exclaimed to a wretched beggar who had crawled in on crutches to tell him of the food and cash which were to be had outside Chu's house, "by ignoring me, his kinsman, and the beggars who have raised him to his present position of wealth, by not inviting us to his feast? The fact that his daughter is marrying one of the *literati* is no reason why he should turn his back on his relations and old associates."

"That was just what I was thinking as I came along," said the old beggar in a whining tone. "When I was told that you, honoured sir, were not among the guests, and that food and cash were being distributed without any notice having been sent to us, I could scarcely believe it. But now I have seen what is going on with my own eyes, or eye I *should* say," parenthetically remarked the old man with a grim smile, for he had long been blind on one side,—"and here," he said, fumbling in his scrip, "are some of the spoils I brought along with me."

"This is too bad," said the Leper, working himself up into a state of anger. "I will teach him that we are to be reckoned with, though we are beggars. Go," said he to the old cripple, "and call twenty men from the lodging-house, and we will give Chu some clatter which he won't forget in a hurry."

In obedience to this summons, the courtyard was speedily filled with a group of beings who represented every ill that flesh is heir to. The lame, the maimed, the halt, and the blind were all there,

and with them victims to every form of disease. Nothing but rags and tatters covered the persons of these lazar-house inmates, while in the hands of each were bells, hollow bits of bamboo, horns, and whistles, besides the staffs which supported their tottering frames.

On this motley crew the Leper looked with pride. Though better dressed than the beggars, he was scarcely less repulsive-looking than they. The disease from which his nickname was derived had made strange havoc with his features. The skin of his face was lumpy and discoloured, and the irritation under which he was at the moment suffering had added a malignant expression to his afflicted countenance.

"Come with me to my cousin Chu's house," he cried, as he stepped into the courtyard, "and help me to give him a lesson in propriety. All the city are feasting at his table, and he has not had the decency either to invite me as a guest or to send us a present of flesh and wine. But I will give him and his friends some music which they will find it hard to dance to."

Thus saying, he led the way to Chu's house, and arrived just as the *convives* were toasting each other in wine, and asking and answering riddles, in accordance with the custom of wedding-feasts. As he and his troop entered the outer courtyard he gave the word to begin the riot, and instantly there rose a clamour which defies description. Imitations, and, to do the beggars justice, very good imitations, of dogs yelping, cats screeching, and cocks crowing, were mingled with the sound of bells, gongs, hollow bamboos, and whistles. Never out of Pandemonium had such discords been heard. At the first outbreak of the noise Chu dropped his cup and turned deadly pale, for he recognised at once the meaning of the disturbance. The guests, less instructed, thought it was the beginning of a mask or play devised for their entertainment, and looked with curiosity towards the door which separated them from the outer yard. They had not long to wait before it was thrown open, when, to their astonished gaze, the Leper at the head of his followers marched into their midst. Straight they walked up to the principal table, and while the Leper took the cup of wine out of Wang's hand, his troop, who were now silent, pounced greedily upon the viands which still encumbered the tables.

Involuntarily the guests slunk away from the intruders, while Chu, who had partly recovered his presence of mind, came forward, and with the best pretence of cordiality which he could assume paid his compliments to the Leper.

"I am glad to see you, my honoured brother," he said, "and I should have written to invite you if I had not delegated my powers for the day to my new son-in-law. On the third day after the wedding I am to have my own feast, and you will get an invitation to that in due course. And now let me introduce my son-in-law to you." So saying, Chu turned to the place where Wang had been sitting, but his chair was empty. So were all the seats round the table, and Chu met the gaze of the Leper with a look of blank and astonished annoyance.

"Ha! ha!" cried the Leper, "your fine holiday guests seem as frightened of me as poultry are of a fox. Why, there is not one of them left; and as it is a pity that the table should be left empty,

I and my mates will sit down and enjoy ourselves."

Suiting the action to the word, the Leper sat down in Wang's seat, and his noisome companions ranged themselves on the chairs which had been so recently occupied by the silk and satin friends of the bridegroom.

The circumstances were trying, but Chu did his utmost to maintain an outward show of pleasure, even when his mind was tortured with the thought that in the eyes of his son-in-law and his companions he was disgraced for ever. When his tattered guests had satisfied their hunger, which was not for a long time, he turned to the Leper and said—

"I trust that my benevolent elder brother will accept from me a present of food and wine for those other 'flowery ones'[1] who dwell in his palace, and who have not honoured my lowly cottage by their presence to-day."

"Pray, do not put yourself to so much trouble," replied the Leper. In spite of this gentle disclaimer, Chu ordered his attendants to take a goodly supply of the choicest fare to the Leper's house. The Leper now rose to take his leave.

"I fear we have put you to infinite trouble," said he, as he made his bow, "and that we have sadly disturbed your other guests. But, believe me, my object in coming was to show you that though poor and degraded, I have not lost all interest in my kinsfolk and relations."

"I am deeply indebted to you," replied Chu, "for having directed the course of your chariot to my humble dwelling. Your condescension is engraven on the tablets of my heart, and I only regret that I had such poor fare to put before such honoured guests."

So soon as the last cripple had dragged his distorted limbs over the threshold, Chu hurried to his daughter's apartments to express to Wang his intense regret at the *contretemps*. To his surprise he found his daughter alone, weeping bitterly at the disgrace which had fallen on her. Wang, at the invitation of one of the guests, had taken refuge in a neighbouring house until the unwelcome intruders should have taken their departure. While Chu was explaining matters to his daughter Wang returned, and it was easy to see that, though outwardly polite, he was greatly annoyed at the incident. He accepted Chu's apologies with courtesy, and that worthy was fain to leave to his daughter's charms and the advantages of the wealth now at his disposal the task of gradually obliterating the sense of shame which was plainly uppermost in the mind of his son-in-law. And to some extent these influences had their effect.

Miss Pearl did all she could to soothe and amuse her husband; and to one who had been accustomed all his life long to grinding poverty, the pleasure of having as many taels at command as he had formerly had cash brought a sensation of comfort and relief, which inclined him for a time to fall a satisfied victim to his bride's endearments.

His more liberal income enabled him also to surround himself with books, and by degrees his former fellow-students so far consented to forget the past as to join him in his study, and to cap verses with him over the excellent Suchow wine with which his father-in-law

[1] An expression for beggars.

supplied him. By the help of these advantages Wang's scholarship received a finish which enabled him to compete successfully at the examinations, and by the influence of his friends his success was crowned by the receipt of an appointment to the post of commissariat officer to the brigade of troops stationed at Ch'ung K'ing on the Yangtsze-kiang.

There are some men in whom prosperity brings out into relief the worse points in their characters. Wang was one of these. So soon as the novelty of wealth had worn off, the consciousness that he was tied to the daughter of a beggar chieftain became more and more unendurable to him; and his sense of the advantages he had derived from the alliance was lost in regret that now that he was in a position to marry a lady of rank he was no longer able to do so. Le, who, like a true parasite, had allied himself more closely to Wang as that scholar had risen in the social scale, fostered these feelings for the double purpose of currying favour with his patron, and of avenging himself for some slight which he had suffered, or fancied he had suffered, at the hands of Pearl. So successfully had he wound himself into the good graces of Wang that he received the appointment of private secretary to the new commissary, and embarked with his patron on the vessel which was to carry him to his post. Pearl took leave of her father with a heavy heart. The change which had come over her husband's demeanour towards her was of too marked a character to admit of any self-deception, and in leaving K'aifêng Fu she felt that she was putting herself entirely in the hands of a man whom she despised, and whose principles were nought. She was of a hopeful nature, however, and trusted to winning back her husband by devotion to his interests and attention to his whims and wishes.

The removal from Chu's house and influence produced an evil effect upon Wang's cowardly nature. He was one of those men with whom fear is the most potent influence, and with his freedom from his father-in-law's presence disappeared the conventional consideration with which he had been accustomed to treat his wife. He left her more and more to the society of her maid-servants, and spent the whole of the day in the company of his graceless secretary. Pearl, who was of an impressionable nature, longed frequently to get him to join in her admiration of the scenery through which they passed as they glided up the great river. But after one or two attempts she gave up trying to attract his attention, and sat silently wondering at the beetling cliffs of the gorges, and the whirling rapids which rushed through them. Accustomed as she was to the comparatively level country near K'aifêng Fu, the height of the mountains on either side, and the gloom of the passages, occasionally produced a feeling of awe and impending danger which quite unnerved her; and not unfrequently she was obliged to tell Peony, her maid, to shut out the sight by putting up the shutters of the boat.

To these terrors of the imagination was not unfrequently added the presence of real danger. On more than one occasion the rope by which the trackers were towing the boat over the rapids broke, and the craft was sent whirling down through the boiling water, and was only saved from

destruction by the boatmen's skill in using the sweeps. After one such adventure in the Witches' Gorge the trackers had with infinite labour dragged the boat up through the frowning surges into the comparatively smooth water above. There they had anchored for the night, and for the first time that day Pearl ventured to look out on the scenery about her.

"How infinitely grand these mountains are!" she said to her faithful attendant, Peony, "but their size and gloom oppress me. I feel so strangely little and powerless in their presence."

"I am beginning to feel the same sensation myself," said Peony; "but all day long I have been watching the monkeys on the cliffs and the trackers on the towing-path, and I don't know which looked the most ridiculous. The monkeys were playing all sorts of antics, springing from crag to crag, fighting, throwing down stones into the river, and chattering all the while like a lot of magpies; while the men, who had no more clothes on than the monkeys, were jumping from rock to rock, tumbling into the water, and balancing themselves on narrow ledges, like so many boys at play. I wish you could amuse yourself as I do, but since we have been on the river you seem to have lost all interest in what is going on about you."

"I suppose I am not well," said Pearl, "but I feel a depression as of impending danger, and last night I dreamt that that old woman who told me my fortune in the Willow Garden last year appeared before me, and chanted again the doggerel couplet which I had quite forgotten until it came back to me in my dream. Do you remember it?—

'When witches' cliffs encircle you about,
Beware your fate; your sands are near run out.'

What do they call this gorge?"

"The Witches' Mountain gorge."

"Here, then, the fortune-teller's words will be put to the test. And if it is true that coming events cast their shadows before, this woman spoke with the inspiration of a seer."

"Oh, madam, you frighten me," said Peony, half inclined to cry; "please think no more about what that stupid old woman said. My father used to say in his joking way, 'All women are liars, and fortune-telling women are the greatest liars of all. They only say those things to mystify and amuse people.'"

"Well, time will show whether she was right or not. But I'm so weary that I shall go to bed, and try to forget in sleep the woman's prophecy and my own forebodings."

"And in the morning, madam, we will laugh over your fancies, and will begin the new day with fresh hopes. Who can say that a new life may not be opening to you to-morrow!"

"I would it might!—but come now and help me to undress."

Wang took no notice of his wife's retirement. For some time her comings and goings had been matters of complete indifference to him. On this particular evening, having dined heavily, he was lying in the fore part of the boat with Le, smoking opium. As had not been unusual of late, Wang's *mésalliance*, as he was good enough to call it, was the subject of their conversation, and Le drew many a glowing picture of the matches Wang might make were he but free. As the night wore on Le became more

and more eloquent on the theme, unchecked by Wang, whose mean and covetous nature was all aglow at the imaginary prospects which his friend's words conjured up before him. At length Le's fancy failed him, and the two men lay inhaling their opium and enjoying the mental hallucinations which the drug provides for its votaries. Suddenly Le raised himself on his elbow, and said slowly—

"How the water rages and foams past the boat! If any one were to fall overboard on such a night as this, they would be swept miles away before people would be aware of what had happened. No shriek would be heard in such a rushing stream, and the body would never be found in these countless eddies and whirlpools."

Wang turned sharply round at these words and gazed into Le's face. But that worthy avoided his eye, and appeared to be absorbed in watching the water lashing itself against a boulder-rock which stood out of the river, unmoved by the waves which leapt over it and the current which gurgled round it.

"What do you mean?" he said, in a deep excited voice.

"Nothing," said Le. "But I am going to bed. Good night." So saying, Le sauntered off, but turned as he reached the cabin door and cast one glance at Wang, who had followed his retreating form with a feverish gaze. Presently he rose, inflamed by wine and evil passion, and paced excitedly up and down the deck. Then he looked out upon the waters, and walking carefully along the edge of the boat, removed a temporary taffrail which had been put in the fore part of the vessel. His hand shook so that he accomplished it with difficulty. He next assured himself that the sailors and servants were all asleep, and then went to his wife's room. He pushed back the door and called "Pearl."

"Who is that?" shrieked Pearl, who awoke startled from her sleep, and failed to recognise her husband's voice, so hollow and quivering it was.

"It is I, your husband," said Wang; "come out and look at the moon shining on the river."

Such an invitation sounded so strange to Pearl that she was delighted and rose at once, and began to hope that Peony was a truer prophet than the fortune-teller. But when by the light of the moon she saw Wang's face, a horrible presentiment came over her. She shuddered all over as with cold.

"I won't come out on to the deck," she said, "the night air is so chill, and I can see perfectly here."

"Nonsense," said Wang, seizing hold of her arm; "you must come when I tell you."

"Your looks frighten me," she cried, trembling. "Why do you look so pale, and why do your eyes glare so? But if I must come, let me call Peony to bring me a cloak."

"Call Peony! call the devil!" he said, as he dragged her to the prow.

"Oh, have mercy upon me!" said poor Pearl, as she struggled vehemently to get free. "Only let me go, and I will promise to do everything you wish, and will serve you as a dog his master. Or if you want to get rid of me, I will go home to my father. Have pity on me, and spare my life!"

"Hold your tongue, and stand here!" cried Wang, as he supported her almost fainting form near the edge of the boat.

"Oh, you can't be so cruel as to mean to kill me! Have pity, have mercy upon me!"

For a moment Wang's face

seemed to soften, but only for a moment. With a wild glance he looked round to see that no one was about, and then tearing poor little Pearl's arms from his neck, round which she had thrown them in her misery, he hurled her into the torrent.

With one piercing shriek, and one wild reproachful look, she sank beneath the surface. Almost instantly she rose again into sight, and was then swept away by the force of the current into the distance. Wang had not the nerve to watch her fate, and to listen to her screams, but ran into the cabin and closed the door on the outer world. In a few minutes, which seemed to him like hours, he crept out and gave one hasty glance over the broken, foaming waters astern of the boat. No sign of his victim was visible, and he went back and threw himself on his bed. Sleep was out of the question. His wife's last shriek rang again and again in his ears, and whenever he closed his eyes her face rose up before him out of the darkness, after an instantaneous consciousness that it was coming, in a way which made rest impossible. Once or twice in the night he went on deck to cool his brow, but the sight of the spot on the boat where he had done the deed, and of the waters which held his secret, was too much for him, and he crept back again to bed.

At earliest dawn he awoke the captain of the boat, and ordered him to push on at once. The man, though half asleep, could not but be struck with the deathlike look of Wang's face; but, putting it down to the wine and opium of the night before, made no remark. The noise of the sailors moving about was an infinite relief to Wang, and he began to picture to himself what they would say, and how Peony would behave when Pearl's disappearance became known. This made him think what part he ought to play in the matter. So soon as he could bring his thoughts to bear on the subject, he determined to let Peony make the discovery when she went to her mistress's cabin in the morning, and to profess complete ignorance of the event, allowing it to be supposed that it was a case of suicide.

At his wife's usual hour for rising he heard Peony go to her cabin, and afterwards out on to the deck. Presently she returned, and seemed to be making a search, and then he heard her hurry off as fast as her small feet would carry her to the servants' part of the boat. Almost immediately his valet came to his cabin.

"Your Excellency," said the man, "Peony cannot find my lady; she has searched everywhere for her. But what is the matter, sir?" he added, as he saw Wang's blanched and terror-stricken face: "has anything happened?"

"Why, you fool," said Wang, "you tell me yourself that something has happened, when you say that your lady cannot be found. Help me to dress."

Help was indeed needed. Wang was so completely unnerved that he was scarcely able to stand.

"Shall I bring your Excellency some opium?" suggested the man, seeing his condition.

"Yes, quickly."

The materials for a pipe of the drug were always at hand in Wang's household, and before many minutes had elapsed he was stretched on the divan greedily inhaling the "foreign diet." Gradually under the soothing influence of his pipe his eyes lost their wild excited look, his features relaxed, and his hand recovered some of its

steadiness. While thus engaged Le came in and expressed concern at the disappearance of Pearl. He just glanced at Wang with a strange inquiring look, and then turned away.

"Come and help me search for her," said Wang, who had now partly recovered his composure.

Together the pair went out to go through the form of looking for one of whose fate they were equally well informed, for Le had watched the struggle on the deck through his cabin window, and had heard Pearl's wild despairing shriek as she disappeared overboard.

Peony was heartbroken when it became apparent that Pearl was not in the boat. The tone of her mistress's remarks on the previous night suggested to her mind the idea of suicide, and this being repeated to Wang by his valet, brought some degree of relief to the terror-stricken mind of the murderer. The idea of searching in the troubled waters of the rapids was obviously futile, and no halt was therefore made in the progress up stream. As the day wore on Wang regained his calmness under the influence of opium and the consciousness of personal safety. The sailors noticed that he never went to the fore part of the boat, as had been his wont; and Peony took a strange and unaccountable aversion to him, which she was quite unable to repress. Thus the days wore on in the gloom-surrounded boat, and it was an infinite relief to all when at the end of a week they ran alongside the wharf at Ch'ung K'ing.

Meanwhile the same fair wind of promotion which had made Wang Commissary at Ch'ung K'ing had brought the rank of Intendant of Circuit at the same place to Ting, the Prefect of Tsining. By a further chance the Commissary's boat was only the length of the rapid ahead of that of his superior officer. And on the particular night on which poor Pearl was thrown overboard, Ting, his wife, and Green-jade, were sitting on deck enjoying the beauty of the moon, and watching the foaming waters which came rushing down ahead of them. While thus sitting they were startled by a woman's cry coming from the broken water of the rapid. Such an alarm was no uncommon thing at that spot. Scarcely a day passed but some boat was upset, or some tracker lost his precarious footing and fell into the flood. The watchman on the police boat, which was moored close to Ting's, took the incident as a matter of course. Not so Ting, who, not being accustomed to these "stern alarums," rushed to the head of the boat armed with a boat-hook, and eagerly looked out over the rushing waters. Another wild scream drew his attention to a direction in which he dimly descried a living object being borne rapidly along towards his boat. With nervous energy he awaited its approach, and as it passed he deftly caught the dress of the woman, as it now turned out to be, with the boat-hook. Mrs Ting and Green-jade stood by breathless, watching his manœuvres; and as he dragged the sufferer alongside, they caught hold of her, and by their united efforts pulled her on board.

"Is she alive?" asked Green-jade, pale and trembling with excitement.

"She was a minute or two ago," said Mrs Ting. "But don't waste time by asking questions. Chafe her hands while I rub her chest, and maybe she will recover."

"I hope I did not make that

bump on her forehead," put in Ting.

"No, you did not touch her face," said his wife; "that must have been done by a blow against one of the rocks in the river. See! she breathes. I am so glad. Now, if we can only get her comfortably to bed, we may bring her round. Do you carry her to Green-jade's bed, and I will get her wet clothes off, poor thing."

Tenderly Ting bore the apparently lifeless form to Green-jade's cabin, and left her to the care of the two women.

That she was alive was all that could be said, and it was hours before she woke to consciousness.

"Where am I?" she murmured, as she opened her eyes.

"With friends," answered Green-jade, "who are going to take care of you until you are quite well. And now take a little of this hot wine which I have for you."

"He did not mean to do it," she wandered on, having taken Green-jade's kind dose; "I am sure he did not. It was an accident—quite an accident;" and having said this, she dropped off into a sound sleep.

From an inspection of Pearl's clothes, Mrs Ting and Green-jade had come to the conclusion that she belonged to the official class; but it was late the next day before she was sufficiently coherent to explain her immersion. With this explanation, in which she did all she could to shield her husband, came the announcement of who she was, and Green-jade recognised in her the bride of her faithless lover. By degrees the whole truth came out, partly in consequence of the explanation required to account for her rooted objection to return to her husband, and partly in response to the confidences which Green-jade imparted to her. A warm attachment sprang up between the two women, which had for its central point their abhorrence of Wang's ungrateful and cruel conduct. Before they reached Ch'ung K'ing they had sworn eternal sisterhood; and Ting, in whose eyes also Pearl had found favour, had formally adopted her as his daughter.

The fact of the rescue was kept a profound secret outside the boat, and Ting, his wife, and Green-jade were the only people who were aware of Pearl's identity. On landing at Ch'ung K'ing, Pearl went with the other ladies of the household to the Intendant's *yamên*, and not a word was breathed as to the way in which she had entered their household.

The first duty Ting had to perform was to make the acquaintance of his subordinates, and amongst others that of Wang. That gentleman had not quite recovered from the shock to his nerves occasioned by the tragedy in the boat, and indeed it had been further increased by the heavy doses of opium which he had since been in the habit of taking. His appearance as he presented himself before his superior officer was not prepossessing. His usual forbidding features were distorted by mental disquiet and blurred by the effects of stimulants. For some few seconds, as he made his bows, he was unable to speak coherently, and even when seated beside his host he found Ting's searching gaze so disconcerting that he had great difficulty in expressing himself. Altogether, Ting's report to his wife of his interview was not in Wang's favour, although he had to admit that one or two classical allusions which he had succeeded in making showed a scholarly training.

Before Pearl had been domesticated at the Intendant's *yamên*

many days she opened communication with Peony through a discreet servant, who brought that faithful maid to the *yamên*, without divulging by the way more than was absolutely necessary. Peony's surprise and delight when she saw her mistress safe and sound were overwhelming. She cried and laughed, and became quite hysterical in her joy. But the account she brought of the life which she and her fellow-voyagers led for some days after the eventful night was terrible. Wang's condition she described as being little short of madness. His temper was to the last degree irritable, and any sudden noise or unexpected intrusion into his presence produced uncontrolled outbursts of anger. Le's influence had, according to Peony, greatly increased, and Wang evidently stood in awe of him. Suspicions of foul play were generally entertained, and an air of doubt and reticence pervaded the vessel.

As time wore on, however, Wang's mental and physical condition improved. He settled down to his new work at Ch'ung K'ing with zeal and diligence, finding in active employment the best antidote against the reproaches of his conscience. Though having a profound contempt and dislike for him, Ting was compelled to admit that he showed considerable administrative ability in the discharge of his duties. The one fault which his superior officer had to find was that he permitted Le to levy blackmail on contractors and tradesmen in virtue of his official position. Repeated remonstrances on this subject produced no effect, Wang being afraid to offend or get rid of a man who, he instinctively felt, knew so much. At length Ting was obliged to take the matter into his own hands, and finding a strong case against the offender, he threw him into prison, and thus made it impossible for Wang any longer openly to support him.

Meanwhile rumours reached Ting that Wang was again contemplating marriage. He announced himself as a widower; and as his official position and future prospects were decidedly good, his appearance in the matrimonial market made quite a stir among the ladies at Ch'ung K'ing. This gave Ting an opportunity of carrying out a scheme which he had long had in his mind. He had felt for some time that if Wang and his wife could be brought together again in circumstances which would secure her against a repetition of wrong, it was his duty to arrange it. It now occurred to him that if he could, by offering Wang his wife in remarriage under the guise of his adopted daughter, bring this about, it would destroy the principal motive which had actuated Wang in the commission of his crime, and would give Pearl a position which would make any ill-usage on his part impossible. After consultation with his wife, he asked Pearl to give him an interview in his study.

"Your position," he said, "has long been a cause of anxiety to me. If anything was to happen to me, you would be obliged to return to your father, and then all the circumstances connected with your tragedy would necessarily become public property. The only way out of the difficulty, so far as I can see, is that you should marry again."

"How can you, of all men in the world, propose such a thing to me? Don't you know that a faithful minister can serve only one sovereign, and a virtuous wife only one husband?"

"I expected some such answer from you. But what should you say if I married you, my adopted daughter, to Commissary Wang, who is, as I have reason to believe, looking out for a wife to supply the place of his dear departed?"

"What! remarry my own husband, and one who has attempted to murder me? Impossible."

"He attempted to murder you because you were a beggar chieftain's daughter: now you are the daughter of the Intendant of Ch'ung K'ing. He felt safe in doing it because he knew that you had no official influence, but he would now not dare to touch a hair of your head."

"But I have a horror of him."

"Remember, also, you have a duty towards him. If you let him marry some one else, what will the position of both of you be? Think it all over, and come to me again when you have made up your mind."

Deeply Pearl pondered the matter, and long were the consultations which she held on the subject with Mrs Ting, Green-jade, and Peony. Dutifully Mrs Ting advised the course recommended by her husband. Green-jade's advice was less pronounced, and Peony was loud in her expressions of horror at the idea.

"Why, if, after once having escaped from his cruelty, you were to tempt fortune again, you would be like the rat in the fable, who, having got out of the trap with the loss of his tail, went back and lost his head. Besides, a wife ought at least to like her husband, and how could you ever endure a man who has tried to mur——"

"Hush," said Pearl, "you must not talk in that way. And did you never hear of Lady Le, the wife of an officer in Wu te's court, who recovered the affections of her husband after years of cruel estrangement, by devotion and self-sacrifice?"

"No, I never did; and I can never believe that it can be the duty of any one to outrage nature to such an extent. Before I could go back to a man who had treated me as the Commissary has treated you, I would take an overdose of laudanum, or go on a voyage to England, or do anything else desperate in its folly."

In spite, however, of Peony's eloquence, Pearl eventually agreed to accept Ting's advice, and that gentleman arranged that his secretary should make it known privately to Wang that a proposal on his part for the hand of the Intendant's adopted daughter would be favourably received. Wang was delighted at the hint. He felt that such a marriage would put him at once at an advantage. Already Ting's position was illustrious, and his abilities and influence were such that it was beyond question that before long he would be within reach of the highest offices of the State. How different, he thought, was his present condition from that in which he had been glad to marry the beggar chief's daughter! Filled with delight at the prospect before him, he lost no time in opening negotiations, and had just sent off the bridal presents, when a note from Ting informed him that, owing to his wife's serious illness, the marriage would have to be postponed. A few days later a further notice reached him of the fatal conclusion of the illness. "The Fates," wrote Ting, "have snapped the thread of her life, and I am left alone like a stork in the desert. I fear that it will be necessary for

you to postpone plucking the plum blossom [1] for a while."

Wang was loud in his condolences, and was quite content to wait, so long as he felt sure of the alliance. Indeed the affliction which had overtaken Ting was rather gratifying to him than otherwise. The sudden death of so great a lady was naturally a subject of general gossip, and the reflected notoriety which Wang enjoyed, as the intended son-in-law of the deceased, pleased him not a little. He waited patiently, therefore, during the six months required of him, and was not the least annoyed when he received an intimation, towards the end of that time, that for certain private reasons the Intendant wished for a still further postponement for three months. The fact being that, for the due management of his household, he was about, as he told Wang in confidence, "to take as my second wife a relative of the late Mrs Ting, one Green-jade, who for some time has been a member of my household, and who is in happy possession of all the virtues." He further proposed that the two weddings should take place on the same day, when, as he wrote, "in the words of the great T'ang poet—

'Two happy pairs shall taste the richest joy,
And welcome pleasure 'reft of all alloy.'"

To this proposal Wang readily assented. To share a marriage-feast with so high and exalted an officer as the Intendant filled his soul with delight. He revelled in the thought of the contrast between his condition as a poor penniless scholar at K'aifêng Fu and his present state, and he compared with pride the splendour of his proposed marriage with the ignominy which attached to his former alliance. His mind scarcely reverted to the midnight scene in the boat. He had written to tell Mr Chu of "the sad event," and had received in reply a piteous letter full of grief, and then, so far as he was concerned, the matter had ended. He was not of an imaginative turn of mind; and so soon as all danger to himself had disappeared, his spirits revived, and his mind recovered its wonted serenity. Le was the only man who could bring evidence against him, and he was fast bound in prison, and was, if report said rightly, likely to exchange his cell for the execution ground. He therefore prepared the wedding-presents with a light heart, and penned the following epistle to accompany them:—

"With joy and humility I rejoice that your Excellency has deigned to give your consent to the marriage of your beloved one to me. The approach of the time when I may taste of the feathery verdure of the matrimonial peach fills me with delight, and I trust that our union may establish an alliance between our two families which shall stand as firm as the heavenly tripod. I send herewith some mean and paltry presents, which I pray your Excellency to receive."

"Prostrate," wrote the Intendant in reply, "I received your honourable presents; and I look forward with pleasure to the time when the red cords of Destiny [2]

[1] A poetical expression for marrying.

[2] Destiny, it is believed, binds the feet of those who are to be united in marriage with red cords.

shall bind your feet to those of my despicable daughter. I am heartily ashamed to send the accompanying paltry gifts in exchange for your magnificent presents; but I beg you to excuse my deficiencies. On the 15th of next month I shall await the arrival of your jade chariot, and the emblematic geese[1] will be ready prepared in my mean dwelling."

As the wedding-day drew near, Pearl became more and more anxious as to the wisdom of the step she was about to take; and if it had not been for the support she received from Ting, she would even at the eleventh hour have evaded the engagement. Green-jade, in whom the love she had borne towards Wang was turned to bitterest contempt and hate, could not cordially recommend her former rival to take upon herself again the yoke which had proved so uncongenial, and Peony had no words in which to express her disapproval of the arrangement.

"I would as soon hold out my head under the executioner's knife as marry that man again, if I were you, madam."

"He has probably seen the errors of his ways by this time," said Pearl, "and will, I have no doubt, make a good husband in the future."

"The proverb says, 'The body may be healed, but the mind is incurable,'" replied Peony; "and until I see a leopard change its spots, I will not believe that that mean and cruel man can ever be reformed."

"Well, perhaps it was my fault," said Pearl, "that he was not better at first. Besides, he will no longer have Le to lead him astray. I will cap your proverb with the saying, 'A yielding tongue endures'; and as I intend to be yielding in everything, I have every confidence that Wang will turn out as good as he has been bad."

"One more proverb and I have done," said Peony. "'Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth.' But as you have made up your mind, I will say no more. I will only ask that if Mr Ting will give leave, we should follow a custom, when introducing Mr Wang into your chamber, which is common in my part of the country."

"What is that?" said Pearl.

"We make the bridegroom run the gauntlet between old women armed with switches," said Peony; "and it is such fun to see the way they run."

Ting, on being consulted, readily gave his consent to Peony's proposal, and even hinted that if *she* stood among the old women with a stouter switch than usual, he should make no objection.

"Only confine your custom to Mr Wang, if you please, Miss Peony," he added; "I have no inclination to have my shoulders switched."

On the eventful day Wang arrived dressed in canonicals, and full of that satisfaction which small minds feel at the achievement of social success. He received the congratulations of the subordinate officials with haughty condescension, and conversed affably with Ting before the ceremonies began. He went through his part with perfect composure, which is more than can be said for Pearl and Green-jade, who, if they had not been concealed behind their wedding-veils, would have broken down entirely. At last the vows having been made to

[1] Geese are the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

Heaven, Earth, and the ancestors of the brides and bridegrooms, and the marriage-feast having been brought to a conclusion, the bridegrooms were conducted to the apartments of their brides. As Wang crossed the hall leading to his bridal chamber, a number of old women, headed by Peony, formed up in double line, and as the unconscious Wang passed between them, each drew from her ample sleeve a stick with which she belaboured the unfortunate bridegroom. It did Peony's heart good to see how the stately swagger with which he entered their ranks became a hasty flight, as the blows rained upon his shoulders. A parting blow which Peony aimed with nervous strength on the luckless head drew a cry of pain from him, and he rushed headlong into his wife's room, almost tripping over the door-curtain in his haste to reach a place of safety.

Pale and breathless he stood before the veiled figure of his wife, and it was some seconds before he could sufficiently recover his nerves to raise the red veil which concealed Pearl's features. When he did so he started back with horror and amazement. The little presence of mind which remained to him deserted him entirely. He trembled all over, and putting his hand before his eyes, cried, "Take it away, take it away! What fool's trick is this?"

So saying, he turned and ran towards the door, where he encountered Ting.

"Whither away?" said that gentleman. "You run from your wife as though she were the plague. Have you had a quarrel already?"

"Let me go," replied Wang. "Either she is a ghost, or some trick has been played upon me."

"She is no ghost, but your wife, Pearl, whom now for the second time you have married. Speak to your husband, lady."

"I am indeed doubly your wife," said Pearl. "And I trust that our second nuptials will be the prelude to a longer and happier wedded existence than was vouchsafed to us by the gods before."

At these words, and fortified by the presence of Ting, Wang regained enough composure to glance furtively at Pearl, the placidity and good temper of whose features bore in upon him the consciousness that he had nothing to fear from her. This conviction gave him courage.

"But how has this all happened?" he said. "Is it possible that you were saved from drowning in the rapid?"

"It is possible," said Ting. "And now let me lead you to your wife's side, and I will then leave her to explain it all."

So saying, he led him to a seat beside his wife, and then retired.

In as few words as were possible, Pearl related how she had been saved, and enlarged with warmth on the kindness she had received from Ting. Not a word of reproach did she utter, and she gave him to understand by her manner that the past was forgotten.

Tortured by a remorse which was awakened by her presence, and fearful lest Ting should take a more judicial view of his conduct than she did, Wang fell on his knees before his wife and implored her forgiveness, vowing at the same time that he would be a true and kind husband to her for the rest of his life. Pearl hastily raised him from the ground, and assured him that, so far as both she and Ting were concerned, what had happened would be as though it had never taken place. Peace was thus restored; and as with

advancing night quiet took possession of the courtyards, so harmony reigned in the bridal chambers.

After ten years of most undeservedly placid married life, Wang was stricken down with fever, and in a vision of the night a spirit passed before his face. Trembling and terrified he gazed into the darkness, and though he saw nothing, he was conscious that something stood before him. He was too frightened to cry out, and after a silence which seemed to him to last for hours, he heard a voice saying—

"According to the original decree of the God of Hades, you should have fifteen more years of life before you; but inasmuch as you have been guilty of the heinous crime of attempting to murder your wife, the thread of your existence is about to be snapped."

With these words the vision vanished, and Wang fell back unconscious. In this condition Pearl found him a few minutes later, and as the morning light broke through the lattice-window his spirit passed into the land of forgetfulness.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

1st May 1274.

BEAUTIFUL Florence! As in dreams I stray
Along thy storied streets, meseems as though
I saw, as Dante saw, long years ago,
A bevy of young girls come up the way,
Flushed with the freshness of the fragrant May,
And of them one especially I know,
Fair, maiden-modest, and with looks that so
Bless where they fall, they every pain allay.
And now she turns, drawn by some mastering spell,
Where all-a-tremble the young Dante stood,
And 'neath her grave sweet smile his eyelids fell:
Divined he then, through Paradise she should
His footsteps guide up from abysmal Hell
To Heaven, star-led by saintly womanhood?

THEODORE MARTIN.

THE NEW LITURGICS OF THE SCOTTISH KIRK.

THE existence of the Church Service Society is a noteworthy fact. On the thirty-first day of January 1865, a meeting was held in Glasgow, at which it was resolved to found a society whose object should be "the study of the liturgies—ancient and modern—of the Christian Church, with a view to the preparation and publication of forms of prayer for public worship, and services for the administration of the sacraments, the celebration of marriage, the burial of the dead, &c." At the annual meeting held at Edinburgh on the thirtieth of May 1890, it was reported that the clerical members numbered, at that date, 506; and the lay members 130. Of the clerical members there were 495 resident and working in Scotland, distributed through 70 Presbyteries. There are 84 Presbyteries in the Church. 11 clerical members were in England, and abroad. These figures are striking, as indicating a decided conviction and a strong feeling throughout the Church of Scotland. But if the membership be weighed, as well as counted, the figures become still more striking, and significant. Good Presbyterians may like the Church Service Society, or not. But the Society cannot be ignored. It reckons among its members a decided majority of the most outstanding ministers of the Kirk. And the names of Tulloch, Macleod, Caird, Milligan, Story, and MacGregor, are well known beyond the limits of Scotland.

The circulation of the Book of Common Order,[1] issued by the Society, is a noteworthy fact. The first Edition was published in 1867. The sixth Edition has been published in 1890. The volume is not quite a cheap one: and, so far, it has hardly been much read by the laity. But to mention the Editions which have appeared gives but little notion of the influence which the book has exerted. You can enter few Scottish parish-churches now in which you will not recognise the beautiful and familiar sentences pervading all the prayers: in which you will not find that the old traditional floating liturgy (save in the instances where its sentences are touching and admirable) has been superseded by decorous and devout supplication which has the true liturgical music and flow. The "eloquent and impressive prayer," at which the congregation gaped in wonder, really not thinking of joining in it: "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience" (and a very awful reflection it is that the prayer *was* addressed to the Boston audience): is dead and gone. "A most eloquent address," was the brief criticism of an English Duke, when an eminent Scotch preacher had ministered at a funeral: it had never occurred to the Duke that the address was Prayer. And we all re-

[1] Εὐχολογιον. A Book of Common Order: being Forms of Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Ordinances of the Church; Issued by the Church Service Society. Sixth Edition, carefully revised. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1890.

Church Service Society. Annual Report for 1890. With List of Office-bearers and Members.

member how the petitions, though spoken *to* the Almighty were spoken *at* the congregation: and conveyed information, or reproof, or the speaker's views upon matters political and religious, and his low estimate of such as ventured to think otherwise.

Information: as "Bless each one of the 1345 communicants who received the sacrament last Sunday under this roof."

Reproof: as "Have mercy on those who permit trifling excuses, which would not for a moment be suffered to detain them from any engagement of business or of amusement, to keep them away from the place where God has recorded His Name, and promised to meet with His people."

The speaker's views: as "Lord, have mercy upon the magistrates of Drumsleekie, such as they are. Make them wiser and better."

Estimate of opponents: as "Lord, have mercy upon that miserable man who was lately pouring forth blasphemies against Thee." The blasphemy consisted of declaring that there was no harm in taking a walk in a Botanic Garden on the Lord's Day.

It may be permitted to one who has been a member of the Church Service Society from the first, and who has (in the main) heartily approved the work it has done and the current of tendency of which it has been partly the cause and much more the effect, to relate, as fairly as he can, the story of the new Liturgics of the Church of Scotland.

There is not time to discuss the technical and conventional meaning of the word Liturgy. Here, we are content to take the word as signifying what is its signification both etymologically and in ordinary parlance, "a formulary of public devotion." We know that this is not the severe ecclesiological sense. We know, too, that there never was such a man as Lord Bacon: there was a Francis Bacon who became Lord Verulam. We know also that there is not the smallest warrant in holy Scripture for the imagery of the *besetting sin*. But accuracy beyond what is generally accepted is irritating to many. And these pages are meant not to irritate but to soothe: if indeed that may be in treating such a subject in Scotland.

It may be said, with confidence, that the growth of the Church Service Society, and the wide acceptance of its Book of Common Order, indicate a dissatisfaction, in the minds of many, with the previous state of things as relating to public prayer in the Church of Scotland. It was not that the members of the Society, at its beginning, contemplated the preparation of a Liturgy in the sense of a Service-Book to be enforced (or even authorised) by law, and to be continually used in churches. The Society, as such, holds no opinion upon that question: as matter of fact, the most diverse views exist within the Society upon that question. And even those of its members who are clear in favour of an authorised Service-Book, have ever been strong for retaining the privilege of free prayer. *A partial Liturgy*, was the voice of Dr Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral and of Dr Crawford, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh: who were the first (within the writer's knowledge) to indicate the flowing tide. I may presume to say that the suggestion startled one; and it was made in my hearing twelve years before the foundation of the Church Service Society. All that the Society aimed at was the elevation of the tone of

common prayer, both in devotion and in literary grace: by setting before youths entering the ministry, and doubtless before their seniors too if still capable of education, better models than the chance-recollections of prayer offered by one's parish-minister, or by an occasional outstanding preacher. Such, it is to be confessed, in their desire to keep the congregation alert from first to last, rousing them from the comatose condition into which people fall when wearily *standing* through a prayer of thirty-five minutes wherein they could have completed every sentence as soon as begun, did occasionally pray in eccentric fashion. This was called a *striking* prayer. "We know there are blessings going to-night, and we put in for our share." "It must be acknowledged that hitherto Thy people have been in a sad minority: but we look on to the day when they shall be in an overwhelming majority." "For, as Thou knowest, men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of the national emblem." "Teach us to remember that for every sermon we hear, we must render account upon the Day of Judgment." "Thine was not the cheap charity which tosses away superfluities." It is the writer's determination to give no instances which have not come within his personal knowledge. And he is quite prepared to indicate (to anybody who has a claim to ask) the church where the "First Prayer" on a communion Sunday morning (the congregation standing, save that about half had sat down in exhaustion and wrath) was somewhat more than thirty-five minutes in length. And the officiating minister was a good and able, though very narrow and bigoted man. His prayer was not made up of rambling repetitions. It was a good prayer, carefully thought out: only insufferably tedious. He was a man incapable of saying, "And now, O Lord, we will relate an anecdote." Such a thing has been. I have known a good member of the Free Kirk who, after an awful wedding-service, wholly extemporised, and containing a hit at Norman Macleod (at that period distrusted by many for his views on the Lord's Day), approached a parish clergyman, and said, with agony in his face, "I never was in favour of a liturgy before: but henceforward I am clear for a printed service for marriages." It was on such an occasion that the words were uttered, "We thank Thee that Thou hast given us wumman, to make us koamfortable."

It is enough to indicate the sort of prayers from which the Church Service Society desired to deliver the Church and the country. I am not to suffer myself to recall, even to my own memory, the sorrowful instances of irreverence, folly, and vulgar clap-trap, which have too frequently formed the matter of graceless anecdote. Everybody knows to what a degree such stories are put about in Scotland. I have heard them told, from personal recollection, by Professors of Divinity who used to have to listen to strange prayers: and never with more telling effect than by a student of divinity who at the moment was Lord Chancellor. It is no more than just to say that these eccentricities in prayer are exceptional and abnormal: that although one in a long life has heard such perhaps half-a-dozen times, the strangest of them never were heard either by one's own ears, or by those of any mortal known to us: they are matters of floating gossip and tradition: certainly much

exaggerated, possibly absolute inventions. The actual standard of prayer has always been good: on very few Sundays in one's history have the prayers actually heard in public worship been other than decorous and devout: on many Sundays the prayers have been so beautiful and uplifting that it seemed as if they left nothing to be desired. And it is simply untrue that you cannot join in what is called an extempore prayer. One knows what has been said, times innumerable, by those trained to a liturgy. But it is entirely a question of what you have been trained to. No doubt there must needs be the act of listening to the petition: the act of assenting to it: the act of joining in it: but the mind acts with lightning rapidity when doing a familiar work: and with a devout Scot, trained to the old ways of the Kirk, when the prayer is said by a minister in whom he has confidence, and whose way he knows, the acts are practically simultaneous. Who does not know that this is true? When even so great and so fair-minded a man as the good Archbishop Whately of Dublin declared that it is impossible duly to join in an extempore prayer, because you do not know what is coming, all this merely proved to an old (or even a young) member of the Kirk that the good Archbishop was talking of a matter which his training had not prepared him to understand. What he honestly declared impossible is perfectly easy and natural to one brought up to it. You must serve an apprenticeship before your work grows skilled work, and so comes to be done with facility. You must be educated up to joining habitually in either liturgical or unwritten prayers.

But while we deny, firmly, that the absurd sentences which have often been quoted south of the Tweed as samples of Scottish public prayer are other than a preposterous caricature of the actual worship of the Kirk, it must be admitted that a Scottish congregation is helplessly in the hands of the officiating minister for its worship. The congregation's sole security lies in the good sense, good taste, and devout feeling of the minister. If he be a fool, he can make the entire service as foolish as himself. The most admirable of liturgies cannot make the congregation quite independent of those who officiate: as he will confess who has heard the half-inspired prayers of England irreverently gabbled, or (still worse), theatrically declaimed: as he will confess who has heard a conceited, self-conscious blockhead *acting* a lesson of holy Scripture. But, in the Anglican Church, it is hard to quite spoil the beauty and devout felicity of the unimprovable sentences as they flow. It is not left to deacon or to priest or to prelate to decide, possibly in extreme haste and under the most painful nervous tension, through what fields of thought or feeling the flock shall be led that day. It is sad, when the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, through the exhortation: but it is a bitter thing when devout souls would lift up their heart, hoping for comfort or guidance, and are dashed down from the help of prayer. You may smile, sorrowfully enough, when you read the report in the newspaper: but to any devout mortal possessed of average common-sense, it must have been a very jarring and awful experience to be present on that occasion (it was at a meeting held on the Lord's Day) when a certain unbeneficed person, in the orders of the Kirk, and in charge of a

congregation, "said, in his opening prayer, that it was not fiddles or organs or trumpets or hymns, or extracts from the writings of some old sinner, who was perhaps in hell himself, but it was the Holy Spirit that was needed in the Church."[1] It is most true, that there is but one Inspirer of all good prayer: but did He inspire such prayer as that? Coleridge said that he never knew the value of the English Book of Common Prayer till he attended worship at some remote churches in Scotland. It may be doubted if he ever heard anything quite so irreverent and unbecoming as that lamentable sentence. And the woful thing is, that it is just the man who could utter such words as to Almighty God, who would be the last to feel his need of liturgical help. Assuredly, in the Kirk, it has hitherto been plain that those ministers who can pray the best without book have been most anxious for a prepared formulary. For the standard they set before themselves is so high that their best endeavours fall sadly short of it.

Educated Anglicans, fairly well acquainted with the worship of tribes thousands of miles off, are commonly so ignorant of the ways of the other National Establishment in Great Britain, that they may often be heard repeating, in good faith, stories concerning the prayers of the North, which any sane Scotsman could inform them were incredible and impossible. I have heard of a Cambridge man who declared that in a parish church in Scotland he heard a hymn sung wherein the lines occurred—

> "My heart is like a rusty lock,
> Oh oil it with Thy grace."

Of course this was a falsehood. Quite lately, the writer heard a lady of condition, incapable of intentional misstatement, say that in a Highland Kirk, she heard the minister pray that "as there is but one Shepherd, so there may be but one sheep." This would make the Church of Christ very small indeed. But the good lady's ears had failed to catch the final syllable: of course the petition was that "there may be but one sheepfold." It is a well-known sentence of the floating liturgy: and Mr Ruskin would approve it. In equal good faith, the writer was recently assured, by a lady, that she had been attending a church where the minister absolutely refused to pray for the Prince of Wales: specially excepting him from the usual supplication. Naturally, I inquired in what form of speech this eccentric variation from ordinary form was carried out. "Oh," replied the excellent lady, "he said, every Sunday, *We pray for the royal family*, ALL BUT *Edward Prince of Wales*." I had no difficulty in discerning that the mistake arose through the minister's peculiar pronunciation, *Albert Edward* being so rendered as to sound *all but Edward*. Within the last few weeks, the Moderator of the General Assembly was designated, far South in the garden of England, *The Mediator:* this by a person of high culture. When doubt was expressed as to the accuracy of the designation, the impatient reply was, *The Mediator, or something of that kind*. Let the Anglican reader be cautious in accepting anything related as to the Church of Scotland by hasty English tourists. Such may relate very preposterous things.

Although liturgical prayer was

[1] 'The Scotsman,' September 1, 1890.

beyond question the use of the Kirk for long after the Reformation, it is to be admitted that since the Revolution in 1688 read prayers were, as the rule, unknown till within the last thirty years in the national worship of Scotland. Anglicans will be surprised to learn that read prayers were equally disused when Episcopacy was established by law. To the Philistine mind, Episcopacy means, essentially, the Prayer Book and the surplice. But Scotch Episcopacy, till comparatively recent days, knew neither the one nor the other. The prayers were "conceived": the robes were black: the worship was not to be distinguished from that of the Presbyterian Establishment. You had to watch minute details to make sure whether the officiating minister had been ordained by a Bishop with Presbyters, or by a Presbytery without a Bishop. Thus the characteristic prayers of Scotland were what those who like them call *Free;* and those who dislike them, *Extempore.* In many cases they were indeed extempore: made on the instant for the instant: often extremely well. And assuredly an able, ready, and devout minister attained to a very perfect adaptation to time and place. One recalls the vulgar quasi-argument of a vulgar person, about ready-made prayers not fitting any more than ready-made clothes. In some cases the prayers were written, and committed to memory. In more cases, probably, they had through long use gradually crystallised into a form: the same thing was said every day, but it had never been composed: it had grown. Surely this is in the experience of most Scotch ministers. But the outstanding fact, apparent to all, was that the prayers were said without book. Neither printed nor written page lay before the minister. A strong and brave man, here and there, brushed aside the tradition: it never was law. No human being can produce the statute of Church or of State which forbids the reading of prayers. Chalmers read his prayers in the Divinity Hall: he read them when Moderator of the General Assembly. A man in a thousand had told his Presbytery that through failing health he could not extemporise or repeat his prayers; and he got permission to read them. But it is unquestionable that it was a very startling thing to average Scotch worshippers, when it was proposed that prayers should be read in church. It was only Restoration: it was called Innovation. And the impression went about that there must be some lack of the right spirit about the man who could not extemporise his prayers. It became necessary to argue the question of liturgical or free prayer, as in the presence of judges to whom the issue was entirely new. And there was a very strong bias against the disturbers of the peace, the vilipenders of the good old way, who proposed change. I heard it stated in a church court that the reason why Dr Robert Lee proposed to read his prayers probably was that having wholly given over praying in private, he had lost the power of expressing himself in supplication: he being an evil man, not merely uninspired by the Holy Spirit, but positively inspired by the Devil. The moderator apparently regarded this as legitimate argument, for he did not intervene. And various members of court vociferously conveyed their approval.

We all know the probable fate of any man who proposes reformation: whether in locomotion, in

æsthetics, in politics, or in public prayer. But when the question of worship came to be thrashed out, the reasons, if you set aside mere prejudice, or a more respectable cleaving to the dear old way, appeared to be all on one side. No doubt, it took a little while to see this. Dr Robertson died early: Dr Crawford, who had mainly started the movement, had become Professor of Divinity, had been got hold of by those who persuaded him that he must be silent, and in fact never had the nature of the controversialist. So the battle, at the first, was fought, all but alone, by Dr Robert Lee. It was singular that it should have fallen to him. He had little ear for the melody of liturgical prayer. He valued dogmatic freedom incomparably more than ritual. His taste, in matters ecclesiological, was exactly the reverse of Catholic. His marvellous cleverness and smartness, and his capacity as a hard hitter, seemed not quite the characteristics of the man who was to mend the devotions of the Church. He was as alert and bright a debater as ever I listened to: but even a great Lord President dismissed these qualities with the single word *flippant*. And though a most amiable man, he was (in public) not conciliatory. I was present in the Presbytery of Edinburgh when he was pulled up for the first time for his "Innovations." They were as nothing to what is done every day now in many churches. To kneel at prayer, instead of standing (or lounging): to stand at praise, instead of irreverently sitting: to have the help of the sacred organ: these were all, save the little printed prayer-book, which had some modest beginnings of responses. The Bible says, "Let all the people say Amen": but the Kirk had for a time said, "Let nobody but the minister say Amen": surely a most unscriptural and preposterous fashion. The two estimable members of Presbytery who brought up the matter, Dr Simpson of Kirknewton and Dr Stevenson of South Leith, were studiously conciliatory: indeed, upon the merits, they seemed thoroughly with Dr Lee: only they thought the law forbade such change, however desirable. But the incredible bitterness of some members against Dr Lee filled a young parson, fresh from his beautiful country parish, with astonishment and even with consternation. It appeared, however, ere the end of the debate, that no love whatever was lost between good Dr Lee and his opponents. In fact, he was extremely provoking. It was in the Assembly Hall. I see Dr Lee arise to make his reply: lay aside a great wrap which used to be called a Highland cloak: and stand out, keen, polished, self-possessed, fluent: the ideal of a debater. I fancy he had made up his mind that the Presbytery was against him: for he took no pains to soothe them. "My congregation and I do this and that," he said: "Is there any harm in that, *most reverend Brethren?*" Then he related, with great tact, a farther step in his progress: and again and again, in most provoking fashion, came "Is there any harm in *that, most reverend Brethren?*" The words were said with an unconcealed sneer, which made it too apparent that the speaker did not revere or even reverence his brethren in the smallest degree. And many good men were plainly rubbed the wrong way.

Coming to the essential merits of the question between prayers written and not written: and put-

ting aside such collateral issues as whether liturgical prayers had actually been used in the Kirk and whether they could constitutionally be used again: the question became a very simple one. For it is as certain as that two and two make four, that, so far as concerns the congregation, public prayer is always of necessity a provided form. It is never the extemporaneous nor the free prayer of the congregation: it is a form provided and imposed upon them by the officiating minister. The congregation cannot even (as with a prayer-book) look at the service beforehand, and resolve whether it be such as they can, in conscience, in feeling, in good taste, join in and accept as their own. Nobody knows what the form is to be till it is actually produced: not even the man who is to produce it. Often, from sentence to sentence, he is groping his way. Often, he knows not what is to come next. Often, he feels deeply that he has not said what he desired, and wishes he could withdraw or amend the words. *That is to say*, and *By which I mean*, Principal Tulloch told me, were words familiar to him in the prayers of a fine old professor of his youth.

The question is not, Form or No Form? The only issue is, Shall the form be provided deliberately, calmly, with serious consideration, and by the combined wisdom of a company of devout and earnest men? or shall it be provided in great haste, nervous trepidation, and utter blankness, without a vestige of devotional feeling, by some youth without religious experience, and quite unable to interpret and express the needs and feelings of good old Christian people tried in ways of which he knows nothing at all? Lord Campbell tells us that the morning he had first to pray in the Divinity Hall at St Andrews, "I heard the bell cease, and my heart died within me." Is that a fit mood in which to extemporise a form of prayer? We know, God be thanked, it is not always so. It is not even commonly so. The form is provided by a good and experienced minister, well knowing the case of his congregation, tolerably free from nervousness, and with his memory stored with decorous sentences, the traditional liturgy of the North: he can hardly go wrong. But for arrangement, for words, for all that is essential to public worship, neither the congregation nor the minister himself has any assurance of what is coming. Not merely on the minister's spiritual frame, but upon the humblest details of his physical nature, the congregation are helplessly dependent for their prayers. "The Spirit is not in this place," said an emotional Evangelist, preaching for good Dr Craik of Glasgow: one of the best and most cultivated of Scotch ministers in his day. But Dr Craik told me, with much indignation, "I said to him, after church, that the Spirit would not be in any place if a man ate two pounds of beef-steak at breakfast that morning." The statement was humbling. But it was true. A physical miracle need not be looked for.

Many years ago, the writer was one of two who were sent to ask the late Dr Veitch, of St Cuthbert's, to conduct the prayers of his brethren upon a specially interesting and solemn occasion. Dr Veitch was one of the ablest and best ministers of his time: and he had not the smallest sympathy with the Church Service Society. Indeed, he disliked and distrusted it heartily. But he listened: and

I remember his reply, given very solemnly. "No: I cannot undertake the duty. Here, in my own study, quietly by myself, I can think of what ought to be said on so special on occasion. But I have not that command of my nervous system that I could be sure of saying it when the time came. So you must excuse me." I was young then, and I did not venture to say what came into my mind: "Is not that reason why, in your study by yourself, you should write down the suitable petitions, and thus make sure of saying them worthily when the time comes?" I knew well that if I had said so much to good Dr Veitch, he would never have spoken to me again. But my belief then was what it is to-day: and I thought I had hardly ever heard a stronger instance of the service of liturgical prayer. Nor do I forget what was said to me by a saintly minister who for fifty years ranked high as any; and who detested Dr Robert Lee and all his works. Each Sunday morning, he said, he went to church under an awful burden of misery, through his anxiety about his extempore prayers. He was unutterably miserable in the vestry before service. He was miserable while the opening Psalm was being sung. He was miserable when he stood up to begin his first prayer. But he took the Psalm which had been sung for his theme: and he tried to cast himself on God's help: and gradually the burden lifted, and he got on heartily with his prayer, and peace came to him. I looked at the beautiful face: and I thought, If the burden of conducting public worship according to our order lie so awfully upon a saint like you, with a record of half-a-century, what ought it to be for me, going each morning to minister to a great congregation of educated folk and to pray in their name? Not but what it lay heavily enough; for in those days the morning prayers were *bonâ fide* extemporised, and continually varied: one went to church under great nervous tension: but it was not quite like that morbid terror of a far better man. But I knew too well what he would have said had I suggested that he might prepare his prayers. That would have been ceasing to trust simply in the Holy Spirit. Singularly, he never thought of trusting to any supernal aid in the matter of his sermons. They were carefully written, and read: which appeared inconsistent. And the good man plainly thought that to go through this superfluous misery each Sunday morning was "spending and being spent": it was the right thing to do. Well one remembers the awful nervousness of our greatest preachers in those days in the vestry before service; and how one envied the composure of Anglican friends in the like circumstances. One would try to go through anything, if the congregation were to gain vastly by the minister's suffering. But the congregation did not gain at all. The strain of conducting public worship was intensified to a breaking pitch by requirements which could add nothing to the edification of the flock, or to the beauty of worship in the house of prayer. And when, as in Kyle, the sermon had to be got by heart and painfully repeated, often as a manifest schoolboy task by a poor man plainly reading from his memory, and without a vestige of the spontaneity of extempore oratory, one can but wonder how the *sair-hadden-doon* minister lived through the thing at all.

It's Peace: were the words of one of our outstanding ministers,

when I met him on a Sunday morning going to his church: as he held out his handsomely-bound prayer-book. And indeed the relief is unutterable: even to such as have in their memory great store of devotional material: even to such as can without much strain extemporise their prayers. I have seen men who used to be in abject trepidation before service, now glancing over their Book of Common Order with a calm and benignant face. Of course, it is of no consequence whatever to the congregation whether the prayers are read or not. If the people kneel down (so far as may be), and bow their heads, and seek to join in the supplications, they will not know whether the prayers are read or not, unless by their being a great deal better than usual. One remembers an ignorant busybody approaching his parish minister, and saying that he 'felt it his duty" to inform him that he feared some of the congregation would be aggrieved by Professor Story's having read his prayers at evening service the day before. But the answer was ready. "Pray, how do you know that Dr Story read his prayers? I fear that instead of devoutly joining in the prayers you were staring at the minister. I don't myself know whether the prayers were read or not: and you ought not to know either." It is wholly for the minister to consider how he shall best lead the congregation's devotions. There can be no more absurd superstition than that the prayers are inspired in any sense which absolves the minister from doing the utmost he can with the faculties and opportunities his Maker has given. In praying, and in preaching, as in all other human work, heaven helps those who help themselves. And it is a singular inconsistency that old-fashioned Scotsmen who still maintain that the minister ought to rely simply on divine aid for his public prayers, would be extremely indignant if the minister failed most diligently to prepare his sermon.

There are singular people who object to liturgical prayer on the ground that it lightens the burden of the officiating clergyman. I remember vividly hearing one such, many years since, exclaim, "I like to see a man burst out into a perspiration when he's prayin'." His desire was that the poor man's nose should be held as close to the grindstone as possible, in the conducting of public worship as in all other things. The speaker on that occasion was not a churchman: but it may be feared that a like sentiment is not unknown among the laity, both rich and poor. We may venture to say that it may be absolutely disregarded. And the kind of folk one thinks of may be assured that the burden of the Scotch clergy will remain quite heavy enough, though a prayer-book were imposed by law to-morrow.

It is difficult, at this time of day, to believe that Dr Robert Lee and any who were supposed to sympathise with him could have been regarded, and treated, as in fact they were, by men of any account. And there is no good in reviving the details of painful controversy, now happily past. Yet one recalls the day on which a venerable clergyman, backed by two or three of the like mind, solemnly declared to three suspected younger brethren, that all who approved Dr Lee's innovations were perjured persons, inspired by the Devil. A Professor of Divinity informed the writer that "nobody connected with Robert Lee" would

be thought of, for a desirable living near Edinburgh. When Dr Lee preached in the parish church of St Andrews for the University Missionary Society, a blameless Professor, under the excitement of the time, screamed out to certain ladies passing under his window, "Are you going to hear Bobby Lee?" These words he appeared to regard as a logical argument against Dr Lee's ways. A worthy Edinburgh minister said to the writer, on many occasions, that the Lord President of the Court of Session had assured him that in case of the question coming before him whether innovating ministers were entitled to draw their stipends, he would decide that they were not. It appeared so unlikely that a judge of high eminence would inform a gossiping individual what his judgment would be on a question not yet raised or argued, that those who heard the story felt assured there was some strange mistake. The writer has in his possession a solemn letter of excommunication addressed to himself by a saintly minister, long a dear friend. The writer at that period had brought in no innovation whatever. But he had publicly said that he approved the bringing in of the organ in their respective churches by his Father and his Brother. One smiles at these poor attempts at terrorism: smiles at them now. They were very serious things, less than five-and-twenty years since. Nor should it be forgotten that innovation in ritual was at that day supposed by many to indicate adherence to a certain school of theological thinking: which, though numbering Lee and Tulloch among its members, appeared not unlikely to be crushed out. "Execution must be done," was the word of men who, if uneducated, were Thorough. "Surely there is room for Macleod and Tulloch without," was the sentiment of a good man who was Thorough if ever mortal was. Of course a man may be thoroughly in the wrong. And possibly some of us, at that time and in those circumstances, should have been wrong too.

Just a word may be said of the *personnel* of the Church Service Society from the beginning till now. Its first President was Principal Campbell of Aberdeen. When he died, Principal Barclay of Glasgow succeeded. After him came Principal Tulloch of St Andrews. And when that great and lovable man went, he was succeeded by the Duke of Argyll, who is now President. The present Vice-Presidents (who have held office for many years) are Principal Caird of Glasgow, Professor Story of Glasgow, Dr Snodgrass lately Principal of a College in Canada, and Dr Boyd of St Andrews. In the Editorial Committee, which prepared the Book of Common Order, and which practically does the work of the Society, all schools of thought in the Church are represented: High, Broad, and Low. Professor Story is Convener. Among its members are Professor Milligan of Aberdeen, Dr Sprott, Dr Macleod of Govan, Dr Leishman, Dr M'Murtrie, Mr Cooper of Aberdeen, Professor Menzies of St Andrews, Mr Mitford Mitchell, and Mr Carrick of Newbattle. Anybody who is informed on the present state of the Kirk will understand the import of such a list; and will know how fairly the work is done when it is added that those men, though widely differing on many points, work kindly together. The sixth edition, just out, was prepared by a lesser Editorial Committee, consisting of Professor Story, Dr Sprott, Dr Boyd, Mr Campbell of Dundee,

and Mr Muir of Morningside. It is to be acknowledged that from the outset until now, Dr Story has been the leading spirit in the Society: after him, Dr Sprott. Both are men of whom the Church may be proud. Dr Sprott's knowledge of Liturgics is wide and most accurate: and thirty-five years since, almost alone, he held and taught his present doctrine. Dr Story is well known as, since Tulloch was taken, on the whole the most outstanding speaker in the General Assembly. For incisiveness, for grace, for the occasional restrained touch of pathos, he will bear comparison with the best speakers in any deliberative assembly in Britain. For the lighter sportive touch which, in prose and verse, lightens ecclesiastical controversy, he stands alone. And as trusty friend, on whom those who know him best feel they can lean heavily year after year, some of us lack words to speak of him worthily. Of Dr Leishman, who is minister of a quiet pastoral parish in Roxburghshire, it is enough to say that when one seeks to picture the ideal Country Parson, learned, devout, peace-loving, pretty close to the first meridian of clergyman and gentleman, many of us think of him. And recalling the self-denying holiness of Cooper, the wonderful combination of zeal and tact in M'Murtrie, the genial earnestness of Donald Macleod, the youthful learning of Carrick, and the lovable qualities of divers other friends on that Editorial Committee, one wonders how they should ever be vilified, even by the very poorest specimens of poor humanity. The writer is proud to range himself with such good men. He does not pretend to write of them impartially. We are all "right dear friends": and time does not chill such affection.

It is noteworthy that Dr Robert Lee, who had been the very first (after Chalmers) to revive the custom of reading prayers, although a member of the Church Service Society, did not take an active part in the preparation of its Book of Common Order. He had compiled a Prayer-Book of his own, which was in use in his church of Old Greyfriars. Possibly he was disappointed that the Society did not adopt or approve his book: which in point of fact never commended itself to some of the most active members of the new organisation. The writer, for one, thoroughly disliked Dr Lee's book: not the less that he has heard it read in church in the peculiar tone in which one might read out a newspaper. The genuine liturgical flow was quite lacking in most of Dr Lee's prayers, which were to a considerable degree original. They were likewise, very naturally, flavoured with Dr Lee's theology; which was more advanced than was in those days common. The prayers of the Church Service Society tended to be "High": they were in any case severely orthodox: those who compiled them did not think at this time of day originality was much to be sought after in public devotion, and they drew their material from the Catholic Church's rich store of devout thought and expression. The music of true liturgical language, which never palls by repetition and which lends itself so admirably to actual reading, was a most marked characteristic of the Euchologion. The prayer-book of the Church Service Society was, in all respects, extremely different from Dr Lee's. And in the judgment of some who prepared it, it was beyond comparison better.

The first edition of the Euchologion was published in the summer

of 1867. It is interesting to mark how the book has developed, and changed, in the editions which followed, down to the sixth, published in May 1890. That first edition professed no more than to provide material: from which members might piece together their own prayers. But it was a new departure: if a return to the older and better way may be so named. The old "preaching prayer," the "eloquent and impressive prayer," which even if it touch at a first hearing does so sicken upon repetition, was absolutely discarded. The ancient, simple, and devout felicity was brought back: and it seemed to many as though it were doing any congregation a real kind turn to lead them from the worse, and sometimes the intolerably bad, to that which was infinitely better. The second edition, published in 1869, still confined itself to materials for the construction of a Sunday's service: while offering formal services for Baptism, for the Holy Communion, for the admission of Catechumens, for Marriage, and for the Burial of the Dead. The third edition advanced to the provision of complete services for the morning and evening of the five Sundays which may occur in a month. From that edition, progress has been steadfast: not always, it is to be confessed, in a direction approved by all members of the Society. Some of these regarded the prayers as too dogmatic in tone, and the sacramental teaching too "High": though no one has maintained that it is higher than the authoritative standards of the Kirk. Even to this day, when the Book of Common Order is regularly read in many churches, and more or less closely repeated in almost all churches wherein the younger clergy minister, it is unusual to find the office for any Sunday morning or evening read straight through. The office is pieced together by the officiating minister, from different parts of the book. Only thus can the seasons of the Christian Year be followed, and the special circumstances of the congregation be recognised. In one or two cases where these special prayers are ignored, and the daily service read straight on, the effect is extremely wooden and disappointing. It is exactly the opposite of what was intended by those who prepared the volume.

Without further detail, which is uninteresting unless to experts, let us look at the latest edition of Euchologion.

It is a handsome volume of 412 pages. It is divided into three Parts. The First Part contains tables of Psalms and Lessons for Ordinary and Special Services throughout the year: likewise the order of Divine Service for the morning and evening of the five possible Sundays of the month. The Second Part contains the Litany: Prayers for Special Occasions, and for the Christian Year: also additional forms of service for such as desire them. The Third Part, which for convenience is bound separately, contains the order for the Communion, for Baptism, for the admission of Catechumens, for Marriage, Burial, for the ordination of Ministers and the admission of Elders, and for the laying the foundation-stone of a church, and the dedication of a church. We are not concerned to deny that several of these titles imply a considerable change of feeling in Scotland from that which prevailed even thirty years since.

Beginning with the ten morning and evening services, we may say that some would much rather have

had but one morning and one evening service: sufficient variety being given by the Psalms and Lessons for the day, and by the prayers for the seasons. And at this point it may be mentioned that, although the Society has given forth no voice upon the subject, many of its leading members strongly approve the fashion which has of late been adopted in various churches, of placing the communion-table at the east or quasi-east end of the building: setting the pulpit forward, outside the chancel-arch and to one side of it; and using the pulpit only for the sermon: the prayers being said by the minister so kneeling among the people as to make it plain that he is not speaking to them but for them. The beautiful parish-churches of Govan and the Barony of Glasgow may be regarded as representing the ideal now aimed at. Those who have worshipped in them must have remarked the deep devotion of the crowded congregations: the manifest joining in the prayers and not merely listening to them: and the marked distinction made, to the great advantage of both, between the devotional part of public worship, and the preaching. It may be said with confidence that while Prayer and Praise are made much of, the sermon will not be vilipended: forasmuch as members of the Church Service Society are the most outstanding preachers of the Church, and are not likely to belittle their special vocation.

It is known that the Directory states that the service is to begin with prayer. And while most ministers have felt that to join in hearty praise is the best means of bringing a Scotch congregation into a unity befitting common prayer, some have been in use to ask the people not *to worship God*, but *to compose their minds to the worship of God*, by singing the opening psalm or hymn. Thus the Directory was recognised. But the custom is antiquated. And Burns has made classic the solemn *Let us worship God* with which the public services of Scotland in fact begin. The first rubric of the first Morning (not Forenoon) Service in Euchologion runs thus: the words *may begin* being a reminder of what is past:

The Congregation being assembled, Divine Service may begin with the singing of a Psalm or Hymn; then, the Congregation still standing, the Minister shall say—

Suitable introductory sentences from Holy Scripture. These are varied, and for the most part very happily chosen. After these, the minister says *Let us Pray:* and he and the congregation kneel down, and go on with what used to be called *The First Prayer*. We prefer, now, to say *The Prayers*. First, comes a brief *Prayer of Invocation:* at the end of which it is desired, but not always attained, that the congregation say *Amen*. Next, *The Confession:* followed by *Amen*. Then the prayer *For Pardon and Peace:* a declaratory-absolution: with *Amen*. Next, *Supplications:* prayers for divers graces, and for the season of the Natural and Christian Year: full room being given for free or extemporaneous supplication fitted to the circumstances of the congregation assembled. All these end with the Lord's Prayer, said aloud by Minister and Congregation; and ending with *Amen*, said by all. It was felt that where the Lord's Prayer is said but once in the service, it ought to come with the substantive prayers of the people; and not, as in fact it often is, following a brief collect before sermon. And, as the people have not commonly the prayer-book in their hands, it is neces-

sary to preface the Lord's Prayer. Where this is not done, one has sorrowfully remarked that it was half over ere the congregation had fully joined in it. In the first Morning Service the great Prayer is introduced in touching words which some of us learnt from Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury: *Through Jesus Christ our Lord: in whose prevailing Name and Words we yet further pray.* I am aware that this preface has been found fault with: some declaring that they can discern no difference between it and certain others of lamentable character: *in whose beautiful words.* But he who says *that* may say anything. And few will regard him.

Now follow the Psalms for the Day, to be said or sung: the *Gloria* ending each Psalm. In the sixth edition it is for the first time suggested that before the Psalms the minister should say *O Lord, open Thou our lips:* the congregation responding, *And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.* After the Psalms comes the Lesson from the Old Testament: and it is particularly suggested that it close with something other than *Here endeth the First Lesson*: which in point of fact one generally hears. The rubric now says:

Then shall be sung the Hymn TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, *or other Hymn or Psalm, after which shall be read a lesson from the New Testament.*

This being done, the rubric goes on:

Then shall be sung the Hymn BENEDICTUS, *or other Hymn or Psalm, after which may be sung or said by the Minister and people standing, The Apostles' Creed.* It would be incredibly small scholarship to discuss the question whether its name be true to fact or not. And where the Creed is said at all, though the occasional inconsiderable soul may "leave the kirk" on account of it, I can testify that it is said heartily.

The Intercessory Prayers follow: it being suggested that, first, the minister say *The Lord be with you:* the people responding, *And with Thy spirit.* With doubtful propriety, they close with the Thanksgiving.

Then a Psalm or Hymn is sung, or, when convenient, the Anthem. While this is being sung, the minister who is to preach enters the pulpit, and after a brief prayer *For Illumination* preaches his sermon, ending with an ascription of praise. It is most desirable that during this the congregation signify their assent by standing up, and answering *Amen.* A very short collect follows: after which the alms of the congregation are collected, and laid upon the Communion-Table. A final hymn is sung, which ought always to be one in which the whole congregation can heartily join: and the senior minister who has taken part in the service closes it by pronouncing the Benediction.

Such is the Morning Service according to the new Book of Common Order. The Evening Service follows the like order, the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* coming in place of the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus.* When these are sung regularly, it is needless to announce them: and it is touching and pleasing when the congregation stand up and heartily sing them, unannounced.

In all preceding editions of the Euchologion, the Intercessory Prayers came after the sermon. Several influential members of the Society regret the change. It is found that the congregation listen with greater interest to the sermon

when it comes last, and that any impression made by the sermon was apt to be lost when it was followed by lengthy prayers, of necessity somewhat formal in character. Deep sympathy does not, in fact, attend the public intercessions, either in Scotland or in England. And the devoutest Anglican congregations are found to greatly abridge them, however irregularly.

What has been said may give the non-professional reader an adequate idea of the type of worship aimed at by the Church Service Society. It is indeed liable to the objection that it is not wholly unlike to that which, through many ages, has commended itself to many millions of devout folk, belonging both to the Church of Scotland and to other branches of the Church Catholic. It is hardly liable to any other objection. And in deference to the wishes of certain good churchmen of blameless record, provision is made for the service being offered without the Apostles' or any other Creed. The writer will not forget how earnestly good Principal Shairp entreated that the Nicene Creed should be given too. He has frequently heard it used in Scotch Kirks: and that by the saintliest and wisest. Of course, if you do not believe any Creed at all, you are quite right not to say one. But in that case, it is not wholly clear how you happen to be either in the Church Service Society or in the Church of Scotland.

It would be wearisome to any save the professional expert to give any account of Part III. of Euchologion. And such as desire to know it thoroughly had best examine the book itself. I venture to say that devout believers of all communions will regard it with thankfulness. And where the Holy Communion is continually given to the sick and dying, the order, being abridged, will be found wonderfully touching and uplifting. The writer gratefully acknowledges that it is many years since his revered Professor of Divinity, the late Dr Hill of Glasgow, showed him how to drive a coach and six through that preposterous misapprehension which for long time forbade this blessed ordinance just to those who needed it most. Said the dear and dignified old minister, with great solemnity: "My young friend" (the writer was once young), "any minister is free to celebrate the Communion anywhere in his parish where he can collect a congregation. And a congregation, we know on the highest of all authority, may consist of two or three." The writer has given the blessed sacrament out of church, times without number. But never, Roman-wise, to one: always to a *congregation*. As for the Burial of the Dead, there is but one service possible for the English-speaking world at the grave. Read the sublime words hundreds of times over, and you will find their pathos and grandeur only grow. Ay, though you read them sometimes, in humble hope, over very poor Christians. Read them over the revered and beloved; and you will never doubt their inspiration.

The worship of the Ideal National Church, it may be said with confidence, should admit both the Liturgical and the Free or Non-liturgical. The more cultured will ever prefer a liturgy: will object to be helplessly in the hands of the officiating minister for their prayers. Plainer folk, who still look up to their minister as much more learned and wiser than them-

selves, will be content that he interpret their feelings and wants, in prayers made on the instant for the instant. And there seems no reason whatever why a National Church should not provide both ways. The best in both the Church of England and the Church of Scotland have said so to the writer strongly. In recent letters which one has read in the newspapers, it has been made only too plain that good people have rushed to the conclusion that what suits themselves best must suit everybody best. Which is illusion. Let each have what suits him. I fancy there is not a man in the Church Service Society who would grudge even the old "eloquent and impressive prayer" to such as feel they need it and it helps them. And though no educated person can doubt that liturgical prayer was the way of the Kirk in her best days, and that Knox never dreamt of a Church without a Prayer-Book, still, such questions really need not be debated. They are of as little practical effect as the question whether Knox knew what the locomotive engine would be to the traveller by the Flying Scotsman. If this generation chooses to have liturgical prayer, it will put aside as irrelevant the issue whether the Church of three centuries since had it or not.

It is indeed a great work, and a grave responsibility, to provide supplications which may be used, in darkness and light, by tried Christian people through many coming years: and the compilers of this new Book of Common Order, themselves grown old, have felt it such. They see defects in their volume; but they do not think their labours have been wholly unsuccessful. If there be something too much, perhaps, of the orthodox but wooden infelicities of Continental Protestantism; and of prayer, absolutely without beauty or pathos, only commended by the use of such as Knox; the Editorial Committee have gathered from many other fields too. They have desired to draw from all sources where they could find what may be helpful: venturing sometimes on a pathos beyond the sober restraint of Cranmer and his co-workers: taking from good men who left the Church below ages since, and from some who were taken as yesterday. If they have culled from the Anglican Prayer-Book many of its exquisite collects, in their severe perfection, they have ventured likewise to take from St Augustine the pathetic "From Whom to be turned away is to fall, to Whom to be turned is to rise, and in Whom to abide is to stand fast for ever:" and they have placed on their page Dr Crawford's very real and comprehensive supplication, "Grant us in all our duties Thy help; in all our perplexities Thy counsel; in all our dangers Thy protection; and in all our sorrows Thy peace." And a hush falls upon most congregations when, as Evening Prayer draws to its solemn close, our Blessed Saviour is addressed as "our life, the light of the faithful, the strength of those who labour, and the repose of the blessed dead."

A. K. H. B.

A NIGHT ON THE FLATS.

"If you want a shot at black geese, come with me to-night, down past Standgate Creek: it's light o' nights now, and the tide serves right for it. There's clouds of 'em feedin' on the sea-grass."

So spake my fishing and fowling friend commonly known by the name of "Finny," by reason of being by far the best fisherman in our out-of-the world hamlet in the salt marshes of North Kent. A genuine old sea-dog he was, and equally at home with net, long line, or duck-gun. In the stormiest weather, such as would have kept most of our fishing folk on shore, Fin was apparently in his element. He was a few years older than myself, and my companion and guide in many an expedition on the flats and along the shore, being well versed in all the quags and swamps of our treacherous marshes. The spots Finny fought shy of, all others gave a wide berth to.

"Yes, Fin, I will go, and be glad to. Where do they feed?"

"About the spit 'twixt Standgate and Chesney: they gits mostly on and about the ooze and slub round Halstow, and from there to Rainham; very often they goes right away, clean out to sea. 'Taint often they comes in like this, but there's rattlin' good feed fur 'em about that spit; the ooze and slub there is covered, like a thick carpet, with sea-grass what they likes. They won't leave it, now they've found it, ye may depend on't."

The place he spoke of was one of the most lonely spots on our lonely coast. The spit was a point of marshland running out into the water, dividing the lands of two marsh graziers. The wash of the tide round it had formed two bays, so that if there were a boat in each bay, the spit would most effectually hide the occupants of one boat from those of the other. It was raised about ten feet above the water on one side—the side that we intended shooting from; the marsh had not been washed away by the rush of the tide so much there.

The friend's grounds over which I usually shot did not extend so far as that. I pointed this out to my companion.

"It's all right, boy; I knowed you'd say that: but I see the looker this mornin', fur I see a lot of the geese about as I was comin' in from open water. I tried then fur a shot, but it waun't no go. So when I see the looker, close in shore, I slung him a skate, —a rattler,—a real good un', what weighed twenty pound if it weighed one; enuf to keep his crew at home fur a week almost. He likes 'em. An' I puts the question to him, ef I an' a mate o' mine could come on his ground fur a shot to-night at them geese; just fur one, an' no more. An' he said, 'Yes, jist fur one, and fur once.'"

"But how about his two bears, Fin?" That was the name we gave to his two enormous bob-tailed sheep-dogs, either of which, with his full coat on, was capable of catching a great marsh hare. They were unpleasant customers to meet, for their manner of warning off trespassers was most effectual. They would catch hold of you by some portion of your clothes, and hold you fast till their master came up. Try and get away you dared not.

"They'll not touch us. I told him he could hev' another bit of fish next time as the boat come by if he waun't tired of it; an' he said that was all right, an' would suit him to a T. He's stoved the bow of his punt in, so she lays high an' dry in the blite close to the ooze—she's got to lay there till he ken git her docked; and he said he'd draw her broadside on to the ooze, in among the blite, an' put some dry bents in the bottom fur us to lay on, all snug like. The tide flows eleven o'clock; they geese floats up an' guzzles that grass, an' they're sure to cum right up on tu the edge of the flat. An' when they's floated up, an' on the feed, you an' me, boy, ken rake 'em fore-an'-aft. We'll take Rover —he's as good as a man on board, as fur as keepin' watch is concerned, an' they bears wun't be loosed, jist fur this one night. He shell hev as much fish as he ken tuck in next time the boat cums round by the spit again."

"Fin."

"What's up now?"

"It's bitter cold on the flats. Shall I get——"

"Now bless your heart, stow that; ye wunt git nuthin' o' the sort—that's purvided. I'm goin' ter tell ye somethin'. Some o' they codfish as I hed aboard lately was as big as childern, an' they wus all middlin' pot-bellied. Prime fish, in good order, they was; but I never knowed afore as they was given over to drinkin', seein' as they was allus in water. But jest out o' curiosity, ye know, I shoves my fist down one o' the big un's gullet, an' ef I didn't ketch hold of a bottle of the best How-du-we, what he'd bolted. An' some of the others hed some inside 'em as well. I took 'em all out afore I sold the fish. No, no, boy, we're all right fur the ague medicine—real good stuff, too."[1]

Finney and I agreed to meet at half-past nine for our tramp on the flats. The night was fine, and there was moonlight—all that could be desired; but it was bitterly cold when we met at the bottom of the straggling village street, with our heavy long-barrelled duck-guns under our arms, the locks securely bound round with an old worsted stocking—a precaution never omitted by a regular shore-shooter. We knew well that even if everything turned out right, we should only have one shot, so we did not want to miss fire."

Fin had on his long sea-boots and heavy ribbed fishing-stockings, a long guernsey reaching low down, and on his head a good sou'wester. My outfit was different. I had waterproof boots on my feet and a close-fitting cloth cap on my head; covering the rest of my person was a "fiddle bag," as we called it—that was a good stout round frock, one of the best things for keeping out wind and weather that I know. The night being fine and dry, I wore the fiddle bag belted round the middle.

Through the silent and deserted streets we went,—the folks were nearly all in bed, for they kept early hours,—and out on the road that led to the uplands which would take us down to the edge of the flats, past lonely farm-houses, where all was at rest with the exception of the sheep-dogs, who barked loudly as our footsteps sounded on the hard road. On we walked past the duck decoy, where the men were busy keeping

[1] This expedient for smuggling spirits was resorted to more than once in my native marshlands.

the ice off the pond, so as to have it ready for the ducks to come in as soon as it got light in the morning. Then the poor things would go up those pipes for the first and last time, going in at one end well and hearty, but coming out to be laid in rows at the other with their necks broken.

The dog ran in between us, his nose just on a line with our legs, as we tramped on, keeping step. Rover knew his business and his place too, right well; he was something more than a mere animal to fetch fowl out of the water. The large rough-coated spaniel was Fin's constant companion, and was treated as a friend, and he knew and appreciated it.

And now we are on the edge of the flats, and before us is a long stretch fading away in the distance out of sight—a dreary length of neutral tint, for though the moon is high up and bright, objects are not easily defined. Mists float about and freeze as they rise; the countless mole-hillocks throw flickering shadows, so that land and water, clumps of dry flag and reed, are all blended in one long stretch of monotonous grey. One consolation we have,—there is no snow.

We are well on our way, the dog in exactly the same position as when we started, close in between us. Now and again a rush is heard as some hare speeds away: he is just caught sight of as a moving grey streak for one instant and no more. Rover takes no notice of him whatever, or if he does he makes no sign. We come on the highroad once again—it just divides the two marsh flats, of which we have crossed the smallest one,—a long tramp already, but there is worse to come.

Strange to say, elm-trees line the road here on one side; their branches reach completely over it. A rookery has been established in them for so long a period that it is beyond all marshland records. Close to this rookery is the quaint old grey marsh church. It is small but very picturesque. Many a time have I been up in its old flint tower and out on the leads, to look at the flats in their beauty as evening drew near, and they became flooded in that golden light that transfigured even the grey slub.

As we pass by the trees my companion utters the single word "Rooster." It is quite enough to make me laugh so heartily as to cause the dog to look up at me in great wonder: such unusual behaviour when we are on one of our silent expeditions startles old Rover.

We both knew Rooster: he was a most enthusiastic admirer, breeder, and fighter of game birds—duckwing, ginger, pile, and black-breasted, as the various kinds were termed in the marshes. Hence his nickname.

Now this particular rookery was claimed by a grazier who went by the name of "Hookey," for equally justifiable reasons.

As the rooks' nests were right over the road, it was often very unpleasant to pass under the trees during the breeding season. When the lasses went to church on summer evenings, all in their best Sunday finery, if any of them lingered with their lads to have a few words and a little harmless flirtation before going in to service, more than one has exclaimed with good cause, "Drat old Hookey's rooks!" Their fathers, walking steadily by in all the glory of drain-pipe hats polished with their silk pocket-

handkerchiefs, have expressed themselves in even stronger terms.

Rooster was courting one of the girls who was a regular attendant at the old church, and when she had occasion to drat the old rooks, Rooster was the first to be made aware of the fact. So he told her he'd "thin some o' old Hookey's black varmints off."

In due time he took the job in hand: he was like a monkey for climbing the trees to get at the eggs and the young ones. Both summer and winter he only wore one kind of head-gear—a fisherman's red woollen cap, knitted by himself, finished off with a long end and a tassel. The cap hung jauntily down over one shoulder. The number of different articles I have seen him put into that cap was something incredible. He had it on his head, of course, when he went for the rooks.

The grazier heard a commotion, and slipped quietly across the turf underneath the trees. Presently he made out Rooster's figure as he was descending. When he was near enough, he placed his hand—by no means a light one—on the trespasser's jacket-collar. Rooster held his cap full of young rooks and eggs firmly between his teeth. He knew well whose hand was on him, but he uttered never a word.

Not so the grazier. "I'll drag ye to the light, ye villian, whoever ye be; ye'll suffer fur this!" he cried.

Never a word still from the Rooster, but piteous gabblings from the imprisoned young rooks. A few more steps and a change took place. Rooster had firmer footing, and he became the assailant. Grasping the unfortunate grazier by the throat with one hand, with the other he swung his precious red cap over his head and brought it down on that of Hookey, not once but many times — so many, in fact, that nothing was left of it but a long wisp in his hand. Then he left the rookery proprietor to allow him to hurry indoors to wash off a conglomeration of squashed young rooks and eggs.

As Rooster observed to me afterwards in strict confidence, "'Twas a bit o' a jidgment on the hookin' old varmint fur harberin' things to spile my gell's bonnet fust time as she'd ever wore they flowers in it;" adding, too, "They wus French flowers; I got 'em a' purpus fur her, fur a birthday present like. They cum over the ma'shes; they'd niver sin the inside o' any shop this side o' the water."

Once more on the flats, we are making now for the spit. Here the water lies in long brackish lagoons, showing fitfully in flashes. "Shel we skirt the Dead Men's Lantern bit?" asks my companion. 'Twill be nighest; but ef ye don't like it, say so, boy, an' we'll mek fur another track."

"We'll go the Lantern way, Fin. I don't think we'll see any lights to-night."

The foul gas from the reek of the rotten marsh made lights often enough in that old haunt of the heron and the bittern. The old village crones always attributed them to the uneasy souls of those who had been drowned on that dreary shore, and not received Christian burial. The tradition of the Lord of Shorelands—or as the Ingoldsby legend has it, the Lord of Shurland—and the sailor, was firmly believed in, and told over and over again in our homes.

The spot that went by the name of Dead Men's Lantern had a most evil name, and not without reason.

It was a bit of the marsh road that had been made through a swamp of the worst description. No one unfamiliar with such localities can form any idea of the sickening smell that rises from these places, the breeding-spots of deadly marsh fever and ague. I have paid the penalty for learning the secrets of my native marshes: it was only after I had spent many years in a healthier county that I began to recover from the effects of renewed attacks of fever and ague in my youth. It may seem a matter of small moment to one who reads this, seated beside a cosy fire; but the various means by which the knowledge of the ways and the haunts of the fowl has been gained has more than once nearly cost the writer his life.

As we trudge on, bird-life begins to assert itself by sounds; but though there are hundreds of the fowl all round about, it is still so grey that you are not able to see them. Presently they spring up in every direction,—a shiver and a flash,—gone instantly.

Then a faint bark is heard; the dog looks up for one instant, but drops his head again. Nearer comes the hoarse bark-like call. Finny turns to me, and says, "One o' them Bargander ducks callin' to her mate." He is right, as usual; it is a female shieldrake that has just risen from the mussel-scalps, calling for her mate that has probably been shot, not far away.

That object like a small hay-stack, half a mile distant, is the looker's cottage; we are now nearing the spit. Here my companion takes the lead, for we are in a most intricate network of land and water. As the gullies are low, the tide coming up finds its way here before the ooze is covered.

Presently Fin motions to the dog, and points in front. Rover takes the lead now: in less than ten minutes we are on firm ground, close to the spit.

Fin turns to me and places a finger on his lips. Not a sound now, not a footfall, if we can avoid it. From the opposite side of the spit a mob of curlews spring up, shrieking like feathered demons, as they shoot over our heads and dash down the creek. If we had but known the cause of their flight, it would have been better for us; but a shore-shooter's life is full of chance, and only too often the chances are against him.

Rover sniffs, and Finny points to something in a hollow half hid by the sea blite. It is the looker's punt, with the dry bents in its bottom. Rover steps in, takes the middle, Finny the bow, I the stern, and we crouch.

Presently Fin touches my hand with a bottle. One good draught, and I feel the blood coursing freely in my veins. All things taken into consideration, we are in clover. The moon shines right on us and on the coming tide. But where are the geese?

Not far off—we can hear them gabble. Thousands of ox-birds or dunlins rush past over the ooze. Curlews pitch close to us, feeding busily; you can see them before they settle. After they settle they are, to all intents and purposes, invisible. Fowl at night look grey, the same colour as the slub. You can only fire in the direction you think they should be from the sound of their feeding, and then send your dog. But dunlins are not our game to-night.

The geese are here; we can see them coming up, a waving cloud. They are lowering, have pitched, and begin feeding. As the water floats them, they will come nearer

and nearer. Even now we can discern some grey spots just off the spit; they will be in sight directly. Now they show in the full light, as they swim and turn down their necks to reach the grass, which is covered with them. Their hind parts show white as they guzzle away, all unconscious of our nearness to them.

The coverings are taken off the locks, for the guns had been carefully loaded with swan-shot before we started. Rover pokes his nose just over the punt's side, ready to dash away. Now for it! the guns just touch the shoulder. When, from the other side of the spit, from the little bay hidden from our sight, comes the report of four duck-guns, one after the other. Two had been fired at the geese as they floated up, and two as they rose in dire confusion. We heard them fall, thud, thud, and then a skiff was put out.

It was enough, — more than enough: we crept off, after looking at each other, without a word. When we were about two miles on our homeward way Fin stopped, looked earnestly at me, drew the bottle from his pocket, took a long pull, and handed it to me, saying, "Finish it."

Then his tongue was freely loosened. "Of all the rum starts that ever I cum across since I first paddled about, this licks all." I quite agreed with him. It was by no means pleasant to be forestalled.

All fowlers know that the best-laid plans are apt to fail. When they are told of some one who *never* goes home empty-handed, they say, "He uses silver shot."

A Son of the Marshes.

MENDELSSOHN'S "DUETTO" BY MOONLIGHT.

To-NIGHT the sea is sleeping, and the air
Sleeps on its bosom. 'Tis the mild mid-June,
And never saw I yet a scene more fair
Beneath the shining of a summer moon,
Or purer moonlight flood a purer sky.
And never, sure, did ripples softlier shed
Recurrent lengths of pearl and amethyst,
  Quiv'ring to flash and die,
Along the margin of an ocean bed
Whose stainless sands were worthier to be kissed.

An hour ago, the burden of the days
Bore on me, and my rebel heart was sad,
Because the earth seemed all of thorny ways
Whose labyrinth nor end nor meaning had.
And evermore I heard the weary cry
Of human nature, and the answering moan
Of earth and sea: "Whence are we? Wherefore come?"
  And the old, sad reply:
"Out of the void, into the void,—alone,
From the dead Past, into the Future dumb."

So, restless, ere the lighting of the lamp
I left the threshold, and my outstretched palm
Brushed from a jasmine-spray the odorous damp,
And all my soul drank in the trancèd calm
Of the high moon, and the wide, windless night.
And under dreaming trees I crossed the turf
To where, beneath their level browsing-line,—
  A thread of glimmering white,—
I saw the 'broidered fringes of the surf
Heave to the breathings of the slumbering brine.

And now, to brim the measure of delight,
A strain that from yon open casement floats
Seems strangely pertinent to this sweet night.
Yet well I know whose fingers wake the notes,
And each full sequence of melodious tone
In that duet of passionate hopes and fears,
Where 'plaining love with love's fond chiding wars,
  Divinest Mendelssohn!
Thy songs are only wordless to the ears
Which never heard the voices of the stars.

Oh, wearers of the ever-verdant bays!
Why have ye told us your delicious dreams
To fret us, groping in these grimy ways,
With airs from long-lost vales, and vanished streams,

And pipings of departed Arcadies?
Or thou, whose touch the immortal marbles bear,
Why didst thou set us, in a world like this,—
  Godlike Praxiteles!—
Peerless ideals, stony shapes more fair
Than ever thrilled beneath a lover's kiss?

Oh for a breath of God's omnipotence,
To mould the world to this one perfect hour
For ever! and in this calm heaven's immense,
As in the folded petals of a flower,
Enclose it. Nevermore should the chill morn
Flash at *réveillé* upon haggard eyes,
And waken misery to all its needs.
  Never, by mad winds torn,
The billows of this lisping sea should rise
To tear a helpless prey that gasps and bleeds.

Still should the skies be cloudless, and the sight
Trust the safe-guidance of a light like this,
Serenely pitiful, unmindful quite
If ugliness exists, or evil is,
But rich in tender hint and sweet suggesting.
And ever thus the charmèd earth should sleep,
And each tired heart of all her seething throng,
  Its fevered pulse arresting,
Beat as mine own does now,—content to keep
Time to the rhythmic cadence of a song.

Oh, foolish heart! God sets His times and places,
Like these thou art so loath to quit to-night,
Not as abiding homes, but breathing-spaces
Wherein anew to gird thee for the fight.
Already falls a change on earth and ocean,
The music ceases, and the awakening main
Crisps its fresh billows to a breeze of dawn.
  In ever-circling motion
The round moon sinks. Wherefore should I complain
Who of His peace one full, deep breath have drawn?

SAMUEL REID.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XXIV.—PAUL ET VIRGINIE.

"The prudent man looketh well to his going."—Proverbs xiv. 15.

But Roman was not able to fall asleep at once. He tossed restlessly from side to side, while all the events of this very eventful day flitted through his brain in revolving succession. The interview with Biruta at Wodniki, the contents of General Vassiljef's portfolio, the steamboat and his tremors on recognising the spy amongst the passengers, the raft, and the meeting with Luba in the boating-shed, then back again to Wodniki and Biruta. What a wonderful woman she was, to be sure! What determination! What intelligence! A woman fit to govern an empire! How she had foreseen each difficulty, provided for every contingency! How cleverly she had concealed those papers in that rent in the damask hangings! He never would have hit upon such an ingenious device; and simultaneously with this reflection it occurred to Roman that despite this afternoon's fright on the steamer he had been less cautious than Biruta by far. He had not even thought of temporarily concealing those remaining plans and photographs, not very numerous to be sure, but any one of which would be sufficient to compromise him if found in his possession. He struck a light and looked about him: there stood the valise ready packed for travelling, and on a chair near the bed lay the chamois-leather case in which the papers were folded away. Why had he left the case lying out here, plainly visible to whoever entered the room? It was not prudent he now recognised. Suppose some one should come? Suppose that detective (for it was a detective he felt sure) should already have tracked him back to Stara-Wola? Suppose the house should be searched this very night? What then? The plans would have been discovered, and he would be lost, his Government compromised. How was it possible that he had overlooked this contingency? Yes; he had been right in saying that he was but a bungling apprentice compared to Biruta,—Biruta would never have run such a risk. The whole castle at Wodniki might have been searched without General Vassiljef's papers being found. How safely they were hidden away in that hole in the faded damask behind the old painting.

Roman got out of bed, and taking up the candle began to inspect the walls of his room with a view to concealing the papers until it was time to start. He moved with the blind automatic motion of a sleep-walker, almost as though he were obeying some unseen influence that compelled him from afar. He seemed to hear Biruta's voice accusing him of imprudence, and bidding him hide those papers as she had done: yes, he would hide them; and not till the very last moment, when the carriage was at the door and the money in his pocket, would he conceal the papers about his person. It would not take two minutes to do, and in

the meantime it was better to be on the safe side. No, there was no possibility of concealing them here in the bedroom, he saw at a glance, for the walls were bare, and the windows curtainless. It was much easier to hide things in an old castle luxuriously fitted up than in a simple country-house. He opened the door into the adjoining red saloon, and holding the candle in front of him peered in: there was no damask-hung walls nor old paintings here either of course, but there were the framed engravings and the two large mirrors between the windows. He went up to the first one, but involuntarily started back, alarmed at sight of his own reflection. It was the thin looking-glass, whose unequal surface had the effect of lengthening his already pale affrighted face into the semblance of a ghastly spectre. Provoked at his own nervousness, Roman put down the candle and tried with both hands to move the mirror: this would be a good place to hide the papers, he thought. But the mirror, like its companion, was screwed tightly to the wall, and resisted all his efforts. No, this would not do; but there were the pictures: they at least would not be screwed to the wall, and their clumsy gilt wooden frames were roomy enough to accommodate whole reams of paper.

He took one picture down from the rusty nail on which it hung, without much difficulty tearing through a layer of filmy cobwebs that bound it to the wall. A score of drowsy flies, which had been peacefully slumbering on the frame, flew off affrighted, most likely under the impression that old Nicorowicz, their deadly foe, was abroad on a nocturnal hunt.

Roman carried the picture to the table where he had set down the candle, and examined it carefully. It was one of the old-fashioned tinted French prints, a scene from Paul and Virginia, in which the lover is represented as carrying his mistress across a brook of running water. Even in the midst of his preoccupation he could not help smiling at the perfectly impossible attitude of the two figures, and the admirable ease with which the lanky Paul is apparently lifting the exceedingly plump Virginia by two fingers only. The glass which covered this work of art was cracked at one place, and blotched all over with fly-stains. He turned the picture round, and saw that it was secured in its tarnished gold frame by a thin worm-eaten board, which fitted but loosely to the back of the engraving: two rusty nails quickly removed showed that there was here plenty space to stow away all the plans and photographs if folded out flat. It did not take him five minutes to do so, and then the board fitted in quite neatly on the top, not even requiring the former tacks to secure it.

Roman felt much relieved in mind when he had restored Paul and Virginia to their place on the wall. He stood for a moment surveying his work critically, and felt satisfied with himself. Even a Russian police inspector would hardly think of seeking papers inside the frame of an old engraving.

It was still night when he returned to his room, but a faint streak of pale grey on the horizon told that the early summer dawn was not far off. Roman threw himself on his bed, and slept profoundly till long after daybreak.

CHAPTER XXV.—RABOWSKI'S BREAKFAST AND RABOWSKI'S DINNER.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—Proverbs xxx. 8.

When Roman opened his eyes it was broad daylight, past eight o'clock, as his watch informed him. He felt strengthened and refreshed, and could afford to smile at his nervous terrors of the preceding night. Still it could do no harm to leave the papers where they were till it was time to start.

While Roman was dressing, he heard a carriage drive up, and through the open window every word of the following dialogue was distinctly audible.

"Your servant, Pani Hala," said a half-cracked voice; "I have just stepped in to breakfast with you this morning, and to ask you to give my horses a feed of oats: I could not bear to pass your gate without entering,—I could not indeed."

"You are very kind, I am sure," came Hala's answer, in rather constrained tones.

"Kind! Do not mention it. I should willingly have stayed for dinner as well, only that I am bound for Litwinow to visit my friend Ujeski, whose feast-day it is. Another time I shall be delighted, I am sure, delighted. But to-day I shall have only time to break my fast with a crust of bread."

"Tea or coffee?" asked the hostess.

"Coffee," returned the cracked voice, whose owner was perfectly well aware that tea was the usual morning beverage at Stara-Wola. "Your coffee is too good to be refused, and as for the rest, pray do not trouble yourself on my account. You know Rabowski's simple habits, and how easily he is satisfied. A couple of plain boiled eggs, a mouthful of your excellent home-cured ham, and a few cheese *pirogi* are really all I require,—quite sufficient, I assure you. Pray do not be so unkind as to strangle for my benefit one of those promising young ducklings I observed in driving up: they certainly look remarkably plump and tender, and must be excellent served with haricot beans."

Roman hastily finished dressing, and going out into the passage met Hala returning from the kitchen.

"Where is Felicyan?"

"Gone more than an hour ago," she answered, with a little temper; "but where or why is more than I can say. He did not even think necessary to mention the fact; and who should drop into breakfast but that odious Rabowski? I have just been to the kitchen to see about the bill of fare he so obligingly made out for himself."

Roman also was provoked at the untoward visit. It was not pleasant to have a stranger witness of his farewells at Stara-Wola. His presence too might be inconvenient, if he chanced to be in the room when the picture containing the papers had to be taken down.

The unwelcome guest, accompanied by Luba, now appeared in the doorway coming from the garden outside: the young girl looked pale, her dark eyes were all in shadow to-day, and she listened but absently to her companion's garrulous chatter. Rabowski came in with a jaunty air, carrying a large green melon in both hands. He was delighted to

see Roman of course, and kissed him affectionately on both cheeks, without however relaxing his grasp of the melon.

"See what I have found?" he said gaily, apostrophising the hostess, and holding up the fruit in triumph. "A perfectly ripe melon, a most beautiful specimen. I have not tasted one this year."

"Neither have we," returned Madame Starowolska shortly.

"Now really, you don't say so? And so you have waited for old Rabowski to come and gather it for you. Quite right, quite right. It will taste all the sweeter for being shared in such delightful company."

This with an insinuating bow to the ladies, which seemed to convey the impression that he as host was doing the honours of the melon, graciously inviting the others to partake of it.

"I don't think it can be ripe yet," said Hala, who was regarding her precious melon with an agonised expression, not unlike that of a timorous mother who beholds her tender infant in a barbarian grasp. "If I had known it was ripe I would have served it to Countess Massalowska the day before yesterday."

"Ah, Countess Massalowska; I did not know that you were acquainted."

"Yes," said Madame Starowolska complacently; "the Countess was anxious to make my acquaintance it seems; and it is only natural after all, seeing that we are such near neighbours. I shall return her visit with Felicyan next week, as soon as the wheat has been got in and the horses can be spared."

Rabowski looked pensive.

"I am sorry that I have not yet been able to obtain an introduction to Wodniki," he said regretfully; "I hear that the Countess lives in very great style. Her late husband, Count Massalowski, was a celebrated epicure. I think I must ask Felicyan to present me. I always like to know the friends of my friends. *Les amis de mes amis sont mes amis*, you know."

"Felicyan was not at home when the Countess called," said Madame Starowolska coldly, "so of course he cannot present a stranger."

"Ah, a pity! But Captain Starowolski will perhaps be so kind?" with an inquiring glance at the young officer.

Luba also glanced stealthily at Roman. His head averted, he was nervously twisting the end of his moustache between two fingers, and did not answer.

"My brother-in-law is just returning to Germany, and does not know the Countess either," said Hala, replying for him, and delighted to be able to administer this additional snub to the unfortunate Rabowski, who followed her in silence to the dining-room, dejectedly stroking the rugged melon-rind with one finger.

Breakfast was a tedious and uncomfortable meal. Neither Luba nor Roman made any attempt to talk; Hala was evidently out of sorts, out of temper with herself and with every one else; and old Nicorowicz, after having spilt the greater part of his tea on the table-cloth, for which he was rebuked by an ominous frown on the part of his eldest daughter, had wandered away to his flies. Rabowski alone, smiling and self-confident as ever, and serenely unconscious that he was not conferring a favour by his presence, chattered away unabashed, and asked in turn for half-a-dozen delicacies that were not upon the table, each

one of which involved a visit to the store-room or the cellar.

After having consumed three large slices of melon, he made the discovery that Madame Starowolska had perhaps been right after all in saying that it was scarcely ripe. Unripe melon is apt to lie heavily on the stomach, but that evil could easily be remedied by a glass (or two) of Felicyan's first-rate corn brandy. Unfortunately the key of the wine-cellar was in Felicyan's pocket, as Hala explained; but the obliging Rabowski declared himself perfectly willing to await his return. He could not think of going away without having wished good morning to his dear friend Felicyan.

So they all sat down again in a rather formal circle in the big saloon, having nothing particular to say to each other. Hala was wearily speculating as to the chances of getting rid of this troublesome guest; Rabowski was hoping that Felicyan would soon appear with the cellar key; Luba was mournfully counting the minutes that yet remained before she would have to bid farewell to Roman; and Roman himself was dividing his agitated attention between his watch and that old French print on the wall.

He had never particularly noticed it before, during all the weeks he had spent at Stara-Wola, but now it seemed to have grown suddenly conspicuous: the plump Virginia was looking out of the frame at him with round affrighted eyes, perhaps because she felt her position on her lover's arm to be so very insecure; and Paul, was not his arm trembling as he held her up? Roman wondered that the others did not see it as he did. It was intolerable to remain in the room along with that picture, from which he could not look away. He had always scoffed at thought-reading before, but just now he felt that there might be something in it after all. He would not have cared to put himself into the hands of a *clairvoyant* here in this room.

Roman got up, proposing to smoke a cigar outside, and Rabowski got up with him. He had no objection to testing the quality of Captain Starowolski's cigarettes, they might just take a turn on the road by which Felicyan was to arrive. It was not far off ten o'clock now, and he might be expected to appear at any moment.

The road, thickly coated in powdery dust, stretched away like a pearl-grey ribbon to either side. Every blade of grass, each little flower that grew near the road, was powdered grey, and before he had taken half-a-dozen steps, Roman's shining leather boots were powdered grey as well. There was not a breath of air stirring to disturb the thick-lying dust; but whenever a cart came by it raised a cloud which hung about the air long after the vehicle had passed out of sight.

"Here he comes at last," cried Rabowski, as another dust-cloud, higher and denser than any that had yet appeared, heralded the approach of a new cart or carriage.

It must be Felicyan; but he certainly was raising an extraordinary amount of dust, and was driving in a fast and furious manner, very unlike his usual calm pace. Felicyan was not fond of over-tiring his horses, especially in such hot weather.

They both looked eagerly in the direction of the approaching cart; but the sun shining straight in their eyes made it difficult to distinguish details for some minutes, or it might have been moments only, Roman thought afterwards. Presently from out the dust-cloud

two large white butterflies seemed to detach themselves and to come running towards him with a rapid fluttering motion, and the cloud too was not unbroken pearly grey, as those other clouds had been, but all alight with a strange glitter that resembled the shine of polished glass. Then the fluttering butterflies resolved themselves into the tossing heads of two white horses, whiter even to-day than nature had made them, while the undefined glitter took shape before his eyes.

It was a shape which sent his blood rushing back to the heart with a violence that was almost pain, for even before Roman had identified the dusty white figure in the cart beside the driver, he had realised that those glittering points were steel bayonets.

We are told that persons in imminent danger of death have often seen their whole past life unrolled before them as in a panorama; that the mind, preternaturally sharpened and raised out of its normal state, is enabled in a single moment to grasp the collective experiences and sensations of a long lapse of years. Something of the same kind of mental activity came to Roman now, as he recognised the detective who had come to arrest him, followed by half-a-dozen armed and mounted Cossacks. Before even they had reached him, he had realised his position in all its bearings, and accurately calculated the probable consequence of this event. He must submit quietly, he knew, there was nothing else to be done. He would be searched, of course; but as no incriminating matter would be found on his person, no ultimate harm could possibly come to him: the Russian Government would not dare to use violence towards a German officer, and how lucky it was that he had concealed those papers last night behind the picture. But for Biruta there was danger, great danger. She was still a Russian subject by law, and the theft of General Vassiljef's portfolio was a terribly serious matter,—a matter of life and death, perhaps. She must be warned at any price.

These thoughts had passed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and simultaneously with the question of how Biruta was to be warned, the answer suggested itself. He turned to his companion.

"Go at once to Wodniki and tell Countess Massalowska to lose no time in joining the Blue Dragon."

"But I do not know the Countess,—neither do you, I thought; and what on earth does the Blue Dragon mean?" exclaimed the much-bewildered Rabowski.

"Never mind that, but do as I tell you. You will be well received."

"But I was going to dine at Litwinow to-day. It is Ujeski's feast-day, and he would be so disap . . ."

"You will dine at Wodniki."

"But how can I?" Rabowski was beginning.

The cart was very close to them by this time.

"You can, you must!" urged Roman in a rapid undertone; "and above all, keep silence to every one, as you value my head—or—or your dinner," he concluded, after casting about for a sufficiently potent climax; "you may save my life, and Countess Massalowska has got a French cook."

There was no time for more; the cart had reached the place where they were standing, and the driver, at a sign from his companion, had abruptly pulled up his snorting horses. The mounted Cossacks had halted too, and the man in the cart began slowly to descend.

CHAPTER XXVI.—LORELEY.

"Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances."
—*Othello.*

Danger never comes to us from the side we expect, or it would not be danger at all; for then we should be on our guard and able to avert it. So, in this case, the danger which for the past week had been hovering over Roman Starowolski, to culminate just now in his arrest, had nothing whatsoever to do with the loss of General Vassiljef's portfolio; for the General, still hovering between life and death, had been as yet unable to give any account of the matter. Thus having, by a chance so rare as to be almost incredible, escaped the consequences of Biruta's audacity, suspicion had been directed to Roman from a totally different quarter; the terrible General who had been robbed of his portfolio was for the present harmless, while, on the other hand, a harmless quadruped had been the means of bringing terrible trouble upon its master. In order to make clear how this had come to pass, it will be necessary to go back a little way in this narrative.

It was an unusually hot summer at Berlin this year, and every one not bound down by business, military or diplomatic duties, to the baked bricks and stifling dust of the city, had fled to seek refreshment of body and solace of mind amid green fields and pastures cool. Those who were forced to remain behind groaned exceedingly, and felt their lot to be a very hard one.

Colonel Bakounine, the Russian military *attaché* at Berlin, was in this unhappy position, and was feeling it acutely; for he had no prospect of getting away till the beginning of the autumn manœuvres, to which he expected an invitation (for these international civilities are never more punctiliously adhered to than between two nations which have begun to distrust each other). Scarcely any of Colonel Bakounine's acquaintances remained in town, and there was nothing going on at the theatres; besides, even had there been, who could have possibly cared to frequent the theatre when the thermometer stood 95° in the shade?

The only endurable moments in the day were those spent on horseback in the Thiergarten. Colonel Bakounine was an early riser, as well as a great lover of horses, and his daily presence in the German Hyde Park from March to November had become such an established feature, that the very sparrows must have known by sight the tall, hard-featured man, with the hawk-like eye and the wild-cat smile. The other habitual riders knew him by sight, of course, and he knew them, too; knew the qualities of each steed and the proficiency of each rider he passed on the broad sandy alley; for Colonel Bakounine was gifted with a keen vision and an excellent memory both for man and beast, and never forgot a horse or a face once seen.

If there is truth in the saying that the world is not so very large after all, since the self-same figures are always crossing and recrossing our path, it is yet more self-evident that every large town is in reality but a small village, in so far as the rotation of social life is con-

cerned. Every actor on the scene, however insignificant his part, becomes conspicuous by absence; so it was but natural that Colonel Bakounine should miss the presence of several habitual riders in the Thiergarten this summer.

What had, for instance, become of that fat Jewish banker with a figure like a beer-barrel and a seat like a sack of flour, who used to pant up and down the avenue on a horse as ponderous but of far more ancient lineage than himself?

Dead, he was told; killed by gout and over-prosperity,—suffocated in his own gold.

And that notoriously handsome actress, in the showy habit braided *à la* hussar, whose courage equalled her impudence, and who never was seen otherwise than surrounded by several members of the *jeunesse doré* of the capital?

She had accepted an engagement at some other theatre, and had gone to pursue her fortunes elsewhere.

And where was now that slim young officer whom he used to meet almost daily on a fiery chestnut mare, near to the entrance of the grand avenue?

It was the horse that had first directed Colonel Bakounine's attention to Roman Starowolski more than a year ago, and then he had been struck by the graceful seat of the rider, and the ease displayed in managing the skittish, hot-blooded chestnut; subsequently he had learned his name, and also his nickname — for Roman was known in Berlin by the *sobriquet* of the Handsome Pole. Since then the two riders had frequently met, and nearly always at the same place — for Captain Starowolski was usually beginning his morning ride just as Colonel Bakounine was turning homewards; then they had come together once or twice in the *salon* of some mutual acquaintance. Colonel Bakounine had alluded to their daily meetings, saying a few civil words in praise of the chestnut mare, and giving to understand that should Captain Starowolski be inclined to part with her, he, the Colonel, would be happy to be her purchaser.

Roman had no idea of parting with Loreley, his favourite horse, as he named a price so exorbitant as to destroy Bakounine's appetite for the bargain. Their acquaintance remained a slight one, and intercourse was mostly confined to a coldly courteous exchange of bows when they passed each other in the Thiergarten.

The Colonel's attachment to the beautiful Loreley was not, however, extinct; and when the object of his admiration had been missing from the scene of action for a considerable time, his curiosity was somewhat exercised to know what had become of Captain Starawolski and his chestnut mare. He must have been transferred from Berlin, he supposed, to some provincial garrison, for he did not recollect having seen him since the beginning or middle of April.

One day, however, towards the end of May, when the horse-chestnut trees were in full blossom, Colonel Bakounine saw Loreley again; but her master, the Handsome Pole, was not riding her this time. She was led by a groom in the undress uniform of a soldier servant, who, mounted on a very inferior brown animal, seemed to have some difficulty in restraining the nervous chestnut.

So Captain Starowolski had not left Berlin for good, mused the Colonel; or had he, after all, parted with the mare to some luckier fellow, some brother officer, who had

paid down the price which he had refused? And as a thing always gains in value in exact proportion as it becomes unattainable, Colonel Bakounine almost felt just now as if he could have paid the sum, which had seemed to him so exorbitantly high a little while ago. He was in want of a showy charger on which to appear at the autumn manœuvres, and this one would just have suited the purpose. Why had he not thought of asking the groom the name of the man who had bought the mare? It was too late now to turn back, and besides, he did not wish to appear too anxious on the subject. But he resolved to put the question the very next time he met the groom.

The next time did not come for a whole fortnight. It was June, and the horse-chestnut trees had long since shed their blossoms before the Colonel again came across the object of his secret hankering.

"Whose horses are these, my friend?" he asked, reining up his steed alongside of the chestnut.

The groom, a thick-pated Suabian boor, saluted awkwardly.

"They belong to my master."

"And your master's name?"

"Captain Starowolski."

The Russian gave a sigh of relief.

"Then, what is the matter with your master? Is he ill?"

No, he was not ill it appeared. Leastwise the groom did not seem to think so.

"But surely you must know whether he is ill or not?" said the Colonel, impatiently.

"I never heard tell that he was sick."

"When did you see him last?"

The groom scratched his head, as though to quicken memory, then proceeded to explain that it might be six weeks or eight perhaps, he could not say exactly.

"Then is he not here? Has he left Berlin?"

"He is not here."

"Why could not the dolt have said so at once?" reflected Bakounine. Aloud, however, he only said, "And where has he gone to?"

This question also proved to be too much for the boor's intelligence. He had not the slightest notion of his master's whereabouts nor of when he was likely to return.

So the Colonel had to content himself with noting down number and name of the street where Captain Starowolski lived. He would call at the house some day and obtain the address. Perhaps he would write and renew his offer for the mare.

He did call there within the week, and from the *concierge* obtained the information he desired. Captain Starowolski had left before Easter, and had given to understand that he might be absent for a considerable time, all the summer perhaps. At least so the *concierge* had gathered. All letters and papers were to be forwarded to him, care of his brother, Felicyan Starowolski, residing at Stara-Wola, in the government of Plock, in Russian Poland.

Colonel Bakounine entered the address in his pocket-book, and walked home plunged in deep thought.

Next day he sat down and wrote a letter, which, however, bore no reference to the chestnut mare, nor was addressed to Captain Starowolski. It was written to a person occupying a high military post at St Petersburg, and contained the following passage:—

"It may be as well to call your attention to a certain Captain Starowolski, a Pole by birth, but serving in the German Staff Corps,

who has been absent from Berlin since the beginning of April, ostensibly on a visit to his brother, Felicyan Starowolski, of Stara-Wola, in the government of Plock.

"Such prolonged leave of absence at this time of the year is an unusual circumstance, the more so in this particular case, as from inquiries I have taken care to make, Captain Starowolski has the reputation of being an exceedingly efficient and promising officer. It can therefore only be supposed that very urgent reasons, either of private or public nature, have determined this extended leave. If the former, you will no doubt be able to ascertain them without difficulty from the country people about Stara-Wola; but if you can discover no plausible ground for this prolonged stay in Russia, all the more reason to keep a sharp eye upon him, and find out what he is after.

"From many signs and indications I gather that the German Government is disposed to mistrust us. What so likely, therefore, that they are sending spies across the frontier in order to take our measure? And if such be the case, what spy so efficient as a Pole? My suspicions may be groundless; but it is well to be wide-awake in these troubled times, and the matter is worth looking into."

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CITADEL.

"Now . . . are you prisoner to an Emperor."
—*Titus Andronicus.*

Roman was escorted to Warsaw and conducted to the State prison, the Citadel, where a minute examination of his person and of the contents of his valise took place. He had not been able to exchange parting words with his sister-in-law or Luba; but his request with regard to the valise was granted, for, being not wholly ignorant of what he had to expect inside a Russian prison, he was appalled at the notion of being left for days, for weeks perhaps, without even a change of linen.

In presence of two officials, Roman was made to strip to the skin, his watch and purse were taken away, and his small remaining stock of money was counted. His stockings were held up to the light, and even the patent leather boots submitted to a careful scrutiny, their lining ripped up and examined, to see whether no bank-notes or other papers had been hidden there. At last, after a fruitless search, he was permitted to resume his clothes and conducted to his cell, a large dreary brick-paved room, with two grated windows, very far removed from the ground, one of which was partially boarded up with some rotten planks. It was beginning to grow dark when Roman was ushered in here, and the small amount of light that could find its way through the one uncovered window scarcely enabled him to identify the objects in the room.

There was not much to be seen. A low iron bedstead, covered with a blanket of exceedingly doubtful appearance, and a broken chair, were the sum total of the furniture.

He heard the key turn in the lock of the door outside, and a heavy iron bar restored to its place with a harsh grating sound,

and then he realised that he was in truth a prisoner, cut off from communication with all his friends, from Felicyan, from Biruta.

He sat down on the low pallet-bed plunged in painful reflections; where was Biruta now? Had the warning reached her in time to enable her to make her escape? or was she herself in the hands of jailers? Locked up perhaps in a cell resembling this one—the very thought was madness! For himself he had little anxiety, provided only she were safe. No proof could possibly be brought home to him, and he was prepared to deny everything laid to his charge. Sooner or later they would have to set him free again he supposed. A German officer could not be detained indefinitely; the delay would be inexpressibly wearisome to be sure, but it need not have any fatal consequences. At the moment of his arrest he had bewailed the unlucky chance that had caused his stock of ready money to run short. But for that circumstance Felicyan need not have driven into town, and the delay would never have occurred. Roman could have got away from Stara-Wola fully three hours sooner, and might possibly have escaped unmolested over the frontier.

Possibly—ay—but not certainly—and as this view of the case occurred to him, he began to ask himself whether, after all, the delay had not been providential? Had he been seized after he had quitted Stara-Wola, with those papers concealed upon him, the matter would have looked a great deal uglier both for himself and for the German Government. It was a comfort now to think of those papers, so securely hidden away behind Paul and Virginia. How lucky that he had thought of this hiding-place! Yes, he now recognised that, provided Biruta were in safety, things were not so very bad after all. At least they might have been infinitely worse.

By the time he had reached this conclusion it had grown dark. Every one seemed to have forgotten about him; apparently no one thought of bringing him a light. The sentry's step along the brick-paved corridor, now nearer, now further away, was the only sound that reached his ear.

At last, after a long, a very long time, other steps were heard to approach, and with much grating and rattling the bolt was withdrawn. A soldier appeared with a small oil-lamp, which he fixed above the door; then he went out again, and shortly returned with the prisoner's supper, which, in the lack of a table, he put down on the rickety chair. It consisted of a lump of very black bread, and a basin containing some soup or gruel of greasy appearance and acid odour.

Roman tried to swallow a little of the soup, but the compound was so nauseous that, despite considerable hunger, he was forced to abandon the attempt. On asking the soldier whether he could not manage to procure for him some less repulsive species of nourishment, the man had grinned, and given him to understand that, though strictly against orders, he might be induced to do so for a consideration. But Roman was devoid of the means of bribery: his purse had contained but a little small change, and even that had been taken from him, so he had to content himself with the lump of black bread, which, though at once stale and underbaked, yet served to still the worst pangs of hunger.

Sleep was hardly to be thought

of in connection with a mattress stuffed with mouldy straw that smelt of mildew, a filthy blanket, and innumerable fleas. He hurled the blanket to the furthest end of the room, but even that did not serve to deliver him from the tiny persecutors whose name was legion. The greater part of this first night in prison was spent by Roman in walking up and down the brick floor of the cell.

Daybreak was a relief, even though it only served the more clearly to disclose the dreary character of his surroundings. In the course of the forenoon he was summoned before the prison governor —a short, aggressive-looking individual, strongly marked by smallpox; short in stature, and likewise in temper.

Here called upon to give a clear account of himself, and to state how it came that he, a German officer, was making such a prolonged stay in the country, Roman gave answer that, though by profession a German officer, he was by birth a Pole, and as such had a right to visit his relations. He had come to Stara-Wola for country air and quiet, and to recruit his health, impaired by overstudy. On his side he demanded to know by what right he was deprived of his liberty? Of what was he accused?

"Of being a spy sent here to report upon the military resources of the country."

Roman shrugged his shoulders.

"Prove it," was all he said.

The governor began to bluster, for the want of proof was precisely the most irritating part of the matter. He felt convinced that this young man was a spy; he could be nothing else. Yet they had been unable to lay hold of anything that could justify the assertion. The valise had been ransacked from cover to cover, without the smallest scrap of written paper coming to light.

A minute cross-examination now ensued, with no other result but causing the governor to lose his temper. Roman's course of action was a perfectly clear one. As a German officer he could not betray his Government, and was in honour bound to deny every charge brought against him. He did deny everything, and, after an hour spent in fruitless interrogation, was escorted back to his cell.

Later in the day the valise was restored to him, and after his unrefreshing night it was some relief to be able to take out a fresh change of linen, and obtain access to such luxuries as soap and razors.

Roman fully expected to see Felicyan before many hours had elapsed. Surely his first impulse on hearing of his brother's arrest would be to hurry to the spot, and try to procure for him such relief as he could afford? But the hot July day wore on to evening, without Felicyan having appeared.

Next day he asked for pen and ink, in order to write to his brother. Felicyan was well known and highly respected in his district; and though it was hardly likely that his influence would be sufficient to shorten Roman's term of captivity, yet he might at least procure some alleviations to his lot.

The request for pen and ink was denied, nor did Felicyan make his appearance or give any signs of life either on that day or on any following day. Roman could not understand it at all. For a moment he was inclined to tax his brother with want of feeling, with selfishness; but short reflection caused

him to dismiss the unworthy thought. Felicyan was not, had never been, capable of a selfish action. Perhaps he had come to Warsaw, but had been refused admittance to the prison; this was by far the most likely solution of the riddle.

The days wore away in weariness and discomfort, one like the other. Each weary day, followed by a still more wearisome night, made horrible by foul stenches and the presence of vermin. Fleas were not the only nuisance from which he had to suffer. Large hairy spiders fell down upon him from the wooden rafters of the ceiling, and earwigs turned up unexpectedly from fissures in the damp wall. Rats, too, were not uncommon visitors, and regularly put in an appearance to feast on the *débris* of his meals.

By dint of persistency, Roman had at length obtained clean sheets for his bed; and a circular note, which he managed to get changed for nearly two-thirds of its actual value, gave the means of somewhat improving his bill of fare. He was permitted twice daily to walk for half an hour, escorted by two sentries, in a small paved court, shut in on all sides by high walls with small grated windows; but his further request for books or papers, by way of beguiling the long weary hours and distracting his mind from painful reflections, was not attended to.

He had several more interviews with the governor, all equally unsatisfactory for both parties, and leading to no apparent result. Each time Roman reiterated his protest against the unjustifiable detention of a German subject, and each time he was informed that the term of his release must depend upon the issue of negotiations between Berlin and St Petersburg. He, the governor, could do nothing on his own responsibility, but must await orders from the capital.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—JOCOSE.

"Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour."
—*Titus Andronicus.*

Six weeks thus passed away, and the end of August was at hand, when one morning he was again summoned by the governor.

On entering his presence Roman started back involuntarily, for the governor was not alone. His companion was General Vassiljef.

General Vassiljef looked ten years older than when Roman had last seen him. His eye was dull and lustreless, the jaw had a feeble droop, and the hands were agitated by a slight trembling motion that had not been there before; yet broken down and feeble, his mere presence was sufficient to produce considerable dismay in the young officer's heart.

The General's recovery had been very slow, and even now his memory refused to give a clear account of what had occurred at Countess Massalowska's villa that unlucky morning. If put upon his oath he could not have told for certain whether he had indeed brought the portfolio with him when he came to restore the lapis necklace. He might just as well have left the portfolio at home in the first instance, or he might have left it in the carriage when he got out. The only distinct moment in his

mind was the moment of clasping the necklace upon her throat before the looking-glass. The necklace had fallen to the ground—and then—then he had suddenly found himself in Gurko's antechamber without the portfolio. He had an indistinct recollection of having seen Biruta again, but this picture was even more vague than the previous one. She had been angry with him, he remembered; but about what? Was it because he had kissed her shoulder? And where was now the portfolio?

The doctors who attended Vasiljef pronounced his state to be highly critical, and strictly prohibited all excitement or allusion to agitating topics for some time to come. Common consideration, therefore, for one of the most efficient and distinguished generals in the service, demanded that he should not—just at present—be pressed upon the subject. It was thought probable that he had, previous to his seizure, locked away the papers in some safe place, of which he had forgotten the clue. As soon as he should have recovered possession of his mental faculties, he would doubtless be himself the first to solve the riddle. The General, on his side, only too thankful to be left in peace, volunteered neither information nor conjecture, least of all would he have dared to name Countess Massalowska in the matter. But he knew that an explanation could not be much longer deferred. He must soon be called to account, and having yesterday chanced to hear of Roman's arrest and detention in the State prison, he had not been able to divest himself of a certain undefined misgiving with regard to this young man, whom once or twice he had happened to meet in Biruta's *atelier*. It was in order to put his mind at rest on this point that he had himself conveyed to the Citadel early this morning, although his doctor had not yet authorised him to leave the house. Arrived there, he had first some conversation with the governor of the jail, at the end of which Roman had been summoned to appear before them.

"We have met before, I think, at Countess Massalowska's house," said the General, addressing the prisoner.

Roman bowed.

"You went there often, I believe, during my absence at St Petersburg?"

"The Countess did me the honour to use my head for a picture," he replied, with studied indifference.

"But she got tired of your head very soon, apparently," said the General, with a gross chuckle. "The divine Biruta is apt to change her models."

Roman bit his lip nearly to the blood. It was difficult to keep calm under the clumsy shafts of a man who had dared to insult Biruta by his degrading passion; yet he succeeded in answering quietly:

"As you are so well informed, General, no doubt you can also tell me who is my successor in the picture?"

"How am I to guess who is your successor?" said Vassiljef, testily. "It may be a Chinese model or a Congo negro, for anything I know. The Countess left the country six weeks ago, and has not been heard of since."

This was all Roman required to know, and now he knew it. His heart leapt up joyfully. Biruta was safe; so all was well. He could not quite repress a long breath of relief.

But that breath had not passed

unnoticed, and was sufficient to revive the General's undefined suspicions.

"This is news to you," he said, eyeing Roman with as sharp a glance as his blear eyes were capable of. "You were not aware that Countess Massalowska had left the country?"

"Am I likely to hear much news in this confounded hole? I have not seen a newspaper for six weeks, and not a soul came to visit me since I was locked up, not even my brother."

The General was silent. Evidently there was nothing further to be got out of this young man. He turned to the governor of the prison, and conversed with him in an undertone. At the end of some minutes the governor beckoned Roman to approach, and in a short aggressive manner informed him that he was free. The order from St Petersburg had arrived this morning, that he was to be escorted to the frontier, and there put at liberty to go where he pleased; the only stipulation being that he was never again to replace foot on Russian soil.

Roman received the news in silence, and with conflicting feelings. His heart leaped up at the idea of freedom—of Biruta! But in the midst of his joy there came the thought of his brother, whom he was leaving for ever. Was he not to be allowed to take leave of him? To say farewell to Stara-Wola? After a minute's reflection he put this request into words.

The governor shook his head; the order from St Petersburg did not enter into such sentimental details as farewells; the message was briefly to conduct him to the frontier, nothing more.

Here Vassiljef unexpectedly interposed, and drawing the governor aside, began another whispered conversation. The governor nodded once or twice, and then they both laughed out loud, their fancy tickled, apparently, by something that had been said—at some humorous aspect of the situation. When the governor turned back towards Roman, his eyes were still twinkling with irrepressible merriment.

"What a charming thing is family affection," he said, "and how lucky you are to have a friend at court! Now General Vassiljef, always remarkable for his tender heart" (here the governor poked the General in the ribs, and both went off again into a renewed fit of laughter)—"remarkable for his tender heart, as I was saying, and touched by your attachment to your brother, has begged me to make an exception in your favour. It is granted: you will be taken to Stara-Wola — under escort, of course — and allowed a quarter of an hour for your affectionate adieus. I hope you are duly grateful?"

Roman, fully more puzzled than grateful, merely bowed his acknowledgment of the favour. He was satisfied at having gained his point, to be sure; but where was the joke? He could see none, though the echoes of coarse laughter still rang in his ears, as he walked back to the cell to prepare for starting.

CHAPTER XXIX.—LIBERTY.

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
—MILTON.

It was almost worth while to have spent six weeks inside a Russian prison, in company of rats and earwigs, to have been nourished on mouldy bread and greasy soup, and reduced to pacing a damp quadrangular court sixty feet square by way of exercise, in order to taste the intoxicating sensation of recovered freedom.

Roman's health had suffered from the long confinement, and he had been still further weakened and pulled down by an attack of intermittent fever; but now as he took place in the railway carriage that was to bear him westward, away from Russia, from danger, from tyranny, he forgot all these grievances, so sweet was it to feel that they now belonged to the past. He was not alone, of course, in the carriage: two Cossacks armed from head to foot had been appointed as escort; their orders being not to leave him out of sight until he should have reached the frontier.

Just now they were sitting opposite to him, two swarthy expressionless individuals of the bull-dog type, with shapeless frost-bitten noses, and an undefined odour of colza-oil hanging about their persons. Their sole idea of duty appeared to consist in not for a single moment removing their small bead-like eyes from off their charge's face, denying themselves even the luxury of winking it seemed.

Yet on the whole their presence scarcely disturbed Roman more than a couple of wooden dummies would have done. He let his gaze rove over the landscape they were passing through, and gave himself up to pleasurable dreams.

The country is not a very beautiful one just here. Large stretches of forest cut down at either side of the railway in 1863, in order to remove this means of shelter from the Polish insurgents, imparts an air of desolation to the scene, scarcely enlivened at long intervals by groups of dusky swine grazing among the tree-stumps and herded by a shaggy peasant, who keeps his charges together by means of stones discharged from a sling. Sometimes a horse, its front legs hobbled together, attempts to flee from the approaching train, with painful stumbling motion, and occasionally there is a glimpse of a wretched hamlet, composed of crazy wooden huts blackened by age and weather, and roofed in by thatch of bleached and rotten reeds.

But to Roman, just released from captivity, everything appeared beautiful to-day. It was the same world, yet not quite the same, that he had left six weeks ago; for nature, like time, never stands still, and summer had made a considerable stride since he last had looked upon the face of field and forest.

It was summer still, both according to the calendar and the atmosphere, for September was not yet reached, and the heat was as great as upon any day in July; but it was summer that was distinctly changing to autumn. Not the less beautiful on that account, for the first foreboding symptoms of disease are often fairer to look at than the robustness of perfect

health. The crude raw greens of early summer had been toned away to something far more fastidiously delicate in hue; the forest crown was beginning to take a tint that might be likened to a hectic flush; the beauty of departing life was beginning to mingle with the beauty of approaching death. The grain was gone from the fields, that six weeks ago had resembled a tawny sea of rippling water, and as the train now emerges from behind the trees, the clean-cut stubble stretches away on all sides like a carpet of burnished gold.

What splendid weather this had been for the harvest, thought Roman, as he was being whirled along, hardly a drop of rain for the past month. He was glad of it for his brother's sake. And then he began to reflect on the coming interview with Felicyan, and to wonder what explanation he would give of his non-appearance in the Warsaw prison? He did not doubt his affection; but surely he might have contrived to obtain access to his brother by the display of a little energy? Energy! yes, that is where Felicyan fell short; probably he had suffered himself to be discouraged by the first refusal, and had not renewed his attempt. All that they had to say to each other must now be compressed into the space of fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes was a very short time in which to say farewell for life, and he wondered whether he would be able to see his brother alone? Here he glanced at the two Cossacks opposite, whose eyes as usual he found upon him with fixed but expressionless stare: those men would cling to him like leeches he felt. What was to be done regarding those papers that were hidden away behind the picture of Paul and Virginia? He could not, of course, remove them to-day; but he must contrive to reveal their hiding-place to Felicyan, who would keep them in charge until some favourable opportunity occurred of conveying them to Germany. If no such opportunity occurred soon, why then they must just be destroyed, their loss, though regretable, would not be vital, since, in point of fact, those other papers that were already in safety, contained ample information upon every point connected with his mission.

It was about noon when they reached the little country station that lay about eight *werst* distant from Stara-Wola. Here, after some delay, a conveyance was procured, and Roman, accompanied by his two satellites, got in. An hour's drive brought them to the village, and now the house itself is visible, showing white between the trees.

As the carriage turned into the short strip of avenue, Roman could see that a large crowd of peasants was assembled in front of the verandah: what could be the meaning of this? But in the next minute he had remembered that this must probably be the harvest feast; he recollected having heard that the oats were brought home some time in August, and this was August still. The reapers were coming, as is customary, to offer the crown of oats to the master of the village. He could already hear their voices singing a gay song of rejoicing, as they escort the buxom oat-crowned queen of the day.[1]

[1] A custom prevalent among most Slav nations; the wreath is carefully preserved for a twelvemonth, after which the grain from it is mixed up with the seed to be sown, in order to ensure a plentiful harvest.

Not such a very gay song after all, it strikes Roman as he draws nearer the house. Why have they chosen such a dismal melody to-day? More suited to a funeral procession than to a gay harvest feast, it would seem.

And it *is* a funeral procession! he realises with a shock, as, drawing up before the verandah, he has caught sight of a black-draped bier, and a couple of acolytes distributing wax-candles to the crowd.

All sorts of horrible possibilities flash through Roman's brain. Hala? Luba? one of the children? Felicyan himself, perhaps?

He jumped down almost before the carriage had stopped.

"Who is it?" he cried, seizing hold of the nearest peasant, and shaking his arm by way of accelerating speech. "Whose funeral is this? Who is dead?"

"Stary Pan" (the old gentleman).

Roman let go the peasant's arm.

"Thank God!" he muttered. How stupid he had been not to have thought of this at once, as the most natural, the least painful answer to the question. The death of an imbecile old man could hardly be reckoned a misfortune even in the most affectionately united family.

A relief was it not rather, to himself and to others, that this useless life had come to a close?

CUSTOMS.

FROM time to time some senile dilettante awakes from his afternoon snooze, repeating to himself a nursery rhyme he babbled many decades ago, before he began the business of life. That business being now well nigh at an end for him, he has retired from the fray, and has plenty of time for mild literary pursuits. He begins to think of the meaning of these childish rhymes running in his head; perhaps he cannot remember the exact words. Forthwith he writes to 'Notes and Queries,' and in due course his communication appears set forth (to his delight) under the title of "Folk-lore." It may be somewhat to the following effect:—

"FOLK-LORE.—In my childhood I was taught some verses which yet dwell (though somewhat imperfectly, I fear) in my memory. Feeling uncertain as to the precise words of the last line, and as I am positive that I used to hear identical verses repeated in other nurseries at the time, I venture to ask for a place in your columns for an inquiry on this subject, in the hope that it may catch the eye of one of those who were children with me, and that he (or she!) may confirm or set right my version. The lines are as follows:

'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not set Humpty Dumpty up again.'

My difficulty is this. The last line, as I have set it down, is defective in rhythm (the rhyme may pass). Can any one assist me to the right reading?

FOGIUS ANTIQUUS."

The letter elicits many others; the discussion is sustained for several months, until it is proved to the satisfaction of all, except unlettered scoffers, that Humpty Dumpty was an Aryan hero whose fame is celebrated in many tongues, whose memory is preserved by many and curious customs among different nations. "Fogius antiquus" is as agreeably surprised as Molière's M. Jourdain, who found that, without suspecting it, he had been talking prose all his life. It had never occurred to him that by his simple inquiry he should enter a province ticketed with the impressive title "Folk-lore."

Folk-lore is a field of liberal proportions, and the labour of those who till it is enlivened by many exciting discoveries; but in discussing certain customs in the following pages it is not proposed to deal with them in a scientific light: it is but the plain, everyday aspect of them, as they appear to an ordinary observer of men and women, that will be dealt with.

It might be imagined that in rejecting some customs and adhering to others, man, being a reasoning creature—*Homo sapiens* as naturalists with some arrogance have classified him—would have acted under some intelligent discrimination. There is, however, little trace of any such motive; he has kept one and flung aside another, with little apparent regard to comfort, convenience, or decorum. Human beings, especially those of the gentler gender, being, on the whole, conservative, are generally loath to part with old customs, even those which are irksome or which have lost all significance among new surroundings. Yet they are so capricious that often they allow useful and convenient customs to fall into disuse, and re-

tain those that serve no practical end.

Formerly, for example, it was usual for non-professional gentlemen, living in a town, to have brass plates bearing their names on their front doors. Only two survivals of this convenient practice linger in the writer's memory —one in London, at the Earl of Warwick's house in St James's, the other, till recently, in Edinburgh, at the Earl of Wemyss's old town house. When and why did this become discredited among what French novelists delight to write of as *le hig-life?* Any one who has rung at the wrong door in a London street must have winced before the aggrieved and dignified air of the six feet of broadcloth and plush whom he has disturbed in the study of the 'Morning Post.' Never, or hardly ever, do the servants in No. 100 know who lives in 99 or 101; and as for the residence of Mr Riser, Q.C., being known to the footman of Sir Gilbert Grandechose—why, the idea has only to be mentioned that its absurdity may be apparent. Whereas another custom which has neither utility, ornament, nor cleanliness to recommend it—that of causing servants in livery to load their heads with white powder —threatens to live as long as there are masters and men.

Another instance of putting down a good and convenient custom, and retaining one which, though harmless and picturesque, serves no useful end whatever, is found in that palace of paradox—the House of Commons. Until recently, so recently that Whips still living (and not only living, but retaining much of that air—half-statesman, half-bookmaker—which is the accredited exterior of a Whip) shake their heads, and moan, "It never was so *dans le temps*,"—it used to be an honourable understanding between the two sides that no important division should be taken during the hours sacred to the principal meal of the day. Members were allowed to go home, dress, dine, and sip their claret leisurely, with the perfectly calm mind essential to digestion, and the certainty that if they were back by eleven o'clock, they were doing all that could be reasonably expected of them. All the Whip's concern was that enough members should remain to keep a House.

But it is far otherwise now; so much so, that one who entered Parliament not earlier than the general election of 1880 might be at a loss to account for the indignation of an honourable member for one of the northern counties of England, who, one evening last session, was stopped at the door by his Whip, and pressed to stay and dine. "Dine? dine HERE?" he exclaimed, as the flush rose to his brow. "I have been twenty years in this House, and I've never done *that* yet. I'm blanked if I begin now!" and out he marched. That understanding of mutual convenience is a thing of the past. Not only must the Government Whips keep a house, but they must keep a majority: there is a party of irreconcilables who, with enviable digestions, and palates which, if not the reverse of fastidious, are subject to admirable discipline, never seem to leave the House, and are always in watch to spring a division when it is at its lowest ebb. No Government has ever yet received a wound, much less a death-blow, during the dinner-hour; it is not possible that any Government ever will: herein, therefore, a return might surely be made to the older and better

custom, with increased comfort all round, if the House of Commons would only act like thinking creatures. But perhaps that is too much to expect as things are.

Faithless to tradition as it has been in this respect, how tenaciously the House clings to it in others. Night after night, at the end of business, just as the Speaker leaves the chair, the doorkeeper's stentorian voice echoes through the lobby, "Who goes home?" A needless inquiry, it might seem to the thoughtful stranger in the gallery, who has been instructed that beds are not provided on the premises for members, and observes that preparation is being made for turning out the lights. But that cry was full of meaning to members in the days when Westminster was separated from London by a fair slice of country. It has come down to us from a time when legislators made up little parties for mutual escort homewards, for there were those infesting the green fields and dark lanes—gentlemen with strong arms and supple fingers—for whom a Parliament man, short in the wind and round in the waist after the manner of his kind, would have proved a sorry match. The day may come when — the last trappings of oligarchy having been swept away, the Lyon King-at-Arms having been done to death as thoroughly as the griffin and the dodo, when hereditary pensions shall be remembered with the same chastened horror with which we now behold the instruments of torture in the Tower—the stern Radical, seeking what he may devour, will sweep this ancient custom into limbo also. Meanwhile let us enjoy the faint flavour of romance that clings to it, even while wondering why other customs more useful should have been lost.

There is one observance in which we Britons have acquired a greater degree of freedom than probably was ever enjoyed at any previous stage of civilisation—namely, shaving. Yet even now shaving in prescribed limit is obligatory on certain callings. It is difficult to find any practical reason why domestic servants should be allowed to grow hair on the cheek, but not on the lip or chin; soldiers on the lip but not on the cheek or chin; sailors, again, if on the lip, then, compulsorily, on both cheek and chin.

The history of shaving is a very ancient one; it was practised in the New World before that was discovered by Europeans, for Torquemada sets our teeth on edge by describing how the Mexican barbers shaved their customers with flakes of obsidian (volcanic glass), each piece as it lost its edge being flung away and a new one applied. The latest instance of political significance in the mode of shaving must be fresh in the minds of many people. It was after the downfall of Napoleon III., when the French army ceased to be Imperial and became Republican, that a general order was issued that all military chins were to be shaved, and forthwith the familiar and characteristic "imperial" disappeared from 500,000 chins.

For many years before the Crimean War, the moustache, in this country, was the distinguishing badge of the cavalry; it was prohibited in the infantry, and as for the civilian who braved public opinion by sporting it, he was looked on either as an artist, an eccentric, or as wishing to pass for a hussar. But shaving by regulation (little as it may be suspected by those who submit to it) has an origin more serious than mere caprice or love

of uniformity. It is the badge of service; a survival of the primitive custom of mutilating slaves to prevent their escape, or ensure their recognition and recapture if they did escape. The Mosaic law made the mutilation more merciful than it probably had been previously. The proper mode of re-engaging a servant is set forth in Exodus xxi. 6: "Then his master shall bring him unto the judges: he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the doorpost; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever."

As manners grew milder, even this slight mutilation was discarded, and shaving the beard or the head was resorted to for marking servants. Fierce and long was the controversy that raged in these islands during the sixth and seventh centuries, even to shedding of blood, as to the right manner in which priests — servants of the Lord—should shave their heads. At this distance of time there seems as much to be said for St Columba's frontal tonsure—from ear to ear across the brow—as for that favoured at Rome, which eventually carried the day — the coronal, on the summit of the head.

The Roman Catholic priesthood has not yielded to the lax practice of the age, and it is not many years since any Protestant clergyman of these islands, had he grown anything more than the orthodox "mutton-chops," would have forfeited the confidence of his entire flock. Modish young men of the present day for the most part affect the tonsure described by Julius Cæsar as prevailing among the Celts of Britain when he first landed—that is, they shave everything except the upper lip; and, on the whole, if the human countenance as planned by nature is to be altered, this seems to be the most comely way of doing it.

Many attempts, more or less successful, have been made to distinguish man succinctly from other animals: he has been defined as a laughing, a cooking, a reading, a writing animal, but perhaps—speciality least likely to be begrudged him — was that of a shaving animal. Alas for our exclusiveness! even that elaborate process no longer serves to differentiate us from the lower animals. Visitors to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington may see specimens of a pretty South American bird, the Motmot (*Momotus braziliensis*), which as soon as it comes to maturity begins to trim with its bill the long feathers of its own tail, till, by clipping off the web, it brings them to a uniform approved pattern, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.

When we reflect with satisfaction how far we have emancipated ourselves from the restraints of fashion in the matter of beards, does it not seem marvellous that we still endure the oppressive, though unwritten, law which constitutes the chimney-pot hat to be the only decorous head-dress for well-to-do male humanity? Woe! woe! æsthetic woe to the sons of men who, having cast aside one after another the Phrygian cap, the furred *birrus*, the slashed bonnet, the knightly beaver, the three-cocked hat, and the feathered glengarry, have resolved that whosoever will enter good society must bind his brows with the gloomy cylinder of Lincoln & Bennett! None has a word to say in its favour; every one hates it and condemns it. In travelling, the hideous object has to be provided with a

special case; yet for more than three generations it has been held indispensable. There is a cynical levity in the ribbon which still encircles its rigid circumference, recalling the happy days when a hat-band was a reality, used to adjust the flexible covering to the head. Odious as it is admitted to be, perhaps the most serious objection to it, from the point of view of taste, is the hindrance it presents to any tendency in our other garments to become more picturesque. Every visible article of outfit has to be brought to the æsthetic level of the headpiece. A chimney-pot hat crowning a tasteful costume reduces it to ridicule.

Only the other day I received an agreeable morning visit from a French prior, dressed in the black and white garb of a canon-regular of the Order of St Benedict. It was pleasant to rest the eyes on a dress that has altered little or not at all since the days of the Crusades; and as he sat before my study fire sipping a glass of sherry, I felt as if I ought to apologise for not having the recipe for burnt sack or hippocras. Marry! my shooting suit of modern "mixture" seemed all too vulgar beside his classical raiment. But when he rose to go what disillusion awaited me, on finding that he had left in the hall an unmitigated chimney-pot hat, crowned with which his figure, as he retreated down the avenue, lost all its medieval grace.

If there is one point on which an Englishman preens himself, it is his personal cleanliness. In this respect he is prone to draw Pharisaic comparisons between the habits of his own and those of other nations. Yet our ablutions are much less elaborate than those of the ancients. The tub has taken the place of the bath. If it were possible for one of the Romans who garrisoned Britain in the third or fourth century to revisit it in the nineteenth, he would, of course, be amazed at the wealth and size of our cities, but he would not fail to be puzzled by the insignificance of the public baths therein, or even by their complete absence. Nor would the bathing arrangements in private houses strike him any more favourably. Imagine him paying a visit in a large country-house: how perplexed he would be to make use, unaided, of the tin saucer containing three or four inches of tepid water, the sole substitute for the luxurious *balnearia* of many chambers, which formed part of a Roman villa of any pretension. A sponge, a towel-horse, a lump of soap—the meagre accessories of the British tub—he would feel to be a barbarous exchange for what he had known of yore. Marble tanks through which flowed limpid streams heated to different temperatures, and often perfumed; silent-footed attendants to conduct the bather from one chamber to another; then the delightful lounge in the *tepidarium*, where his body was anointed and his hair dressed by light-fingered *unctores* and *aliptæ* (most charming fellows, who played on the muscles and joints, bringing them all into tune —body-tuners, in fact); lastly, in the public baths, the pleasant loitering with those of his acquaintance in the porch and vestibules,—for such accustomed pleasures he might long and look in vain.

As an institution the bath has passed completely away, though the Turkish *hammam* in Jermyn Street has its devotees. The people are clamouring now for free education; the citizens of Rome were kept in good humour by free

baths. It is difficult to realise that, in a state of society where the limits of class were at least as sharply defined as in our own, the Patricians, even the Emperors themselves, resorted to the same baths as the lowest of the people. Among those who had leisure, it was no unusual thing to bathe six or seven times a-day. The Emperor Commodus set the example of taking his meals on a floating table. Bathing, indeed, was only part of the attractions of the public baths; they were great social centres, where all the latest, freshest news was to be picked up. Here the latest lion might be seen, Juvenal's last satire laughed over, or the newest novel of Marius Maximus discussed. Here a brilliant young general, fresh from a successful campaign in Africa, might be sure of a degree of attention more flattering, because more discriminating, than the public ovation that was arranged for him in the streets on the morrow; or another, appointed to a command in distant, cloud-wrapt Caledonia, would receive condolence from his friends of both sexes on his approaching exile.

Of both sexes—for although in most establishments there were separate bathing-places for men and women, there was undoubtedly a great deal of promiscuous bathing. Anyhow, the galleries and palm-fringed courts afforded delightful resorts for conversation and flirtation, ideal shrines for that divinity whom a French writer of the school of "Gyp" lately referred to as "le petit dieu dont les yeux sont cachés et les fesses sont à découvert."

For good or for ill we have separated ablution from social intercourse; if we want the latter, we must take our chance in a form of entertainment utterly unknown in classical times, squeeze up crowded staircases at midnight, elbow and jostle our way through an elbowing and jostling mob, and try to feel that being "in society" atones for all this discomfort and condones the mockery of it. One looking at the two systems impartially might be tempted to the conclusion that, on the whole, we have not advanced in the science of pleasure; that a stroll in bath-costume (made as graceful or coquettish as you will) through marble halls "that echo to the tinkling rills," and leisurely conversation in the twilight of oleanders, is better fun than wrestling, broadcloth-clad, with a multitude gabbling at the top of their voices in a Cubitt-built house. One feels how delightful it would be just to arrange one London season on old Roman lines, to return to the old natural hours, instead of, as we do,

> "To make the sun a bauble without use
> Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce;
> Through mere necessity to close our eyes
> Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise."

While regretting the loss of some customs which we have discarded and repining at the irksomeness of some that survive, we have reason to be grateful that things are not worse than they are. Mesmerisers and thought-readers established themselves among us some time ago, hypnotists are the latest vogue; but at least the law no longer allows that any woman who happens to be old, ugly, and cleverer than her neighbours may be called on to prove that she is not a witch under pain of being burnt alive. It makes us shudder to read of the atrocities perpetrated by witch-finders and witch-prickers among a fine race such as the Zulus, and we

blush as we remember that not many generations have passed since similar ignorant cruelty was permitted in this country. Not many years ago I knew an old woman who had the reputation of being a witch, prided herself, and traded on it. Undoubtedly but for the protection of the law she would have received hurt from those who believed themselves injured in person or property by her spells. One Sunday I happened to pass her house, which was on a lonely part of the road, and stepped in to ask for a light for my cigar. She was sitting reading beside the fire and rose civilly to give me what I wanted, laying her spectacles across the open book. "After all," I thought, "she is not as bad as her reputation, or she would not be reading the Bible," and I looked to see what part of the Scripture she had been studying. Imagine my amusement and surprise to find that it was not a Bible at all, but a copy of Lord Chesterfield's 'Letters to his Son'! Now this old dame would infallibly have gone to the stake in the days of Queen Anne.

There are jealous husbands among us still; law and custom unite to give them due protection, and public opinion has prevailed to suppress the frightful cruelty of the precautions which, in primitive society, is sanctioned to ensure the fidelity of wives to their lords. It is said, for instance, that among certain hill-tribes in India, it is the custom for a husband to cut off his wife's nose as soon as the honeymoon is over, so that her beauty may not attract inconvenient admiration. Among that people the custom is as closely associated with the marriage ceremony as that of the wedding-ring is among ourselves.

Talking of marriage and its accompanying observances, it is high time to protest against a silly exotic practice which has been allowed to fix itself in our country —namely, rice-throwing at weddings. Old shoes, if you will, though some people might be glad if these unlovely missiles were prohibited at what ought to be a picturesque and is a somewhat affecting moment; but if anything *must* be thrown, let it be old shoes, according to native tradition. Rice has no sanction in the annals of Christian weddings: it is a pitiful sight to see a bride and bridegroom screening their eyes to avoid the stinging grains; nor always successfully — for one instance, at least, remains in the memory, of a bridegroom who was laid up for weeks from the effects of a grain of rice in the eye.

Obviously, this is not a custom indigenous to Britain, though in the country of its origin it boasts a respectable antiquity, dating from about the year 1500 B.C., when a certain sorcerer, named Chao, was plotting against the life of a rival sorcerer, a young lady named Peachblossom. Peachblossom being betrothed to Chao's son, Chao fixed for the wedding a day when the Golden Pheasant, a most truculent bird, was in the ascendant (whatever that may mean). He knew that at the moment the bride should enter the palanquin the spirit-bird would cleave her pretty head with his powerful beak. But the art of Peachblossom was a match for that of Chao. Foreseeing everything, "when the wedding morning came she gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, which the spirit-bird seeing, made haste to devour, and while his attention was thus occupied, Peachblossom stepped into the bridal chair and passed on her way unharmed. And now the ingen-

uous reader knows why he throws rice after the bride."

So says a writer in the 'Chinese Times,' but venerable as the story is in the Flowery Land, there is not the faintest excuse for commemorating Chao and Peachblossom in Christian espousals. Perhaps of equal antiquity, but of far deeper pathos and significance, is the custom which once prevailed in certain parts of Scotland of including in the bride's *trousseau* a set of grave-clothes. Of such a provision much might be made by the sombre genius of Pierre Loti, the author of that heart-rending romance, 'Pêcheur d'Islande.'

Having once opened the door to foreign customs in connection with our marriage ceremony, it is hard to say where the line should be drawn. There is a bewildering abundance and variety to choose from. One that prevails, or used to prevail (for it is said the missionaries have succeeded in making it unfashionable), in the New Hebrides would find unbounded favour with the disciples of Mrs Mona Caird. It is neither more nor less than the elevation of elopement into a national institution. In that land a girl used to have no choice in the matter of a husband; that was left in the hands of her parents or the chief of the tribe, who generally gave her to a bridegroom much older than herself. What followed is described by Rev. Dr Inglis in his 'Bible Illustrations from the New Hebrides':—

"As a general rule she lived quietly with him, through fear, for five or six years, till she reached the full vigour of womanhood, when she showed that she had a will and power of her own. She then began to cast her eyes on some vigorous young man of her own age, of that class who could more than hold his own with her husband . . . they then eloped; a quarrel and sometimes a war ensued, if peace was not secured by a large present being given to the injured husband and his friends. After a year or two, longer or shorter, as the case might be, the woman would quarrel with her new husband, or he with her, and she would leave him and become the wife of a third husband. This was not an exceptional case; it was the normal state of society. When we came to know the people, we found in the district where we lived, that among the thirty or forty families nearest to us, there was scarcely a woman who had reached middle life to whom it might not have been said, as our Saviour said to the woman of Samaria, 'Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.' I knew one or two women who had had as many as ten husbands."

But our would-be emancipators of women must understand that before they can hope to establish this utopian state of things the male population must considerably outnumber the female, so that ladies shall be at a premium. In Aneityum, it seems, there used to be only sixty-five women to a hundred men, a result arrived at by a national custom less romantic than universal elopement, namely, the strangulation of every wife on the death of her husband, and the slaughter of female infants. It seems, fortunately, as if these restless architects of new-fangled hearths have been born centuries too late to induce the world to try their experiment. Christianity, chivalry, and civilisation have prevailed to alter man's instinctive inquiry, "*Where* is a woman?" to "*What* is a woman?" to change his prayer from "Bring me a woman," to "Explain to me a woman."

Customs connected with so primary a want as food might be supposed to be enduring, and so they are in some respects, but in others

they are constantly changing. To let alone the hours of meal-times (the writer has already ventured some observations on these in the pages of 'Maga'[1]), the mode of serving dinner has been revolutionised within the memory of most of us. "To put your legs under a friend's mahogany" is still a well-understood figure of speech, but, for all you know, in sitting down to dinner with him you may be putting them under plain deal. The phrase tells of a time before *dîner à la russe* had made the table-cloth a fixture, by removing the joints and other dishes to the side-table, and replacing them by barrow-loads of fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats, a revolution almost as complete as took place when the Gothic conquerors of Italy set the fashion of sitting at table instead of reclining in the Roman manner. One country-house, and one only, I have still the privilege of visiting, where the carving is still done on the table; and after dinner, every movable having been lifted, the butler withdraws the cloth, and, with pardonable pride, reveals an expanse of mahogany—deeply, darkly, beautifully brown, with a surface like ice to the eye, and satin to the touch. It is probably its rarity that makes one appreciate this feature in the entertainment; but certainly, as the decanters slide noiselessly round in their silver trays, the claret seems to borrow a more silky seduction, the old sherry a more voluptuous glow, than they possess on dinner-tables *à la mode*. One thing is certain, that he is a sagacious host, who, instead of following sheeplike in the ruck of everyday entertainers, has the courage to retain some distinct feature like this. It is sure to dwell pleasantly in the minds of his guests, for it reminds them of times long gone by, which always seem brighter and dearer than the present. As M. Taine remarks in his 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,' "Je veux bien croire qu'alors les choses n'étaient point plus belles qu'aujourd'hui; mais je suis sûr que les hommes les trouvaient plus belles."

There prevails in our dinner-parties a sad want of sense of the eternal fitness of things. The cookery is consummate, but there is far too much of it, except for an epicure; and if you want to play the epicure, then the party should be small, and intent on the same purpose. The Romans of the decadence brought the art of dining to the highest perfection. Their parties never exceeded nine in number: professed *gourmets*, they devoted themselves during dinner to the pleasures of the table; afterwards, when the body had been cared for, came the time for the exchange of such intellectual refreshment as might be had. This was rational. If one is to be sensual let it be set about in a business-like way. Under the present system we confound two things; we spend lavishly on the material part of the feast, and we set it as if it were possible to do it justice and amuse our neighbours at the same time. The moment when your spirit leaps to the knowledge that, in spite of the eleven chances to one against it in a leg of mutton, the gods have so ordered that upon *your* plate shall rest the succulent disc known as the "Pope's eye"—that moment, I say, is not one in which you find it agreeable to enter upon the merits of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill with the county mem-

[1] "A Country Member's Moan," 'Maga,' July 1890.

ber's wife beside you. You feel that you must either swallow the delicate morsel with as little ceremony as if it were a piece of ordinary muscular tissue, or concentrate all your faculties on its deglutition. Nor, on the other hand, if by some harsh arbitrament of Fate you have been served with the wing of a woodcock, while an uninstructed creature in tulle and moiré ribbons picks hesitatingly at the juicy thigh of the same bird, and allows all the savoury wealth of the trail to be carried untasted away, can you be expected to respond satisfactorily to the artless inquiry—"If you are fond of lawn-tennis?"

No. Business is business. The Romans acted wisely in so arranging as to attend to one thing at a time. By all means have large dinner-parties; but, by the shade of Lucullus! let there be more elasticity about them.

"O weariness! beyond what asses feel
Who tread the circuit of the cistern wheel;
A dull rotation never at a stay,
Yesterday's face twin image of to-day;
While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows weary as the clicking of the clock."

So sung Cowper, and matters have not mended much since his day.

Of course there *are* dinner-parties, never large, that are as delightful as the overgrown feast is dismal; little intimate parties, where, amid shaded lights, well-cooked dishes, and well-ripened wines, the golden hours slip by all too fast. But if you want your hospitality to linger long and brightly in the memory of your guests, don't send a string of people down with the nicest attention to order of precedence, even to the dates of the creation of different baronets; ply them with more dishes than any one ought to, or than most people can, eat; and give them as much wine as they can walk away with, and withal expect them to be entertaining. Every one who is neither a glutton nor a dullard groans at the length and dulness of dinners; hence the recourse which has been had of late years to tobacco in the dining-room, saturated with which, and reeking in every stitch of their garments, men condescend to spend a few minutes in the drawing-room with the ladies before the party breaks up.

There is room for a spirited change in this custom of dinner-parties—for a new departure on the part of some one in a good position and with a good cook. Suppose some lady who has a large London house, and who wishes to entertain, were to intimate that she is "at home," say from eight to eleven, and put *petits dîners* in the corner of her cards. Answers would of course be requested, and the number who would come could be calculated almost to a nicety. Then let the dining-room be set as for a ball-supper, with small tables with four or six covers each. Guests would arrive at different hours, the onus of precedence (totally out of place in a private house) would be dispensed with, little parties would arrange themselves at the several tables, and a neat little dinner be served to each. In this way, in a roomy house, it would be quite easy to entertain forty or fifty people in an evening, and the double triumph would be attained of breaking intolerable routine and making the guests enjoy themselves. At least the experiment is worth trying.

By the by, as we have got on the subject of dinners, how often one hears the title *cordon bleu* mis-

applied to a man-cook. It is exclusively appropriate to a woman, as may be seen from the following extract from the 'Almanach des Gourmands' (1830): "Si les gages d'un cuisinier, et surtout les habitudes de l'artiste, vous le rendent trop dispendieux, bornez-vous au *cordon bleu*. Faites choix d'une *cuisinière* active, propre," &c. The origin of the distinction is well told by Abraham Hayward in his anonymous and lively work, 'The Art of Dining' (London, 1852). It appears that Louis XV. held the firm opinion that no woman could ever attain to the highest accomplishment in cookery. Madame Dubarry, resenting this as a slight upon her sex, resolved to convert him by stratagem. She caused a consummate supper to be prepared and served for the king in her rooms: the *menu* has been preserved to this day in evidence of the truth of the story. It was a complete success.

"'Who is this new *cuisinier* of yours?' exclaimed the monarch when this unparalleled succession of agreeable surprises was complete. 'Let me know his name, and let him henceforth form part of our royal household.' '*Allons donc*, la France!' retorted the delighted ex-*grisette*, 'have I caught you at last? It is no *cuisinier* at all, but a *cuisinière*; and I demand a recompense for her worthy both of her and your Majesty. Your royal bounty has made my negro, Zamore, governor of Luciennes, and I cannot accept less than a *cordon bleu* for my *cuisinière*.'"

Unluckily there is one link missing to complete the authenticity of this anecdote—the name of this great artist does not appear on the roll of the Order.

A brief reference to yet another custom and I have done. Grace before meat should never, under any circumstances, be dispensed with, not only because of the high example set us in this matter and the unvarying Christian practice, but also because of historic association (though this is getting dangerously near the mystic province of folk-lore). If any one is disposed to ask why gratitude should be shown by grace before taking food any more than before putting on his clothes, or entering his house, or enjoying anything else that is as necessary to life as food, let him remember that man did not always live in such abundance as we do now; that his supplies were not always so secure, and that a meal in primitive times generally depended on his skill and luck in hunting and fishing. Can it be wondered, then, that a man who owed reverence to any divinity at all, fell, in very early ages, into the excellent habit of expressing the thanks he felt at sitting down to a good square meal? To clothes, for the most part, he was indifferent, they were an extra, and he could always fall back on paint; a house also might be dispensed with, so long as there were good caves; but food—that *must* be had. So it is an old and good custom saying grace, and must not be allowed to fall into disuse, even if we can find no better expression of it than that found in a manuscript volume of recipes, once the property of the rough-handed Sir Robert Grierson of Lag—

"O Lord, weir ay gangan and wer ay gettan,
We soud ay be comman to thee, but wer ay forgettan."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE TWO BLIGHTS IN IRELAND.

Two of the saddest facts in connection with contemporary politics are these: first, that although Irish affairs have been discussed *ad nauseum* during the last ten years, a considerable proportion of British electors are in a condition of densest ignorance with regard to those very affairs; secondly, that these same people, intelligent and honourable enough as regards ordinary matters, are far more ready to give ear to designing agitators, who make patriotism a trade and use the woes of their country to compass their own traitorous ends, than to give credence to men of enlightenment and substance who live in Ireland, whose interests are bound up with the welfare of that country, whose character and position give weight and authority to their words, and who are loyal to Protestant Christianity and to the British Government. These facts, I repeat, are saddening and discouraging. There is a veritable danger that Unionists will begin to ask, "What is the use of spending our strength for nought? Why continue such hopeless work as that of trying to instruct and convince the British people on these momentous issues?" But the adoption of such a *laissez faire* policy by Unionists would indeed be to play the enemy's game. Unionists have one clear duty before them, and that is to strenuously endeavour, through encouragement and discouragement alike, to enlighten the intellect and move the conscience of Great Britain on the vital questions which now await solution.

A great outcry was raised some four or five weeks ago about the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, although, as a matter of fact, nobody then knew how the potato crop would turn out, inasmuch as digging had scarcely begun. There was a deep art in raising this outcry so prematurely, since it was impossible for anybody to say whether the potatoes had failed or not. The Nationalist agitator showed his usual cunning in boldly asserting that whereof he could have no certain knowledge, and a section of the British public manifested its usual short-sightedness and gullibility in accepting as demonstrated fact what could at best be only wild conjecture. The assumption that the potato crop had failed was made the excuse for another No-Rent manifesto. Messrs Dillon and Healy had shown their hands by advising their countrymen to pay no rent, but to live upon their means through the winter and spring, and then give to the landlord whatever surplus might be left. (Everybody knows what the surplus would be!) On August 27, Mr Healy, at a National League meeting in Dublin, strongly urged the Irish tenants to pay no rent until they had provided for their own necessities; and the same day he said, in an interview with a correspondent of the 'St James's Gazette,' that "if the choice is between paying rent and living" (there is much virtue in an "if"), "there can be no doubt as to which alternative we, or any other men possessed of ordinary humanity, would advise. . . . In most cases there will be no question of advice for us; payment of rent will simply be impossible." This

interview, it is worth while noting, took place in Mr Healy's "new house in the beautiful bay of Dalkey." Equally significant is the fact that Mr Healy did not advise Irish tenants to pay no fees to Nationalist lawyers until they saw what surplus they might have after living through the winter, and that he did not pronounce the payment of such fees to be "simply impossible."

I went to Ireland simply to inquire into matters of grave public concern. I regarded myself as the servant of the British people, the bulk of whom are poor struggling working men, ill able to bear the weight of taxation which is laid upon them, a large proportion of them being actually worse off than the Irish peasants in whose interests it is proposed to tax them still further. Generosity towards the Irish peasant is all very well; but justice towards the British peasant must have a place too. Irish agitators are "children of this world" in a very dark and deep sense, and they are more cunning, as well as more unscrupulous, than the "children of light;" but it is high time that British common-sense and shrewdness began to assert themselves against the blarney and the blandishments of the professional Irish patriot.

I commenced my inquiries in Donegal, which, for some reason or other, has been dropped by the Nationalists lately, though it figures prominently in the manifesto of the American Committee. My reasons for going to Donegal were that it is the *locale* of the Olphert estate, of which we have heard much, and are likely to hear more, and that a good portion of its seaboard is occupied by the Rosses and the parish of Gweedore, which are among the congested districts. A day or two after I got into Donegal, the Romish clergy of the diocese of Raphoe passed a series of resolutions, which affirmed that grievous distress was impending owing to the failure of the potato crop, and that 40,000 persons would be brought to starvation if relief were not given at once. The anonymous Liberal Unionist banker, whose statement was published in the 'St James's Gazette,' declared that the fields were "black with rotting potatoes all round the Olphert estate and the worst parts of the congested Donegal districts." Mrs Ernest Hart, writing in the 'Times' of September 13, with regard to the state of things in Gweedore, affirmed that "within the last month the blight has rapidly spread and destroyed the crop on which the people largely depend for food. . . . It is estimated that one-fifth of the population of Gweedore will be able to hold their own and need no help, but that four-fifths will suffer more or less from the loss of their crops." Now I will not characterise these statements as fabrications, nor will I impugn the motives of their authors, but I do unhesitatingly declare them to be ludicrous exaggerations. I traversed the poorer parts of Donegal, and I saw no sign of approaching famine. The people are well clothed and well nourished. Hunger, if it existed, would most surely show itself in the faces of the people, especially of the children; but I detected no indication of it, though I saw the children in the schools as well as in their own homes. Moreover, I found a crop of potatoes everywhere. In the worst parts of Gweedore and the Rosses, I saw potatoes dug out of the earth, and in most cases they were fairly numerous and of medium size. At Letterkenny

potatoes were selling at 3s. per cwt., or 4½d. per stone of 14 lb. At Dunfanaghy the price was 4s. per cwt. Last year, however, the price was just half what it is now, a fact which certainly proves that the potato crop is deficient as compared with last year (when the yield was unusually large); though it also proves that people who grow potatoes for the market are just as well off this year as they were last, since they get the same amount of money for half the produce. Both at Dunfanaghy and Gweedore I ate potatoes grown on the spot, and they were as good as I ever wish to eat. I also ate potatoes grown on the Olphert estate, and they were of good size and quality. To say that the fields in this district are black with rotting potatoes is a gross misrepresentation, which can only be the offspring of ignorance or of political design. Two or three persons with whom I conversed used the phrase "rotten potatoes"; but when I asked them to explain what they meant by it, it turned out that they merely meant that the potatoes were not so large or so good in quality as usual. A gentleman of my acquaintance in Belfast, who has a most intimate acquaintance with Donegal, was up in the most westerly corner of the county the other day, and he went into a field where they were digging potatoes. "Well," said he, "how are the potatoes turning out?" "Sure, your honour, they are all rotten." But on examining them for himself, "the divil a rotten one [to use his own phrase] could I see." The worst that can be said with regard to Donegal is that *in some parts* the potatoes are barely half a crop. This is my conclusion after careful inquiry. And this, though it may of course turn out to be somewhat serious to a small proportion of the people, affords no ground whatever for the absurdly exaggerated statements which have been made with a view to scaring, cajoling, or coercing the British public. In Belfast and Londonderry the partial failure of the potato crop is regarded as an ordinary incident. The best informed men in those towns say: "Oh, we have potato disease every year, more or less; this year there is probably a little more than usual; but it is simply a question of degree." And they are both amazed and amused that so much should be made of the matter in England.

In saying what I have done as regards Donegal, I am only corroborating the statements of Mr Jackson and Mr Courtney. The former gentleman, addressing a meeting at Leeds on September 24, said:—

"He had travelled from Carndonagh, in north Donegal, down to Cork and Baltimore in the south, and he had also explored a large portion of the sea-coast. There was no doubt that in some parts which were poorest and farthest from rapid means of communication, there were districts in which the potato crop was not only small in size but very deficient in quantity. There were other districts in Ireland, he believed by far the largest portion, in which the potato crop was satisfactory. . . . He did not wish to minimise the evil, or to say one word which would weaken measures which might be necessary to remedy what certainly would be a loss to the people whose crops of potatoes had failed. But at the same time he had confidence that the generally bad condition of the crops had been very much exaggerated, especially by Irish newspapers."

I inquired somewhat carefully as to the action taken by Mr Jackson when he was in Ireland, and particularly in Donegal. My

reason for doing this was that Mr M'Fadden, the notorious priest of Gweedore, has gone out of his way to discredit Mr Jackson's statements through the English press. Writing in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the priest said:—

"Mr Jackson and General Sankey drove in a waggonette over a beautiful public road that leads through a tract of moorland beyond the inhabited portions of Gweedore, halted for luncheon at the Gweedore hotel, resumed their journey, and passed out of Gweedore without seeing Gweedore at all, or the state of its crop. And I am told that they have said that reports regarding the blight are exaggerated! They may say what they like, but it is well for the public to know that they have not seen the district."

Mr M'Fadden is apt to think that no visitor has seen the district unless he has seen Mr M'Fadden; and if the visitor is a person of consequence, he is prone to consider himself aggrieved if he is not called upon and consulted. Those persons who know the facts understand perfectly well why the priest of Gweedore thus attempts to discredit Mr Jackson's statements. Gweedore is the name not of a town or village, but of a large and straggling district many miles in extent, and Mr Jackson might see much of it without going anywhere near Mr M'Fadden. The Secretary of the Treasury pursued his inquiries most conscientiously, took samples of the potatoes from the fields as they were being dug, and forwarded them to England every day.

But whatever may have been the case as regards Mr Jackson, I have seen Gweedore—the whole of it. I went to Derrybeg—partly to see the place where poor Martin was brutally murdered, and partly to see Mr M'Fadden's own house, which is the best for miles round. I also went to Bunbeg, near which Mrs Ernest Hart's modest premises—frequently dignified by the title of "factory"—are situated. After seeing the whole of Gweedore, and the Rosses as well, I emphatically endorse Mr Jackson's conclusions; though I should be disposed to qualify even this by saying that I think his views on the potato crop are too pessimistic. As to Mr M'Fadden's statements, they are wild to the degree of absurdity. He says:—

"The failure of the potato in this district is complete; the *poreens* that are in it are utterly unsafe for human food. In my opinion the failure is much greater and more uniform here than it was in 1879. [Which may be true; but being true, it only proves that the condition of things in 1879 was not half so bad as it was represented to be.] If employment is not provided, the situation will become most serious. I don't know under heaven what course I am to take. The Government is simply humbugging us."

Before the digging of the potatoes had well commenced, the priest declared the crop to be "a complete failure." Although the people all along the road were digging up potatoes, and preparing them for cooking, one is asked to deny the evidence of one's own senses, and to believe that there are no potatoes at all. Mr M'Fadden asserts that the Government is trying to humbug himself and his friends. The truth is, that he and his friends are trying to humbug the British Government and the British people, and I am afraid, as usual, with only too much success.

The Irish peasant is never so happy as when he is befooling an Englishman (and the same is true

of the Irish priest); and as the average Englishman, simple and unsuspecting man, is ignorant of these wiles, he too often falls an easy prey. With regard to the potato crop, the peasantry, parrot-like, all repeat the same cry—that the potatoes are all spoilt. They will coolly look you in the face and tell you this while they are all the time digging up good potatoes before your very eyes. Manifestly they have all been coached, and the intention clearly is to pocket a further portion of the landlord's rent and at the same time to rake in the sovereigns from the "charitable" (and gullible) public of Great Britain.

So far as the potato crop is a failure, it is largely due to the slipshod style of cultivation in vogue in Ireland. If a man sets potatoes in wet bog, what can be expected? And this is just what the majority of them do in all these poorer districts. The Irish peasantry are in no sense farmers; they do not understand, and will not make any effort to understand, agriculture; they are simply labourers, thousands of whom go to England or Scotland for the harvest, and potter about their little holdings for the rest of the year. They do nothing thoroughly. From December to March they will leave their land untouched, and during that time the water will stand on it till it is sodden, while cattle and pigs may run over it at their will. In March the "farmer" will begin to do what he ought to have done in December; the seed is put into wet and cold land; and if the season is at all unfavourable, the seed is killed before it can properly strike root. A man in the Rosses district began to dig his potatoes, and they turned out very poorly (they were Champions, of which I hear everywhere very unfavourable accounts, — "Them Champions has ruined the counthry," said one old man to me); another man, with land of the same character and situation, has a very good crop of potatoes, also Champions. What made the difference? In one case the land was drained, and was comparatively dry and warm; in the other case it was undrained, and was merely cold, sodden bog. The first requisite of the Irish peasant farmer is—energy; the second requisite is—energy; the third requisite is—energy. If the poorest parts of Donegal, Mayo, and Galway were in the hands of people like the Montenegrins, or the Dutch, or even the French, they would make them blossom like the rose and bring forth abundant harvests.

It may be said that however much the people may be in fault they should not be allowed to starve when their crops fail. That is, of course, quite true. But there is no danger of anybody starving in any part of Ireland that I have visited—and I have visited all the "shocking examples" of the Parnellites—even if they get no outside help. The people have money for every purpose under heaven but paying the landlord his just due. In the wide district stretching from Dunfanaghy to Glen Columbkill, a distance of seventy or eighty miles, which includes Gweedore and the Rosses—the most congested and distressed districts in Donegal—there are numbers of people who have in their cabins two or three cows, besides geese, turkeys, ducks, fowls, &c. Between Dungloe and Glenties there are many people who admit that they get from 10s. to 12s. a-week for their eggs alone. Almost all the rents are under £4

a-year; a great proportion of them are under £3; and not a few are under £2. In all these districts I have seen holdings on which the oat crop (which is this year a very good one) alone would be worth £20, and besides oats there were hay, oxen, sheep, fowls, &c. Frequently I have counted eight and ten oxen on one of these small holdings; in one case I counted thirteen, and three horses, besides smaller stock; and in another case eighteen oxen. The people can afford the most expensive tea, to drink whisky and smoke tobacco, to subscribe to the priests and the League, while the workhouses in these "distressed" districts are virtually empty. These are the facts. Do they point to famine? Most emphatically I assert that there is at present no distress, properly so called, in Donegal; and with equal emphasis I affirm that there is not likely to be such distress during the winter, beyond what the poor-law can quite adequately cope with. Surely it is high time that these Irish peasants ceased to be the spoilt children of British charity, and that the benevolent British public found objects more deserving of its sympathy and assistance!

What I have said with regard to Donegal will apply, often even more forcibly, to other "distressed" districts, such as East Mayo and West Galway. A superficial observer passing through these districts would, especially if he were a sentimentalist, probably conclude that many of the people were living in abject poverty. But in no country is it so misleading to judge by appearances as in Ireland. Because people live in little cabins and herd with cows and pigs, and their women and children go barefoot, many strangers conclude that they are in dire distress. But in Ireland these are not signs even of ordinary poverty. Plenty of people who have a good round sum in the bank live in exactly the same style. They do so from habit and choice, and not from necessity. In Connemara I saw the house of a man who has been a poor-law guardian, and who can produce from £200 to £500 in solid cash any day in the year (besides a large amount of cattle), but his house is as dirty and as miserable in appearance, and his children as forlorn and neglected, as any others that you can find, even in Ireland. Another instance, also in Connemara, is this: In a certain cabin, or rather in one room of the cabin, there lived and slept a man and his wife, two grown-up sons, and two grown-up daughters. This might be thought enough; but in addition there was a bull, which was tied to the daughters' bed, a litter of pigs which was under their bed, and either one or two other quadrupeds besides. Now, why did these people live like this? It was not because they were poor, for they were actually very well off. The man had even built a new house, which he refused to occupy for "fear his luck would leave him." The richest man in a certain congregation in the west of Ireland has a mud floor in his house, and his best room would be despised by many an English working man. In Ireland it is necessary to penetrate a long way beneath the surface in order to reach the heart and the reality of things. Still, there are some things that do lie upon the surface; and an observer who has any acuteness at all need not go far astray. For example, when one sees that the very dogs (of which

there are a great many) are sleek and in good condition, and that the fowls are fed with meal,—when one can count as many as twenty turkeys besides smaller fowl, eight or ten head of cattle, six or eight sheep, a dozen stacks of oats and the same number of hay,—it requires no great penetration to perceive that these people are very well off. Of course I do not affirm that every Irish farmer is as well off as this, but I say that thousands of them are (and thousands more a great deal better off), and that even the poorest of them are living in rude comfort.

The man who drove me from Glenties to Donegal informed me that the people would have little but bread and tea to live on this year; but when I asked him, half an hour later, what the people did with their milk, he replied that they used it in their families, made butter with it, and gave the buttermilk to their calves and pigs. The more I learned of the condition of these "distressed" people, the more difficult I found it to get up any enthusiasm on their behalf.

Some of the districts I passed through—*e.g.*, the district around the town of Donegal, that between Donegal and Sligo, and the vicinity of Castlebar—are attractive, thriving, and prosperous. It would be hard to point to similar districts in Great Britain where the people are on the whole so well off. Their rents are low, they have free fuel — and often free grazing — in abundance. As I passed through these thriving districts, one thought would force itself into my mind, and that was that the more prosperous among the Irish farmers seem to have no thought or care for the less prosperous, but are characterised by a narrowness of view which degenerates into downright meanness. Assuming that parts of Donegal are congested and distressed, what ought those people to do who live in other parts of Donegal which are prosperous? Clearly they ought to help their less fortunate neighbours. But do they ever think of this? Not they. Their one cry is that the British Government must help the suffering people. In Meath, Roscommon, Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare, Limerick, Tipperary, Cork, &c., there are thousands of large farmers who are making money, and they are mainly Nationalists. Do they ever think of putting their hands into their pockets to help the peasant cultivators of Kerry, Galway, Mayo, and Donegal? Nothing of the kind. Their idea rather is to use the distress of these latter—whenever they can—to get their own rents further reduced, and to obtain a share of anything good that is going. The farmers of Ireland have very little love for each other, notwithstanding all their "slutherin" talk.

Between Bundoran and Sligo I fell in with a travelling book-canvasser, who knew the habits of the people thoroughly, as he lives among them largely, paying sixpence a-night for a bed in a cabin. This man denounced the Nationalists with more vigour than any British Conservative that I ever heard of. He said: "I was ashamed of my country when I read that American manifesto. It's all d——d humbug and imposture. Not a pound of it will ever reach the poor man." Then he said that he had told some peasants up in the Donegal mountains to cheer up, as money was being collected for them in America. Their reply was, "Divil

a penny of it will we get." Such views as these are more widespread in Ireland than is commonly supposed. These people know that their poverty is being exploited by men who do not care a straw for them, but are bent on making money for themselves.

On the same road I met a woman of the peasant farming class, whose husband holds fifteen acres under the Hon. E. Ashley, whom she pronounced to be one of the best of landlords. This woman had on kid gloves, a stylish cloth jacket, a French merino dress, fur boa, and a fashionable hat. She was going to Sligo market. I learned from her that the people thereabouts keep from one to ten cows, and sell the butter, giving the buttermilk, &c., to pigs and calves. Observing a good many geese and turkeys about, I asked her how much they fetched in the market, and she informed me that dealers at Christmas gave 3s. each for geese, and 4s. for turkeys. But when I asked her about the potatoes, she replied that they were "all black." As a matter of fact, they were really good, the evidence of which was open to anybody who had eyes to see.

Between Sligo and Ballina there are even more numerous signs that the people are well off. The houses are better, and there are indications of improved taste, such as greater cleanliness, flowers, &c., and orchards begin to appear. But the women and children still go barefoot. Potatoes I saw in plenty. They were digging and pitting them; there were sacks of them on the ridges; and they stood in front of the cabins washed ready for cooking. In and around Ballina there are no signs of distress. I met there a commercial man who had been in Belmullet, and as I knew this to be one of the places where the distress was supposed to be the worst, I asked him his opinion on the matter. "Well," he replied, "all I know is that I spent only a day there, and I took £800." He thought that pretty conclusive; so did I. At Ballina I also met a northern farmer who had come to buy stock at the fair. I told him I was on the look-out for the distress, and asked him where it was. "Oh," he replied, "ye may easily find it." "How?" I asked. "Go to the priests; they will find it for you," was his answer. "Well, I daresay they will get some up for me," I observed. He laughed, and then told me of a friend of his from the south of England, who, wishing to find the distress, went to a parish priest, with whom he stayed two days and nights, spending most of his time in visiting the priest's distressed parishioners. A few days afterwards the Englishman went to fish in the same locality, and chanced to go to one of the cottages to light his pipe, when, to his astonishment, he found the whole scene transformed. This reminds one of the story of Sir George Trevelyan, who, when Chief Secretary, was taken to see a distressed family who were said to be living on sea-weed, and were actually eating sea-weed when he entered. But when a Belfast friend of mine went to see the family a few days later they were eating food much more substantial than sea-weed. Besides, the sea-weed which they had been eating was at that very time selling in Belfast at 1s. a quart!

Mayo has an unenviable reputation as the birthplace of the Land League, as well as in some other respects. A Connemara man would consider himself grossly insulted if

you called him a Mayo man. Mr Dillon is member for East Mayo, and in the remarks hereafter quoted he chides the people of the county for their slackness with regard to the Nationalist movement. Mr Courtney, M.P., visited East Mayo, and afterwards declared that there was "no total failure of the potato crop except in isolated districts." He did not state that he had himself seen any district where there was a total failure of the crop, and I do not think that he could make such a statement, though I know that he went to the worst districts. I have not found any place where the crop has totally failed, and I have never met a man who knew where there was such a place. Certainly the crop has not totally failed in Mayo, either East or West.[1] A gentleman who knows the poor districts of Ireland more intimately, probably, than any other man living, says: "The people have had good prices for their small stock for the past two or three years, and every one has a cow, and consequently a calf, to sell (and nothing is so profitable as a calf), in addition to the milk used. For those who have gone to England for wages this year—as is customary—good wages have been obtained; £10, £12, or more will be brought home by some thousands of men in both Mayo and Galway." This is the testimony of a man who knows Mr Dillon's constituency far better than Mr Dillon will ever do if he represents it for fifty years.

The country around Castlebar is, as I have stated, really fine. I asked the man who drove me there what rent he had to pay. He said his rent was 2s. weekly, and that he had only a small cottage and no land; that many people around had a farm of land and a cottage, with the right of cutting turf, for the same rent; and yet these latter were always grumbling. "Sure, the Government has done well for them, and *she* will do better yet," said he. "Suppose you didn't pay your 2s. a-week rent," said I, "and your landlord was a Land Leaguer, what would he do?" "He would put me out at once, and say that he would get somebody that would pay." I then asked him what the League had ever done for him, or others like him, and his reply was that the League would do nothing for the towns nor for the working men. This man remembered when

[1] Since this article was written a series of letters have appeared in the 'Scotsman' from a well-known authority on agriculture, whom that journal sent to investigate the condition of the potato crop in the congested districts of Ireland. In these letters I have read striking confirmation of the views put forth in this article as to the position of the small farmers of Ireland. In his letter on County Mayo the writer in the 'Scotsman' says: "Happily the crops this year are not by any means so poor as they have been represented to be. I was led to understand that the potato crop in Swinford was an utter failure. I have not found this to be the case. . . . There is comparatively little disease,—in some cases one diseased tuber in four or five; as a rule, one in ten or fifteen. I have examined a dozen fields in succession here without finding more than the merest traces of disease in the tubers. . . . The oat crop is also of great importance to these small farmers, and it is gratifying to be able to say that the yield of oats both in straw and grain has this year been exceptionally abundant. It is surprising, indeed, to see such a quantity of oats on these poor holdings. . . . On nearly all the holdings there is at least one cow."

potatoes were selling at a penny a stone, and he declared that the people were not so well off then as they are just now.

The man who drove me from Westport to Leenane informed me that he paid £10 a-year for a kitchen, two rooms, and a small yard, and that it was "Pay or go." He was an adherent of the Land League at first, but now freely expressed his disappointment and disgust at the way it had been worked. "We would have something to say to it now, if it had to be done over again," he remarked, significantly. I asked him if he knew a single really distressed person in the district, and he said he did not, adding with much vigour: "It's all d——d rot to talk about distress. The people here have got into the begging system, and they can't get out of it. And it's not the poor who get the money at all. A body with a spark of dacent feeling nivver asks for the likes of it, and it goes to those who are well off." I found that labourers in this district receive from 9s. to 12s. per week; and as they have to pay high rents for their cottages (often to landlords who are Leaguers), without gardens, and to give 6s. for a fortnight's supply of turf, it is not surprising that they have no great love for the League party. There was a world of meaning in the vigour and contempt with which my driver declared that if a few flakes of snow were to fall "they [the farmers] would raise the turf by two prices."

Kerry is another of the poorer counties, and the position there is thus described by a resident of intelligence and position: "You wish to know if our potatoes are good. They are not; they are small and very sappy. At Lisdoonvarna the potatoes were beastly wet, black, and small. At Kilkee they were delicious in flavour and very dry; balls of flour, but small. At Glin they say that their potatoes have never been better. So you see that they vary; but to talk of a potato famine is all bosh. The country people are no more dependent on potatoes for food than you are. They use bread nowadays; and what between American flour and bacon, and the high wages that are going, they are not badly off. . . . It is a very fair season; crops are very flourishing; there has been a good deal of rain, but there has also been any amount of strong wind, and that has dried up the country."

Connemara is the pet country of the Parnellite and Gladstonian agitator. The British public have been literally deluged by a flood of misrepresentations (not to use a stronger epithet) with regard to this district; or, as Mr Mitchell Henry mildly puts it—"There is an enormous amount of stuff talked about the Western peasants." But in Connemara I found virtually the same state of affairs as in the other districts to which I have referred. There are potatoes in plenty. Most of the people have geese, ducks, fowls, &c.; and the geese, at all events, they do not sell, but eat themselves. The man who possesses but one cow is a rare exception; most of them have six or eight cattle, besides sheep, &c. In a village not far from where I write, every man (with two or three exceptions) has his horse (besides cattle), and rides to mass. Farms of twenty acres are let for £5 a-year, and I know one of seventy acres, twelve of them being arable, the rent of which is only £15 a-year.

On one estate that I know there are eight provision shops, and every one does a good business. People who can eat new-laid eggs for breakfast, kill a goose or a fowl when they like, drink tea at 3s. a pound, and some of whom have from £200 to £500 in the bank, are not in a condition where they need much pity. Their priests evidently think so, for they do not hesitate to bleed them pretty freely. In this particular part of Connemara, which has been paraded before the electors of Great Britain as abjectly distressed and as a disgrace to British government, no priest will move a finger to serve the people unless he gets a fee. These priests, who are always denouncing landlords for exacting exorbitant rents from the peasants on their estates, actually extort a fee of £3 (more than a whole year's rent in thousands of cases) from the poorest of these peasants for performing the marriage ceremony. As to burials, the priest never goes near even those of his own parishioners unless he is paid a very considerable sum. Nobody knows the material condition of the people so well as the priest, and it is quite fair to infer from his action that he is anxious to keep money out of the landlord's pocket in order to put it into his own.[1] Mr Mitchell Henry, who lives in Connemara, says: "There is a great failure of potatoes all through the West, but not to the extent stated by interested politicians. Potatoes planted in February are good, but those planted, as usual, far too late, have never grown properly through the wet spring." Another evidence of the fact that it is the wretched style of cultivation (farming it cannot be called) which is chiefly in fault. Until a rational system of dealing with the land is adopted in Ireland, a wet season will always produce disaster. Yet the landlords and the British Government are to be held responsible for consequences which spring directly from the tenants' own delinquencies!

What then did I find in Ireland —in the very districts which are singled out in the American manifesto and in Nationalist journals as the centres of blight and distress? I found the "distressed" peasants of Donegal drinking tea which costs 3s. and 4s. per pound. In Connemara and Mayo it is the same. Every tea merchant in Ireland will, if he is honest, tell you that the poorer the district the more highly priced is the tea sold; in Irish towns the average price of the tea bought is 2s. per pound, in the rural districts the average price is 3s. In the workhouse at Clifden, which is the centre of Connemara, the tea supplied to the paupers in the workhouse costs 2s. 2d. a pound, and a very strong minority of the guardians wished to pay a still higher price, as has been done before.[2] Does this look like famine? Almost every one of these "distressed" peasants in Ireland has a cow, many have two, three, and up to ten, besides sheep, horses, and other cattle. They pay low rents, and have free fuel in abundance, and in many cases they sell more than enough turf

[1] In this district of Connemara, the dues of the priests, which are paid at Easter, Christmas, and harvest, have been exactly doubled since the Land League agitation began. A significant and pregnant fact truly!

[2] Since writing the above, I have been informed that much of the best tea imported into England is forwarded to Ireland.

off their land to pay the rent. Even here in Connemara many of the people keep geese, which they do not sell, but eat themselves; they also keep fowls, and eat a great many of the eggs, the rest being sold, or exchanged for tea and sugar, the price obtained at present being 7s. 6d. per hundred. In the Rosses, again, one of the poorest districts of Donegal, many a tenant spends more on tobacco than the amount of his rent, and he spends twice as much on whisky as on smoke. In one small town in this district I found a shop which last year sold 150 tons of breadstuffs! These peasants always have money for the priest and the agitator, and thousands of them have money in the banks.

Furthermore, these "distressed" peasants and their friends have, during the last eleven years, subscribed about £750,000 for political purposes, the principal items being as follow: Land League, November 10, 1879, to September 7, 1882, £261,269; Organisation Fund, £102,384; Relief Fund, £71,078; Ladies' Land League, £75,355; and over and above all this there were fair-trial funds, testimonials, &c. Nobody knows where this money has gone, though it has been administered by the "Irish party." These subscriptions began, be it noted, in a famine year, and the Irish peasantry were actually subscribing to support Parnell, Davitt, & Co., while they were themselves receiving contributions towards their own support: it is now sought to repeat the same tactics. While the Parnellite leaders are appealing to the world for contributions to sustain the "distressed" Irish peasantry, they are also appealing to this same peasantry for subscriptions to the funds administered by the National League!

Again, I found that although the distress, such as it is, will not affect more than one person in twenty, the other nineteen do not consider themselves in any way bound to help the twentieth. In the very nation which has raised £750,000 for Parnellism (including over £30,000 given to Mr Parnell himself), and where £30,000 was collected the other day for the Pope, no collection has been made for this "famine." Why? Because nobody in Ireland believes in it; everybody knows that it is in the main a bogus famine. People in Ireland know too much to subscribe towards a famine fund; they will leave that to persons who are in ignorance of the facts. There are millions of money in Irish banks; the Post-Office Savings Banks and railway statistics prove that Ireland was never so prosperous as she is now; her exports to England alone are worth £20,000,000 a-year. The population of the country is less by 3,000,000 than it was in 1846-47, and its wealth has more than doubled. In 1841 the deposits and cash balances in Irish joint-stock banks were £6,023,000, or 7s. per head of the population; in 1881 they were £30,161,000, or £5, 8s. per head of the population; and on the 30th of June this year they amounted to £33,061,000, while the population had still further decreased. In 1871 the deposits in the Post-Office Savings Banks were £698,000; on June 30, 1890, they were £3,585,000, with a much smaller population. In 1841 the number of cattle in Ireland was 1,863,000; at present it is 4,240,753. The number of sheep, which was 2,106,000 in 1841, is now 4,323,805; while

poultry has risen from 8,459,000 in 1841, to 15,411,109 at the present time. While Ireland is in this condition, financially and materially, her priests and politicians have neither subscribed to any famine fund themselves, nor asked the Irish people to do so. Does not this tell its own story? Contrast this action with that of the men of Lancashire during the cotton famine, and then you will have the measure of the difference, not only between the character of the two peoples, but between a genuine famine due to economic laws and a sham famine vamped up by designing politicians. This cry of famine is simply got up as a no-rent movement against the landlords and as a political movement against the Government.

While the tenants are thus prosperous, what of the landlords? Here is the answer: "Half of them are broken, impoverished, bankrupt." The speaker is Mr Morley, who not only asserts, but almost boasts, that the Irish landlords are ruined. Who ruined them? The answer to that question may be found in the Report of the Special Commission. Yet these landlords, who have been deliberately and wantonly impoverished by England's enemies because they are her friends, are now to be made to suffer still further deprivation because their foes find it politically expedient to raise a cry of famine when there is no famine!

My conclusion as to the partial failure of the potato crop, and as to the probable consequences of that failure, is clear and definite. This famine cry is another phase of the conspiracy to impoverish and ruin the Irish landlords—"the English garrison," or the friends of England. "Coercion and intimidation," the weapons formerly used to compass this end, having been rendered unsafe, blarney and fiction are now resorted to instead. The resources of legislation being exhausted, at all events for the time being, the exploitation of artificial distress is to be tried. The famine-mongers are of three kinds — priests, politicians, and local leaders (village ruffians). All these are interested parties. The priests depend upon the people for their income. Every famine cry is started by the priests, and one of their motives at least is obvious. These gentlemen are particularly active just now, though, as we have seen, there is no distress. The politicians, M.P.'s, &c., also depend upon the contributions of the peasantry, and in asking for subscriptions either from, or on behalf of, these latter, they are really begging for themselves. They have an eye upon their own offices and salaries. As to the smaller fry — the local leaders — they are in virtually the same position, besides which, they have a good deal to do with the local administration of relief funds; and this, in many ways, gives them power in their districts.

Mr Dillon, on September 21, was presented with an address at Castlebar, in reply to which he said: "They talked about a potato blight in the country, which he believed was bad enough, but the blight of landlordism was worse." At Claremorris another address was presented, and in replying to this Mr Dillon expressed his regret that Mayo did not, "as in the early days of the movement, occupy a very foremost position in the fight;" and he urged the people to use what he characterised as a "terrible calamity"—namely, the failure of the potato

crop—as a means of making the name of Mayo "heard not only all over Ireland, but also in far-distant America." Mr Dillon next drove to Kiltimagh, where other addresses were presented from the Gaelic Association and National League. The day after a meeting was held at Swinford. In his speech Mr Dillon characterised the town as "the centre of the poorest and most crowded district of Ireland, and a district which is the most threatened with famine perhaps in the whole of Ireland." It was in this speech that Mr Dillon said:—

"There, in front of you, you see the sole supporters of Mr Balfour and his policy, the salaried servants of the State; and on the other side you see the population of the country, who detest his Government, and who suffer under it, and who, but for the bayonets and overwhelming power of England, would immediately overthrow the Government and have done with it for ever. I say deliberately, if it was within our power, as please God it will soon be within our power, to destroy and obliterate for ever from Ireland that vain and detestable system which requires to be propped up by the bayonets of statesmen in order to support it, that there would follow in the train of such a revolution peace and plenty and prosperity in Ireland. All the misery, and all the want, and all the crime, and all the suffering which have cursed and blackened the past history of our race, have been the direct consequences of the infamous system of government which is obliged to enrol 14,000 Irishmen, whom I regret to say sell their souls to the devil for a good day's pay."

Further on he said:—

"That is what brought all these military here to-day—to warn you if you dared to feed yourselves before you pay the tribute to the landlord, that you will have to deal with the police and military. Now that is the object for which this great force of police is collected here to-day. Well, all I can say is this, that *I do not very much pity the man who is starving next spring and lets himself be intimidated now. I would rather see to-morrow the whole population of eastern Mayo locked in Castlebar jail, if they would fit there, than learn that you had played the part of dastardly cowards, and paid over to the landlords the money you have saved from the harvest, the provisions you have been reserving for yourselves and your families.*"

According to Mr Dillon, the population of the Swinford Union is 54,000, and the valuation £40,000, or about 15s. per head. He declared it to be the poorest Union in Ireland. He says that during the last ten years £110,000 have been distributed in this Union in charitable relief, and that during the same period a quarter of a million of money was paid in rent. From this he drew the inference that the money which was subscribed by charitable people for the starving people of Swinford was not relieving the people at all, but was passing indirectly into the pockets of the landlords, and he added that if it came to charity, "let the charity be given direct to the landlords, and let you be left alone." On this point, he added: "I say the whole system of collecting relief funds for a Union like this, *while rents are being paid*, is a system of imposture and an outrage on the charitable people of the world." (Mr Dillon did not say how much the Land League has received from the Swinford Union during the last eleven years!) Nothing more is required to show the *animus* of Messrs Dillon and Healy. What they care about is not so much to help the tenants of Ireland as to injure the landlords.

On 1st October the American allies of the Parnellites issued an appeal to the people of the United States, in which they said :—

"Beyond the sea a nation shudders under the shadow of an impending calamity, and once again the awful spectre of famine haunts the Irish people. . . . The generosity of *the American people alone* stands between the Irish and starvation. . . . Our brothers of the human race in Ireland *must taste the bitterness of death unless we speedily send help from America.* . . . The potato rot or blight has spread through all parts of Ireland. In West Cork the yield is below the average; while in the poorer districts, in the counties of Donegal, Clare, Mayo, Galway, and Kerry, *the crop is a total failure.* . . . Shall a starving people be left to sound the depths of awful woe? If not, there must be no delay in extending aid. It will not do to wait until the Irish people prove the existence of famine by dying in scores for the lack of food. Shall men fall dead in the public highways because Americans have said they will give relief next month, but not now? Shall children die waiting with hunger, and shall skeleton babes suck in vain the breasts of their mothers, dead or dying of starvation, because Americans have said that they will give by-and-by, and that it is too soon now? The American Committee appeals to every one—man, woman, and child—irrespective of race, religion, or politics. Let those in their happy homes where plenty reigns remember the Irish households, where *the grim spectre of famine is a constant dweller.*"

Parnellite journals, both in Ireland and in Great Britain, spoke in the same swelling style, their palpable aim always being rather to insult the people of Great Britain than to assist the people of Ireland. Some of them even went so far as to attempt an analogy between the famine of 1846-47 and the "famine" of the present year. No doubt this inflated political rhetoric imposed upon a number of kindly disposed people, and even upon some Unionists. A correspondent of the 'St James's Gazette,' for example, on 1st September said :—

"A great cloud is coming over Ireland, and it comes from all points of the compass, from the north as well as the south, and the east as well as the west. . . . The blight is spreading, and the outlook for the winter is blacker than ever since 1879. . . . The fields are black with rotting potatoes all round the Olphert estate and the worst parts of the congested Donegal districts. . . . In short, the east will experience distress and trouble; the west *famine and starvation.*

Even the Unionist journals of Ireland lost their heads somewhat in the scare, and gave Mr Balfour a great deal of gratuitous and impertinent advice as to his duty in dealing with the "famine."

To one who has just traversed the poorer districts of Ireland, as I have done, and who is writing these lines in Connemara itself, these highly wrought descriptions and hysterical appeals appear comic instead of tragic, simply because there is in Ireland no reality which answers to them. These pretentious and pretended statements of fact are in the main fictions spun out of the brains of men who have either never seen Ireland at all, or have looked at it with blinded eyes.

It actually requires some courage to see and say the truth in and of Ireland just now — the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am not a landlord, and never have been; I have no connection with landlords, and never have had; I am simply an observer and a citizen, striving to do my duty according

to the best light that I can obtain. Sympathy with human suffering in all its forms I labour to cultivate and to cherish; but such sympathy, if genuine, must concern itself with all classes, and not merely with one, and it must accord with righteousness. It always seems ungracious, however, if not harsh, to speak the honest truth respecting such a matter as this, though it is in reality the truest kindness.

From what I have heard of certain Castle officials, and from what I have observed of the conduct of one or two gentlemen whose official duties bring them into intimate association with Irish distress, I fear that they are strongly tinged with Nationalist sympathies. "Distressed" Irish tenants are not likely to suffer in the hands of these gentlemen, though it is by no means certain that they will manifest a tender regard for the pocket of the British taxpayer. For the latter individual it is a grave question whether men tainted with the rebel spirit should be permitted to serve the Imperial Government in Ireland. These gentlemen are making to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when the Nationalists triumph they may be received into Home Rule offices. The landlords of Ireland say that their avowed enemies are carefully selected to fill positions in the Land Courts. This assertion will no doubt be regarded as a wild exaggeration, due to prejudice and self-interest (though it is hard to see why the statements of tenants and their advocates should not be regarded with equal suspicion); but if it is true, even in part, it is of grave import. For it is distinctly against the general good that men who wish to pull down the landlords should be appointed to deal with their interests, inasmuch as the cause of the landlord is, in another form, the cause of commercial integrity and of social morality. I refer to this point, first of all, to show that "the Castle" is by no means what the Nationalists represent it to be, and that it is the British public and not the Irish Nationalists who have cause to be dissatisfied with that institution; and secondly, to warn the British people that it is their interests, and not those of the "distressed" tenantry of Ireland, which are likely to suffer at the hands of official investigators.

Ireland is said by one of her own poets to be "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." She is certainly the most self-abasing nation of which the civilised world has had any experience; she is a very wanton in humiliation; she glories in grovelling in the mire. But it is piteous to see a nation playing the part of malingerer and mendicant—acting the hypocrite and impostor, as if to the manner born. The acute observer may perceive a parallel at this point between the average Irish man or woman and the bulk of the Irish people. The average individual in Ireland is lacking in pride, in legitimate self-esteem, as well as in vigour, independence, and resourcefulness; and so the bulk of the Irish nation is lacking in true patriotism, in national self-respect, in the disposition to make the most of the resources of the nation for the common good. Happily, there is a reverse side to the medal. As among the individuals there are exceptions who are manful, upright, self-respecting, and self-helping, so there is in the nation a remnant of robust, capable, and strenuous men, who are

patriots in deed as well as in word.

"The Irish tenant is a bit of a humbug, and we are getting rather tired of him," said a Scottish Radical M.P. the other day. This is a streak of light athwart the gross darkness which covers the Gladstonians. It may even be an indication that these erring men are at last beginning to find out how they have been befooled. After more than one visit to Ireland, I am astounded at the credulity of the British people. The Land League movement, besides being violent, cruel, and immoral, is the most gigantic imposture of the century. I have yet to find an estate where rent was an economic factor of any importance whatever; or, in other words, where the payment of rent made any perceptible difference in the position of the tenant. No tenant in Ireland is poor on account of the rent he has to pay. It follows from this that the landlord is not responsible for the condition of the tenants, though he has been saddled with this responsibility, and mulcted and harassed in every possible way; and it follows from that again, that Parliament has begun at the wrong end of the problem.

If I am asked whether I think that any measures of relief will be needed in Ireland this winter, I reply that I think some such measures will be needed, not because the people will be in actual distress, but because the cry of famine will have stopped their credit. These people may not have cash, but they have cattle and crops, and in ordinary years the shopkeeper would have given credit till the customer could have realised on his produce and stock. This year he will not do so. It is the custom of the Irish people to live on credit, and they can get along very well on that system so long as their credit is not interfered with.

What measures of relief should be employed? First of all, and negatively, there should be no charitable funds raised, and no outdoor relief given, except in the most sparing and guarded manner. The first duty of the Government is to strictly localise both distress and relief, and if any special measures are required, to carefully confine them to an area where they are admittedly necessary. Above all, there should be no special grants of public money by Parliament for relief purposes purely. The people of Ireland have been demoralised, pauperised, almost irretrievably injured, by misguided and misapplied "charity." One might write volumes upon the negligence, fraud, and corruption which have marked the administration of public funds in Ireland. It is a painful and a shameful story. Sir M. Hicks-Beach drew aside a corner of the veil the other day, and exposed the maladministration of the Poor Relief Act of 1886, for which Mr John Morley was responsible. Under that Act £20,000 was given to relieve alleged exceptional distress in six unions in the west of Ireland, the guardians of these unions being enabled to relax the conditions under which outdoor relief could be given. What was the result? The guardians gave relief to relieving officers; to farmers who owned large tracts of land, cattle and sheep; to pensioners, to men earning good wages, to people with large amounts in the bank, and to money-lenders; and to a large number of people who never exist-

ed. In Clifden Union there were 18,500 persons receiving relief, in Galway 67,000, and in Swinford 29,500. These unions are to-day suffering under the burden of debts which were then accumulated. In Clifden, £6000 more was spent in outdoor relief than the grant given by the Government. This £20,000, instead of relieving distress, aggravated it.

Secondly, and positively, local voluntary effort should, as Mr Courtney rightly says, bestir itself to deal with this matter. The Irish people should be made to realise their own responsibility, and not to throw themselves helplessly upon the Imperial Government. There will be no distress in Ireland this winter except in a few well-defined areas, and the people of Ireland are well able to cope with it without outside help if they will only put their shoulders to the wheel. If the Government does anything at all, its action should be carefully limited to the construction of public works, which should be paid for at a rate slightly lower than the current market-rate of wages, and paid for by tickets exchangeable for provisions, no cash payments being allowed. It might also be wise to give seed potatoes in exchange for labour. Beyond this I do not think the Government ought, in justice to the interests of the British taxpayer, to go. Mr Mitchell Henry advocates the establishment of depots "for selling potatoes and meal to the people of certain districts at a *fixed price* —say three times the ordinary price of 2d. a stone. Some of the people have more money hoarded than is supposed." The suggestion is, I presume, that the Government should establish and work these depots; but such a proposal is, I fear, impracticable. Besides, it is unnecessary if the Government pay for work done in meal, potatoes, &c. The expectations of the bulk of the Irish people as to what the British Government ought to do for them are absurd and irrational in the highest degree. A Galway paper said the other day: "The Government *must spend millions* to cope with the distress that is approaching in the winter and spring. In face of the civilised world there can be no flinching. The responsibility is admitted."[1] The Parnellite press is exciting the most preposterous expectations in the minds of the people, and are thus doing their best to discourage industry and thrift. It will be Mr Balfour's duty to administer a sharp and stern corrective to these wild and mischievous teachings, and the sooner it can be done the better.

Mr Dillon, as we have already seen, stated to his constituents that the potato blight was bad enough, "but the blight of landlordism was worse." There is another blight in Ireland, however, which Mr Dillon did not think it advisable to mention—viz., the League blight. That is the only real blight in Ireland, and that is real—terribly real. It has fallen upon certain spots in Ireland with devastating power, and smitten them as with a curse. On the Olphert, Coolgreaney, Ponsonby, and other estates, and in Tipperary, it has done its fell work.[2]

[1] The 'Galway Vindicator,' October 4.

[2] Any man who will walk through the streets of Tipperary, as I did the other day, and see nearly all its best shops closed and its business ruined, and then

This plague has changed fertility into barrenness, and peace into war; driven hundreds of people from homes which they loved, and in which they were happy and contented; turned quiet and orderly men into ruffians and murderers, and sent many of them to the gallows, and more to penal servitude; separated children from their parents, and husbands from their wives; impoverished and degraded many of the highest and worthiest in the nation, and sent not a few of them broken-hearted to a premature grave; and finally, it has let loose a horde of vampires, who prey upon the life-blood of the suffering country which they pretend to love and serve. Yes; there is in very truth a blight in Ireland. But it is not in her fields; it is in the intellects and hearts of her treacherous children.

On the Olphert estate, which I visited, 170 tenants have been evicted, and there are 194 still to be evicted. Were these people willing victims of the League? By no means. A woman went to a certain official by night with her rent, and that of three of her neighbours, and implored him to take it and hand it over to the agent. Quite recently fifty of the Olphert tenants on the townlands of Magheroarty, Derryconner, and Meenlara, have broken away from the Plan and paid their rent. And what did they pay? *Three and a half years' rent and costs*, besides the year's rent which they had paid into the Plan of Campaign. Does this look as if they were destitute? These are samples of "distressed" tenants. Vigorous efforts were made, and bribes were offered, by League agitators, M.P.'s, and priests, to prevent these people settling, but all in vain. And there are many others who are anxious to settle, some of whom actually tendered the rent; but it was too late. I saw a crop of oats which this year came off a farm on the Olphert estate, the rent of which was £8 a-year, which rent the tenant said he was unable to pay. These oats alone are worth £50. I saw hay worth £20 which came this season off the meadow of a farm on the same estate, the whole rent of which was only £6 a-year. The Irish tenantry are smitten with a species of lunacy. Here is an illustration of it. A man near Dunfanaghy held 20 acres of land for £3 a-year. He said it was too much, and the landlord reduced it to £2. Still the tenant was dissatisfied, and went into the Land Court. The other day he said to the landlord's valuer, in all seriousness, that he thought the landlord ought to pay him for being on the farm! On that farm he can keep twenty cattle, and the profit on one calf would more than pay his rent. This is the real blight which is blasting the prosperity of Ireland —the canker which is eating away all honesty and honour and uprightness of dealing, and which, if it be not stayed, will effectually complete the work of ruin which is already so far advanced.

Let me conclude in a hopeful strain. I can do so with sincerity. For amid all the gloom and anxiety of Irish affairs there are encouraging signs. One is that the power of the priest is slowly but surely waning. He is beginning to be

converse with some of its boycotted tenants, as I also did, will need no further evidence of the fact that a moral pestilence has blighted the minds and the consciences of the bulk of the Irish people.

found out. Even in Connemara a devotee of the priest has been known to suggest that all Irish priests should be served as those of France were served during the Revolution—and the suggestion, instead of shocking his fellows, is regarded by them as a good joke. I do not commend the sentiment, but it proves my point. Another cheering fact is that a new generation—a new Ireland—is growing up in the schools. The hope of Ireland is there. Every schoolhouse is a deadly enemy of the priest and the agitator, and an ally of loyalty and law.

Let the electors of England (I do not say Great Britain here, for it is on England that the issue depends), remembering what momentous consequences wait upon their decision, and how grave is the responsibility resting upon them, give another majority for the Union, which will cow and crush the forces of Rebellion and Rapine, and send back to Westminster the supporters of commercial and political morality, reinforced and reinvigorated, to complete the good work which they have so well begun. Another Unionist Government will carry us well on to the time when the next generation will have begun to act. A new and a brighter day for Ireland will then have dawned.

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ABOUT THE LEPERS—ONCE MORE.

[We owe to the readers of 'Blackwood,' whose hearty sympathy with, and ready response to, the painful revelations made by Colonel Knollys regarding the melancholy condition of the lepers at Robben Island, Cape of Good Hope, in this Magazine in September 1889, have so greatly contributed to the change, the following gratifying account of the improved condition of these unhappy sufferers. Both Britain and the Cape Colony owe a debt of gratitude to Colonel Knollys, whose kindly intervention has removed a dark blot upon the common humanity of both countries.—Ed. *B. M.*]

Little more than a year has elapsed since a paper was published in 'Blackwood's Magazine'—September 1889—in which was described the deplorable condition of the lepers on Robben Island, eight miles from Cape Town. The subject was taken up by the daily press, and aroused a considerable amount of attention and animadversion throughout England, which was re-echoed in South Africa. The Cape authorities were sharply called to the bar of public opinion for their alleged shortcomings; an entirely new system of local administration was inaugurated; and in response to numerous public appeals, large contributions, chiefly in kind but also in money, were forwarded for the alleviation of the sufferers. And now having returned to Cape Town, I again ask you to grant me space whereby I may inform generous sympathisers, and still more generous donors, to what extent their efforts have availed to lighten, permanently or temporarily, the miseries of those who, taken altogether, may without exaggeration be described as the most grievously afflicted in body of any human beings on the face of the earth.

The small tug-boat, which now plies thrice instead of twice a-week, once more conveys me across the rough arm of the sea. The melan-

choly aspect of the flat, sterile, withered-looking island, arouses, as before, a shiver of dreariness; but scarcely have the wading convicts staggered with me through the foaming surf to the beach, ere I become aware of a certain indefinable brightness and business entirely at variance with my former experience. There are small accumulations of material which betoken work in progress; there is a hum among the groups of lookers-on, hitherto wont to be gloomily silent; there are some newly erected hut offices, where clerks and employees, scuttling about as busy as bees, show that they have a press of work to perform, and that they are eager in performing it; best of all, there are numerous parcels of books, newspapers, clothing, and eatable luxuries strewing the beach, and bearing evidence of the thoughtfulness of many quiet English homes for far-off sufferers. By-and-by the new governor, Dr Dixon, comes with a ready offer to show me over every building in his dominions. It is important to explain that on this, as on previous occasions, I examined the establishment in its ordinary work-a-day condition; that I was suffered to pry into every corner and crevice as minutely as though I were conducting a barrack inspection, and to cross-examine whom I listed, almost after the fashion of an Old Bailey counsel. I walk into the large, out-of-doors, leper enclosure, no longer unkempt and strewn with bits of abomination, but tidily swept, bordered with a few flowers in pots, and brightened with geranium beds on the outside. In the centre has arisen an amply large cookhouse, as a substitute for the higgledy-piggledy kitchen erstwhile shared with the lunatics. Moreover, at four every afternoon a bell announces that the lepers can here get as much hot water as they please for ablution purposes, whereas formerly scarcely a drop was, practically, attainable. Next I make straight for those two vilest wood-and-plaster tenements, which formed the gravamen of last year's indictment. I may here observe that Cape Town inhabitants, who admitted or forgave the original strictures, continue incensed at my description of the "large loathsome snakes crawling over the mud floor in search of mice." Nevertheless all I stated was perfectly true, and I cannot give up a single snake. No possible efforts can render these two hovels fit for human habitation. The fiat for their destruction has gone forth, but it can only be carried into effect when additional accommodation shall have been provided in the new hospital—of which more anon—and meanwhile much, very much, has been done to render them less Gehenna-like, more decent, and more cheerful. In the better description of wards I stand amazed at the change, which is as from darkness to light—almost to sunshine. Where are the fœtor and the foulness, the dirt and the dismalness, the ugly squalor and the shocking absence of hospital requirements, characteristic of 1889? all vanished, and the converse features substituted, as it were by a wave of the magic wand of duty, orderliness, and pity. The ward reminds me of a well-prepared soldier's hut at Christmastide. The broom and scrubbing-brush, soap and varnish, have wrought a clean basis. Abundance of bedding, bed-linen, and hospital furniture goes far to supply what is essential to the wellbeing of the stricken; coloured prints, illuminated texts, and va-

rious little craftinesses of adornment, render the rooms so bright and cheerful that for a moment we are beguiled into forgetfulness of the awful normal condition and dread earthly doom of the occupants. Other departments show an almost corresponding improvement. The laundry, which used to exist in little more than theory, is steaming with hot-water vats, wherein leper washermen are stirring up masses of leper clothing; the schoolroom bears an air of comfortable tuition; and close at hand is an "expense" store, crammed with comforts and clothing, many excellent articles of which latter have been manufactured by the lepers themselves. Another room is crowded with literature of every description, chiefly supplied from England, and only waiting the leisure of the acting librarian for cataloguing and issue. But the climax of approval is attained when we inspect the new hospital, which is in a fairly advanced stage of progress. Excellent in general plan, in detail, and in site, it is being built with island stone by island convicts, and forms one of a proposed group of five erections, each of which will accommodate about forty lepers; for it is reasonably considered that the separate-building system is especially advantageous for this nature of malady. The date of opening will fitly constitute a fresh era for Robben Island.

A word now as to the entirely new machinery of administration, whereby such remarkable reforms have been brought so speedily to pass. The Cape Government has been happy indeed in its selection of a new Governor-in-Chief—Dr Dixon—of the territory, comprising lunatics, lepers, and convicts. Eager to remedy evils, yet cautious in ignoring well-established practical principles, with all the characteristics of a highly educated gentleman and an able administrator, he seems to have infused his spirit into all the staff under him. He is ably seconded by Mr Fitch, whom I can best describe as "captain of the company" of lepers, a newly created post. Public opinion fully approves of the nomination of the new junior surgeon, and the religious ministrations are carried out by a new resident Protestant clergyman, an assistant Protestant clergyman acquainted with the Dutch language, and a Roman Catholic priest, who visits the island at intervals. The former clergyman has retired on a pension. The religious census of the island comprises—

Church of England, . . .	315
Dutch Reformed Church, . .	73
Roman Catholics,[1] . . .	60
Various, including Jews, Mussulmans, unknown, atheists, &c.,	268
Representing a total population of	716

A significant increase of about 166 since last year.

My diagnosis of the present condition of the leper institution is, however, as yet lacking in its most important element—the evidence of the patients themselves. Apparently the governor is quite as anxious as myself that it should be untrammelled, and henceforth he leaves me to wander about the wards, alone if I like, to search and to question with the most absolute freedom. The total number of lepers on Robben Island at this

[1] I fear, however, that the interests of the Roman Catholics are inadequately represented.

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butions to the "Sufferers' Aid Society." This beneficent association, which is so kindly presided over by Lady Loch, and whereof the indefatigable secretary is Miss Boyes, comprises within its action lepers, lunatics, and chronic sick.

I had heard that the female lepers were much dissatisfied at my delay in paying them a visit, and in response to the tacit reminder which they sent me in the shape of a spray of forget-me-nots, I betake myself to their wards, situated one and a half mile from the main establishment. Simultaneously with my arrival, a rough cart drives up, conveying a fresh patient from Cape Town—a poor old shrunken, formless female, in an advanced state of anæsthetic leprosy, who is unable to walk, and of whom a lad catches hold in his arms and carries inside with as much ease as though she were a bundle of clouted rags. Her condition cannot possibly be worsened —it must needs be bettered by her admission to a refuge which has always possessed a creditable superiority over the male asylum, and whereof the sole substantial lament of the inmates is that of Sterne's starling, "We can't get out." Here however, as elsewhere, important reforms have been carried into effect since England raised a cry of protest twelve months ago. Clothes and comforts, wards and offices have been furbished up; additional occupations and amusements have been provided; and I stand in a strange scene, which would be grotesque were it not gruesome, and would raise a smile were there not the more appropriate alternative of a sigh. The sun is glinting into the cheerful ward from off the bright waters of Table Bay. There is a handless leper proudly showing me how well she can stitch by ingeniously utilising some knobs on her stumps, which indicate the curious retrocession of her finger-nails; her emulous sisters — for even here "Pride attends us still"—claim my admiration for their gaudy patchwork petticoats; another female, whom I could have sworn to be forty, but who I ascertain is only eight, is setting in motion an automatic toy, to the interest and wonderment of cripples whom I should estimate at sixty, but who certainly are under thirty. Jack, aged six, an angel of beauty in feature, voice, and manner, but smitten on his tender cheek with the destroying taint, is seated on the floor with a child companion, the two investigating recent presents of toys and sweetmeats with an earnest expression which is startling in its sadness; while, to crown all, another leper girl is delightedly turning the handle of an organ which is giving forth the old familiar strains of "Robin Adair." Unlike the men, the women seem fairly happy — probably because occupation in needlework or in some female fussiness prevents them brooding over their misery. I observe that a cracked piece of looking-glass is highly prized, and suggest that I might make a present of half-a-dozen mirrors; but a lady wisely whispers to me "Better not: why bring home to each individual the dire disease of her own countenance?"

In concentrating our interest on the Robben Island institute, there is some danger lest we should lose sight of the far more important general question of leprosy in South Africa, which, with its present prevalence and unchecked rate of increase, bids fair to become the very hotbed of the disease throughout the world. It is quite certain that the recent com-

putation of 650 in the colony is preposterously under the mark: it is uncertain whether the number should be doubled or trebled. Cape Town itself abounds with cases in the incipient stage, and others are scattered throughout the provinces. Many are employed in services which bring them into perilous contact with the healthy population, and all freely wander about at large. Indeed, as a local doctor remarked to me, there is more risk of contagion in Cape Town than in Robben Island. Such audacity of suicidal neglect may be traced to two causes: first, the Colonial Government hesitates to attempt to pass the heartrending but absolutely indispensable Segregation Bill, which would affect a considerable number of well-to-do Boer families; secondly, the expense of the logical sequence of such a bill—viz., adequate establishments for the increased number of pauper patients. Meanwhile the medical authorities are merely nibbling at the question, and it would appear that some part of the National Leprosy Fund in England should be utilised by the instant despatch to South Africa of scientists who would impartially, energetically, and on the spot investigate the origin, spread, and treatment of the disease. Pending such reliable information, I venture to lay before your readers the minimum of local admissions which are quite indisputable, and which have been evolved after wordy and contradictory conflict. Leprosy can be, and frequently is, transmissible as the result of association with the infected. Its favourable development is due to local and climatic causes, which are at present obscure. Of all predisposing influences, however, none equal in strength that of heredity. With our present knowledge leprosy is incurable and ultimately fatal, though judicious medical treatment may often delay the final issue. The following, among many cases within my cognisance, are confirmatory of the above, and illustrate the capricious nature of the malady.

1. Jeffery (see *ante*), now seventy-one years old. After leaving the army, he worked as gardener for thirty years in the most healthy localities in South Africa. He emphatically asserts that during the whole of that period he never had the slightest, even indirect, association with lepers. Yet one and a half year ago the disease made its undoubted appearance in the rarely combined form of anæsthetic and tubercular leprosy.

2. "Jack" (see *ante*), aged six, was brought two years ago to Robben Island with his leprous mother, since dead. He was then apparently a type of childish soundness and beauty of body. Six months ago the fatal swelling of leprosy appeared on his cheek.

3. W. L., aged eighteen, born in the colony of English parents; has had the disease for four years, but though surrounded for some time by various members of his family, none contracted the disease.

4. W. R., Dutch, aged seventy-eight, in an advanced stage of the anæsthetic form. Four of his children died of leprosy, but in his own case the malady did not develop itself until he was advanced in years.

On the other hand, a whole legion, comprising doctors, clergymen, warders, nurses, &c., have lived for years in Robben Island, in more or less direct communication with the lepers, without having contracted the disease.

To sum up the contrast in

Robben Island between 1889 and 1890: it is often argued that a general outburst of even righteous wrath is a mere flash in the pan—is invariably evanescent; but the last twelve months' history of the island furnishes a remarkable illustration of the occasional power of English outspoken public opinion in remedying some evils which can be reached in no other manner. For years the condition of the lepers had been growing worse and worse; clergy and laity were unanimous in practically ignoring a flagrant wrong existing under their very eyes, until it seemed as though naught remained for the miserable sufferers, less fortunate than their brethren in Molokai, but to wring their hands in all the anguish of despair. At last a fortuitous combination of circumstances—should I not rather say that mysterious providence which men nickname chance, arouses public attention and public indignation. After the first natural impulse of the Cape Town authorities to demur to the justice of the accusation, they betook themselves to examination and reparation, with a frankness and an earnestness which we occasionally find in a generous-minded individual but rarely indeed in a community. Errors have been freely admitted, money has been freely spent, and an Inferno which was an odious blot on the Cape Colony has, in the space of a year, been transformed into a benevolent institution which bids fair to become a model to other countries. Four classes of agents have contributed to effect this blessed change: 'Blackwood's Magazine,' who initiated the righteous anger based on what I must insist was merely an easy and bold statement of facts; the English press, who re-echoed the popular indignation; the active sympathisers, who kept alive the emotion, not by words only but by gifts; and England's sons in South Africa, who by a loyal recognition of duty have done honour both to themselves and to the parent country.

H. Knollys,
Lt.-Col. R.A.

The Castle, Cape Town,
Oct. 1890.

A RECENT CHAPTER IN TONGAN HISTORY.

In some notes of travel published in this Magazine two years ago, I referred to the strange drama then in course of action in that remote but very interesting corner of the earth known as Tonga or the Friendly Islands. Another and a very critical stage of the proceedings —final even, possibly, as regards the "villain" of the piece (I use the term of course in a strictly Pickwickian sense)—has now been reached; and the details, very human and real, are surely not the less worthy of attention because the stage on which they were acted is of Lilliputian dimensions. Whatever else the Tongans may be, they are always interesting. A very small folk indeed,—a little microcosm of some 20,000 souls, their elaborate social and political forms (discarded of late years, under pressure, for a constitution of the orthodox British type); their amiable and polished manners; above all, perhaps, their intellectuality, strikingly shown in their enthusiastic fondness for books; their ready adoption of our music, so different in character and construction from their own; and, generally speaking, their intelligent comprehension as well as acceptance of a new order of ideas;—all this suggests something essentially remote from our conception of savagedom. And yet in some important respects we cannot but feel towards them as towards children — an impression heightened no doubt by their infinitesimal numbers, like the feeling of tenderness created in Gulliver's mind by the diminutive size of his Lilliputian friends. Well, grown-up children no doubt have propensities at times both mischievous and inconvenient, and among the Tongans these naturally were wont, in the pre-Christian days, to assert themselves with a vigour proportioned to the abounding energies of the people. This is abundantly illustrated by that storehouse of curious information, the narrative of Mariner, an Englishman who was shipwrecked on the islands nearly a century ago, in the privateer Port-au-Prince, of which the capture and sack in 1806, and the "dispersion," to use an Australian euphemism, of her crew, form the earliest reminiscences of the venerable King George of Tonga. It is indeed curious to reflect that, but for an accidental combination of circumstances, the "Friendly Islands" of Captain Cook would have been introduced to the world by some very different adjective — if, indeed, he had survived to apply it. No one, however, could severely blame the attempt on the part of these islanders to gain possession of vessels containing what to them was priceless treasure, to be obtained in no other way, and which, besides, in the case of a shipwrecked vessel, seemed like a special gift from the gods. Before this, too, we have proof of their activity and valour in the (trustworthy) traditions of their conquests in Samoa; and within our own time, but for our interference, they would certainly have conquered the whole of Fiji, with a population at least seven times as great as their own.

Again, in the early missionary days they repulsed and defeated in fair fight a British naval de-

tachment, headed by the commander of a man-of-war, who was ill-advised enough to take sides in a religious quarrel and land an attacking force.

This gallant little people accepted Christianity with characteristic heartiness and intelligence, though the *régime* then introduced —worked by men often of narrow culture, and lacking in imagination—proved somewhat too severe for the more active spirits, who usually found vent for their energies in the long-standing chronic raids on Fiji. Matters, however, went on fairly well—the details of social and political existence being still mainly on native lines, guided more or less by European advice. Such, to speak concisely, was the condition of affairs when the Rev. Shirley Baker — sent from the headquarters of the Wesleyan denomination at Sydney, in whose district Tonga lay — appeared on the scene, and gradually acquired an influence over the mind of King George Tubou — a really remarkable man, both as a statesman and a warrior, who had by that time made himself supreme over the three groups of which the little island kingdom is composed, and which hitherto had been semi-independent.

The history of his dynasty is curious, as bearing, at all events, a superficial analogy to the relations between the *maires du palais* and the Merovingian dynasty in France, and recalling more closely the position of the Mikado and the Shogun in Japan.

When we first had cognisance of the affairs of this island state, we found that the "Tui Tonga" (lit., Chief of Tonga), while wielding little or no political power, was, with the other members of his family, the object of quite unlimited respect and reverence. He was, in truth, more than mortal, being the direct descendant of the gods; for whom, therefore, no privileges or honours could be thought excessive. It did not militate against this supreme condition—it rather, indeed, enhanced his dignity—that he had laid aside the conduct of mere worldly affairs. One of his ancestors had, in fact, delegated the earthly kingship to a younger son or brother, and a descendant of his again subsequently handed it over to a third branch, to which the present king belongs. With such a lineage it may well be understood that the Tongan king's prestige and authority are great. The distance between chiefs and common people is also great, probably depending partly on some early distinction of race; and though the rights of all classes—as regards, *e.g.*, the tenure of property and the like—are well defined by law, still the primeval right of the one party to thrash, and of the other to be thrashed, is accepted as unquestioningly by the one side as by the other.

The early days of Mr Baker's rule were not unprosperous. If the *régime* was, as I have before hinted, needlessly strict and severe, at all events law and order prevailed, and a certain "civilisation." There seems, however, to have been no attempt to develop the resources or increase the wealth of the country by introducing new sources of food-supply or otherwise—a policy the more urgently desirable in view of the increasing demands which constitutional government, and the Wesleyan religious system, were making on the pockets of the people. A large proportion of the laws and regulations and fiscal arrange-

ments, indeed, many of them flagrantly unjust and absurd,[1] seemed as if framed with the single purpose of extorting money. The sums spent on actual administration were very small, but there were some half-dozen "Cabinet" offices, of which at least five of the "portfolios"—with their salaries—were in the hands of Mr Baker. It must be remembered, too, that as chief Wesleyan minister he had the levying of the large sums which, according to Wesleyan custom, were extracted from the people, not merely to maintain their resident missionaries and teachers—this was justifiable enough—but to be sent away, —thousands of pounds in a year, —to Sydney. Unpleasant stories, needless to repeat, are told of the devices by which these "voluntary" contributions were obtained —and not in Tonga alone—year after year, from a generous and impressionable people. But if Mr Baker is to blame for these transactions, what are we to think of the body which employed him, and who for years, until compelled by Sir Arthur Gordon to interfere, remained deaf to the remonstrances addressed to them by the Tongans themselves? This feature in the case is strongly dwelt on by Sir Charles Mitchell in his report when sent down in 1887 by the home Government to inquire into Mr Baker's misdoings; and he is clearly of opinion that to the discontent caused by the neglect on the part of the Wesleyan authorities to listen to these remonstrances, or to remedy the grievances complained of, much of the subsequent trouble may be traced.

The result of the inquiries by the Wesleyan Commission, sent down at the insistence of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Fiji, will probably be remembered. Cynically, but plausibly, Mr Baker asserted that they discovered nothing of which they were not already well aware. They admitted, however, that abuses had occurred, and decided that Mr Baker must choose once for all between their service and the king's. Mr Baker had probably little difficulty in making his choice. After all, a Wesleyan Synod may do much for you, but it cannot make you a Prime Minister, or a Minister for Foreign Affairs, or of Education, or of Lands, or create for you that ideally snug berth, a Chancellorship of the Exchequer, with yourself as Auditor-General! Accordingly, having thus chosen the better part, Mr Baker without delay took a step which has led to all the misery and disturbance of these last years. Tonga, he said, was a civilised kingdom; why should its Church be dependent on an assembly in distant Australia? He declared the Church of Tonga to be a free and national Church. Putting aside the doubt which obviously suggests itself to outsiders, whether this little native community had the qualities necessary —the weight, learning, discipline —to enable it ecclesiastically to stand alone,—a doubt which naturally would not occur to the people themselves,—there was every reason, on the first blush, to expect that the proposal would be generally accepted by the people, irritated at the way in which they had been persistently bled for objects with which they had no immediate con-

[1] For some amusing though melancholy details on this subject, see 'Maga' for June 1888.

cern, and at the delay in listening to their remonstrances on the subject. And there was in the abstract certainly much to be said in favour of the scheme. But to Mr Baker's great surprise, his policy, though backed by the great influence of the king's name, was received with far more suspicion than approval. Nor, from another point of view, was this unnatural; for although he was careful to explain that there would be no change in doctrine or discipline, it was evident that the old Wesleyan authority was to be thrown off; and whatever grievances the people might feel, it was, after all, from the Wesleyans that they had received their *lotu;* while Mr Baker, who now threw off the Wesleyan authority, had been, up to the present time, the too notorious agent in all the evil practices they complained of. Still, great numbers went over to the new Church, and the plan might have been successfully carried out but for the presence of Mr Moulton, whom the Wesleyan authorities had appointed as Mr Baker's successor. This gentleman, actuated alike by what he conceived to be loyalty to his superiors, by a strong disbelief in the wisdom of the scheme, and by a profound distrust of Mr Baker, refused the spiritual headship offered him by the Tongan Henry VIII., and became, inevitably and *ex necessitate rei*, the adviser and leader of the recusants. An accomplished scholar and upright gentleman, full of enthusiasm and scorn for everything base, he had already gained the confidence of the people by various good work done, and notably by the working of the Wesleyan college, subsequently suppressed by Mr Baker. This was the most practical institution ever introduced into these islands, its success and widespread influence for good being mainly due to the exertions of himself and Mrs Moulton,—male and female students working together with the happiest results, these gentle "savages" adapting themselves with equal facility to book-learning and cricket, music and needlework!

Mr Baker was evidently surprised as well as irritated by the opposition to his wishes, and having persuaded the old king that a refusal to join the new Church meant personal disloyalty to himself (an assertion for which there was no kind of foundation), he began an active course of persecution: men and women were flogged and imprisoned, banished to distant and desert islands, their lands confiscated, their churches shut up; while the laws—framed, many of them, as before explained, by Mr Baker, when Wesleyan minister, for the express purpose of raising the wind—were more than ever strained and perverted to the ruin of the Wesleyans. The constancy of these poor people was extraordinary. On one occasion, the king having sent for a number of them with the intention of putting the principal persons to death, the chiefs adorned themselves with special care and pomp, as a Tongan always arrays himself for death, and put themselves in the front, so as to be the first killed, and by their example to encourage their followers. But their numbers and their courage so struck his imagination, being a brave man himself, that he altered his purpose.

At last, as may be remembered, in despair an attempt was made on Mr Baker's life, which miscarried, and he, maddened by fear, commenced a series of executions which he only abandoned under the threat of being lynched by the English residents. Then Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor of

Fiji, came down to inquire into matters. His report was condemnatory enough of Mr Baker, but he abstained from exercising the power vested in him as High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, of deporting that gentleman as dangerous to peace and good order. There was a danger, it was thought, that through his influence with the king he might excite a disturbance, and he might also have created a diversion by appealing to his friends the Germans, with whom, as rivals of the British interest, he was ostentatiously in sympathy. But it was distinctly understood that he was left in Tonga on sufferance, and conditionally on good behaviour. This, however, was not made known to the Tongans, whom he persuaded that he had gained a diplomatic victory; and accordingly, after a short respite, he returned, though with greater caution than before, to his previous line of conduct. He also had the insolence — and imprudence — to publish in a so-called Tongan Blue-book some odious insinuations against British officials, and especially against the late Mr Symonds, the British Vice-Consul, a man of exceptional ability and high character. But he had now to do with Sir John Thurston, a Fijian official of long standing, well acquainted with Mr Baker, and now governor of Fiji and *ex-officio* High Commissioner. He not only insisted on and obtained a full and indeed abject recantation from Mr Baker of these calumnies, but was hard-hearted enough to have the recantation printed in the Tongan language and disseminated in the islands! By this time, however, the discontent caused by Mr Baker's continued misgovernment was so general that the Governor of Fiji felt it necessary to interfere; for the unfortunate Tongans, ground down by poverty and despairing at last of interference or succour from "Beretania," had determined quietly to pay no more taxes, while the feeling towards Mr Baker was such that he could not move about without a guard, and an explosion was imminent.

Accordingly, on the 25th June last, there was much excitement when a man-of-war, H.M.S. Rapid, steamed in to the anchorage, and it was presently known that Sir John Thurston was on board. Two days after, the High Commissioner landed to pay his respects to the old king, whom he found very reticent and constrained in manner, as was natural; for Mr Baker was sitting on one side of him, and on the other the Rev. J. B. Watson, the pontiff of the "Free" Church, and a pliant tool of Mr Baker. Sir John, however, informed the king that he had come to inquire into matters connected with Sir Charles Mitchell's visit of three years previously, and begged that his Majesty would, to save himself trouble, be pleased to call together some of his leading chiefs, with whom Sir John might confer on these matters. The king, after a little silence, requested that Sir John would put his communications on paper, when they would be answered; and Sir John then withdrew, requesting Mr Baker to call on him on board the Rapid. At the interview which took place there, Sir John asked Mr Baker whether he intended to support the suggestion he had made to the king. Mr Baker in reply declined to interfere, on the plea that the request was insulting to the king, as it assumed that he was incapable of managing his own affairs. Mr Baker added that the king was much offended at Sir John's having brought as inter-

preter a young man, Mr Moss, the son of a former secretary of the king, and that he (Baker) had written by the king's order to express his displeasure. But on Sir John's writing to the king a friendly and respectful letter of regret for having unwittingly offended him, and the letter being brought to the king by the consul and the interpreter in question, when Mr Baker happened to be out of the way, the king declared he had sent no such message, and expressed himself delighted to see the interpreter, who was the son of an old friend! Various subterfuges of this kind were got over; and, in the meantime, Sir John caused it to be known that he would be happy to see any of the chiefs on board the Rapid. All the highest and most influential chiefs accordingly called on him. Sir John showed them, first of all, the letter written by Baker to Sir Charles Mitchell, in which he promised that the persecutions and other illegal practices should cease. The chiefs, it turned out, had never seen this letter, or heard that any such promises had been given. There had, they said, been little or no change of system since Sir Charles's visit: numbers of people were still in prison or at hard labour for refusing to join the new Church. Mr Baker had, after the attempt on his life, summoned the people of the neighbouring islands of Haapai and Vavau, the hereditary enemies of Tonga-tabu, to come over and help him against what he professed to believe was a general conspiracy. They came accordingly, armed and painted; the old savagery, once excited, easily breaking through the Christian veneer of quieter times — not that the Christianity of quarrelsome Europe can afford to throw stones at them!—and for some weeks they were allowed full freedom to ravage and plunder. After this the faithful remnant had nearly ceased to exist. Many were still in banishment; others had escaped in boats, and were living in Fiji, unable to return. Curiously enough, a party of five such fugitives were met with by the Rapid. They had been drifting in an open boat for twenty-two days, when they were washed on to the reef at Rotumah, far to the north of Fiji, and rescued. They had fled with no other provisions than two baskets of nuts and two of bananas, and had an infant with them of a few months old, whom they were feeding on their last bananas, reserving the skins for themselves. Many other grievances were recounted by the chiefs, who attributed all their misfortunes to Mr Baker, and implored the High Commissioner to remove him, declaring on oath that they could not otherwise answer for his life, or for the general security. Besides these chiefs, many officials of the Free Church, and Roman Catholic priests and laymen, joined in this protest.

Sir John then advised the chiefs to call on the king, and to be sure and let him know that they were in communication with him. The king was at first apprehensive that they were negotiating an annexation, but when assured that they had no such thoughts, and only desired the removal of Mr Baker, he gave them free leave to go to the Commissioner, and begged them only to tell him the truth. Meanwhile Sir John, unable to get any answer from the king, waited on him again. Mr Baker was again present, and the king, who appeared very ill and confused, sat silent, and apparently unable to understand what was going on. Sir John therefore at last, out of cour-

tesy to the old man, retired. The chiefs were highly indignant at this result of the interview, but by this time Sir John had mastered all the facts of the situation, and decided that in the interests of peace and good order Mr Baker's removal was necessary. He accordingly, under the authority vested in him as High Commissioner, sent notice to Mr Baker that he could not remain in the islands after the 17th July, the date of the departure of the New Zealand mail-boat. When this was known there was great rejoicing. The chiefs meanwhile had again waited on the old king, Baker being present, but silent and apparently cowed. They reminded the king sorrowfully how his reputation had suffered by all the late misgovernment, and by the misuse of his name by Baker, and urgently demanded his dismissal, to which the king finally acceded. Baker's flag was then joyfully torn down from his office by an active young chief, and trampled in the dust.

The chiefs then came again to Sir John and took an affidavit that they considered the king's life in danger as long as Mr Baker remained in the palace (where he had latterly taken up his quarters); for they evidently believed the king had been drugged before Sir John's previous interview. Baker was accordingly ordered to leave the palace—a guard of marines being sent to protect him against any possible violence. A guard was also set upon his office, but not until, with the assistance of his family, he had the opportunity of destroying or carrying off a large number of papers.

Sir John Thurston, visiting the king after this, found a marked change in his manner. He appeared as if a great weight had been taken off him; he was lively and agreeable, and expressed great gratitude for all that Sir John had done for him; then stooping, he bent his head low down and put his hand at the back of his neck —a characteristic gesture signifying gratitude. (When a chief has saved another's life in war, the latter, stooping down, places his club upon his head, showing what he has been delivered from.) The king then summoned a meeting of chiefs to appoint a new premier and ministers, telling them they should especially choose as prime minister a young and well-educated man. The appointments were very wisely made, and with a view to the future as well as to present tranquillity: a great chief, Tuibelehake, who is at once the representative of the old sacred line and a grandson of the king, was proclaimed crown-prince; while George Tukuaho, son of another very influential chief, Tungi, who, besides being the king's nephew, represents the second of the royal lines, was appointed premier. Other good appointments were made, and a letter formally dismissing Baker was drawn up and despatched to him, signed by king and chiefs. Then a "Faikava," a social but formal assembly where the national beverage is drunk, was held, and when the king spoke of recalling the exiles, one of them being his own daughter, the mother of the new crown-prince, the latter exclaimed in their quaint way, "This is a happy day for Tonga; I am *tired of having a dead mother!*"

All through the proceedings it was the aim of Sir John Thurston to let the king and chiefs settle their own affairs and take the initiative in everything that was done. He in this way avoided hurting the feelings or wounding the self-respect of the old king,

to whom he was most deferential throughout, and whose confidence he was thus enabled to gain. At a great concluding meeting the king made him a speech. All the evils, he said, which Tonga had suffered, had come from one source; now that was removed, and Tonga lived again; and he, King George, believed thoroughly in the goodwill of England, and asked Sir John to mention anything that he would wish done. His Excellency replied, "I should like to see three things: 1st, freedom of worship; 2d, the recall of those unjustly banished, and the liberation of those unjustly imprisoned; and 3d, that there should be no more flogging of women." The king at once assented, declaring that he had never wished his people banished, and begging that Sir John would send back those who were living in Fiji. The meeting received these utterances with shouts of joy, and the crown-prince afterwards addressed the people in a characteristic speech, wondering why they had made such fools of themselves for so long; the eyes of the world were upon them,—this is a point on which they are always sensitive,—and now that all was known, how could they hold up their heads for shame! On the beach a great multitude assembled and gave Sir John Thurston an enthusiastic greeting; hundreds came streaming in from the country in long files, each, in the graceful South Sea fashion, bearing his or her offering of yams, fowls, turkeys, fruit, vegetables, or ornaments, which they laid in heaps at the feet of Sir John and of Captain Castle of the Rapid, thanking them for all that had happened, and assuring them that peace and happiness now reigned everywhere. Singing and dances in full holiday costume followed, and athletic contests, in which the crew of the Rapid took part. His Excellency, in thanking them, assured them that England only wished them well; she had no thought of annexation, but wished Tonga to be for the Tongans under a native Government.

The latest event reported from the islands is the arrival of the exiles from Fiji, where they had been handsomely treated at parting. Their reception at Tonga was very enthusiastic and touching.

Meanwhile the poverty is extreme. The officials have received no pay for nine months, and Mr Baker has left the treasury empty. Several residents wished to bring charges against him, but it was thought better to do nothing which would delay his departure. It is assumed that he has long been "making his pile,"—in fact, there is no other possible way of accounting for the disappearance for years past of a revenue of some £20,000 a-year. But the Tongans are glad to have got rid of him at any price. Meanwhile a very capable official, Mr Basil Thomson, who is not unknown to the readers of 'Maga,' and who knows the Tongans well, and is trusted by them, is to be sent temporarily from Fiji to help and advise in an unofficial way, especially with regard to financial questions. It is, in fact, hardly conceivable that a native government, long accustomed to lean on European aid, can now entirely dispense with it, notwithstanding the great natural intelligence of the people; but it is intended to remodel the administration in the direction of greater simplicity and conformity with native ideas. It is sincerely to be hoped that if, as appears to be the case, Sir John Thurston has acted all through

this affair on his own responsibility, his conduct, which has been marked throughout with singular tact and ability, may receive the cordial approval of the home authorities. The Order in Council limits his power of excluding Baker to two years, but we may hope that if necessary that gentleman's leave of absence may be extended. It is also to be hoped that no international jealousies may disturb the new arrangement, which, both for the Tongans and for us who only desire their prosperity, is an almost ideal arrangement. But we must be firm; otherwise, obviously its success must depend on the forbearance of other Powers who may be less disinterested. The Germans have apparently of late received Mr Baker's advances with more coldness than formerly. Probably they think their *protégé* is played out; at all events, their local representatives have for the present approved of all that has been done during the late crisis. To say the truth, it would not be easy to get up a grievance which would stand a rigid examination. The political question is not complicated. There is no plausible pretender to be taken up; nor, happily, are there any land questions, for Mr Baker, it may be mentioned to his credit, discouraged the alienation of land to foreigners. There are therefore no great foreign mercantile concerns, which may desire to have their interests promoted by intrigue or aggression.

The religious question, with its bitter memories, will require delicate handling, and a spirit of compromise on both sides. Doubtless "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," but if you sow this seed too freely it is apt not to come up; and it is to be feared that the Wesleyan remnant in Tonga is now very small indeed. The Wesleyan authorities in Australia must therefore be prepared to accept a *fait accompli*. If they are ever to be connected again with the main body of the Christians of Tonga, they must seriously reconsider, not to say abjure, one of their most cherished practices. There must be no more wringing of large sums annually, *in addition to* what is levied for the support of the local establishment, from a poor little community of 20,000 souls, with no resources beyond their cocoa-nuts, and sending this money away to Australia. I feel sure that men like Mr Moulton will agree with me unreservedly on this point. On the other hand, it is to be hoped that the leaders of the new Church which has now been formed in Tonga and comprises the bulk of the population, with the king and probably most of the chiefs at its head, will feel that for a long time to come it will be desirable, in all matters relating to doctrine, for instance, and to ecclesiastical organisation generally, to be connected with a well-organised and established ecclesiastical body in Australia or New Zealand, on whom they can lean for support and guidance, and the avoidance of possible future disunion.

COUTTS TROTTER.

THE DRUSES OF THE HOLY LAND.

I.

Of all the various tribes and races which at present inhabit the Holy Land, there are none more distinctive and interesting than the Druses. The interest attaching to them is due to several causes. In the first place, they are one of the most exclusive races upon earth. They keep religiously and rigorously to themselves, never intermarrying with outsiders, never interfering with the religious opinions of others, and never allowing others to interfere with theirs. It would be equally impossible to convert a Druse to any other religion, as it would be to become a Druse one's self. They have one great saying with reference to their religion: "The door is shut; none can enter in, and none can pass out." They would on no account admit a proselyte into the mysteries of their faith, nor accept a convert from any other religion. It is equally out of the question to attempt to pervert any of the Druses to another creed. It is true that in many parts of the Lebanon, and especially in the neighbourhood of Beyrout, many Druse children may be found in the missionary schools of the Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants. They are allowed to be instructed in the catechisms of the various schools where they may be placed; and, not unfrequently, the teachers and pastors of the missions have fondly imagined that they have secured promising lambs for their fold from among the children of Druses. But as soon as ever they arrive at the age for leaving school, when the girls are marriageable and the boys ready to assist their fathers in the labour of the field, they are taken back to their Druse village and home, and become as strict and exclusive in their religion as if they had never heard of any other. One could fearlessly challenge any missionary to produce a genuine case of a convert from Drusedom who has arrived at years of maturity.

Another feature of interest in the case of the Druses is the mystery which, to most people, surrounds their history, creed, and principles. Books and treatises have been written, full of vague conjectures and theories as to their origin and history, and hinting at still wilder and more absurd beliefs as to the mysterious practices which are carried on at their secret gatherings for the celebration of their religious rites. Take, for example, one outrageous and utterly false report concerning the Druses, which has been handed down amongst the ignorant and bigoted Christian sects of the Lebanon for many centuries. This report accuses the Druses of habitually marrying their own daughters, and of carrying on licentious orgies with promiscuous intercourse under the name of religious worship. As far as I can discover, the first person who promulgated this absurd idea was Benjamin of Tudela, an inaccurate and untrustworthy writer of the Crusading period; and it is a curious evidence of the tenacity with which ignorant fanaticism will cling to scandalous insinuations affecting other sects and religions, that such a ridiculously false charge as this

should have survived against the Druses even to the present day, in the very country and districts which they still inhabit. A striking parallel to this is to be found in the popular belief amongst the Christian peasantry of Hungary, Poland, and Roumania, that the Jews sacrifice human lives and drink human blood at certain of their religious ceremonies. A like accusation was commonly entertained against the early Christians, but we should scarcely have expected such fanatical ignorance to have existed at the close of the nineteenth century. It is, however, to be in a great measure accounted for by the jealous secrecy with which the Druses in Syria, like the Jews in the east of Europe, and the early Christians in the Roman Empire, guard the celebration of their religious rites; for secrecy always engenders suspicion, and human nature is ever prone to conceive the worst idea of that which is concealed from its view. This very secrecy, whilst it has been fruitful in engendering idle and suspicious beliefs concerning them, has undoubtedly surrounded the Druse religion and race with a certain halo of attraction for those who have come into contact with them.

There is a third feature of special interest for Englishmen in connection with the Druses. Should England ever find it necessary to attempt an armed occupation of Syria, the Druses are the only purely native tribe on whose fidelity and support the British forces could rely.

Under these circumstances, some account of this remarkable race from one who has lived amongst them for several years, and has had unusual opportunities for observing their inner life, may be not without some amount of interest and instruction. The broad outlines of the origin of the name and religion of the Druses are tolerably familiar to those who take any interest in the races of the East. But their real ancestry has, up to the present, been veiled in mystery and doubt; and in order to make clear this interesting point, it is necessary briefly to recapitulate what may be well known to many.

In the year 996 A.D., a certain Hakim, surnamed Biamrillah, ascended the throne of Egypt, at the early age of eleven years, as the third caliph of the Fatimite dynasty. He reigned twenty-five years, and during that time he displayed such a wild mixture of vice and folly that grave doubts have existed as to his sanity. Amongst other acts he solemnly cursed the first caliph in the Mohammedan mosques of Cairo, and afterwards revoked the curse; he compelled his Jewish and Christian subjects to abjure their religions, and afterwards permitted them to resume them; he burnt the half of Cairo, and gave his soldiers free licence to pillage the remaining half; he forbade the sacred pilgrimage of El Haj to Mecca, the fast of Ramadan, the five daily prayers, and all other Moslem rites; he ordered all shops to be kept open the whole night through; he uprooted all the vines in Upper Egypt; he forbade the manufacture of shoes; he put the most rigid restraint upon women, forbidding any female above the age of thirteen to go out of doors at any time on any pretext whatever; he persecuted all his subjects of every rank, degree, and kind with every sort of annoyance that his ingenuity could suggest; —in a word, he behaved in such an outrageous manner, that his throne and life became endangered; and at last, as a happy thought,

he tried to cover all his misdeeds and to impose upon his subjects, by giving himself out as an incarnation of the Deity. This absurd doctrine was taken up by a Persian named Mohamed Ibn Ismail Duruzi, who thought to gain the caliph's favour by pandering to his eccentricities. His endeavours to bolster up his royal master's pretensions were, however, futile amongst the Egyptians. Hakim's character was too well known to admit of any of his subjects being duped by his blasphemous claims to divinity, and both he and Mohamed Duruzi were murdered. Hakim fell under a conspiracy against his life, headed by his own sister; he was assassinated in the year 1021.

Probably nothing more would have been heard of this insanely vicious monarch and his pretensions, had it not been for a man named Hamzé Ibn Ahmed, who had been a disciple of Mohamed Ibn Ismail Duruzi. On the death of Hakim and Duruzi, Hamzé fled from Egypt, and arriving in Syria, he attempted to promulgate the new religion. He asserted that Hakim was not dead, but that he had miraculously disappeared from amongst his subjects, who had proved themselves unworthy of such a divine and holy being; that he was immortal, and that in the fulness of time he would come forth from his place of secret retirement in power and majesty, attended by a mighty army, and would victoriously assert his position as the Incarnate of God.

Hamzé met with no success in his missionary enterprise till he arrived at the western slopes of the Lebanon. There he found a remarkable race, living quite separate and distinct from all surrounding peoples, without any fixed code of religion of their own, and ready to embrace his doctrines. This race, who accept Hamzé as their great prophet, and regard Hakim as the divine Messiah, are to this day known as Druses, after Duruzi, Hamzé's tutor.

And now comes this interesting and abstruse question, From whom were descended this separate and distinct race whom Hamzé found on the slopes of Lebanon? It is my object in this paper to answer this question. And here let me say, that it is not without careful investigation, a close examination into the doctrines and religious practices of the Druses, and much private conversation with some of the most learned and instructed of their priests, or *khateebs*, that I have arrived at the conclusions which I believe to be true. In one word, the Druses are, according to my researches, neither more nor less than the direct descendants of the subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre, who assisted Solomon in the building of the Temple.

These subjects of Hiram were, of course, Phœnicians. But the Phœnicians were of two classes,—the maritime traders of the seaboard, whose fame is so renowned, and the less-known mountaineers of the Lebanon district. The former, as the natural result of their mercantile life and their intimate intercourse with foreign nations, have long since lost their individuality and become merged in other races. The latter, who were really those that were principally employed in hewing down the cedar-trees of Lebanon, quarrying and fashioning the stones, and performing other services in aid of the erection of the Temple, were, from the very nature of their homes and occupations, less liable to change their habits of life or to become intermingled with other tribes and

nations. Thus, long after the recognition of the Phœnician race, as a race, was lost to Europeans, these people were still quietly occupying their same mountain settlements, preserving their integrity of blood, and keeping themselves distinct from surrounding influences.

With the decline of Tyre, Sidon, and the other Phœnician maritime ports, the worship of Baal and Astarte had gradually died out; and when Hamzé came amongst this primitive race, occupying the secluded slopes of Lebanon, he found them practically without a religion; though they had amongst them certain customs and traditions which, taken in connection with other circumstances which I shall presently point out, were in the highest degree significant of their connection with Solomon, and which also indicate a close relation between their ancestry and the originators of the mystic rites of Freemasonry. They were in the habit of holding secret assemblies, and they had passwords, signs, and degrees of initiation. But as far as a definite religious creed was concerned, they do not appear to have been in possession of any fixed code of belief, beyond their faith in the existence of a Deity.

It is not difficult to see why Christianity and Mohammedanism had failed to attract them. That rigid exclusiveness, which is continually cropping up as the great distinctive feature of their race, had hindered them from embracing any religion which would have brought them into contact and communion with outside races. Their chief desideratum was a creed which they could enjoy to themselves alone,—which had been adopted by no one else, and which none but themselves should be allowed to enter. So then Hamzé, on his arrival among them, found disciples ready at hand to listen to his teaching, unbiassed by preconceived beliefs, dissatisfied with their destitute religious condition, and in a word, as it were, "empty, swept, and garnished" for the reception of his doctrines. The very fact that these doctrines were new, and that they had hitherto been accepted by no other nations, was, in all probability, one of the most important factors in inducing this people to listen to them, and, finally, to adopt them as their own.

Hamzé was undoubtedly a very different character from either Hakim or Duruzi, whom he professed to follow. The 'Book of Testimonies to the Mysteries of the Unity,' which was composed by him, and which contains the main essence of his teaching, is full of the most beautiful and lofty thoughts, — mingled, it is true, with much that is false and absurd, and yet breathing, as a whole, a far different spirit from that which pervaded the life and pretensions of Hakim. The mere fact of Hamzé's creed being new and unique might not, perhaps, have proved sufficient of itself to induce his hearers to accept his teaching, if they had not also been greatly influenced by his own personal character and example. Be this as it may, the life of Hamzé amongst his disciples was, so far as one can gather, a life of great self-sacrifice, humility, and purity; and it is an evidence of his self-abnegation that he bestowed on his new converts the name of his master, Duruzi, instead of his own. It is curious, indeed, that that name should be theirs, for the Druses regard Duruzi as the incarnation of all that is evil. It would have been far more appro-

priate, though perhaps less euphonious, if they had been known as *Hamzé-ites.*

The Druses then, according to my belief, are merely the modern representatives of the illustrious Phœnicians of old,—genuine and lineal descendants of the subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre. To state in full all the process of reasoning and investigation by which I have arrived at this conclusion, would occupy more than my allotted space. I must therefore content myself at present with summing up the principal causes of my belief. (1.) This people had lived from time immemorial where Hamzé found them, on the slopes of Lebanon towards Tyre and Sidon. (2.) Their one great hero of Old Testament history is Solomon, about whom they will tell you marvellous stories reminding you of the Arabian Nights. (3.) They themselves stoutly maintain that they built Solomon's Temple. (4.) Their religious rites and ceremonies are, to the present day, very intimately associated with the mystic rites of Freemasonry; which, as is well known, is supposed to have taken its rise at the building of Solomon's Temple;—Solomon, Hiram the king, and Hiram, the widow's son of Tyre, being the first Grand Masters. The Druses have their different degrees of initiation, their signs and passwords. Their *khalwehs* (or places of sacred assembly) are very like Masonic lodges; the symbols on their walls are distinctly analogous to Masonic symbols. An outer and an inner guard watches on either side of the closed door during their sacred meetings (or lodges); and if these are not sufficient to indicate the truth of my theory, I will mention two other most remarkable corroborations.

1. In examining the 'Book of the Testimonies to the Mysteries of the Unity,' which contains the code of the esoteric religion of the Druses, I came across the following passage at the end:—

"The conclusion is, that whosoever knows and believes in what has preceded, *and is of full age, free from servitude, and sound of mind and body*, will be of those who are destined to the ranks (*i.e.*, the different degrees of initiation), and entitled to be present at the private assemblies (*i.e.*, the 'lodges'), at which whosoever is present will be saved by God Almighty, and whosoever is absent will repent. May God make His good ways easy, and pour upon us His blessing! He is the Helper, the Giver of victory, the Wise, and the Initiated! Amen."

Observe carefully the words in italics. The formula which expresses the condition of eligibility for initiation into Freemasonry is, as is well known, the following: "The candidate for initiation must be *of full age, free-born, and of good report.*" Thus it will be seen that in the two cases the conditions stated are virtually identical. This exact coincidence is in the highest degree significant and suggestive. It can hardly be the result of mere accident, and goes far to prove the intimate connection between Freemasonry and esoteric Drusedom.

2. But the second instance of corroboration is to my mind stronger still, for it is one which has come under my own personal experience. A few months ago I had occasion to enter into a business contract with one of my Druse farmers. When we were about to draw up the agreement, the Druse suggested that, as he could neither read nor write, we should ratify the bargain in the manner customary among his people. This consists of a solemn grasping of hands together in the

presence of two or three other Druses as witnesses, whilst the agreement is recited by both parties. Being always on the *qui vive* to gain a practical insight into the manners and customs of the Druses, I readily consented to this form of contract, hoping thereby to learn something more of their methods of procedure. Accordingly, the farmer brought three of his neighbours to me; and the terms of our contract having been made known to them, one of them took the right hand of each of us and joined them together, whilst he dictated to us what to say after him. To my great astonishment, the Druse who was grasping my hand gave me the *grip* of Master Mason! I immediately returned it, to his equal surprise. He asked me how and where I had learnt their secret sign; and this set me on the track of further inquiries, the result of which has been to render what was before a very strong belief on my part an absolute conviction. I now feel morally certain that my theory is correct; and speaking as a Freemason, and as one who has also searched somewhat fully into the mystic tenets of the Druses, I can assert that, in many particulars, the esoteric teaching of both systems is more or less identical. Owing to the extreme secrecy and exclusiveness of the Druse character, it is most difficult to gain an insight into their inner rites and tenets; and it requires many years of intercourse with them, and the firm establishment of relations of mutual confidence and trust, before one can be in a position to learn anything concerning them. But, speaking from experience, I can only say that if those who are qualified to pursue the subject further, will investigate carefully for themselves this most interesting matter, they will be more and more convinced of the truth of my statement, and cannot fail to be persuaded that the origin of Freemasonry is to be traced to the ancestors of the Druses, and that these ancestors were the Phœnician mountaineers of the Lebanon, who were the subjects of Hiram, King of Tyre. As might have been expected under these circumstances, the Druses are essentially a mountaineering race; there not being a single Druse village situated upon a plain, either in the Lebanon district, across the Haurân, or in the Holy Land proper.

This fact naturally exercises a great influence over their national habits and characteristics. Mountaineers are invariably active, hardy, and independent; and the Druses are no exception to this general rule. There is not a tribe in the whole of Syria that can compare with them in physical strength, symmetry of form, muscular development, and capability of endurance. In these respects they afford a remarkable contrast to the poor, miserable-looking, abject *fellaheen* and peasantry of an ordinary Syrian village, as also to the mongrel, cross-bred specimens which are to be met with in the larger towns of Palestine. Amongst the latter, indeed, it is rarely that one can find a genuine Syrian of pure native blood. Most of the inhabitants are the offspring of a motley ancestry. Turkish, Greek, Egyptian, French, Spanish, Italian, and Arab blood is intermingled, in greater or less proportion, in the veins of the modern so-called Syrian; and the result of this heterogeneous compound is, as might be expected, a very inferior type of humanity.

Not so, however, the Druses. Their rigid exclusiveness of re-

ligion and nationality has preserved them from such an intermingling of races; and, throughout the centuries, they have retained a purity of blood uncontaminated by foreign admixture. It is true, indeed, that there has until lately existed—and there may still linger—a common and popular belief amongst travellers in the East, that the Druses are in some way connected by descent with the Crusaders. The fair hair and light eyes of many of the Druse maidens are cited in support of this theory; but the idea may be discarded as entirely erroneous. It will be seen below how it first originated.

It is now eight hundred years since the Druses embraced the faith of Hamzé. During that period their native land has passed through many vicissitudes. The foreign foe has devastated Syria and Palestine. The Christian and the Moslem succeeded one another in the dominion of the country. The Crusaders, the Aleppo Sultans, the Mamelukes, and the Turks, in turns held sway over the land. Yet throughout all these varying crises, for more than five hundred years the Druses maintained their independence and pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the conflicts which raged around them.

At length, in the year 1588, Amurath III. resolved to reduce them into subjection. For this purpose, one of his generals, named Ibrahim Pasha, was sent from Cairo with an army, on an expedition against them. The Druses were not in a favourable condition for a successful resistance; for internal feuds had divided them into two parties, and their principal sheikhs were at enmity one with another. The civil dissensions amongst the Druses at that time may be compared to our English Wars of the Roses; for the *Kaisi* and the *Yemani*—as the opposing factions were called—carried respectively red and white flags, the consequence being that the strife was commonly known as the war between the Reds and the Whites.

Ibrahim Pasha put a summary end to their internecine struggles, for he speedily subjugated the whole race, and imposed upon them an indemnity of one million piastres, in addition to a heavy annual tribute.

It was then that the Druses, for the first time in their history, attracted the immediate attention of Europe. During the Crusades even, when all other Syrian races came more or less under the influence of the Franks, and were thus brought into contact with European nations, the Druses had consistently held aloof, unmolested and unmolesting; and their names are seldom mentioned in Crusading chronicles.

But now, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, the Druse nation sprang into notice, and became recognised in Europe as a race worthy of remark. As not unfrequently happens, the common danger and disaster had healed the internal divisions, and the whole Druse nationality had become united under one common head. A man of extraordinary talent and ability came to the fore—the greatest hero, perhaps, of which the Druses have been able to boast. His name was Fakr-ed-Deen. Under his able leadership, the Druse nation attained its highest power. Never before nor since has it been so prosperous and united. In a series of brilliant campaigns, Fakr-ed-Deen completely routed the Turks, the Arabs, and the various

tribes of the Lebanon and the neighbourhood, and gained possession of the whole tract of country from Beyrout to Safed, and from Sidon, Tyre, and Acre to Baalbek. One by one, all these important towns fell under his conquering might; and in the year 1613, he endeavoured further to subdue the Pashas of Damascus and of Tripoli. This he found a task beyond his unaided power; and in order to gain the assistance and sympathies of Europe, he undertook a journey to Italy. The most powerful European Court at that time was that of the Medicis, and to them he addressed himself for succour and alliance. His claims were strongly supported by the merchants and missionaries of Beyrout and the Lebanon; and acting under their suggestions, he gave out to Rome that the Druses were Christians, descended from the Crusaders, that they had derived their name from a noted champion of the Cross, the *Comte de Dreux*, and that he himself was closely related to the royal family of Lorraine.

And here we have the *fons et origo mali*, the source and origin of that erroneous tradition, which has led Palestinian writers astray, when they have connected the Druses with the Crusaders. It has all resulted from this fiction, invented by Fakr-ed-Deen and his friends, in order the more effectually to arouse the interest and enlist the active sympathies of the Christian Powers of Europe.

The notion that the Druses could have derived their name in any way from the Comte de Dreux is absurd upon the face of it; for travellers in the East, belonging to periods long before the Crusades, make mention of the Druses by name. To take one example out of many, Benjamin of Tudela, who wrote somewhat fully, although with ridiculous inaccuracy, about them, lived and died more than a hundred years before the Comte de Dreux was in existence!

The subsequent career of Fakr-ed-Deen is a matter of history, and I need not dwell upon it here. Suffice it to say that the Druses were defeated by the Turks in 1631, and that from that date they have always been subject to the Ottoman empire; though for some length of time they were allowed to occupy a position of semi-independence. They had a nominal ruler of their own, who was, however, a vassal of the Sultan of Turkey, and whose sway was limited by the Ottoman authority. For a few generations, the chiefdom of the Druses was vested in the family of Fakr-ed-Deen; but at length the succession of male heirs failed, and the government passed to the family of Shehab.

Until their subjection in 1631, the Druses had remained as a compact body in the district which they had always inhabited; but after that period, those migrations commenced which have resulted in their present divided settlements in the Lebanon, the Jebel-ed-Druse to the east of the Haurân, and the Palestinian provinces of Galilee and Carmel. A few families also emigrated northwards, and there are Druses to be found in the neighbourhood of Aleppo.

In speaking of the religion of the Druses, about which there has been so much speculation and controversy, one must always bear in mind that it is necessary to distinguish between the esoteric and exoteric aspects of the case. Esoteric Drusedom contains within it abstruse speculations of metaphysics, many of which are fanciful and childish in the extreme. Some of these theories are original,

some are borrowed from other sources; but very few of those with which I am acquainted have much practical bearing on daily life and conduct. Only they who have reached the highest stage of initiation are thoroughly conversant with them, and these learned mystics are very limited in number. By far the great majority of Druses know little or nothing of the esoteric side of their religion; and the intense reticence and reserve which, in common with others who have endeavoured to fathom the mysteries of the Druse creed, I have frequently encountered, has resulted, as I have since discovered, more often from ignorance than from the conscious scruples of a devotee. Take an ordinary Druse, and question him on the subject of his religion; you will find it almost impossible to get anything out of him, and this is, in nine cases out of ten, simply because he knows nothing about it himself. He has a sort of vague and superstitious idea that there are some deep mysterious marvels of religion with which those fully initiated are conversant; and this renders him in his turn mysterious in his demeanour when a stranger converses with him on the subject.

At the same time there are certain broad principles and general beliefs, constituting the exoteric aspect of their religion, with which all Druses are more or less familiar, according to the stage of initiation to which they have attained. These principles and beliefs are really the most essential features of their creed, for it is by them that the Druses are practically influenced, and their lives and characters are in a great measure moulded upon them. Some of these I will briefly discuss.

In the first place, the Druses believe in one God, and one alone; and everything that happens in the world, good or bad, they ascribe to His direct intervention. This firm belief may be said to be the key-note of their daily religion. It is not merely that they acknowledge God as the great First Cause, but they do not believe in any secondary causes whatever. Thus, for example, they consider it the height of folly and presumption to imagine that the weather is guided by any natural laws. I have times without number tried to induce a Druse to give me his opinion as to whether or not we are likely to have rain on the morrow. The following conversation is a type of what is almost invariably the result of my question :—

"Well, Soleiman, do you think it is likely to rain to-morrow?"

"How can I know, ya Khawâjah? God knows."

"Of course I do not expect you to *know*. I asked you what you *thought*."

"How can I think? God knows."

"But look up at the sky. See those clouds over the sea yonder. Do they look as if we shall have rain soon?"

"It is as God pleases. If God sends rain, it will rain; and if He does not, it will not."

And I have never been able to get further than this.

This idea, that everything is the result of God's immediate work, independent of the laws of cause and effect, can be traced in its influence upon their characters and conduct throughout.

Thus it renders them absolute *fatalists*. If a Druse becomes ill, he and his friends will say that it was predestined that he should get ill, and that it is no good trying to cure him; for that if God wills, he will recover, and if it is God's will,

he will die. Many of the Druses will even go so far as to refuse medicine or any other remedies, on the plea that they are wicked attempts to interfere with God's work. This is not, indeed, the case with all. The majority are ready enough to come to you for assistance, in the event of illness or of an accident, and they will take what you give them; but it is very often accompanied by a half-contemptuous, half-sceptical smile, as though they would say, "I will follow your advice and swallow your rubbish, because I know it will please you; but you must not expect me to believe that it is going to make any difference with the course of the predestined issue."

There are certain remedies which they are accustomed, even of themselves, to have recourse to; but they are of a very primitive and drastic character, and mainly consist of bleeding and burning. Almost every Druse has about him some scars where the native doctor has branded him with a red-hot iron or packing-needle; for this is the favourite instrument of torture.

A little more than a year ago, a Druse woman was bitten on her hand by a very poisonous snake whilst weeding in the fields. We have found one simple cure for these terribly dangerous snake-bites, which is invariably successful if applied in time. It consists of pouring as much neat brandy as possible down the throat of the patient in the shortest possible time. The tendency of the snake poison is to cause death by congealing the blood; the alcohol has just the opposite effect; so that the two poisons counteract one another. One young man, who must inevitably have died otherwise, drank two and a half bottles of neat brandy in one and a half hours! And he had never tasted anything stronger than water in his life before! But the remedy cured him. This woman, when she was bitten, begged to be brought at once to us; but her husband, impelled by the force of custom, insisted on branding her arm first with a red-hot packing-needle. This burn was the only thing that caused us any difficulty; for long after the effects of the poison had passed out of the woman's system, a festering sore remained from the brand. I was much amused by the fine points of distinction which the woman made as regarded her fatalistic belief. Inveighing against her husband because he had insisted upon branding her, she emphatically exclaimed, "It was predestined that the snake should bite me; but it was not predestined that my husband should burn me."

Another result of this feature of the Druses' creed is that they take all the varying phases of life most calmly. They are unelated by happiness, undepressed by sorrow. On one occasion it so happened that two strong, healthy young men, the eldest sons of their respective families, were taken suddenly ill in the harvest-field from fever, and died on the same day. Now the saddest event of which a Druse is conscious is the death of a first-born son. Consequently, when I went to pay visits of condolence to the two bereaved families, I expected to find them overwhelmed with grief and crying their eyes out in despair. Nothing of the sort. The whole family in each case—father, mother, brothers, sisters—were quietly seated around, a placid smile of resignation and content on their faces; and on my speaking a few words of sympathy to them, they replied, "Hamdillah! Praise be to God!

It is the Lord's doing; and we are very thankful." It was no canting hypocritical phrase that these poor people uttered; it was the genuine expression of their inmost feelings, and it reminded me most forcibly of the utterance of the patriarch of old: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

I have frequently noticed the same thing since. At first it would seem to result from a callousness of disposition and want of heart, this absence of any outward manifestation of grief at the loss of a dear one. But it is not really this; it is the result of the innate belief in every Druse's mind that God orders all things, and that whatever He does is best.

It must be acknowledged, at the same time, that the Druses are wanting in those finer susceptibilities to the pain and sorrows of others which are the outcome of Christianity and of a higher civilisation. Hardy as they are themselves, and comparatively insensible to pain, they cannot appreciate the fact that others may suffer more than they. Consequently, just as they themselves will laugh rather than cry if they meet with an accident, such as cutting or burning themselves, so are they prone to regard an accident to another person as a subject for mirth rather than for sympathy. I once saw a Druse man fall from his horse whilst galloping madly in a fantasia. He sustained very serious injuries, and presented a pitiable spectacle as he lay upon the ground, bruised and bleeding. Yet, to my amazement, his friends and fellow-villagers, instead of pressing forward to render him assistance, stood and laughed to their hearts' content, as if they thought it the grandest joke in the world. The Druse children are especially fond of capturing a poor helpless little bird and torturing it for their own amusement. All these things are sad to contemplate, and they certainly reveal defects in the Druses' characters. But they are the natural concomitants of an inferior stage of civilisation, and are the usual characteristics of a hardy untrained race such as that of the Druses.

The Druses, as I have intimated, call themselves *Unitarians;* and they are careful to maintain that the belief in the One God is the primary essential to everlasting salvation.

At the same time, they believe that the One God has appeared on earth in human form, under *ten* different manifestations or incarnations.

The incarnation of the Godhead is thus expressed in the 'Book of Testimonies':—

"It is necessary to believe in God Almighty in His human form, without confusing it with the questions, where? or how much? or who? for that same figure has no flesh, nor blood, nor body, nor weight; but it is like unto a mirror when you put the same into a scale to weigh it, and look at yourself in it; for does it weigh more by your seeing your own face in it? So is the figure of the Almighty; it does not eat, nor drink, nor feel, nor can incident or time alter it. It is invisible; but it contains the power of being ever present, and it has appeared to us on earth in human form, that we should be better able to comprehend it, there being no power in us wherewith to compare the Divinity."

Curious and quaint is the description here given of the Godhead—especially striking being the illustration of the mirror and of the image of the face within it, which, while being present to the

senses, makes no difference to the weight of the mirror!

According to the Druse creed, the ten incarnations of the deity took place in the following human beings: Ali, El Bar, Zacharias, Elias, Maal, El Kaem, Mansûr, Maaz, Azîz, and Hakim.

Ali was the first incarnation, and this occurred at the inauguration of the present race of humanity. It was, if one may use an apparently contradictory term, an invisible manifestation; for, although the incarnation was in human form, no man ever saw Ali at any time.

El Bar was the incarnate God-man, from whom Enoch learned the truth. He was, in other words, the "God" of whom the Bible speaks when it says, "Enoch walked with God." El Bar, so the Druses say, was the founder of all priesthood.

Whether the Zacharias mentioned as the third incarnation is identical with any character in Old Testament history, I have been unable to discover; but Elias, the fourth incarnation, is undoubtedly Elijah. The Druses have a divine reverence for the memory of this remarkable prophet, whom they worship under the title of "El Khudr" (the "Evergreen"), in token of his eternity; and it is this which led them to establish colonies on the Mount of Carmel, which is specially sacred to Elijah's name. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that all Syrian races, Christian, Mohammedan, and Jew alike, have almost the same superhuman respect for the name of this mysterious saint of God; though I am not aware that any of them go so far as the Druses in ascribing to Elijah a divine incarnation.

The fifth manifestation of the Godhead occurred in the person of Maal, who is said to have appeared upon earth in the time of Mohammed. This incarnation took place at "Tadmor in the East," now known as Palmyra. According to the 'Book of the Testimonies,' Maal's "appearance was extremely beautiful and glorious, and he was most rich, and travelled alone with one thousand camels laden with goods and merchandise."

Hitherto, it will be observed, the manifestations of the Godhead in human form occurred at widespread intervals, the first five incarnations having been diffused over the vast period ranging from the commencement of the human race to the time of Mohammed in the sixth century of the Christian era. But, with the appearance of Maal, there seems to have begun a deeply concentrated effort on the part of the Deity in His dealings with the human race, for the last five incarnations were handed down in successive generations, from father to son, as follows: Maal begat El Kaem, and El Kaem begat Mansûr, and Mansûr begat Maaz, and Maaz begat Azîz, and Azîz begat Hakim; and all these were individual and separate incarnations of the Godhead.

The object of these ten incarnations is thus summed up in the sacred books of the Druses:—

> "The repetition of these heavenly characters in human bodies, with the changes of name and appearance, was to assist the understanding of humanity, to make perfect the way, and to establish a permanent law; otherwise these ten heavenly characters are all one,—One God, and there is no other God but Him."

It will be observed that neither Jesus nor Mohammed is included amongst the ten incarnations of the Deity, thus bearing out what I have already emphatically stated, that the Druse religion is entirely

distinct both from Christianity and from Mohammedanism.

At the same time, both Jesus and Mohammed are placed in the Druse list of prophets, which is as follows: Adam, Noah, Shem, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Hezekiah, Nathaniel, Daniel, Doodoosalem, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Jesus, Simon, Mohamed Ibn Abdullah, and Mohamed Ibn Ismail. Most of the above names are familiar, Doodoosalem being the only one that I am entirely at a loss to identify. It is remarkable that the three great Greek philosophers should have found their way into the Druse category of prophets; this being, so far as I know, the only instance in which the influence of Greek philosophy is openly acknowledged in an oriental faith. Probably it is due to the training which Hamzé received in Egypt, where the doctrines of Plato found a congenial home for many centuries.

Simon is probably Simon Magus; Mohamed Ibn Abdullah is the great prophet of Islam himself; and Mohamed Ibn Ismail is Duruzi.

The Druses hold that there have been seven great lawgivers—Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohamed the first, Mohamed the second, and Said el Mahdi, "and all these were one soul."

It will be seen by the last expression that the Druses are firm believers in the doctrines of reincarnation and of the transmigration of souls. With respect to this they hold a very peculiar creed. They say that the number of souls in existence is fixed and unchangeable; that this number is exactly the same, neither more nor less, as it was when humanity was first called into existence; and further, that the proportion belonging to all religions is equally fixed and immutable. When, for example, a Mohammedan dies, his soul passes into another Mohammedan; the soul of a Christian passes into another Christian, and so on. Thus, with regard to all religions except their own, the souls can never rise higher nor fall lower than their present condition. But with the Druses it is different. The soul of a Druse may, after a life of special purity and holiness, pass away from earth and enter into an angel, or some superior heavenly being. On the other hand, after a debased and evil life, it may have to pass into some lower animal, a dog, a wolf, a tiger, or what not; until the time of its punishment and discipline shall be over, when it may again become incarnated into a Druse. Thus they believe that the way of eternal life is only to be found in their religion; but at the same time they hold that they, and they only, are in danger of eternal damnation.

It has been observed by some writers that the influence of the old Persian religion is to be traced in esoteric Drusedom; and this is, to a certain extent, true. But it does not follow, as these writers seem to think, that the Druses are descended from a Persian origin. It is more probably due to the fact that Mohamed Duruzi was a Persian himself, and that when he espoused the claims of Hakim and began to formulate the new faith, he introduced some of the tenets and theories in which he had been educated in his youth. Thus, as the Greek philosophy permeates the dogmas of esoteric Drusedom, owing to the training which Hamzé had received in Egypt, so does the Persian element owe its presence to Hamzé's tutor, Duruzi. The belief in the transmigration of souls is Pythagorean; and the Druses undoubtedly received it from

Hamzé. From Duruzi, amongst other tenets, came the Druse belief in astrology, which is clearly one of the elements derived from the Persian origin. For, in the economy of esoteric Drusedom, astrology does certainly play a somewhat conspicuous part. The fact that this is so is a good illustration of the direct contrast between the esoteric and exoteric aspects of the Druse religion; for, as I have already demonstrated, the common mass of Druses do not recognise any relations between natural cause and effect, nor do they believe in any intermediate agency between God and His creatures. The Druse mystics, on the other hand, have great faith in the power of the "Seven Planets," as they call them, to modify the course of human affairs. They know and care nothing about the fixed stars and constellations; these, according to their creed, exercising little or no influence upon the earth and its inhabitants.

The seven planets include the sun and moon, and are thus arranged in the Druse catalogue: Saturn (Zahil), Jupiter (Mushtari), Mars (Marrih), Sun (Shems), Venus (Zahret), Mercury (Atarid), and Moon (Kamar). These seven heavenly bodies, according to their philosophy, were created by the help of the "seven original spirits," who, under the aid and direction of the Creator, are the tutelary deities of the planets, each planet being under the special guardianship and authority of a particular spirit. The mystic books of the Druses assert that "these seven spirits arranged the interior economy of the earth; and all that happens to the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation is through the agency of these seven planets: fortune and misfortune are ruled by them."

As in the Jewish and Christian systems, and in most other religious systems of the East, the mystic number seven occupies a prominent position in Druse philosophy.

Thus we have already spoken of the seven lawgivers, the seven original spirits, and the seven planets. In addition to these the Druse code holds that, at every incarnation of the Deity, there appeared seven priests, "from the Order of Truth," who followed his steps; "and the strength of the belief of the seven priests in the unity was as the amount of saliva in the throat of man."

Again, as there were seven lawgivers, so there are seven great laws, and on the knowledge and fulfilment of these seven laws hangs the Druse's prospect of eternal life. These seven laws are thus enumerated:—

1. The truth of the tongue.
2. The preservation of brotherly love.
3. The abandonment of idol-worship.
4. The disbelief in evil spirits.
5. The worship of the One God in every age and generation.
6. Perfect satisfaction with the acts of God.
7. Absolute resignation to God's will.

Prayer, almsgiving, and fasting are distinctly discountenanced; for the sacred books allege that the first three laws have done away with their necessity and use: "*The truth of the tongue* is instead of prayer, and *the preservation of brotherly love* is instead of almsgiving, and the *abandonment of idol-worship* is instead of fasting."

The seven laws may be said to be the connecting link between the esoteric and exoteric sides of the Druse religion; for they are more or less known and cultivated by all classes of the Druses. They

very seldom pray, and the solemn assemblies in the *khalwehs*, or churches, are more conventions for discussion, exhortation, or instruction, than prayer-meetings in the sense in which they are generally understood. They hold no day of the week as specially sacred, though their religious assemblies are held, as a rule, on Thursday evenings. They work on all the seven days of the week, and have no special periods set apart for rest. These two facts—namely, the absence of praying habits, and the non-observance of a sacred day in the week—have caused the Druses to incur the reputation of being emphatically an irreligious race; and this can hardly be wondered at when one considers that, among the other great creeds of the Holy Land—the Moslem and Jewish, as well as the Greek and the Roman—these outward observances are the main staple of religion. But it is a grave matter of doubt whether the Moslem with his fastings and prayers, the Jew with his Sabbaths, the Greek with his elaborate functions, or the Roman with his masses, is really more religious than the simple, prayerless Druse. The one too frequently allows his perfunctory worship to cloak the irreligion of his daily life; the other believes that real devotion consists of practical conduct and not of lip-service. The Druse's motto might be described in the following lines:—

"Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour—and fade!"

By this, I would not be understood to assert that the daily life of an average Druse is specially conspicuous for "deeds of faith," any more than I would wish to insinuate that there is no real heart-worship to be found amongst the Christians, Moslems, or Jews. But the point which I desire to make clear is this: that whereas the tendency of the latter is to regard religion as made up of functions, fastings, and prayers, that of the Druses is to consider it as a matter more of practical work and conduct than of worship and devotion.

Then, again, with regard to almsgiving, the influence of the seven laws is very visible amongst all classes of the Druses. A traveller may pass through one Druse village after another, without having his ears once assailed by the begging cry of "Bakshîsh," which is so intolerable a nuisance in every place in Syria inhabited by Moslems, Jews, or Christians. During my long and intimate intercourse with the Druses, I scarcely remember to have been ever demanded alms by one of their race. They are ready to borrow money to any extent—and perhaps some of them may have a lurking intention of not repaying the loan; but they will never ask straight out for money to be given to them. As an instance of their faithful adherence to the dogma that "the preservation of brotherly love is instead of alms-giving," it may be stated that it is considered unlawful and irreligious for one Druse to charge interest to another; and that whilst they frequently borrow and lend amongst themselves, it is a very rare occurrence for any interest to be added to the principal. In lieu thereof, however, the borrower is generally expected to make the lender a present at the time of the repayment of the loan; the value of the present being in proportion to the amount which has been

borrowed. This may appear to come virtually to the same thing; but the principle is different. Instead of a compulsory charge, it is a voluntary offering, and a friendly obligation takes the place of a legal bond. In fact, in these and all their dealings one with another, we can see the working of the great Masonic principles — "Brotherly love, relief, and truth."

I had intended to enlarge upon the principal distinctive features of the Druse nationality and character, and to describe their rites and superstitions, their social customs, and their habits of daily life; but it would be impossible to treat of all these subjects within the limits of this present article, and I must therefore reserve them for a future occasion.

But I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote concerning a couple of Druse families in my own village; for the incidents connected with it are highly characteristic of the manners and customs of the race, and illustrate some of their laws relating to the social questions of marriage and divorce.

Unlike the Mohammedans, the Druses are strict monogamists; it being absolutely unlawful for a Druse to have more than one wife at a time. There is no religious function connected with the actual ceremony of marriage, which merely consists of festive gatherings, fantasias, processions, and dances, lasting generally for about three days. The priestly benediction, such as it is, takes place at the preliminary ceremony of the betrothal, which may be several years before the wedding itself, but which is almost equally binding in its sanctity. Indeed, after the betrothal has once been ratified, no one can break it off except the bridegroom himself. Neither the bride, nor her parents, nor her relations, nor the parents or relations of the bridegroom, can have any say in the matter.

A man named Saleh Macledi, the largest farmer and landed proprietor in the village, had a son named Abdullah, who desired to become betrothed to a fine good-looking girl named Amni, the daughter of one Kara Soleiman. The business negotiations connected with a betrothal are generally of a very simple and primitive nature, consisting merely of the payment of a certain sum mutually agreed upon, by the father of the bridegroom to the father of the bride. This sum varies from about 4 *medjidies* (*i.e.*, 13s. 4d.) to 2000 *piastres* (or 14 guineas), according to the pecuniary and social status of the parties concerned. In plain words, the father sells his daughter for as much as he can get for her.

In the present instance, Kara Soleiman, who is a very keen, shrewd man of business, suggested to Saleh Macledi that, in lieu of paying him any money to obtain his daughter's hand for his son, he should enter into an arrangement with him, whereby he (Kara) should become Saleh's partner in the cultivation and profits of his land. Kara knew very well what he was about; for Saleh Macledi, though an extensive farmer, was not in the possession of much ready money at the time, and it would have gone very much against his grain to raise the 2000 piastres which he would have had to pay. On the other hand, Kara had little or no land of his own; and, once he had got a footing in partnership with Saleh, he would have found means of making a good thing out of it for himself, being a much sharper and more unscrupulous man than the other. After some

little negotiation, Saleh agreed to Kara's proposal, and Abdullah was duly betrothed to Amni. The partnership between the respective parents had not been long in operation before Saleh and his family began to perceive that they had made a very bad bargain. They tried at first to compromise matters by offering Kara a good round sum to dissolve the partnership, but he bluntly refused to entertain the idea. Pressure was then brought to bear upon Abdullah to induce him to break off his engagement with Amni. The young couple, however, were very fond of one another, and would not consent to hear of this. Saleh then discovered some legal flaw in the agreement between himself and Kara, on the strength of which he succeeded in getting out of his association with him in the farming business. Kara thereupon swore, with all the solemn oaths of the Druse religion, that his daughter Amni should never marry Abdullah. The betrothal had, however, been solemnly ratified, and, without the consent of the bridegroom, he could not annul it. As he could see no other way to prevent the marriage, Kara, who is a perfect devil when his temper is aroused, made up his mind to put his daughter to death. Accordingly, finding her alone one day in the house, he told her that her last hour had come; and, having bound her arms behind her back, he led her forth for execution. He had determined to shoot her at a lonely spot in a valley below the village, where he had a small parcel of ground belonging to him. This done, his intention was to flee at once to the Haurân. He mounted his horse, and with his gun loaded, he drove Amni in front of him. It was a lonely road between his house and the place appointed for his fell purpose, and it was not likely that they would meet any one on their way. Most fortunately, however, it happened that, about half-way, they came across a young Druse man, of about twenty-five years of age, one of the strongest and bravest fellows in the village. Knowing all the circumstances of the case, Yusef (for such was his name) placed himself in front of the girl, and demanded to know wherefore she was weeping and bound, and what Kara was about to do to her. The latter, who was nearly mad with passion, bade him not to interfere, but to mind his own business and get out of the way. Yusef, however, taking Amni under his charge, defied Kara to do his worst, saying that he would have to shoot her through his dead body first. Angry as he was, Kara had yet enough of self-possession left to know that it was a very different thing perpetrating an outrage on his daughter and killing or wounding Yusef. The one would have been regarded as a family matter, which, after a while, he would have got over; the other would have involved a feud of the whole village, and the consequences must have been fatal to himself. He therefore suffered Yusef to lead Amni away, contenting himself with solemnly asseverating that he would yet find means to prevent her union with Abdullah.

Amni was brought to our house by Yusef, and we sent her off, under reliable protection, to a neighbouring Druse village, until her father's wrath had been in a measure appeased and it was judged safe to let her return to her parental roof.

Matters now for some time quieted down. Though the betrothal was still adhered to by the bride and bridegroom, no allusion was made on either side

to a marriage, and no communication of any sort took place between the two families. Kara's resolution was seen to be so desperate that it was considered wiser to drop the matter altogether for a time.

Nearly three years passed away, and Kara remained in the same obdurate condition of hatred and revenge to Saleh Macledi, and of obstinate determination not to allow his daughter to marry Abdullah. The young people, although living in the same village, had not spoken to one another in the interval, and Abdullah began to consider that the engagement was virtually at an end. Saleh became tired of living on unfriendly terms with Kara; and as the betrothed parties had by this time lost the first ardour of their attachment, it was deemed expedient that the strain of the situation should be terminated by Abdullah marrying some other girl. Accordingly, a suitable partner was found for him in the person of a fair damsel named Dalli; and Abdullah was betrothed, and soon afterwards married to her.

The astuteness and perversity of Kara then came to the fore in a most amusing manner. Abdullah had inadvertently omitted to give Amni a formal release from her engagement to him, although it was a morally understood thing between both parties that the marriage could never take place owing to Kara's inflexible obstinacy. No sooner were Abdullah and Dalli married than Kara went to the Government and sued for damages against Saleh for allowing his son to marry Dalli whilst he was still betrothed to Amni. He gained his point, and Saleh had to pay him 100 *medjidies*, or 2300 *piastres!* Since then Amni has been betrothed to another young man in the village called Hamûd, one of the strongest, heartiest, and best-looking young fellows in the place. Every one was congratulating the poor girl that her troubles would soon be over, for they were to have been married at the close of harvest operations this year. In the month of August, Hamûd was suddenly seized with some mysterious and terrible illness, closely resembling the worst form of cholera; and after a day or two's illness he died. Thus, by a strange fatality, poor Amni has for the second time been deprived of her prospective husband.

The principal sufferer by the dispute between Kara Soleiman and Saleh Macledi has been, however, curiously enough, none of the parties chiefly concerned in it, but an unfortunate woman, who was Kara's wife and Amni's stepmother. This woman, by name Nijmi, happened to be Saleh's daughter, and sister to Abdullah. When Kara returned home, after his murderous designs upon Amni had been thwarted by Yusef's intervention, he found Nijmi bathed in tears, she having already heard of what had taken place. Incensed at the sympathy which, as he imagined, she was thus displaying for Amni and for her father's family, Kara, in his reckless passion, pronounced upon her the fatal words of divorce. She had been his faithful wife for fourteen years, and he was in reality devotedly attached to her. So patiently had she borne his violent fits of temper, that never during all those years had any serious quarrel arisen between them. But now he was quite beside himself, and was in no condition to consider the consequence of his rash act. The law of divorce amongst the Druses is very simple, and yet it

is hedged in with such rigidly strict conditions that a Druse will hesitate before proceeding to extremities. The husband has but to say to his wife: "Leave my house; you are no longer my wife;" and the moment that she passes over his threshold and departs, the marriage union is dissolved. But the result is this. Not only may he never, under any circumstances, take her back again, however sincerely he may repent his action, but he must not even speak to her again as long as they live, nor, if possible, may he even meet her face to face. If he sees her coming along the road he must turn round and go back, or otherwise get out of her way so as to avoid meeting her. Now, in a small community such as is contained in an ordinary Druse village, these conditions often entail very awkward consequences, especially if there are several cases of divorce. The woman generally suffers the worst, as her own relations and parents, having considered that their responsibility for her sustenance has ended when they have given her in marriage, will not, as a rule, consent to undertake her support; and she is left to fare as best she can. It not unfrequently happens that she is the mother of several small children, and the burden of these is thrown upon her, for she has to take them with her if their father requires it. During their infancy and childhood she has to support them; but directly they are old enough to earn their living, the father claims their services and takes them back to himself. Nijmi had two small children, both girls, of the ages of six and five years respectively; and, driven forth with them at a moment's notice, she has been obliged ever since to shift for them and for herself. The poor woman has frequently been reduced to great straits; but I have lately been successful in inducing her father, Saleh, to undertake their support.

The Druses sometimes divorce their wives for apparently the most trivial causes. Thus a man named Soleiman Attala, had a wife, Isbakyeh. The woman frequently worked for us, and on several occasions I had to complain that she talked too much and worked too little. At length I was obliged to tell Soleiman that, owing to his wife's laziness, I could employ her no longer. Shortly afterwards I went to England. On my return, after a couple of months' absence, I was surprised to find that Soleiman had divorced Isbakyeh, and had already married another woman. On inquiring from him the cause of this, he replied, "Your honour told me that you would not employ my wife again; so I thought I would get rid of her, and marry another one, whom you would employ."

Notwithstanding the apparent laxity of the moral law which these cases reveal, I am bound to say that my experience of the Druses is that, in point of morality, they occupy a superior position to that of many more civilised races. Illegitimacy is practically unknown amongst them. This is in a great measure owing, no doubt, to the early age at which the girls are married; for they seldom remain single after the age of fifteen or sixteen years, and are not unfrequently married as early as eleven or twelve. But independently of this, there is another powerful cause of restraint which preserves the maidens from immorality and unchastity.

The whole tenor of Druse religion and sentiment is exceedingly strict upon this point, and

the Druse females know that dire consequences would result to them if they were detected in any immoral act. No Druse girl is allowed to go out alone after dark; and it is considered a disgrace for one to be seen often in the company of young men. In all their festivals and dances the two sexes are kept quite separate and apart, and it is a thing unheard of for a Druse male and female to dance together. Under these circumstances, the Druse maidens are trained from their earliest childhood to keep themselves from intercourse with the opposite sex, until the time shall arrive for them to enter upon the duties of wifehood.

In a race which, like the Druses, intermarry exclusively amongst themselves, it is not to be wondered at that the laws of consanguinity are not so strict as they are in European countries. Nevertheless the cases are comparatively rare in which the bride and bridegroom are nearer of kin than first cousins. This is, indeed, in far the majority of instances, the relation which actually exists between them. The eldest son of a family is, as a matter of fact, expected to marry a daughter of his father's brother; and he can claim her over the heads of all other suitors. The object of this is doubtless to keep property and possessions in the same family, and its tendency is to foster a great spirit of clannishness amongst the whole race. Indeed, so universally is the custom recognised, that a husband never speaks of his spouse as "my wife," nor a wife of hers as "my husband"; he calls her "the daughter of my father's brother," and she in like manner styles him "the son of my father's brother." This is even the case when there is really no such relation existing between them; and the Druse name for "father-in-law" is "father's brother."

To sum up the principal points of the present paper, the Druses, those hardy children of the mountain-home, are the representatives at the present day of the Phœnician highlanders. The principal feature of their character—exclusiveness—induced them to adopt a religion unlike that of any other people, and has preserved them as a distinctive race. It is a mistake to imagine that they have any connection either with Islamism or with Christianity. But, in all probability, they are, in their origin, closely allied to Freemasonry. Their religion has a mystic esoteric side; but this has little or no influence on their practical daily life. As regards the latter, they believe in the ever-present providence of God, and this creed they carry to the extent of fatalism. They are incapable of feeling the finer sentiments of sympathy, whilst at the same time they are remarkably callous to pain and suffering in themselves. They pay no attention to the devotional aspects of religion, though they are, notwithstanding, intensely superstitious. They have a code of morality which, in some respects, appears curious to the mind of a Christian; but to this code, such as it is, they faithfully and strictly adhere. Their place in civilisation cannot be classed as very high; though they have within them capabilities which, under careful and patient guidance, would enable them to become a splendid race; and it is not improbable that in the future they may—

> "Rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves, to higher things."

Such are the Druses of the Holy Land.

HASKETT SMITH.

A SECRET MISSION.

CHAPTER XXX.—HALA.

"This sorrow that I have, by right is yours."—*Richard III.*

ROMAN entered the house, closely followed by the two attending Cossacks. In the corridor he met the priest coming out of the big saloon, where he had been pronouncing a last blessing over the corpse. The door of the saloon stood open, and Roman went in, expecting to find the family there assembled. There were a good many people in the room, and in the centre, just where on Easter Day the Swiencone feast had been laid out, stood the coffin, already closed, and only waiting to be carried out to the churchyard.

The windows were shut, and the atmosphere in here was heavy and oppressive. There was no sound of weeping and wailing in the room; but the whole air vibrated with a humming buzzing noise, like the interior of a monstrous beehive. This buzzing was loudest round the black catafalque that stood in the centre, for here it was that myriads of flies, attracted by the fulsome presence of death on this sultry August day, hung clustering about the coffin, wrestling with each other in futile endeavour to penetrate the dense wooden screen and pay their last loathsome tribute to that which lay within.

Luba was the first person that Roman caught sight of, standing at the foot of the coffin, clad in deep mourning, and holding by the hand the two children, who likewise were dressed in black. She looked across at Roman with a strange startled expression as he came in, but did not advance to greet him, rather she shrank a little away to one side. Felicyan was not in the room; but near to one of the windows sat Hala, her head bowed down over her clasped hands, in an attitude expressive of deepest affliction. He could not see her face.

It was only fitting that he should say a few words of condolence to his sister-in-law on the subject of her father's death, and he had made a few steps towards her, when a touch on the arm arrested him.

Luba was standing beside him now, looking anxiously into his face.

"Do not speak to Hala; do not let her see you," she said in a hurried undertone. "Go away—go away."

"But why? . . . " he was beginning, when Hala raised her head and he saw her face. What was it, this dreadful expression of stony despair, that he saw written there? The reflection of a grief too deep for words, of a sorrow too hard and too hopeless for the luxury of tears. Even making allowance for the natural, the proper grief, which every daughter must feel on losing a parent, was it rational, was it conceivable, that a sane healthy woman like Hala should give herself up to such unmitigated anguish for the death of an old man, who had been but the shadow of a father at best,—who for the last ten years had spent his days, from April to November, in killing flies; and from November to April back again in lamenting that there were no flies to kill!

And what had Luba meant by her mysterious warning? It was too late to inquire now, for Hala had seen him, and he could not avoid addressing her.

He went up to Madame Starowolska.

"You have had a great misfortune, my sister. Believe me, I am sincerely sorry for your loss."

Hala stared at him fixedly, but did not answer. It was almost as though she did not recognise her brother-in-law.

"A great loss," repeated Roman, puzzled and embarrassed by her attitude; "but you must not let yourself be overcome to this extent. He was old, and it is only the law of nature to which we must all submit. You will get over this in time."

"Never!"

The word came out with the unexpected violence of a pistol report, and the fierce energy with which it was spoken alarmed him even more than her former passivity. What was the matter here? Had Hala gone mad?

"Where is Felicyan?" he asked aloud, looking round uncomfortably. He had not much time to lose. Three out of the fifteen minutes were already gone.

Hala had risen from her chair now, and was standing before Roman—or was it Hala at all, this queenly, majestic woman, who seemed all at once to have grown several inches taller, her features transfigured by the workings of some terrible emotion, which lent them an awful grandeur?

"Where is Felicyan?" she cried, her voice ringing out high and shrill through the long low room—"where is Felicyan? Where—but in Siberia!"

"Siberia! Impossible!" but even as he said the words a sickening dread had crept into Roman's soul. He turned round his head towards the pictures on the wall. There were only three remaining there; the place where had hung the fourth was empty, marked only by a few dangling ragged cobwebs. "What has he done? Who sent him there?" he concluded in faltering accents.

"Who sent him there? You dare ask that question. Shall I tell you who sent him to Siberia? You have sent him there! You—you—*you!*"

The last word was almost a shriek—the shriek of Medeas and Cassandras, glorious to hear on the stage, terrible in real life—as she came up quite close to her brother-in-law.

"Not I—not I, Hala! Do not say that!" cried Roman, wildly.

"I will say it, for it is the truth; who else but you has sent him there? The house was searched, and some papers were found behind a picture. Who put them there? And what were they all about? I do not know, any more than did my poor Felicyan. But it was high treason, it seems; and as they were found in his house, he must pay the penalty, with transportation for life to Siberia. That is your work. Are you satisfied?"

"Have pity, Hala! have pity!"

Luba now flung her arms round her sister's neck and tried to calm her.

"Hala, dearest Hala, do not say such cruel things: try to forgive; oh, try to forgive him!"

The elder sister tore herself free from the girl's embrace. Violently she wrenched the soft clinging arms away from her neck.

"It is easy for you to speak, Luba. You are not unhappy, you have lost nothing." (Here Luba drew back, as if she had received a sudden stab. She did not again

attempt to interfere.) "But I—I have lost my husband; my children have lost their father. Can I forgive, can I have pity, when he has had none on me?"

"But could I have guessed, could I have foreseen when I came here? . . . "

"Why did you ever come here at all, to disturb our life with your hateful secrets, with your incomprehensible ambitions — and — and your elegant patent-leather boots?" completed Hala, not at all conscious of any weakness in the climax. "We had no secrets before you came; we were happy; and I never thought that fustian was ugly till I saw your fine Berlin coats. And, oh! I told him so. I said that his coat was ugly, and that I was ashamed of his appearance. And now—I shall never see him again! Oh! what have you done with my life?" she finished with a low wail, stretching out her hands towards Roman, as if calling upon him to restore the lost happiness of which he had robbed her.

He attempted no answer this time. What could he have said that would not have sounded weak and foolish in presence of this tremendous sorrow? He stood very pale, his eyes bent on the ground, not daring to raise them again to the face of that woman whom he had injured beyond redemption; his ears filled with the ceaseless buzzing that came from that black catafalque alongside, and which to his distraught fancy sounded like a murmur of countless upbraiding voices, repeating over and over again that *he, he,* and *he* only had ruined his brother.

But this was only fancy, of course. The flies had no thought of Roman, who was but an insignificant living man in their eyes. They cared but for that dull piece of clay that the coffin contained. For its sake only they had abandoned garden and meadow to-day—a corpse in August was to them sweeter far than any rose or carnation.

Give back her lost happiness. Was that what she was asking of him? Would that he could do so at the price of every drop of his blood! Would that he could recall these last six months, and live them over again! But that might not be. The march of time is inexorable, and the ball of fate, once set rolling, may never be stopped. As soon bid last year's dead leaves resume their place on the branch; as soon tell that mighty river to roll back again to its source, as seek to cancel a single hour—a minute of the past!

One of the guarding Cossacks now drew near, to say that the fifteen minutes had expired.

"Farewell, Hala," said Roman, hoarsely. "Will you not say that you forgive me?"

But Hala had sunk down again on her chair, and was sobbing piteously. He could see the large salt tears trickling through her closed fingers. All the commanding majesty had gone from her attitude now, and she was once more a commonplace woman—but a woman with a broken heart.

He must go—his presence here was worse than useless; but Luba followed him to the door, and put her hand softly into his. She could not let him depart without a word of comfort.

"I forgive you," she said, very low; "from my heart I forgive you—all the harm you have done. May God bless and make you happy!"

Her black eyes, raised to his, were full of unshed tears—tears of compassion—and—of something

else. Looking into their depth, he read her secret there, but its recognition was but additional pain. O God! was this new self-reproach to be added to the first? Was not his chalice of remorse already full to overflowing? He turned away with a groan.

Meanwhile the coffin had been carried from the room, and placed on the bier outside. As Roman was starting to go back to the station, the funeral procession was just beginning to move off slowly in the opposite direction. First walked the priest; with him two acolytes carrying the crucifix and the holy water; and behind the bier came the peasants, holding their wax-candles all awry, and filling the air with lugubrious music. Though the day is radiantly beautiful, and overhead the August sky stretches away in a dome of unbroken blue, yet a single black cloud is to be seen hovering just over the coffin, keeping pace with the slow march of the funeral procession.

The flies of Stara-Wola are escorting to the grave the remains of their mortal enemy.

CHAPTER XXXI.—PREY.

"The wild beast passion for adventure wild
We all have in us, hide it how we will;
And when I see a white dove plump and mild
I understand the vulture.

—Owen Meredith.

Through a horse suspicion had been directed to Roman Starowolski; a far more insignificant animal was the cause of Felicyan's transportation to Siberia.

The house at Stara-Wola was searched within some hours of Roman's arrest. Shortly after dinner there had arrived a police commissary with a warrant, accompanied, too, by mounted Cossacks, and, moreover, by two minor officials, who forthwith proceeded to turn the building topsy-turvy from cellar to loft. Every single key in the house had to be produced, every press, box, cupboard, and drawer was submitted to a minute examination, which spared neither Luba's pearl inlaid work-box nor little Kostus's Noah's ark. Then the stables and barn were visited, and received their due share of attention.

Felicyan awaited the result with a tranquil conscience, not being aware of having anything to conceal. On his brother's account he was uneasy and disturbed, not knowing what was happening to him, but for himself he had no anxiety. Nor had the house search been unexpected. From the moment of Roman's arrest he had been prepared for it, and his first care this morning on hearing what had occurred in his absence had been to examine the room lately occupied by Roman in case anything suspicious should have remained behind. Here he found nothing save the empty case of chamois leather into which he had seen his brother stow away some papers on the previous evening. Why had he taken them out again? And where had he put them? These were questions which must remain unanswered for the present. Felicyan had no very clear idea of the nature of these papers, for Roman had never volunteered to show him the plans and notes he had collected; but he

knew enough to guess that they must be of a compromising nature. Perhaps, after all, Roman had been able to destroy them at the last moment before his arrest, which would account for their disappearance. Better so, Felicyan thought.

After spending some hot and dusty hours visiting the farm-buildings, the police officials returned to the house with heated countenances, grimy hands, and ruffled tempers. It was irritating to have spent so much time and energy to so little purpose.

Felicyan, rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy deliverance from their society, invited the police commissary to partake of a glass of *wodki*[1] before leaving. No Russian official in his senses ever refuses a glass of *wodki*, so of course it was accepted, and together with their host the three officials sat down in the big saloon to partake of the refreshments.

There was not much attempt at conversation, for it is difficult to talk pleasantly and naturally to men who have just been searching your house and suspecting yourself of felonious designs; but the commissary growled out some surly remark about the crops, and his satellites condescended to smack their lips over the *wodki*, by way of approval.

Then, just as Felicyan was replenishing their glasses for the second time, the door opened, and old Nicorowicz wandered in, looking more than ever like some strange unreal figure out of a nightmare. He had aged considerably during this past summer, the features had become more shrunken, the skin more waxlike in its yellow transparency, his gait was feebler, and his movements more uncertain. His aim in fly-killing was not as unerring as it used to be, yet he clung to his old pursuit with the same tenacity as of yore, and even now his daily victims might be reckoned by hundreds.

It was now the height of the fly-season at Stara-Wola, walls and ceiling were thickly dotted with flies; they lurked in every fold of the curtain draperies, and danced against each window-pane. The air vibrated with their buzzing voices, and the floor was strewn with the corpses of the slain, which crunched beneath the old man's slippered feet as he glided over the boards.

He came in wringing his transparent fingers together, and softly moaning to himself.

"My whip! I have lost my whip! Who has stolen it away from me?"

"Hush, grandfather," said Felicyan soothingly, "we shall look for it by-and-by."

The three officials, who had paused for a moment to stare at the grotesque apparition, now resumed their glasses.

"By-and-by the flies will be gone away," and he broke into a helpless whimper.

At this moment the children came running in by another door in breathless excitement.

"Here is the whip, Dziaduniu,"[2] cried Zosia.

"We found it in the garden," from Kostus.

"Burek had stolen it," said the girl.

"And now we are going to beat him!" cried both in one breath, with evident relish, as they dashed away to put the sentence into execution.

[1] Spirits.

[2] Grandfather.

Old Nicorowicz had snatched hold of his beloved weapon with trembling eagerness. He now examined it all over with tender scrutiny, as a sportsman may view a pet rifle to convince himself that it has sustained no injury. Having satisfied himself on this point, for beyond some tiny indications of a dog's sharp teeth on the handle, and a little general slobberiness, no harm had been done, he proceeded to wipe it carefully on the sleeve of the Turkish dressing-gown. The old man, now quite happy again, smiled serenely on the company; with his weapon in hand he felt himself a match for all the flies in Christendom.

The three officials had watched this little scene with some amusement as they sipped their *wodki*, under whose influence they were gradually thawing to a more genial frame of mind.

"Bravo!" said the commissary, as Nicorowicz knocked over two flies that had settled on the table.

One of the minor officials put down his glass and loudly applauded with both hands.

Flattered at the evident admiration his prowess was exciting, the old man redoubled his efforts, and soon a score more of insects had gone to join the corpses on the floor.

Presently a large blue-bottle came buzzing through the open window, with as much noisy arrogance and conscious assumption of superiority as though it had been a queen bee, or at the very least a hornet. Not that a blue-bottle fly is by any means an insignificant being. It holds undoubtedly a high social position in the insect world, and is consequently valued by the fly-hunter, much as a ten-antler stag is prized above the smaller game.

This particular blue-bottle, however, did not seem inclined to afford any chance of sport, but banged about angrily against the ceiling, as though to express astonished dissatisfaction at the quality of the plaster, which it had expressly come hither to investigate.

Old Nicorowicz, his head tilted back on the shrunken neck, was wistfully following its movements. He knew that the insect must tire itself out in time, and alight somewhere to recover breath, the only question was whether it would settle anywhere within reach? Already its turns are beginning to slacken in pace; there now, it has paused at the top of the curtain-rod, too high, alas! for his feeble arm to reach. But no, it is off again, flying lower this time. It stops; it settles on the edge of a picture-frame. Now is his chance, now or never.

Softly and noiselessly as a cat stalking its prey, old Nicorowicz stole across the polished oak boards, every line of the wasted figure expressing wily caution, the thin lips parted in a smile of cunning imbecility, the sunken eyes alight with anticipated triumph. The hand which held the leather thong was slightly shaking with the excitement of the moment.

The sporting instinct is deeply rooted in the heart of man, and few can look with positive indifference on the capture of any animal, from a whale to a minnow, from a wild boar to a bee. Even a Russian detective, engaged in tracking the noblest of all game, may condescend to feel passing interest in the capture of a fly.

The three officials had turned to look how the chase would end. Would that feeble old man with the shaking hand be able to bag

this victim? He was so frail, so transparently fragile to look at, that one could not help fancying that half-a-dozen very determined blue-bottle flies would have been sufficient to knock him down. And yet, by one of these subtle refinements of cruelty, of which only fate is capable, this feeble fleshless old arm was destined to strike a blow that shattered the happiness of a whole family.

He had come to the picture, which hung a little out of reach, and had to raise himself on tiptoe, in order to bring his hand on a level with the top of the frame where the blue-bottle had elected to settle.

The faintly tinted faces of Paul and Virginia were looking straight into his eyes with their fixed unmeaning stare, the large round-bellied fly was motionless, its brilliant body showing like a spot of dark-blue enamel against the tarnished gold.

Nicorowicz paused for a moment in order to steady his arm, then the blow descended.

There was a crash of broken glass as the picture fell to the ground; the rotten frame had given way in falling, and some papers were strewn about the floor. The Russian commissary picked one up of these that had fluttered to his feet. It was a military chart, with shorthand notes and indications of some of the projected bridges across the Vistula. . . .

The blue-bottle fly, meanwhile, had flown off unscathed through the open window.

There is no need to dwell upon the details of Felicyan's arrest and condemnation: the damaging evidence of the military chart was amply borne out by other papers and photographs that had been concealed behind the picture; and a renewed search of house and grounds led to the discovery of the apparatus containing the negatives from which the views had been printed off, and that by some rare chance had escaped the first investigation.

It was in vain that Felicyan affirmed his innocence, and absolute ignorance alike of the existence of any such papers in his house, as of any knowledge of the photographic art. No one believed him; and even were he not actually himself the author of these compromising documents and pictures, he must have been accomplice to the crime, and being a Russian subject, had become guilty of high treason.

Felicyan's defence, lame and awkward, only served further to incriminate him in the opinion of his judges. He feared to betray his brother, therefore rather kept silence from a mistaken sense of honour. It is, however, questionable whether, even had he spoken out, his words would have availed anything in his favour. International etiquette—which even Russia is bound to respect—does not admit of hanging each other's subjects, or shutting them up for life. The system of military inter-espionage has of late years become so general as almost to be accepted by a tacit understanding between the Powers, and no one dares to deal over harshly with his neighbour's spy, in case his own spy should be made to suffer in return. It is consequently fully more embarrassing than satisfactory to capture a foreign emissary, since the only thing you are allowed to do with him is to show him the inside of a prison, and then conduct him with speedy politeness across his own frontier. There is

no particular fun in catching a mouse, if you are obliged to render account of it to some other cat.

However convinced, therefore, the Russian authorities might be that Captain Starowolski was a German spy, sent hither by Government, they were not at liberty to act upon their convictions, more especially as no incriminating proof was able to be brought home to him. He must be put at liberty, since a longer detention might lead to awkward complications with Germany.

But with regard to Felicyan, the matter stood on a very different footing. Felicyan was a Russian subject: he was their own private mouse, which they were free to tear limb from limb, or flay alive, as a playful fancy suggested, without any one having a right to interfere. He had been guilty of high treason; the papers and the photographic apparatus found in his house were sufficient to establish the case against him. Had he written these notes? Had he drawn those plans? Had he taken those views? It mattered little. Some one had drawn them, and therefore some one must be made to suffer for it. The Russian subject should pay the penalty of the German officer's work. It was necessary to make an example of this case, so as, at least indirectly, to damp the ardour of other spies, and deter them from poking their noses into the country.

Felicyan, conveyed to Warsaw, had been lodged in the same prison where Roman was confined, each brother being miles from suspecting the near vicinity of the other. It would not at all have suited the Russian authorities to enlighten Roman on this point, or to confront the brothers. Such a meeting might lead to unsatisfactory results; for if Felicyan were proved to be innocent, no convenient victim would then remain on whom to wreak their vengeance.

It was Felicyan who left the prison first. Scarcely four weeks after his arrest the sentence was pronounced — transportation for *life to Siberia, with ten years' hard labour in the mines.* The appeal for a fresh investigation and renewal of the trial was not attended to, and even the request to be allowed a parting interview with his wife and children summarily refused.

Old Nicorowicz had fallen ill soon after these events; but in the state of painful confusion into which the household at Stara-Wola had been thrown by the arrest of the two brothers, no special importance was attached to his condition. The doctor called in had recognised nothing further than a sort of feverish debility, apparently aggravated by a painful swelling on the left arm, which might have been occasioned by the sting of some insect—a fly perhaps. At this time of the year the sting of a common house-fly was sometimes known to be exceedingly poisonous.

After a while the swelling had subsided, and the old man recovered so far as to be able to leave his bed. He was but the ghost of his former self, however, and the flies of Stara-Wola had little cause to fear him henceforth, though from force of habit he still clung to the leather thong.

Thus was he found sitting one day near the window, with fixed and glassy eye, in his bloodless hand the weapon that had slain so many legions.

CHAPTER XXXII.—REMORSE AND REASON.

"I have shot mine arrow over the house
And hurt my brother."
—*Hamlet.*

"But there is little reason in your grief."
—*King John.*

It was late at night when Roman reached Thorn, having half an hour previously got rid of his two Cossack attendants at the frontier.

On repairing to the hotel of the Blue Dragon, where it had been arranged that he was to join Biruta, he learned that the Countess had quitted the town nearly a month previously. She had, however, left an address to say where she was to be found at Berlin. And so, as it was at any rate too late to proceed further that night, Roman contented himself with telegraphing his release and safe arrival on German territory.

He had, strange to say, felt almost relieved on finding that their meeting was to be deferred for another twenty-four hours. The emotions of that day had been too sharp and painful to admit of any further feeling finding place alongside, and he was unwell too. His head was burning like fire, the limbs, heavy as lead, all but refused to carry him. Purely physical fatigue, and the craving for rest and quiet, had for the moment overpowered every other sensation. He was incapable of connected thought, and perhaps it was better so; thought could be but agony, and reflection protracted torture just then.

He was still in this semi-stupefied condition when he reached Berlin next day, and almost mechanically found his way to Biruta's rooms.

She was lying on a sofa when he entered the sitting-room, her regal head, crowned with its diadem of pale tresses, thrown back upon her clasped hands, the silken folds of her corn-coloured garment flowing softly about her. Stretched on the carpet at her feet, lay Gogo, larger and fiercer-looking than two months ago. Biruta had not yet seen Roman, and he paused for a moment at the threshold, while all at once there rushed over him the conviction that he loved this woman to distraction. It was the first distinct sensation of which he had been conscious since yesterday.

In the next instant her quick ear had caught the sound of his footstep, and she had sprung up with a cry—

"Victoria! My Roman, we have conquered; together we shall carry the world before us!"

"Yes; we have conquered," said Roman, as he took her in his arms with all the hungry passion of a lover long deprived of his rights, but there was no ring of triumph in his voice as he said it. Rather he looked like a man defeated. She was not slow to perceive this.

"Are you ill, Roman? What is the matter? Why do you look at me so strangely?"

He certainly looked ill. Six weeks in prison had bleached away the sunburn, leaving his face pale and wan.

"Perhaps I am ill," he replied, passing his hand across the forehead with a weary gesture; "I do not know."

"It is only fatigue," Biruta decided, in her short imperious

fashion. "All you require is rest and sleep."

He repeated the last word with a bitter emphasis, "Sleep! If only I could go to sleep and never wake again!"

She was now seriously alarmed by his manner. Something must here be wrong beyond mere fatigue.

"Tell me," she commanded, drawing him down to a seat beside her, her large grey eyes piercing him through and through, as though to read his inmost thoughts.

Then—as coherently as he could—he told the tale of yesterday's visit to Stara-Wola and the circumstances of his brother's arrest, which he had gathered from the servants in coming out; relating how, by a cruel turn of fate, it had come to pass that the simple-minded agriculturist had been forced to pay the penalty of his brother's ambition.

Biruta listened with a slight frown on her low broad forehead.

"Go on," she said, when he had ceased speaking.

"There is no more to tell. Is not that enough? More than enough?"

"Yes; of course. It is very sad, very unfortunate for your brother and his family."

"Sad is not the word. What I feel is that I can never be happy again in this life."

Biruta drew his head down on to her shoulder.

"Yes; I understand," she said, soothingly. "It is only natural that you should feel upset, just at first."

For a minute he let his head rest on her shoulder, like a tired child, then he looked up quickly.

"Do you mean to say, Biruta, that you imagine that I shall ever be able to get over, to forget this? I should be a brute if I did so."

"Well, perhaps not exactly forget, but the pain will pass in time—every pain does. It would not be natural or possible to go on grieving for ever for another's misfortune."

He shook his head with more decision than was usual with him.

"I shall never forget,—I shall never be able to forgive myself for having ruined my brother's life."

"You must be ill, Roman, to talk in this exaggerated manner. You cannot be held responsible for what has happened. No sane person would think of blaming you."

"I told you what Hala said—that I had destroyed her happiness; and it is true—you know it is."

"I know nothing of the sort," she replied, with a slight tinge of impatience, "nor can I conceive why you should attach any importance to your sister-in-law's words. She was excited, unhappy of course, so you could hardly expect her to be logical. You should not let yourself be so easily impressed by mere words spoken at random."

"It is not her words merely, for my conscience tells me the same. Yes; I have done it—I alone. If I had never gone to Poland, Felicyan would not be on the way to Siberia now."

"If, if, if! What is the use of breaking your head over what might have been if something else had never occurred? If it comes to that, however, the question has two sides. If you had not gone to Poland, we should never have met, never have loved each other. Do you really mean to say that you regret having gone to Poland this year?"

Her eyes were looking into his with a sudden softness, the more fascinating because of its contrast to her usual expression. There is but one way of answering such a question, when put in such a manner; and Roman, under the circumstances, did not behave with greater originality than any other man in his place would have done. But still his heart refused to be light.

"If only our happiness had not been bought at the price of another's misery," he said, moodily.

"But need we make ourselves miserable because some other people are not as happy as we are?" she returned, with ingenious sophistry; "that would be foolish, illogical, worse than useless. If every one in the world were happy, then it would not be the world at all, but heaven. Happiness and misery are everywhere to be found side by side in life, and are often the direct consequence of each other. Fate has decreed that you are the lucky one this time, but it might just as well have been the other way. You might at this very moment have been in Siberia, and your brother still living peaceably at Stara-Wola."

"Yes, I might be in Siberia," said Roman, dreamily; "but the cases are scarcely parallel, for it would not have been Felicyan's fault if I had gone there, whereas his fate has assuredly been brought about by me. He would never have done what I have done."

"You mean that he would not, in your place, have undertaken this mission?"

"He would certainly have declined it, because——"

"Because he had not the talent for such an errand."

"No; because he disapproved of it all along—because it would have been against his principles, his honour. Felicyan is not clever, perhaps, but his instinct here was truer than mine has been?"

"No use in arguing that point now, or in crying over spilt milk. Listen to me, Roman," she went on, taking hold of both his hands, and speaking like some one who is trying to reason a foolish child out of some preposterous notion; "you are still under the impression of all you have lately gone through. That scene at Stara-Wola yesterday has quite unnerved you. It is a thousand pities you ever went there at all. But for this we have to thank our *cher ami* Vassiljef, who devised the clumsy vengeance of this *coup de théâtre*. You are not in a state either to be able to see clearly or think calmly to-night. But I can do both for you. You must believe me when I say that it is mere morbid folly to reproach yourself as you are doing; once having accepted this mission, you were bound to carry it through at any cost."

"Ay, that is just it. Why did I ever accept the mission?" he muttered between his teeth.

"You might just as well ask yourself why you ever entered the German service?" she retorted, a little coldly.

"And have I not been asking myself that question over and over again during the last twenty-four hours?" he broke out, passionately.

Biruta frowned again. This despondent mood was more deep-seated than she had imagined. His doubts, his self-reproach, must be smoothed away, or there was no saying where they might lead him. He must not be allowed to think.

"I cannot listen to such folly, or answer questions which no sane man would think of asking. Let us try to keep to facts, if you please, and not bewilder ourselves with conjectures which can have

no result, or we shall next be asking ourselves why we were ever born at all? Here are the facts. You, as German officer, accepted a mission from your Government, which —with my humble assistance— you have brilliantly accomplished. An unfortunate accident, which no one could have foreseen or prevented, has led to your brother's arrest. For this no one is to blame but chance and fate. You might just as wisely blame the fly which caused the picture to fall, as yourself. It was not in your power to save him. You could only have done so by compromising your Government. Your duty was therefore clear. Private considerations must always give way to great public interests."

"But is it not cruel, is it not terribly sad, that just Felicyan of all people should be the sufferer? He who never had a wish nor an ambition beyond his family and his farm! He never did me anything but good, and now this is to be his reward!"

"It is very sad," she conceded readily, perceiving with satisfaction that her words were already making an impression, and that he seemed to be resigning himself to the inevitable; "but life is full of such sad accidents. Is it not sad, for instance, that so many innocent men should be killed in each war? Yet the sacrifice of their lives is a political necessity. So in your brother's case, he is but a political victim. One amongst many."

Was Luba to be viewed as a political victim too? mused Roman; and was the unhappiness he had yesterday read in her eyes also a necessary condition of his obligations towards Germany? Aloud he said—

"But it is not one victim only. The wife is broken-hearted, the children have lost their father, and—and—the sister too is unhappy—because——"

"Because she loves you," completed Biruta.

Roman started.

"You knew it? How did you guess? Why did you not warn me?"

"I only found it out that day I went to Stara-Wola. Remember I had never seen the girl before. I taxed her with it, and she did not deny; but it quite escaped my memory afterwards—it was a mere detail, and we had far more important things to discuss when you came to Wodniki. We need not discuss it now. Why dwell on any of these painful circumstances? When we cannot remedy a thing, the only way is to put it out of sight."

"I could never do that."

"I shall teach you, Roman," she said, putting up a white hand to his forehead, and stroking back the hair with a firm caress; "I shall force you to be happy in spite of yourself. It is the only sensible thing to be done now. No regrets can do any good. Even were you to blow out your brains this very moment, it would not alter the situation."

"No," he returned gloomily. "You are right. It would not alter the situation."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE DEAD-HOUSE.

"Man makes a death which nature never made."—YOUNG.

Felicyan's name was not again mentioned between them. Roman had recognised that Biruta was right in saying that no good could

come of any such further discussion, and she was too wise to risk disturbing his mind by any chance allusion. She counted much upon the natural and legitimate gratification which the praise of his superiors must cause, for counteracting other painful impressions, and in this she was not mistaken. Roman was overwhelmed with honours, and lauded up to the skies for the truly intelligent and masterly fashion in which he had accomplished his mission—the revelations afforded by the contents of General Vassiljef's portfolio far surpassing anything that could have been expected or hoped for. His name was entered for special promotion, and a brilliant future prophesied for him on all sides.

Of course his mission, and Biruta's share in the matter, were not generally proclaimed; but something of the story oozed out nevertheless, and when it became known that the Handsome Pole, as he was nicknamed at Berlin, had spent six weeks in a Russian prison, and was moreover going to wed a beautiful and wealthy Polish Countess, Roman became a regular hero of romance to the fashionable world. He was surrounded, admired, and envied, envied in particular for having made the conquest of such a woman as Countess Massalowska.

And she was indeed a woman whom any man might have been proud of winning for his own. Roman himself, though by nature endowed with a fair average amount of masculine vanity, could never wholly subdue a faint sensation of surprise, that so brilliant, so fascinating, so remarkable a woman as Biruta should have given herself to him. Every day he discovered something new to admire in her; with what consummate skill and energy had she not conducted the whole affair? His whole success, the laurels he was now reaping, were they not her work? Had it not been for her he might still have been in prison at this very moment, for his deliverance too had been her doing. It was for that reason she had left Thorn to go to Berlin. Undaunted and unabashed, she had left no stone unturned till she had gained her object.

The marriage had been fixed for the first week of November, and Roman pushed on the preparations for the event with feverish energy, anxious, it seemed, to put this decisive barrier between himself and the past. As the time drew nearer, however, he grew more restless, and was subject to frequent fits of moodiness. Biruta, whose penetrating eye nothing escaped, felt anxious, and without appearing to do so, watched him closely—redoubling her efforts to keep him interested and amused during the brief span that still separated them from the event. It had been settled that they were to spend their honeymoon in Italy, an extensive leave of absence having been readily granted. Roman's health, which had so evidently suffered from the long confinement in prison, made a change of scene and climate desirable.

Biruta hardly let him out of her sight during these last weeks that preceded their marriage, and was his constant companion whenever he could be spared from his military duties. In the mornings they used to ride together in the now almost deserted Thiergarten, and in the evenings would take drives in the environs of Berlin, or visit the lions of the place.

One afternoon—it was already late in October now—they paid a visit to a neighbouring picture-

gallery, Biruta having heard that some rather good pictures were here exposed to view. Roman was in a state of almost reckless high spirits that day, and far more than usually talkative, responding readily to Biruta's often very original remarks upon the pictures they saw.

"Soon we shall be walking together through the Vatican and Pitti galleries," she said to Roman as she took his arm to saunter round the first large room, hung with paintings of all sizes and all degrees of merit. Among the first they stopped to examine together was an exquisitely finished group of mythological subjects, one of which represented the judgment of Paris, executed in a style infinitely superior to Biruta's own bold but erratic attempts in art. She looked at it with a little envious admiration.

"What delicacy! what finish! I am afraid I shall never be able to attain such a point of perfection. But never mind," she added abruptly, with a sudden quick pressure of Roman's arm, which sent an electric thrill coursing through his veins, "my Paris is better than his. Just look at his shepherd; it cannot hold a candle to mine."

"I wonder if General Vassiljef knows that you are here," said Roman, remembering the General's remarks about Biruta's models that morning in the prison.

"We shall send him an invitation to the wedding," said Biruta, lightly. "I would give anything to see his face when he opens the envelope."

"Let him live," said Roman, magnanimously. "He can do us no more harm now. It would probably give him another stroke of apoplexy to see our names together."

Countess Massalowska laughed, her peculiar, low, musical laugh, that resembled the gurgle of an icy-cold woodland spring.

"You are right; it might kill him, poor man. We shall send the invitation to your friend Rabowski instead. It is only fair to ask him to the *déjeûner*, after the false hopes you had raised in his mind regarding Wodniki and the French cook."

They both laughed again at recollection of the description Biruta had given of Rabowski's appearance at the castle with the message from Roman the morning of his arrest. His warning had just enabled Countess Massalowska to catch the next train, and she had left the sorely duped *gourmet* standing on the doorstep in considerable bewilderment, but under the evident impression that Biruta was merely going on a short drive, and would presently return to preside over an Epicurean dinner prepared by a French man-cook.

"Perhaps he is still standing there, turned into a pillar of salt," Biruta was beginning, when suddenly she broke off, having caught sight of some old acquaintances sitting on a sofa at the other end of the room. "I shall be back presently," she said to her lover, as she left his side to go and speak to them.

Roman, abandoned to his own devices, continued rather languidly to inspect the paintings, without feeling very much interest in the subject. Bereft of his fair cicerone, the pictures had lost their power to charm. Then having exhausted the contents of the first room, he strolled through the open doorway into the adjoining apartment.

This was a much smaller room than the first one, put aside for the reception of water-colour sketches. It was empty just now, except for a couple of artists at

the further end, bending over a sketch which hung rather low. Roman, having nothing better to do, lounged up to see what they were looking at, for their figures concealed the picture from view. They stepped aside just as he reached them, moving off in another direction.

This portion of the wall had, in the present exhibition, been devoted to the works of a young Russian artist of much promise, scholar of Vereschagin, and who bade fair to rival his master in the realistic force and morbid pathos which have made his fame. There were about a dozen pictures here exposed on view, mostly scenes taken from Russian literature from the works of Turguenief, Dostojewsky, and Tolstoi.

The largest of these, which formed the centre-piece of the group, represented an episode in Dostojewsky's most celebrated work, 'The Dead-House.'[1]

A Siberian convict has just breathed his last, in the sick ward of the prison. The body, hideously worn and emaciated, is absolutely bare, save for a little cross-shaped amulet which hangs on the sunken chest. The smith has been called in to knock off the iron fetters that hold the feet together, since they are now no longer required. The blacksmith's face expresses neither pity nor disgust. It is evidently a job to which he has been blunted by long practice, and he performs it as stolidly as though he were unshoeing a horse or an ox. Half-a-dozen other figures are grouped about the bed. The officer who has been summoned to verify the event has uncovered his head, in mute involuntary homage to the majesty of death. The other men are convicts, who look at their comrade with a mixture of curiosity and awe. The foremost one is turned towards the officer, to whom with a gesture he indicates the naked shackled corpse on the bed.

"And yet, he—he too had a mother!" such are the strange irrelevant words, which Dostojewsky, with the instinct of genius, has put into the mouth of this figure; words which serve, better than any others, to strike the key-note of the scene,—a note of bitter pathos, of irretrievable sadness.

Biruta stood chatting for some ten minutes with her friends, then she went in search of Roman. She found him standing before a picture in the chamber of water-colours, so absorbed apparently in its contemplation, that she had to speak to him twice before he heard, then with a start he seemed to wake up from a trance, and as he looked round, she saw that he had turned white to the lips. From his face she looked to the picture, and understood. No need for questions here; the picture spoke plainer than words could have done.

"You are ill, Roman; let me take you home."

"Yes; I feel a little upset—it is only the heat," he responded with a ghastly smile.

She did not remind him that it was raining, and that only just now he had been remarking that the weather was unusually cold for October.

They drove home in silence, avoiding each other's eyes.

[1] In this work Dostojewsky, under an assumed personality, relates his own experiences in a Siberian prison.

HINDU INFANT MARRIAGE.

A TERRIBLE occurrence in Calcutta, the death of a child-bride from injuries inflicted by her husband on her wedding night, has once more drawn attention to one of the worst features of the Hindu social system, the abuse of the custom of infant marriage. On this occasion the cause of the women of India has had the good fortune to enlist more powerful advocacy than could be looked for from Asiatic indifference to all that concerns the lot of those who cannot help themselves. The Calcutta Health Society, an influential, well-informed, and on the whole reasonable body of Europeans, which attempts within a certain range of subjects to form and to express what passes in India for public opinion, has addressed a memorial to the Government, laying stress on the evils of the present practice, and recommending that the Penal Code be amended by raising the age of consent from ten to twelve years. The English press show signs of a disposition to recognise the importance of the question, and there seem to be some prospects of the whole subject being sooner or later brought home to the conscience of the English people.

Concerning the lamentable tragedy which has given rise to this appeal to the Government of India we propose to say nothing here. Those who have done police or magisterial work in India, or have been compelled to refer to the cyclopedia of horrors comprised in Indian medico-legal literature, will know that such cases are unhappily far from uncommon, and that to them is attributed, not without show of reason, the frequency of suicide among Indian infant brides. Having said this, we have said enough to establish the necessity of fuller inquiry into a system which is capable of producing such terrible consequences. But in saying even so much as this, we do not overlook the danger of provoking an outburst of humanitarian sentimentalism, and thereby retarding the very moderate reform which is all that we wish to compass. Public opinion in England is proverbially hard to move on matters which do not immediately affect party politics. And when it is moved, it too commonly goes off into an overflow of hysterical sentiment, creditable enough to its emotional susceptibility, but hardly calculated to further the reasonable solution of a complicated and difficult problem.

In attempting the delicate task of reforming the social usages of alien races, this hysterical frame of mind, which Continental observers seem to think peculiarly characteristic of the English people, is above all things to be avoided. However right it may be in its general aims, it is sure to go too far, or to be too positive as to what ought to be done, and in this way it stirs up all the latent antagonisms and animosities which gather round any subject in which men are keenly interested. Having thus created an impossible position for the responsible authorities to get out of as best they may, the energy of the mob of enthusiasts dies away or flies off to some fresh object, having done nothing but defer indefinitely the advance of the cause it had taken up.

To none of the many problems

which press for solution in the East is this warning more applicable than to the problem of infant marriage. Let us consider for a moment our general position in India and the work we are trying to do there. We are trying to govern a vast Asiatic empire on European principles; to govern it for the good of the people, not necessarily for their good as they themselves conceive it, but as it presents itself to our minds in the light of the best modern ideas tempered by Asiatic experience. No one can fail to perceive what an incessant ferment this pouring of new wine into old bottles must inevitably tend to produce. It is hardly possible to imagine a more startling series of contrasts than is disclosed directly one looks below the mere superficial routine of Indian administration. One sees there a sort of Walpurgis dance, in which the oldest and the newest ideas of the human spirit whirl round together in the most bewildering fashion. Science and religion, expediency and prescription, contract and status, individualism and communalism, equality and caste, the Western enthusiasm of humanity, the Eastern carelessness of human life — all these mighty opposites are mixed and jumbled up together in a chaos whence the Government of India has to evolve an order of things which, while satisfying the comparatively simple wants of oriental life, shall at the same time not depart too widely from European administrative standards. Thus the Government is always having presented to it a sort of choice of Hercules between the *laisser-aller* of the East and the fierce reforming energy of the West, and is always shirking the question by adopting what may be called an attitude of progressive compromise. Neither party is exactly pleased with this solution. The East has its slumber broken for objects which it cannot comprehend; the West is left with its appetite for progress imperfectly assuaged; while both in their own way set to work to abuse the Government— the one for intrusive doctrinairism, the other for half-heartedness in the cause of social reform.

Let no one suppose, however, that we deprecate or undervalue the influence which English thought is beginning to exercise upon the course of events in India. It lies in the nature of things that this influence should tend on the whole to increase; and to me at least it seems that it should be recognised and welcomed as a force which, confined within reasonable limits, may be expected to strengthen rather than weaken the hands of the Government. The days of the isolation of India have gone by. The Indian bureaucracy can no more exclude the influence of English criticism than the East India Company in an earlier age could shut out the European interloper. It should in fairness be added that, unlike the Prussian bureaucracy, which in other respects it so closely resembles, the Indian service is too thoroughly penetrated by liberal ideas to claim for itself a monopoly of political wisdom.

Take, for example, this question of infant marriage. Here is a strange custom, sprung up no one knows how, involving the gravest physiological evils, — evils which endanger the lives of individual women, and threaten the future of the race. Whatever its origin may have been, we find it at the present time inextricably mixed up with one of the oldest of religions, and with the most elaborate system of social usage that is

known. In order to deal with it effectively—nay, in order to touch it at all—the Government needs all the support that public opinion in England and in Europe can possibly give it. But in order to do good,—in order, we should perhaps say, to avoid doing more harm than good,—it is essential that this body of opinion should be tolerably well informed—should at least rest upon a correct general idea of the main points at issue. Only thus can it hope to fulfil its proper function of aiding the Government of India to lift the dead weight of Asiatic conservatism to a higher level of social morality. It is the business of those who know the facts, instead of crying out against meddling, to see that English opinion is so instructed that its influence, so powerful either for good or for evil, may be brought to bear in the right direction.

To this end the questions to be answered are the following: What does infant marriage really mean? To what extent is it inseparably bound up with the Hindu religion? In what points does it stand most urgently in need of reform? By what agency should the reform be undertaken, and how should it be carried out?

Now the first point to realise is, that in different parts of India infant marriage prevails in two widely different forms, one of which is at least free from physiological objections, while the other deserves from every point of view the strongest condemnation. The former usage, which is current in the Panjab, is thus described by Mr Denzil Ibbetson, one of the highest authorities on Indian custom and domestic life:—

"Wherever infant marriage is the custom, the bride and bridegroom do not come together till a second ceremony called *muklawa* has been performed, till when the bride lives as a virgin in her father's house. This second ceremony is separated from the actual wedding by an interval of three, five, seven, nine, or eleven years, and the girl's parents fix the time for it. Thus it often happens that the earlier in life the marriage takes place, the later cohabitation begins. For instance, in the eastern districts Jats generally marry at from five to seven years of age, and Rájputs at fifteen or sixteen, or even older; but the Rájput couple begins at once to cohabit, whereas the parents of the Jat girl often find her so useful at home as she grows up that some pressure has to be put upon them to give her up to her husband, and the result is that for practical purposes she begins married life later than the Rájput bride."

No one who has seen a Panjabee regiment march past, or has watched the sturdy Jat women lift their heavy water-jars at the village well, is likely to have any misgivings as to the effect of their marriage system on the *physique* of the race. Among the Rájputs both sexes are of slighter build than the Jats, but here again there are no signs of degeneration. The type is different, but that is all.

As we leave the great recruiting-ground of the Indian army, and travel south-eastward along the plains of the Ganges, the healthy sense which bids the warrior races keep their girls at home until they are fit to bear the burden of maternity seems to have been cast out by the demon of corrupt ceremonialism, ever ready to sacrifice helpless women and children to the tradition of a fancied orthodoxy. Already in the North-West Provinces we find the three highest castes—the Brahman, the Chattri, and the Kayasth—permitting the bride, whether *apta viro* or not,

to be sent to her husband's house immediately after the wedding; although it is thought better, and is more usual, to wait for a second ceremony called *gaunâ*, which may take place one, three, five, or seven years after the first, and is fixed with reference to the physical development of the bride.

What is the exception in the North-Western Provinces tends unhappily to become the rule in Bengal. Here the influence of woman's tradition (*stri-áchár*) has overlaid the canonical rites of Hindu marriage with a mass of senseless hocus-pocus (performed for the most part in the women's apartments at the back of the courtyard, which in India, as in Greece, forms the centre of the family domicile), and has succeeded without a shadow of textual authority in bringing about the monstrous abuse that the girls of the upper classes commence married life at the age of nine years, and become mothers at the very earliest time that it is physically possible for them to do so. How long this practice has been in force no one can say for certain. Nearly ninety years ago, when Dr Francis Buchanan made his well-known survey of Bengal, embracing, under Lord Minto's orders, "the progress and most remarkable customs of each different sect or tribe of which the population consists," he wrote as follows of one of the districts in Behar, the border-land between Bengal and the North-West Provinces:—

"Premature marriages among some tribes are in Shahabad on the same footing as in Bengal—that is, consummation takes place before the age of puberty. This custom, however, has not extended far, and the people are generally strong and tall. The Pamar Rajputs, among whom the custom of early consummation is adopted, form a striking proof of the evils of this custom; for among them I did not observe one good-looking man, except the Raja Jay Prakás, and most of them have the appearance of wanting vigour both of body and mind. This custom, so far as it extends, and the great number of widows condemned by rank to live single, no doubt proves some check upon population."

In another place Dr Buchanan says that in respect of marriage customs Patna

"is nearly on a footing with Bhágalpur; but here (in Behar) the custom of premature marriage is not so prevalent: and it must be observed that in these districts this custom is by no means such a check on population as in Bengal, for there the girl usually is married when she is ten years of age, but in this district the girl remains at her father's house until the age of puberty, and of course her children are stronger and she is less liable to sterility."

At the beginning of this century, then, we find the premature inception of conjugal relations described by a peculiarly competent observer as an established usage in Bengal, which was beginning to extend itself among the high castes in Behar. Concerning the state of things at the present day, a highly educated Hindu gentleman, one of the ablest and most energetic of our native officials in Bengal, writes to me as follows:—

"It is the general practice—as indefensible as reprehensible under the Hindu scriptures—for a husband and wife to establish cohabitation imme- [illegible] marriage. Parents un- [illegible] courage the practice and [illegible] unavoidable. . . . On [illegible] after marriage is the [illegible] mony; the husband [illegible] and girl, or gener- [illegible] young man and a [illegible] ether in the nuptial [illegible] eight days of her

marriage the girl must go back to her father's house and return to her father-in-law's, or else she is forbidden to cross her husband's threshold for a year. In a few families the bride is not brought in for a year; but in the majority of cases this is considered more inconvenient than the necessities of the case would require, and the eight days' rule is kept, so as not to bar intercourse for a year. It would cost nothing worth the reckoning, and the good would be immense, if the one year rule were strictly enforced in all cases; or better, if the interval were increased from one to two years, and the subsidiary eight days' rule expunged from the social code. . . . The evil effects of the pernicious custom, which not only tolerates but directly encourages unnatural indulgences, need no demonstration. Among other things, it forces a premature puberty, and is thus the main root of many of the evils of early marriage, which may be avoided without any affront to religion."

This opinion—the opinion of an orthodox Hindu of high caste, who has not permitted his English education to denationalise him—marks the social and physiological side of infant marriage in Bengal. Let us turn to its religious aspect. The sacred texts which govern this question, like most primitive ordinances on the subject of marriage, are somewhat too plain-spoken for quotation here. Their general purport is thus stated by Dr Julius Jolly in a note to his translation of Nárada, in the Sacred Books of the East:—

"It must not be inferred from this rule (that a father must give his daughter in marriage as soon as she shows signs of maturity) that Nárada is not an advocate of infant marriage like many other Smriti writers. Thus Daksha says, 'Let a maiden be given in marriage at the age of eight years; thus justice will not be violated.' Angiras rules that a maiden must be given in marriage in her tenth year by all means. Rájamártanda, Yama, and Parásara declare that it is a heavy sin if she continues to reside at her father's house after having reached her twelfth year of age. Vasishtha, Gautama, Vishnu, and Manu ordain to give a maiden in marriage before she attains the age of puberty."

If these texts stood by themselves, if their testimony were not confirmed by the daily practice of the Hindu community, one would be inclined to deal with them after the manner of Voltaire, and put the whole thing down as an invention of the priests. Minds more open than Voltaire's, and better equipped with critical apparatus, might almost be brought by modern lines of inquiry to adopt some such conclusion. Nowadays when we read strange things in ancient books, it is to primitive man himself, as represented by the more backward races still in existence, that we turn for their explanation. But primitive man knows nothing of infant marriage; nor is it easy to conceive how such an institution could have arisen in the struggle for existence out of which society has been evolved. The modern savage woos in a summary and not over delicate fashion a sturdy young woman who can cook his food, carry his baggage, collect edible grubs, and make herself generally useful. To his untutored mind the Hindu child-bride would seem about as suitable a helpmate as an American professional beauty. If, then, infant marriage is in no way a normal product of social evolution, and in fact is met with only in India, to what causes shall we look for its origin? The standard Brahmanical explanation is palpably inadequate. It represents marriage as a sort of sacrament, of which every maiden must partake in order that she

may cleanse her own being from the taint of original sin, that she may accomplish the salvation of her father and his ancestors, and that she may bring forth a son to carry on the domestic worship (*sacra privata*) of her husband's family. So far as marriage itself goes, all this is intelligible enough as a highly specialised development of certain well-known ancient ideas. But it does not touch the question of age. Granted that the begetting of a son is essential for the continuance of the *sacra privata*, as Greek and Roman examples teach us, why should the householder, on whom this solemn duty devolves, go out of his way to defer its fulfilment by marrying a girl who has not yet attained the age of child-bearing? The Brahmans reply that the earlier in a girl's life she accomplishes her mystical functions the better. But this clearly belongs to the large class of *ex post facto* explanations of which sacerdotal and legal literature is in all ages and countries so full. The priests and lawyers who compile the text-books find certain customs in force, and feel bound to invent reasons for their existence. Being unfettered by the historical sense, and disposed to give free play to their inner consciousness, it is hardly surprising that their reasons should be as often false as true.

Premising, then, that this question is no mere antiquarian speculation, but has the most direct and practical bearing upon the possibility of legislative intervention, and upon the form that such intervention should take, we will attempt to indicate certain factors which appear to have played in times past an effective though obscure part in bringing about the introduction of infant marriage, and which determine at the present day the limits within which reform may be attempted. Every one knows in a general way that Hindu society has been divided from time immemorial into an indefinite number of separate castes, the members of which are forbidden to intermarry. This prohibition is the essence of the system, and caste itself may almost be defined as a sort of matrimonial taboo. It is not so generally known, at least in England, that all the larger castes are further broken up into a series of sub-castes, each of which is what Mr J. F. M'Lennan called *endogamous* or "in-marrying," like the parent caste. Within the sub-castes, again, particularly in those strata of the caste system where infant marriage is *de rigueur*, we meet with a series of groups constructed on a different principle. Between these groups, for which Mr Denzil Ibbetson has adopted the name *hypergamous* or "upward-marrying," marriage is restricted by several curious conditions based upon the ideas of pride of blood and ceremonial purity. To these conditions I believe we must look for the first origins of infant marriage.

Let us take an instance, and in order to avoid the fumes of bewilderment that are thrown off by uncouth names, let us cast it in a familiar mould. Let us imagine the great tribe of Smith, the "noun of multitude," as a famous head-master used to call it, to be transformed by art magic into a caste, organised on the Indian model, in which all the subtle *nuances* of social merit and demerit which 'Punch' and the society papers love to chronicle should have been set and hardened into positive regulations affecting the intermarriage of families. Two modes or principles of grouping would be

conspicuous. First of all, the entire caste of Smith would be split up into an indefinite number of "in-marrying" clans, based upon all sorts of trivial distinctions. Brewing Smiths and baking Smiths, hunting Smiths and shooting Smiths, temperance Smiths and licensed-victualler Smiths, Smiths with double-barrelled names and hyphens, Smiths with double-barrelled names without hyphens, Conservative Smiths, Radical Smiths, tinker Smiths, tailor Smiths, Smiths of Mercia, Smiths of Wessex—all these and all other imaginable varieties of the tribe Smith would be as it were crystallised by an inexorable law forbidding the members of any of these groups to marry beyond the circle marked out by the clan name. Thus a Unionist Mr Smith could only marry a Unionist Miss Smith, and might not think of a Home Rule damsel; a Hyphen-Smith could only marry a Hyphen-Smith, and so on. Secondly, and this is the point which we more especially wish to bring out here, running through this endless series of clans we should find another principle at work, breaking up each clan into three or four smaller groups which form a sort of ascending scale of social distinction. Thus the clan of Hyphen-Smiths, which we take to be the cream of the caste,—the Smiths who have attained to the crowning glory of double names securely welded together by hyphens,—would be again divided into, let us say, Anglican, Dissenting, and Salvationist Hyphen-Smiths, taking social rank in that order. Now the rule of this trio of groups would be that a man of the highest or Anglican group might marry a girl of his own group or of the two lower groups, that a man of the second or Dissenting group might take a Dissenting or a Salvationist wife, while a Salvationist man would be restricted to his own group. A woman, it will be observed, could under no circumstances marry down into a group below her, and it would be thought highly desirable for her to marry up into a higher group. Other things being equal, it is clear that two-thirds of the Anglican girls would get no husbands, and two-thirds of the Salvationist men no wives. Of course other things would not be equal. There are several ways of redressing the unequal proportions of the sexes, and putting artificially straight what has been artificially made crooked. One approved way is for the parents to kill all female infants except those for whom they can make sure of finding husbands. This is what the Rájputs of Northern India used to do, until we passed a law making things unpleasant for any village which could not show a respectable proportion of girls. Another way is wholesale polygamy, such as was practised by the Kulin Brahmans of Bengal (the group answering to the Anglicans in our illustration) a generation ago, and prevails still on a smaller scale. One middle-aged Kulin was said to have had several hundred wives, and to have spent his life on a round of visits to his mothers-in-law. For each wife he had received a handsome bridegroom-price, and he asked no questions about the children.

But whatever devices may be resorted to in order to bring about an equilibrium, it is easy to see that the position is an extremely awkward one. On the one hand, there is the most stringent religious obligation to get a daughter married before she attains maturity, an obligation the neglect of which condemns her ancestors for three generations back to spend

countless ages in a hell which for foulness would do credit to Zola: on the other hand, the constant *morcellement* of clans and sub-clans, and the singular matrimonial complications we have endeavoured to explain, necessarily set up a tremendous competition for husbands, and enhance the difficulty of complying with the dictates of religion. The bride-price, so familiar to students of primitive culture, disappears in the higher groups, its place being taken by a *bridegroom-price*, which tends continually to rise, as the formation of fresh clans, each with a triple or quadruple series of hypergamous groups, constantly restricts the number of available husbands.

"Under these circumstances," says a Hindu, who speaks with the knowledge bred of bitter experience, "when, in the case of a daughter, parents see that, unless they marry her at once, the one or two bridegrooms that there are open for their selection would be availed of by others, and that they would be disabled from marrying her before the eleventh year, and that they would thereby incur a religious and social degradation as regards the caste, they would seize that opportunity to marry their daughter, quite disregardful of the evil effects of infant marriages."

That this motive operates strongly at the present day is a fact which any one can verify for himself. The order of historical development seems to have been that intense pride of birth and exaggerated notions of ceremonial purity differentiated the internal structure of the higher castes in such a manner as to affect the balance of the sexes, thus bringing about competition for husbands, and forcing down the age of marriage for girls. Infant marriage once induced by these peculiar social conditions, religious sanctions for the existing usage were evolved by the Brahmans, and sacramental explanations were added by the writers of religious text-books. But the usage preceded both the sanctions and the texts, and probably arose from the causes we have indicated.

The practical outcome of all this is, that Hindu society is involved in an indescribably intricate network of usages, traditions, covenants, reciprocal undertakings, family compacts, and the like, directed towards the all-important purpose of enabling people to get their daughters married in conformity with the elaborate machinery of social and ceremonial distinctions which we have endeavoured to explain. Every respectable Hindu family is compassed about by a cloud of obligations of this sort, which legislation can no more attempt to meddle with than it can attempt to regulate the breaking of the rains. Nor is there the smallest reason why it should venture on anything so quixotic.

For the Hindu scriptures, while laying the utmost stress upon the age at which the ceremonial marriage of a girl must be performed, are careful to guard against its being supposed that this is the proper age for the commencement of married life. Having bound themselves indissolubly together by seven steps sunwise round the sacred fire which forms the centre of the family worship, the married pair are then to remain separate until the bride attains physical maturity. This event is celebrated in a special ceremony designed to inaugurate and sanctify the beginning of connubial relations, and terrible penalties, physical and moral, are invoked against those who transgress this commandment.

Thus the question in what

points the Hindu marriage system stands in need of reform is in the main answered for us by the Hindu scriptures themselves. They indicate the nature of the reform and prescribe the limits within which interference should be confined. Clearly we cannot ordain that the *ceremony* of marriage shall be deferred until the bride has attained puberty, or, as the theistic sectaries of the Brahmo-Samaj have urged, until she reaches the age of fourteen. To attempt this would not merely be overriding the express injunctions of the sacred texts, but would bring the law into direct conflict with the network of family obligations referred to above, and would involve a dislocation of social and domestic arrangements calculated to appal the boldest legislator. Even in England, where the religious sanction is wanting, and the existence of an old maid in a family is not believed to entail retrospective damnation on three generations of ancestors, one can imagine the dismay that would be caused among engaged couples and their belongings were Parliament to pass an Act forbidding any girl to marry under the age of twenty-five. Yet such an enactment would be a mere trifle compared to a law raising the age of ceremonial marriage in India.

Summing up the case as far as we have gone, we may now state the following conclusions :—

1. By the letter and the spirit of the Hindu scriptures, a girl ought to go through the ceremony of marriage before she attains sexual maturity.

2. By the letter and the spirit of the Hindu scriptures, a girl ought not to enter upon conjugal life until she attains sexual maturity.

3. The custom of the Panjab is in keeping with the Hindu scriptures; conjugal life commences after sexual maturity, and the *physique* of the people is magnificent.

4. The custom of the higher castes of Bengal is contrary to the teaching of the Hindu scriptures; conjugal life commences before sexual maturity, and the classes which follow this custom are inferior in *physique* not only to the people of Northern India but also to those Bengalis of somewhat lower rank who keep their girls at home until they are grown up.

We have then to effect a sort of social renascence, by bringing Bengal custom into harmony with the Hindu scriptures and with the usages of Northern India, that classical land of Hindu tradition, whence the Bengal Brahmans claim to have been themselves summoned to introduce a purer ritual into the delta of the Ganges. How is this to be done? When the question was last raised, the balance of opinion was in favour of leaving the Hindus to work out their own salvation in their own way under the indirect influence of English education. That was several years ago. No advance has been made; no advance is likely to be made. No Hindu will venture to take the first step. Some one must give a lead, and the Government alone is in a position to do so. The more advanced thinkers in Hindu society will follow from conviction, even if they plead compulsion, and the imitative tendency which plays so effective a part in continually reshaping social and religious institutions in India will soon secure the conformity of the crowd. In the East, where so many things are, according to our ideas, upside down, where you push a needle from you instead of pulling it to-

wards you, and pull a hand-saw instead of pushing it, the relations between positive law and positive morality are also reversed. In Europe one is told morality must always be in advance of law. It took generations of quibbles and all the efforts of Bentham and Romily to lift the English criminal law to a level approaching that of the conventional morality of the day. In India, if law were to wait until popular morality be ready, things would remain as they are until the end of time. In dealing with most other questions we admit this and act upon it, with the full knowledge that many a law will remain a dead letter for a season, and will only by slow degrees begin to leaven the practice of the masses. It is just that subtle flavour of religion which hangs about the marriage problem that makes us shy at cutting the knot once for all by amending the Penal Code in the sense suggested by the Health Society. *Raise the age of consent to twelve or thirteen; leave all other incidents of Hindu marriage untouched*, and the thing will be done. The women of India will be relieved of the most grievous of their burdens, and their prospects of some day shaking off the rest will have been indirectly improved.

The practical critic will ask: How are you going to enforce the law? The ceremony of marriage is an overt act, and a noisy one to boot, which every one with ears to hear must be aware of; but who is to say when marital relations commence between a couple already married? Will not the law be simply inoperative, so that we shall have grasped our nettle to no purpose? To which I would reply: The ceremony of marriage, as we have shown abundantly, is a religious function which cannot be interfered with. The solution proposed by the Health Society is the best that is possible under existing conditions. It enlists religion on the side of reform. For the enforcement of the law we have two sets of influences to rely upon. First, the deterrent effect of prosecutions and convictions in cases like that which has given rise to the present movement of feeling. Secondly, the influence of public opinion, brought to bear partly by the direct action and example of the English-speaking classes, and partly by the hierarchy of petty functionaries already employed in every village throughout India in carrying out operations subsidiary to the great end of getting girls married.

On the sympathy and assistance of the advanced classes, who have been brought up on English history and literature, and are more or less imbued with European ideas of domestic morality, we may, I think, count with some degree of confidence. Hostility, or even neutrality, on their part would be an act of political suicide. Men who protest their fitness for representative institutions dare not for very shame enter the lists as champions of a corrupt form of infant marriage, nor dare they even hold judiciously aloof from the contest. They stand at the parting of the ways, and foes as well as friends will be quick to mark their bearing in the time of trial. Already one of their shrewdest organs, an influential daily paper published in Calcutta, has discerned the political issues involved, and has cast in its lot with the advocates of reform. But the advanced classes, after all, are but a tiny minority in the great multitude of India, a minority which must needs dance very much as the Government chooses

to pipe. The real people we have to consider in a matter of this sort, the working agents who will transmit to the masses the impulse given by the law, are the *panchâyats* or caste councils, the caste and clan Brahmans, the genealogists and astrologers, the marriage-brokers, the village barbers, and last, but not least important, the professional female match-makers, who conduct the elaborate process of haggling by which Hindu marriages are put on the market. The influence of the *ghataks* or marriage-brokers is very great. Five hundred years ago a famous *ghatak*, Devi Vara of Jessore, remodelled for matrimonial purposes the highest subcaste of Bengal Brahmans, and his classification holds its ground to the present day. The caste councils, which bear a sort of resemblance to a club committee, are equally powerful, and perhaps more accessible than the *ghataks* to liberal ideas. Both have the utmost respect for the Hindu scriptures, and the proposed change in the law would present itself to their minds as a revival of pristine tradition making for ceremonial righteousness. If reasonable discretion is exercised in dealing with them, and sufficient notice is given of the contemplated amendment, I believe they will unhesitatingly range themselves on the side of the law, and their influence will at once bring about the desired reform in the practice of the Hindu family.

We will close this paper, as we began it, with a warning against excessive zeal, and against that striving after symmetry which is the besetting sin of social reformers. It is one thing to amend the Penal Code in a single particular, in order to save innocent children from torture and lifelong illness; it is quite another to attempt indirectly to raise the age for ceremonial marriage, by coercive legislation intended to restrict the exercise of the ancient caste sanction of boycotting. Nothing could be more mischievous than the suggestion recently brought forward in England that a special law should be passed rendering a caste punishable for excommunicating one of its members who has married a widow or allowed his daughter to grow up unmarried. This proposal rests on the utterly false assumption that the caste system and the Hindu religion have been undermined by Western science, and are tottering to their fall. In fact, both are still very much alive, and the sphere of their activity has been much increased, and their influence centralised and strengthened, by the modern extension of railways in India. Legislative interference in a matter where the dictates of religion coincide with the social necessities arising from caste organisation would rouse a storm of hostile feeling, and the law would be one which no Government could enforce. Exclusive dealing in husbands cannot be put down by the criminal law. It may or may not be possible to force a Tipperary grocer to sell sugar to a man who has taken a boycotted tenement; it would certainly be impossible to compel an Indian father to give his son in marriage to a girl whose parents had forgotten to get her married at the proper time.

The fact is, that in entering upon this subject we must dismiss from our minds all those ideas of love and courtship with which for most Europeans the institution of marriage is associated. Whether such ideas will ever gain a footing in India is a question on which it would be

rash to hazard an opinion. To fancy it possible to introduce them now would argue an ignorance of the elementary conditions of Eastern life rivalling that of the famous undergraduate who told the examiner that John the Baptist was beheaded because he *would* dance with Herodias's daughter. The dream of an Indian Hermann and Dorothea, wandering together through the ripening rice-fields, and plighting their troth in the odorous stillness of the palm-grove, would be an equally grotesque misapplication of Western ideas to Eastern surroundings. Here and there, amongst the Hinduised Unitarians of the Brahmo-Samaj, or in the group of Anglicised Indians who, having finished their education in England and adopted more or less completely European clothes and European manners, seem now to be on the highroad to form a new caste, it may be that marriage will be preceded by courtship of the European type. But even within these narrow circles such cases will for a long time to come be rare, and will be confined to those families which are afflicted with a surplus of daughters, and find a difficulty in getting them married at an earlier age. For all Hindus, except the mere handful of *déclassés* referred to, the bare idea that a girl can have any voice in the selection of her husband is excluded by the operation of three inexorable sanctions—by the ordinances of the Hindu religion, by the internal structure of the caste system, and by the general tone and conditions of social life in India. Religion prescribes that, like the Roman bride of early days, a Hindu girl shall be given (*tradita in manum*) by her father into the power of her husband; caste complications demand that the ceremonial portion of the transfer shall be effected while she is still a child; while the character of society, the moral tone of the men, the seclusion of the women, the immemorial taboos and conventions of family etiquette, render it impossible that she should be wooed and won like her European sister. To persons of a romantic turn of mind the admission that infant marriage in some shape must be accepted as an ultimate fact of the Hindu social system will sound like a final abandonment of all hope of reform. But there is more to be said for the custom than appears at first sight. A moment's dispassionate consideration will show that if any sort of controlling authority is to make people's marriages for them, the earlier it commences and completes its operations the better. Where the choice of a husband must in any case be undertaken by the parents, it is clearly tempting Providence for them to defer it until their daughter has grown up, and may have formed an embarrassing attachment on her own account. As for love, that may come—and, from all one hears of Hindu unions, usually does come—as readily after marriage as before, provided that opportunities for falling in love with the wrong man are judiciously withheld. This may be a cynical way of handling the matter, but it is the only way that accords with the lines of oriental life as at present ordered, and it were folly to dream of making all things new.

P.S—Since writing the above, I have read the papers on the same subject by Mr Rees in the 'Nineteenth Century,' and by Mr Ashburner in the 'National Review.' On all points but one I

agree so cordially with these writers, that I wish to add a few words in further explanation of the point on which I venture to differ from them. After all, this difference is perhaps more apparent than real. For both Mr Rees and Mr Ashburner rest their objection to raising the age of consent on the allegation that premature cohabitation is unknown in Madras and Bombay; and their language seems to imply that if this were not so, they would be prepared to reconsider the question. But again, if people in Madras and Bombay keep their daughters at home till they attain maturity, why should the Hindus of those parts take fright at an amendment of the general law which cannot possibly affect them? If their own practice is orthodox, ought they not rather to rejoice at the prospect of the lax Hindus of Bengal being driven to mend their ways? Perhaps they would do so, if they were sure that the ball of reform, once set rolling, would stop at the age of consent. As it is, their state of mind, and that of orthodox Hindus everywhere, is very much that of the Bishop in Browning's poem:—

> "First cut the Liquefaction, what comes next
> But Fichte's clever cut at God Himself?"

They feel that if they take with Malabari the one step which physiology and humanity clearly require them to take, there is no saying how much further they may be asked to go in order to round off a theory with which they have no sympathy. On all points but one I confess I am inclined to agree with them. I see no necessity for further intervention on behalf of the Hindu widow; none for meddling with caste sanctions; above all, none for empowering persons married as infants to renounce their obligations when they are grown up. The sooner the reforming party make up their minds to knock these superfluous planks out of their platform, the better for their chances of success. Let them concentrate their energies on righting the one great wrong which recent events have brought to notice. If I mistake not, they are likely to have their hands full enough, for that they have not seen that "to be too busy is some danger."

H. H. Risley.

13*th November* 1890.

BORN ON HALLOW E'EN.

THERE is a cliff we call Carrigmōr on the other side of the bay. I do not know exactly how high it is by number of feet; I was always bad at figures and measurements; but it is like a great red-brown wall, running out to sea, and the top is flat, and 3 or 4 feet wide. I know that because I have walked along it so often,—it is perfectly easy if you are not inclined to be giddy,—and when you get to the end, you feel quite far out at sea; for, looking straight ahead across the water, it is easy to forget the land behind you, and see only the Scotch islands lying blue and distant on the horizon. There is the Mull of Cantyre, backed like a whale, and Sanda, and Ailsa Craig, a round pincushion island—sailors call it "Paddy's milestone"; and on a clear day the peaks of Jura rise sharply serrated in the distance. Altogether Carrigmōr is about as good a place as you could find to take a comprehensive survey of two countries, Ireland and Scotland.

That is just what I was doing one morning last October. Such a sparkle as there was on the water! and such a sparkle in the air! and the sound of the little waves far below came whispering up, and the cliff was warmed with sunshine. Down in the cave an old woman was gathering heaps of sea-weed together on the shingle. I knew her: it was Mauriade M'Veagh—Moyad MacVay, if you want to pronounce it rightly. After a very long spell of work, and having gathered up three good heaps of sea-tangle and weed, she seemed "to become aware of her back," and stood up straight to rest it. Consequently she caught sight of a little speck on the cliff above her, which was I; whereupon she waved with both arms persistently, till I saw she wanted me to come down to her: and I did, though it was the wrong side of the cliff for home.

"The top o' the morning to ye, Miss O'Nale! and what brings ye to the top of Carrigmōr at all? Is that for the likes o' you to be goin' to? Can ye never rest asy at home?"

"Not on a morning like this, Mauriade. The cliff is as safe as a house. Is that all you've fetched me down for?"

"It is not, then. What were ye doin' there, at all?"

"Looking at you, Mauriade, and thinking how nice you looked in that red petticoat, and your bare ankles, you know."

"Ah now, is it after my ankles ye'll be? an' tellin' me ye could see them from yonder? Don't be makin' fun at an ould woman. Sure it's looking out to sea ye were."

"So I was, Mauriade; expecting my ship to come in, and high time for her too!"

"Ah now, Miss Moira, is it foolin' me again ye are? I tell ye 'tis no place for you to be standin' and lookin' out to sea from the top of Carrigmōr. It's not lucky, that's what it isn't. Did ye never hear of the poor girl that done that same? and did ye never see the grave down in the chapel-yard?—the one wid writin' on the stone, and a ship drawed out on it."

"I know that one. Well?"

"Well, then, ye know enough. And there's no call to be talkin'

of graves. But don't you be watchin' any more from that place where yerself was standin' when I called ye. And now maybe ye'll heed what I'm afther tellin' ye: and maybe ye won't," she added, with deep prevision, as she turned back to her work, heaving a great sigh before stooping again to it.

"Mauriade, I'm sure you're very tired, and you've gathered plenty of wrack already. Come and sit down! I want to hear about that girl."

"Oh ay, Miss O'Nale, ye're aye willin' to hear, but ye're none so willin' to mind. And what for would I lave gatherin' the wrack? How much land will *that* cover, do ye think? not the grazin' of a sputterick [snipe]. And the poor girl, what for would I be tellin' of her just to make divarsion? and she maybe not yet at rest in her grave."

And she muttered something low to herself: a prayer for the dead. So I waited. Then, "Mauriade," I said, "you know I wasn't going to make diversion of it. And you are tired, so you might just as well rest now, and work on again afterwards. And you might give me a piece of that dulse, please, that you've gathered."

Mauriade brought the red dulse, shining wet out of the water, and was quite agreeable again with the pleasure of doing a civility. So we sat down to share it, and presently I got her to tell the story.

I.

Well, it was a great while ago, dear; when there were more people in the glens than there is now, be rason the 'Mericas wasn't known or thought on. And this poor girl I was spakin' of, she was a year younger nor me, and her name was the same, Mauriade M'Veagh; but no kin to me at all, forbye the name. Sure, it's yerself knows we're all M'Veaghs and M'Cormicks in this glen, barrin' them that's come from the Scotch Isles, and those are MacNales and MacSporrans mostly. Well, this girl Mauriade, she wasn't just like others; she never laughed out free like a girl, and if she smiled at you, it wasn't straight in your face, but as if she saw something over your shoulder like, and that makes a body fearsome. Then her hair was red-coloured; and ye know them that has red hair and fair faces can see spirits; that's well known. Her face was fair too, and white, and her mouth was set; never did I see two lips shut that firm and close! yet they'd tremble too whiles, for nothing at all. Then she would go away often, and bide in the lonesomest places, and that's not wholesome. (Do ye mind me, Miss Moira?) And she had no other young girl for a friend, ne'er a one; they weren't fond of her. Indeed I thought she would thravel her lone through life, and I never was more surprised than when they tould me Randal MacNale was courtin' Mauriade. "Och now! that 'ud be the quare day!" says I. "A wee curious craythur like that, when he might have Kate M'Cormick, and two fine heifers for the askin'! She's a fine girl, that Kate, and I know he stole her handkerchief the last blessed Easter that was, comin' home from chapel, so he did. And to do it on a holiday, sure that was near as good as a promise! Well, Randal's a fule sort of lad, to be comin' after Mauriade, when he's well looked on in a better

quarter. Dear, dear, but that's the quare day!" says I.

Well, thrue enough, Randal *was* courtin' her; and as for Kate, he took no more thought of Kate than if she was one of last year's birds that had sung to him. Och, but Randal was a fine bhoy entirely! I'll hould ye he was the heartiest lad ye'd meet in a month of Sundays, and as brave a look wid him, and his head and shoulders higher than any o' them, barrin' Long Charlie the herd's. Sure, I spoke to him meself, and more I couldn't do.

"Randal," says I, "(namin' no names, do ye mind me?), ye're takin' a new road. Do ye think to find fortune at the end of it?"

"Ay, there or thereabouts," says he.

"She doesn't lie that way, Randal MacNale," says I.

"Troth, I'm thinkin' she does, though," says he.

And that was all I could get out of him, which it bate all for contrairiness. For what more could I say in dacency, widout he'd first name the girl he was after? And that was just what he wouldn't do, but laughed in me face, as quiet as ye plaze, and went off wid him. "Then thravel yer own road," says I to meself, "and sorrow go wid me av I lift a finger again to hinder ye."

For I was fairly disconsairted at him.

Now it wasn't a week from that day, and meself sittin' hushin' the child by the fireside, when I seen a face look in at the upper door; and there was Mauriade.

"God save ye!" says she; and "God save ye kindly!" says I. "Come in, and welcome!" For all that, she wasn't welcome; only there's manners in all things.

So Mauriade came in and set herself down on the creepy, right forenenst me, and never a word she said.

"Is it the baby ye've come to see, Mauriade?" says I. "Well, he's just slapin' finely now, and I wouldn't go for to waken him; for he's that onasy whiles that me heart's broke wid him."

Now it was just for manners again that I said it, seein' he was broad awake, the blessed child! only the minute I seen Mauriade lookin' in, I pulled the little shawl down from me shoulder over his face and hushoo'd him in me arms. For ye know there's some pairs of eyes that childher don't thrive no better by gettin' a look from them; and I knowed plenty that didn't care to have a long look from Mauriade. So when I tould her that, she just smiled the deep way that she had and shifted her sate so as not to look full on us; but still she said nothin'. Then I was feared that maybe I hadn't welcomed her fair, as a woman should; so I signed the blessed cross over the child as soon as her eyes were turned, and then I says, says I, "Sure, this is the first time ye've been nigh the house since Mick and me were married, Mauriade. Ye're such a stranger now!"

"No stranger than when we were near neighbours in Corriemeala," says the girl. "When hearts are strange, no matter if houses are far."

"And who tould ye my heart was strange to ye, Mauriade?" I said.

"Who tould me that ye'd warned Randal MacNale he'd do ill to marry me?" says Mauriade.

"I never named yer name to the bhoy," says I—and stopped there.

"Thrue for you!" says she; "and that's the safest way. But if one look was enough to dhrive a

poor girl's lover away for ever, there's many a one fit to look it that hasn't got courage to spake the word."

"Mauriade," says I, not knowin' what to be at, "if ye're that far gone in love for Randal as to believe every word he says, I'm sorry for ye," says I.

"Sure, he never tould me a word of it," says she. "Randal's not the bhoy to tell on a woman."

"But sorra a one was there to hear, barrin' our two selves," says I. "Musha! who tould ye at all, then?"

But the next minute I was feared of her. "I knowed it meself," she said, soft and quiet, without turnin' a look on me; and never seemed angered, like any girl would, to hear of another comin' between herself and her lover, till I up and spoke out to her; for I was that feared, it gave me heart to do it. "Mauriade," says I, grippin' the child tight in me arms, "maybe ye know many a thing; and maybe ye're none the better for that, if ye don't know what's good for yerself. Though I'm sorry I said to Randal—what ye know of; and begorrah! it's the last time ever I'll spake to a man set on his own way, right or wrong. But this I'm sayin' to you; and if it was the last words I was to spake, the more's the pity they're thrue! . . . Ye'd best give him up, for there's no blessin' on love that's stolen. Randal belongs to Kate, and she sets the whole world by him. Lave him to her."

"Ay!" says Mauriade, whisperin' low. "But he doesn't care for her. It's me he wants."

"The worse for ye both, Mauriade," says I. "How is it that he doesn't care for her, all at once? because ye've put the *comether* over him. Ye know too many ways, and too many wiles, and too many things intirely. What have ye done to him?"

"Nothing, nothing at all! no, nothing! but, weary on it! me heart is sore. Will they always be sayin' I'm wicked?" And she fell down on her knees, and wrung her two hands.

"Mauriade, what is it ye mean, at all?" I said, and caught her hand. I was sorry for the thing.

"Och! yourself knows rightly what I mean, and no need of me telling ye. . . . But maybe I will: for it's the first time any of ye took pity on me, Mrs M'Veagh. Don't ye know what they say of me then—that I'm not made like other folk? Aren't they all feared of me, till they make me feared o' meself, whiles? Didn't yourself say this minute that Randal nor no man would have loved me, widout I had worked a spell on him? Sorra one o' me knows how to work a spell, any more than yourself: that's as thrue as the Blessed Virgin hears me spake! Sure, ye know when I entered this door, ye covered the child's wee face, for fear I'd look him harm. And what made ye look, look at me that way when I tould ye I knowed what ye said to Randal? sure, I seen it in yer own face, and the way ye—but I knowed it before, ay, troth did I!"

"Why, then, it's bothered intirely I am," says I. "But let it go, Mauriade, and forget what I said. Maybe ye have as fair a right to Randal as e'er a one o' them. I'll never think ye wish him harm anyway."

"Is it me wish him harm? that 'ud wear out me heart to win him the laste o' good. Listen here, and I'll tell ye, Mrs M'Veagh. Life is lonesome for me; and that's truth. Ye don't know what such lonesomeness is; it's more than I could tell ye, meself.

No friend, nor one in the world belonging to me, barrin' me father; and he as good as none, wid his rantin', ravin' ways, that gets every man in the glen afeared of him. Troth! so I'd be meself, only that he's afeared of me,—like the rest o' them. It's be rason they think I know too much. Listen here! did ye never hear what another person was thinkin' of widout their tellin' ye? Sure, that's what I do. Many's the time I've tould them their thought before they could spake it: the more fool to me! and then they're scared, as if I was wicked. . . . Maybe I am wicked. Och! but what would I care if they'd let me have Randal! sure, *he* doesn't think it: he thinks a dale too well of me, though I've tould him all there was about it, and more too. 'Begorrah! there's no knowin' anything,' says he, 'not one thing more than another, mavrone! but if ye want to know what *I'm* thinkin' of, ye may, and welcome! More be token it's just o' yourself avourneen, most whiles.' That's just the way wid him. Och! Randal's the carelessest bhoy ever ye seen! And now, are ye thinkin' maybe I'd part with Randal? Not for you, nor any woman, then. And that's all I can be tellin'. I'll wish ye good day."

"Wait a bit, Mauriade," says I. "Come back till I spake to ye. Sure, I never knowed how things were, or it's not meself would have bid ye give up the bhoy. Take him, and welcome—for me. And see, dear! never be thinkin' over such things at all—what ye were tellin' me, do ye mind! It's just a sort of onasyness that ye're bothered with: nothin' at all, it is. Good-bye to ye, Mauriade. Here, take the child in your arms before ye go. Och, the wee crather! look at that, now!"

II.

The next thing that happened, it was Hallow E'en. And Mick and me were keepin' it that time as if it was the last we'd see. All the neighbours the house could hould were in it; and there was nothing doin' but fortune-telling, with nuts in the ashes, and apple-skins on the floor, and melted lead spilt in the wather, and dear knows what all! Sure, don't young folks think that Hallow E'en was tould off by the Church for nothing but to find their fortunes by? It's a quare thing to see them; and many's the one I've said to, "Your fortune'll find you soon enough: no need for you to be runnin' half-way to meet it." But ye might as well try to hould a lark from rising, to save it the journey down. They'll all know their fortunes, if they was to die for it. 'Deed, and I've been the same meself.

Well, as I was tellin' ye, there they were, every one settin' pairs of hazel-nuts to roast on the hearth; and every pair was Kathleen and Dan, or Paddy and Bridget, or whoever the talk was on. So, if the nuts burnt steady to an end, and fell to ashes together, that meant faithfulness and marriage; but if one was to pop away on a sudden and lave the other sittin' on, then it was, "Och, Dan, I'm sorry for ye, but Kat's gone off, and sorra a sign of her left!"—or else, "Biddy, me beauty! I doubt ye'll soon have another; but Paddy MaGill's not the bhoy that'll stick to ye."

And then there was pushin' and crowdin' round the fire, and talkin' politeness till it was grand to hear.

"Kathleen mavourneen! is that yourself or your sisther now? Slip in here, anyhow."—"It's none of us at all, Mick, if you're axin' to know. And I'll do rightly where I am, too."

"See now, Pat! ye're just rampin' round like a mad thing. Remember we're all behind ye here."—"'Deed, I'll remember where you are, Biddy; and no need to be tellin' me that!"

"Be asy, then," says I; "and if ye can't be asy be as asy as ye can! But clear out o' me road, the whole lot o' yez, for I've got the lead here to be melted." And wid that I put a lump of it in a long-shanked iron spoon, and held it over the fire till the lead got swimming and dark-like.

"Here, Will," says I, "you first take this key in your other hand, and pour the lead through the right end of it, into this bowl o' wather; there's two long nails, crossed, lyin' in the bottom of it. Hould your head o' one side now, if ye don't want to be scalded; and may it show ye luck!"

So Will took and poured it, all splittherin', into the water, wid the steam rising off it; and then the cry was for Mauriade to come and tell his fortune. "See here, Mauriade; what's the manin' o' this? Here's a quare little divil wid a raggedy tail to him, for all the world like a scarecrow in the corn. What is it, at all?"

"It manes that that's all you'll ever be good for, to frighten the crows, Will," says Phalim; "more be token ye haven't the wit to come in when it rains!"

"Och! don't you be talkin' now, Phalimy Shone. 'Head o' wit drowned eel.' Come on, Mauriade! it's you I'm wantin'." But Mauriade shook her head.

"I've tould the last fortune ever I'll tell, Will. Let some one else thry." They all turned round to stare at her, as if she was deminted; and then every one o' them looked at each other, for Mauriade's face was too much for them intirely—all but Will; and he was that set on havin' his fortune tould that he up and axed agin, like a fool.

"An' who else is to thry, barrin' yerself, Mauriade? Sure no one else knows what you know. Wasn't you born on Hallow E'en, when the sperrits are abroad? and doesn't that make ye——"

"Hould yer bletherin', Will!" says Randal, and growled at him like a dog. "Here! hand me up them splitthers o' lead." And he shoved them into the fire again, and melted them down the same as before; while the girls were all shiverin' round, by reason that sperrits had been named.

"Now," says Randal, wid a shout, "I'll thry me own fortune. Who's afeared?" And he spilt the lead hissing into the wather. Troth, the next thing we knowed he was houldin' up a little wee anchor! as plain an anchor as plain could be. Randal swore an oath when he see'd it.

"Be the head o' St Pathrick! that's what I was lookin' for. The sea has been callin' me this while past, and to sea I'll go!"

Every man in the room cheered him. Och, the fools that men are! they'll cheer for anything in this wide world if it's only like to cost a life. But faix! Randal was a fine lad, though. He throwed up his head, and lifted a sigh for joy, and caught his breath—to laugh. You'd have thought it was a weddin' he was goin' to; and instead o' that——

My heart! the sight o' Mauriade. May I never be forgiven, but I thought she was fair distracted! Standin' back agin' the wall she

was, lanin' her head agin' it, as if she could hardly stand, and both her eyes starin' wide at Randal. Holy Vargin, what a stare! her face as white as a stone, and the eyes shinin' out of it fixed, as if they'd never shut again. And she lifted one finger and pointed. . . . Mercy all! I shut me own eyes then. The voices in the room begun to sound all far-away and dizzy, and the floor was slippin' from undher me when Mick cries out—

"Come on, bhoys! and light up the candles, for the girls to be leppin' over them. Sure that's the fun o' the world!"

Was it? thinks I. Am I crazy, or dhramin', or what? has none o' them seen? And I looked round, and Mauriade—was gone: gone intirely! And all o' them were busy lightin' up the candles, and laughin' over it. Wan, two, three—twelve candles, set in a row on the floor, one for ache month in the year, beginnin' wid November: and every girl was to lep through the whole row, back and forwards, one afther another; and if she put out one candle wid her foot, or the tail of her skirt, *wirrasthru!* but that 'ud be the month when some throuble was comin' on her, and she'd be to take warnin', and watch herself through it.

Well, on came the girls, by one and one, to thry their luck; and to it they went, leppin', and laughin', and losin' their breath: while the bhoys, standin' back to lave them room, cried out on them to lep clare, and hurried and flurried them, more than enough.

"Come on then, Biddy alannah! it's yerself can do it! Be the hole o' me coat, she's over them all."

"Bhoys-a-bhoys! there's leppin' for ye!"

"Look at little Molly now, av ye'd see a nate pair of ankles."

"Hould yer whisht! Paddy MaGill, ye're the plague o' me life!" says Molly; and wid that she leps higher than ever, and down goes October, rowlin' on the floor.

"Never mind it, darlin'! ye can't change the luck. Look at Kathleen, how she's goin'."

"Watch yerself, Kat! and ye'll do rightly."

"Look at Harryet. Begorrah! they're leppin' beautiful, just like hens!"

"Och! me heart's broke, leppin'. Let me sit down, girls!" says Harryet.

"Troth! girls are quare craythers intirely! What's to hindher them bringin' their two feet over together now, and leppin' clane? instid o' thrailin' one foot for ever behind the other, that fashion, for all the world as if they'd got a bone in their leg. Sure it's the nearest way to take a fall."

"Don't be axin' conthrairy questions, Phalim! Maybe they have their rasons for it."

"There goes Kate MaCormac, as fit as a fiddle now, and whoop and away!—och, that varmint July! bad scran to it!—she's down! Are ye hurted, Kate?"

"I'm kilt intirely, so I am, ochone! Out o' me road now, till I clare the rest."

"There then, divil another's to lep. Bedad, girls! ye're fairly bet, the whole bilin' of yez. Who'd ha' thought ye were that wakely? Hould on a bit, though! Mauriade's not been over yet. Where's Mauriade?"

"Mauriade!—if she isn't clane gone intirely!"

"Mercy on us, this day and night! out all her lone on Hallow E'en!"

But before the word was fairly

passed, Randal was up and out o' the house, as if the divil was in it; and all of us left starin' after him, like a flock o' sheep.

"Well," says Mick at last, spakin' quite slow and disturbed, "maybe she's not gone far yet."

"And maybe she's gone farder than ever you were in yer life, Micky M'Veagh!" says Dan. "I wouldn't put it past her. Maybe she's gone——"

"Dan," says I, "I'll not hear ye say a word agin' that misfortunate craythur, while ye're in this house."

"Axin' yer pardon, Mrs M'Veagh; but troth! I think Randal MacNale's quarely mistook to be follerin' afther the likes o' *yon*. He's missed a finer girl and a finer fortune, as we all know."

"If it's me ye mane, Dan," says Kate MaCormac, "I'd have ye to know that there's nothin' at all to be said about Randal and me. It was free to take or free to lave between us: more be token, if he had axed me fairly, I wouldn't have had him."

"No more ye would, Kate! Sure we all knew that," says two or three together, and Dan first.

"And as for Mauriade, a girl like that! Well, it's asy seein' that she's put the *comether* over Randal MacNale; and who knows where she may lade him yet, wid her deludherin' ways?"

"Sure he's actin' onnatural already," says another. "He never looked on her, nor she on him, this evenin' long—for I minded him; and I ax ye all av that's not a quare way to be fallin' in love?"

"Well, there's more ways nor one; and they're all quare," says Mick—for the young ones wouldn't answer.

"Ay! but did ye mind how she wouldn't tell a fortune to-night? naythur tell another's, nor thry her own," says Harryet again. "Will! who was it tould ye that Mauriade was born of a Hallow E'en night?"

"Sure I always knowed it," says Will, "because it's thrue. And that's what makes her the quare craythur she is."

"Ay, is she!" says Harryet, noddin' her head. "But I'm thinkin' maybe Randal didn't know that same; for I can tell ye——"

A bang came on the door, as if ten men were battherin' on it. The girls screamed together, fit to lift the roof, and Harryet on top o' them all. Not a man stirred for to open the door; but presently, wid another bang, it was bursted open, and in came Randal—Randal himself, the size o' life, and that misfortunate craythur Mauriade lyin' across his arms in a mortial swoon. He brought her straight to me, and laid her down wid her head in my lap, and then he stood up and glared round on the rest, not one o' them liftin' a finger to help, but standin' starin' at Mauriade.

"It's late," says Randal. "If ye're all so kilt wid divarsions, that none o' ye has the strength to stir, then the sooner ye can help ache other home the betther! Ye're not wanted here."

Faith! though 'twas me own house, I couldn't be angry wid him. And I let them go.

III.

Mauriade lay like a stone. Randal had left her wid her head on my knees; for as sure as a man gets consarned about a body, he

goes and does the wrong thing wid 'em. But I put her flat on the floor; and the fire-flame made gould in her hair, and the long gould lashes lay on her cheeks.

"She's more child nor woman," I said. I never liked Mauriade so well as that minute.

"God bless ye, Mrs M'Veagh!" says Randal. "Ye're a rale woman."

"And yerself's a rale man, Randal!" says I—"safe to be footherin' round where ye're not wanted, like the rest o' them. Lave Mauriade to me, and go home wid ye." I was rubbin' her hands then, and puttin' wather to her forehead. "She's betther," says I. "See here, Randal, ye must go now. I wouldn't be hard on ye; but it won't do for her. Go when I bid ye, now. Sure ye can trust Mauriade to me."

"Well, I will then," says Randal. He was always rasonable when he couldn't help it; and he was goin' too, as good as gould, when Mick says—

"Ye can come again the mornin', Randal."

"Begorrah, I will!" says the lad, and was out like a bird, before I could as much as say bad scran to Mick.

Then Mauriade opened her eyes, and turned her face away from the fire. "Randal!" she says, as low as ye could hear it.

"D'ye mind that?" says Mick. "Will I run out afther and fetch him back?"

"Ye'd betther, Mick!" says I, "av ye want to be a bigger fool than ever I've knowed ye yet. Here! lend a hand." And we lifted the poor girl up and laid her on the bed. But the next thing she axed was "Randal" again.

"He's comin', dear," says I; "he'll be here—don't you trouble yerself."

And faith that was the way we carried on the whole blessed night; barrin' when the baby cried, and I'd have to go to him for a minute, and come back to Mauriade again. For I was afeared to lave her, be rason I thought she was maybe gettin' a faver; her eyes when she opened them were that strange and wandherin', and her hands as cowld as charity, and her forehead burnin' hot. And still she was talkin' o' the sea, Randal and the sea, and the cowld green waves; thinks I, "She's feared to let him go; it came on her sudden and startled her, but still . . ." there was somethin' I couldn't understand. It bothered me complately. I knowed Mauriade was clane off her head; yet I couldn't help mindin' what she said; it gave me quare notions. And if Mick hadn't been there, maybe I could hardly have stayed out the night alone wid the girl, and her white face on the pillow, and no knowin' what thoughts might be in her head.

When the daylight begun to come in I was glad; and when the sun got to dancin' on the wall, then I roused Mick, and tould him to watch; and I went out o' the door meself to get a breath of air; for what wid the divarsion in the evenin', and sittin' up all night, me head was fairly moithered. Well, it was cowld, and drippin' all round wid the dew; the sun wasn't up long, but just makin' a wee pad o' light across the sea, and the grey clouds were hurryin' to come and smother it up. "It's goin' to be a fine fishin' day," thinks I. "Wind's sou'-west." Next thing I knowed, a man came trampin' over the brow o' the hill, and down through the

brown bracken, straight for the house. "Sorrow on it, av that's not Randal again!" says I; "thinkin' I'll let him in, maybe, is he?" And I started off to meet him, havin' no mind to let his voice be heard nigh the house.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Mrs M'Veagh!" says he, as bould as ye plase.

"Ye're wishin' it in good time, Randal," says I. "What brings ye here such an hour? Sure ye're losin' the tide intirely."

"Bad luck to the tide!" says he. "It's not the tide I'm afther."

"Well, if it's anything here ye're afther, ye can save yer steps," says I.

"Can I not see Mauriade at all?"

"I'll not be lettin' ye into the house, the mornin'."

"Mrs M'Veagh, ye're not married much more than a year," says Randal; "and a body 'ud think ye'd clane forgotten all that wint before! Did you and Mick never have a courtin' at all?"

"Don't you be goin' for to even yourself wid Mick, Randal," says I; "and don't be thryin' to come over me wid blarney! I'll have nothin' to do, between yourself and Mauriade, barrin' that I'm a friend to ye both. But what I seen last night was enough to startle a boulder woman nor me. And now I tell ye plain that I think Mauriade's gettin' a faver in her brain. . . . Ayther that, or somethin' else. And what might happen this minute, if you were to go and bring it all back to her be the sight of ye——"

"Bring *what* all back?" says Randal.

"Everythin'," says I. "There! What can I tell ye, if ye don't know yerself?"

"Sure it's little enough *I* know," says Randal; "and gettin' less every minute."

"Musha help ye!" says I. Wid one thing and another, I was fairly *throng*, — and what I was goin' to say next I don't know. For at that blessed minute Randal cries out, "Mauriade!" and turnin' round, there I see'd her comin' up to us from the house. Randal went straight, and caught her in his arms, and kissed her: and thinks I, "Well, there's nothin' more to be done for this one while. I'll be goin'." Then I axed her—

"Mauriade, what brings ye out here? Ye'd betther have stayed quiet."

"I knowed he was somewhere near," says Mauriade; "an' I couldn't stay quiet."

She was lookin' at me; her face agin' his arm, her hair lyin' tossed on his shoulder. Randal's arm was round her. Will she look happy now? I wondered: it's now or never she will. No use. Mauriade's face was harder to read than signs o' wind or weather. And all I could say was—"Randal, mind and bring her back," as I turned into the house agin.

Mick was there, kneelin' before the fire, and blowin' up the turf to a blaze.

"Mick," says I, "Randal's out beyont, wid Mauriade."

Mick stopped blowin'. "Ay! she said, 'Randal's out there. I'm going to him.' An' she went: ye might as well thry to hould a startled hare. I'm thinkin' there's no luck in havin' the like o' yon in the house. If she goes, let her go."

"Ay, but I doubt there's some throuble comin' on her; and would we be the ones to send her away to meet it, Mick?"

"Woman alive! what's come over ye?" says Mick. "Are ye

settin' up to know what's comin' on other folks before the time? Begorrah! ye're gettin' quare."

"Ah, go 'long!" says I. "Sure I meant nothin'." And I set to work wid the male to make stirabout[1] for breakfast.

But mind ye! I knowed rightly then that Mick was onasy, be rason Mick was a man o' the softest heart an' the scarcest words of any ever ye seen: an' what would make *him* say as much as that, av it wasn't onasyness? So I had no need to be axin' more.

But when the stirabout was ready, I tould him to go and call them in. And back he came, sure enough, but only himself and Randal.

"Where's Mauriade?" says I.

"I couldn't kape her," says Mick; and looks at me for warnin'.

But I was angry at that, thinkin' maybe he was afther takin' his own way, not bringin' her back; and I says to Randal, "Didn't I tell ye to bring her here, Randal? Are ye blind that ye can't see the girl's wake and ill? It's not fit to trust her to herself, nor to that ould thafe o' the world she's got for a father."

But Randal looked at me too, and I seen a weighty throuble in his face; but he never answered a word, only sat down like a man dhramin', and no more. Faith! I was sorry for him then: and what could I do but lave him alone? Sorra word more we said, till Mick was rachin' down his coat to go to work; and then he laid his hand on the bhoy's shoulder, and "Randal," says he, "have ye no work waitin' on ye at all?"

Randal turned round, the same as if he was woke.

"I'll do a day's work wid yerself, Mick. Where is't ye're goin'?"

"I'm cuttin' turf this two days, up beyont Altnadreen: and I'm behoulden to ye," says Mick.

And the two o' them were startin' out together, when I remembered in time.

"Man alive!" says I, "have ye clane forgotten the day? Sure its Hallowmas!"

"More be token, last night was Hallow E'en," said Randal. Ye'd have thought it was months past, to hear him spake.

"Then ye'll just lave cuttin' the turf," says I, "and meself 'll go wid ye to hear mass. Save us all! it is haythins intirely we are! forgettin' the blessed dead."

IV.

How it comes back to me, the talk there used to be about Randal those days! Ye see, the folks all knowed he was for goin' to sea; and they were in as big a hurry to see him go as if the glen hadn't room in it for him and them. But that wasn't for nothin', d'ye mind me! only because as long as Randal stayed, it was plain enough he stayed for Mauriade, and for no good at all; but if once the sea was between them, he might forget her maybe, and come back his own man again—for Mauriade, nor no one, could work on a man the far side o' the world, they said. But sorra a sound o' that came to Randal's ears, as ye'll asily suppose. All their talk to him was only how there was nothin' like the sea for makin' a man's fortune; and that he might happen to make ten pounds on a voyage,

[1] Porridge.

if he had luck—which might be true or mightn't for all a body could know, but more likely on two voyages than one, I'm thinkin'—"and then," says they, "ye can marry, or do as ye plase; what's to hindher? Och! 'tis yerself was made for the sea, Randal; and ye've lived half fisherman all yer life. But if ye're goin' to stay on for ever in that slip of a place at Portnasilla, along wid them two brothers o' yours—and the whole three o' yez footherin' on, half by sea, half by land, till ye'll all get as grey as three grey crows together, wid as little to live on, more be token!—well, that's no consarn of any one's but yer own, Randal lad!" So they said, but I'll promise ye they *made* it their consarn—for Randal was a favourite; and every man 'ud have a turn at him, only for that.

Well, Randal took all their advisin', and tould them nothin' back. He'd used to be a free-spoken fellow, and ye might have had his mind for the askin', but Hallow E'en night had larned him to kape his own counsel; and now ye might as soon have howked out a sacret from a snail in his shell. It went to me heart to see him, so sad and down-hearted he got, that used to be so blithe, and always keeping away from every one—but Mick. Mick was that silent and paceable that he was the greatest o' comfort to any one that wanted it; and he always did seem to be naturally drawed to any man in throuble: how he ever conthrived for to let them know it, passes me to think. But anyhow he would bring Randal home sometimes of an evenin'; and the two would sit side be side at the fire, smokin' their dhudeens,[1] and not a word out o' them. Just the puff o' their smoke ye'd hear, or the turf toppin' down on the hearth, or the cricket chirpin' aloud, but not a word between them, barrin' "Good night, lad," when Randal went out.

One night we were sittin' like that; and I had the child in me arms, instead of in his cradle, be rason he was restless and wouldn't slape. The fire burnt low, and Mick stirred it wid his foot, and a crowd o' sparks flew up into the dark chimley, many and brightly, out o' the turf. Randal said then, "Man was born to throuble, as the sparks fly upward."

Well, I listened if he was goin' to tell more about it, but he only said—

"I heer'd that somewheres, once, long ago; an' I took no count of it. I'm thinkin' now that it's thrue."

"Maybe so. Never heer'd it that way meself," says Mick, not lookin' up.

I took and laid the child back in his cradle, rockin' him afther, and still waitin' if Randal would say more. But when he didn't, I spoke to him.

"There's throuble everywhere, Randal, sure enough: the more rason we should help ache other through, whiles. Could ye not be trustin' yer friends enough to tell them what's wrong wid ye, lad? We couldn't do much to help, maybe, Mick and me; but we'd lend ye a hand through, at the laste. And the more to share, the lighter to bear, Randal. . . . Ah, lad! it's the sore heart ye've carried this long while."

And Randal, poor bhoy! he rached one hand out to me, and put the other arm up before his face, and he groaned. Then he stood up sudden, and looked at

[1] Small clay pipes.

Mick quite steady, and Mick back at him, as kind as a woman. And wid that he turned, and went out. Not a word!

"It's bothered I am, an' me pipe gone out, intirely," says Mick. "What's goin' to be done now?"

"Nothin'—wid Randal," says I. "I'll have to thry and make out what the matther is from Mauriade." And the next day I went.

Now I couldn't begin to be tellin' ye what I was intendin' to say to Mauriade, be rason I wasn't intendin' at all, one way or another, and feared o' me life besides at goin' nigh the place: what wid the girl herself, an' the ways of her, and what wid the ould rapscallion her father. But seein' it was fair-day in Ballylagan, that made it likelier he'd be gone there; and if the thing had to be done, 'twas asier doin' it then.

Well, the place they lived in was a bit of a shanty, lonesome enough, but convanient, wid a boreen be the back of it, and an orchard-ground wid a heap of ould threes, and sorra an apple in it, only grey moss, creepin' and clingin'; and the black branches, rubbin' one agin another, would creak over yer head, whiles—it had an airy sound. One half o' the house was gone complately, and the other half wasn't all there, but it made a shelter, anyhow; for if ye don't want much, ye can do wid a little.

I went straight up to the door, and in quickly, sayin', "God save all here!"

But I see'd in a minute there was only Mauriade. She was sittin' alone be the fire, her head bowed down, and her two long white arms clasped round her knees. She rose up slow, and looked at me; and I said—

"Mauriade, let me stay a while. I must be spakin' to ye."

"Ye might stay, and welcome!" she said, "only nothing's welcome here. I'm owin' ye thanks, all the same; ye'll have thought me unmindful that I never came back afther yon night at yer house."

"I only thought ye went too soon, Mauriade. But one o' these days ye'll come back to us, will ye not?"

"Never! I'll never go into that house again." And she shivered, and turned away. But soon she moved back to me, and said—

"Ye're a kind woman, Mrs M'Veagh, but ye needn't throuble yer head about me. What for would ye mind? if things must be——"

"Mauriade, ye're over young yet, to be never minded nor guided, forbye yer own guidin'. See now! it's Randal I've come to ye from; lasteways, by account of him. Sure he's yer own sweetheart; and can ye see him goin' the way he is, losin' all the heart he had for everythin', and not thry to help the poor lad? it's yerself must know what's wrong wid him. And see now, Mauriade, ye needn't be tellin' me more than ye want; but this I know already, ye don't want Randal to go to sea, as all the folks are tellin' him to. What's the rason o' that, at all? don't ye know that if he makes no money, he marries no wife?"

"Is it a friend to Randal ye are, Mrs M'Veagh, and want him to throw his life away?"

"Girl! what makes ye say that? what for should he not thry his luck wid the rest, and come home like the rest?"

"Be rason, av Randal goes to sea, he'll never come home alive."

Och! to hear her say that, in her low, whisperin' voice, and to know it was the bhoy she loved! Sorra word could I spake, only gaze at her. And the girl, she was mindin'

nothing, and seemed to think no wondher of it: she was sittin' again, as I see'd her when I come in, only her head lifted up, and lookin' straight before her. And when she spoke again—

"I'm goin' to tell ye," she said, "how I know it. Time was, I'd have tould no one; but then—— did ever ye hear of any one that had the second sight?"

"Mauriade! whisht now! for the love of all——" I would have stopped her, but she went on.

"There is a second sight; and if any one that has it sees another by that sight, the person they see will die before a whole year passes. Sometimes the way o' their death is shown—sometimes not; but the death is a certain thing, and cannot be stopped or saved. Ye know this, as well as I know it. And maybe ye've heer'd that wid the Scotch people, second sight is commoner nor here. My mother was a Scotchwoman; and it might have come to me that way—or else some other way. No matther! I didn't always have it; but since I was a child, I've been afeared of its coming some day; be rason — maybe ye won't undherstand this when I tell it ye,—when I looked steady at a face, I could see more in it than other folks could. I would know av it was a lucky face or an unlucky one, a true face or an untrusty one; and just for that I never cared to look too long at any, bein' feared o' seein' more than I wanted: for whiles it would bring me forebodin',—that manes, a fear o' what may befall,—like an onasy sperit, that haunts and follows, and takes all the peace out o' life. See now! don't ye know how many there is in this very glen that would be feared o' their lives to pull a twig from the fairies' thorn, or to see a *cluricaun*[1] in the rush, or pass where the *phooka*[2] might come out on them at night! Sure they don't know what's to be feared on, that's feared on the likes o' that! But well for them that don't. . . .

"I always knowed Randal MacNale had a lucky face. I wouldn't have cared what he set out to do—till Hallow E'en. Do ye mind how they were thryin' fortunes wid the lead? do ye mind how Randal's was an anchor? and when they see'd it there, he cried out how it was a sign he'd be goin' to sea, and there was cheerin' round him? I was lookin' at him then, hearin' how he laughed; but his face changed of a sudden, and the room and every man in it faded out, and all their voices were whist, but still I see'd Randal——

"Randal dead, and lying in the berth of a ship, that rocked, and rocked; and a bright, wavy line o' light from the wather waved and danced on the wall, and over his white, dead face. Och, Randal, Randal *mo bouchal!* and he was dead.

"Can I tell ye how I knowed it? can ye tell me what sends the second sight? Maybe I fainted then, or maybe I fled out into the dark; ye know that best yerself. I clane forget how it was, afther that minute. But all the night I was in your house, wakin' or slapin', I know. And of a sudden, in the mornin', I knowed Randal was there, out beyont, near. I went to him, straight. I looked in his face, and I thought he would live: him, so strong and tall! him, so brave! *Och, and my sweetheart! why would he die?* But he said, 'Mauriade, avourneen! what was wrong wid ye, last night?' It all came back on me then; out there, wid the blessed sun shinin'

[1] A rush-fairy.

[2] A malignant spirit.

on us, more dread than the dark. Was it for me to tell him then? to tell me own sweetheart, while his arms were round me, that he would die within the year? Ochone, the cruel day! And he, knowin' nothin', wondherin', and axin', till I broke me heart to hear him. 'Randal, darlint, ye mustn't go to sea — och, never! Could I live widhout ye, *acushla?* stay here, and be safe.'

"But he would know the rason, and I couldn't hide it longer; his eyes were searching me through, and when I prayed him, for the love o' mercy, to stay, he vowed he would know the rason, or else nothing would keep him. And so I tould him, in the grey mornin'— och, cowld and grey, and me heart has been cowld from that minute! to think that I put the fear o' death into me own love's heart, and took the light from his life— and left him. Ay, I left him. He heard not a word I said; he never heeded me goin'; I kissed him, and he felt nothing. So I went away. I knew his love was dead from that minute: for it's Mauriade no more—that he loves; but Mauriade—that said he should die. Is it be rason the love of his life is the strongest in a man's heart? No matther! I've lost him. When he dies,—when he dies, this year,—I'll have lost him twice over: only that. If it was meself death was coming to, I would take Randal's hand and howld it fast, and feel the look of his eyes till death had blinded me, —and be happy, only so he was there. But what good wishin' that? Women and men are different. They love their life betther than love. . . .

"Once afther, he came to me and said, 'Have ye no hope for me at all, Mauriade? is it certain sure?' And I tould him, 'Randal, I know nothing, only what I see'd. Stay here then! don't tempt the cruel sea to desthroy ye. Stay!' But he said, 'It's coming, then, sooner or later. As soon by land as sea, I'm thinkin'. Waitin' is weary work.' That was all. Ah! what if he'd go and never a word to me? Maybe that'll be the way of it. . . Now, have I tould ye all? ay, ye're pitiful of me; but there's no help in that."

I couldn't spake to her, only stretch out two hands to her, and Mauriade laid her cowld hands in them slowly; then she slipped from her seat on to her knees and laid her face down in my lap, and moaned, and moaned.

"Och, Mauriade! poor Mauriade!" I said. But I had no help to give her. Only I stroked her hair, and the rings o' curls slipped round me fingers and off again like something alive.

"Mauriade dear! why don't ye cry?" For the moan she made went through me. But I minded then that the girl had never cried, when she was a child even; and they said she had no tears to shed.

Och, to lave her like that! but nothing would move her to come away wid me. And I went away alone, but I felt like a cruel woman for doin' it.

The snow came down, the first snow, big, soft flakes, and I hurried faster; it was dark then. And when I won home to the dear wee house, wid Mick, and the child, and the fire, and all,—it made me cry wid pain.

"Och, Mick, but it's a cruel world that we should be so happy in it!"

"I've knowed that," says Mick, "this year or two."

v.

I wasn't somehow lookin' for Randal to come that evenin'. It was late and snowy, and a bitther night; and it so happened that I didn't hear the door unlatched, but on a sudden he was standin' there forenenst us, wid the white snow on his shoulders; and it scared me.

"Sure it's only me, Mrs M'Veagh," said he, "and I'm not a sperit yet! Not for a while or so, anyway."

"The saints be good to us! what makes ye look like that? and——"

"Whist, bhoy! that's no way to be talkin'," says Mick.

But Randal turned sharp round on him. "No matther how I talk now, Mick! the luck's past turnin' for me. What, lad! don't I see in yer faces that ye both know what's comin'? No need to be hidin' it from me. Sure I've got a sweetheart that knows more than any of yez,—more power to her! I've seen her to-night——"

Ay, he had. But why would I be tellin' o' that evenin'? and the poor bhoy, he was fairly wild. I'll not be tellin' all he said—'twas wild talk. And he would neither listen nor heed. "It'll come as soon be land as sea," he kept saying; "and I'll not be turned back by woman or witch."

Then I knowed he was for goin' to sea, whatever came of it. "Och, Randal!" I said, "would ye throw yer life away, just to take yer own wilful will?"

"Why wouldn't I?" says he, "when there's only the short end of it left."

"Man dear!" says Mick, "it's little ye know what length o' life's before ye."

"I know rightly," says Randal; "it'll be the same as they say of an ugly girl—short and dark, like a cowld winther's day. That's the life that's before me!" and he laughed loud. He was neither to hould nor to bind.

Yet I tried to make him promise he'd be back wid us on the morrow night, thinkin' to keep him so.

"There's no sayin'," he answered; "but I'll bid good night to yez now, for fear. I'm risin' early the morn, d'ye mind!"

No help for it. He was gone; out again in the dark and the snow. And Mick and me, when we looked at each other, we both knowed aqually—he was gone for good.

Before many days were over, every one knowed it, and talked and wondhered. And some said, Randal was a lad o' sense; for if he hadn't done it that way, Mauriade would have hindhered him, somehow. And the rest said, he should have let his friends wish him luck, before startin' on his first voyage: dhrink to his luck was all they meant, and all they missed too.

But anyway, soon after that, when Donnell the runner[1] came through these parts, he tould that Randal MacNale had sailed in the Kate o' Kincarna, from Loughvogue, for Queenstown. He'll make some big voyage from yondher, they said; and that was the last they thought of him. Sure it takes no time at all to forget a man; it's the asiest thing in the world. Only one thing they remembered him by—Mauriade.

Ah, it's hard to be tellin', now afther all these years, even! . . . Mauriade lost her wits.

[1] Tramp, as opposed to authorised beggar.

'Twas long before they'd belave it. The girl would let no one come near her: she'd fly, like a hunted thing; she'd hide, or shriek, or startle them off. She lived, no one knowed how, but some way of her own; and sure, they say, the witless ne'er come to want. No one could ever win to spake to her; but still she'd be seen, whiles, in some o' those same airy[1] places she'd been used to bide in: and only there would she stop or stay; every other place she'd go by at a flittin'. Then she took to wearin' crowns o' flowers and weeds on her head: that's a sure sign o' the wits failed, wherever ye see it. And I mind, there was onst a moonlight night that month o' May, and a bhoy was frightened nigh out of his seven senses, be rason, he said, that passin' the Fairies' Thorn in the dark, he see'd a sperit sittin' in among the branches, wid white rays round its head, and long arms stretched out, singin' a spell. And I heard an ould woman say that what the bhoy see'd was the sperit o' the Fairies' Thorn; and that every May time, before the flowerin' o' the thorn-trees begun, the sperit would sit there, in undher the branches, a whole night through, and sing, to keep the spell alive on the ould tree. But however that might be, I belave meself it was Mauriade yon night, wid just a crown on her hair o' the white, fluffin' ceanabhan.[2] And be the same token, she would sing too, as I'd heard, long hours in the night; though she never was knowed to have sung when she had her wits by her. 'Twas always the Maiden's Lament she was at; it had stayed in her head somehow,—and rason good she should sing it, the craythe r!

"Since my lover ceased to woo,
I have roamed the wide world through,
To ease the heart he broke in two:
Is go de tu, mo muirnin slān![3]

I watched his shadow from the door,
I tracked his footsteps o'er the moor,
I prayed as I shall pray no more:
Is go de tu, mo muirnin slān!"

One other thing Mauriade would do, and that was what I tould ye the first thing when I began. She'd walk out along that great cliff—look up there!—out to the very end, and sit there for hours, keepin' watch out to sea, wid her hands shadin' her eyes if a ship came in sight. And though whiles a wind might be blowin' that could whirl a man over the edge in half a minute, still through rain or shine she would wait there, lookin' out for Randal's ship, to be bringin' him home.

At length and at last the ship did come, sailin' up the channel, bringin' him home.

It wasn't for months and months, till the corn was cut, and the stooks standin' in the fields, one day in September, a slip of a schooner came in and anchored out beyont Portnasilla. A boat put off, three men in her, and rowed for the little white coast-guard station on the south side o' the bay.

They ran her in on the landin', and two o' the crew lifted a dead man out and laid him on the sand, covered wid a sail. The other man — he was a mate — went straight up to the look-out ground and spoke to the head-boatman.

"We've brought you a man," says he; "died at sea — name, Randal MacNale."

"Drowned?"

"Not drowned. Fell from the

[1] Eerie.
[2] Bog-cotton.
[3] Will it be thou, my bright-faced darling!

mast-head yesterday, and never spoke again. But seein' one o' his mates knowed that this were his home here, and we bein' bound for Derry, and Portnasilla in our course as it were, Captain Grady, he says: 'Lay the poor chap in a spare berth, and to-morrow he can be rowed to the coast-guard station and get buried in the place he belongs to. It's not three hours lost.' Captain Grady, o' the schooner Kelpie, from Liverpool, bound for Derry. Good mornin'. No time to spare."

They rowed away. The schooner spread her sails, and rounded Turnamona Head, and the coastguard carried poor Randal up into the boathouse.

Next day he was buried. Not one o' them all, not Randal's own brothers, knowed what we did, Mick and me. "Brought back dead!" they said, "from his first voyage. Not a year since he started,—poor lad! 'twas a pity of him." And no one ever knowed where Randal had sailed to, from the time he left Queenstown, to the time he joined the Kelpie at Liverpool.

Dead and buried: rest his sowl! But Mauriade alive and wandherin', clane left to herself;[1] that was the worst. Many a time I heard it said since, "How did she know?" Well, there's no sayin'. She never saw that boat come in: 'tis still the way. What we watch for longest, we wake when it's past. So Mauriade never looked on Randal again. She was far away, who knows where? at the time they buried him. But the truth was borne to her some way that Randal was dead.

Now Hallowmas that year fell on a Sunday. And goin' to the chapel to hear mass, there was a little crowd standin', not at the chapel wall, but inside on the buryin'-ground, all round Randal's grave, under an eldher-tree. The stone was over it now, flat on the grass, and his name on it—

RANDAL MACNALE. Died at Sea.

But beneath that—och, the pity to think of it!—and this was what they were lookin' at. Poor Mauriade had graved wid a sharp flint on the stone a ship, like as if it was lyin' still, anchored fast; and undher that had written wid the flint—

> Mavourneen, mavourneen!
> Your ship is in harbour.
> Your soul is in heaven.

Sorra one o' them standin' there but blest the poor girl in their hearts. Maybe it was the first time too. But there! some blest her at last.

Ay! for that was the last known o' Mauriade. Next day but one the tide washed in a poor drownded craythe; washed her into this cove and left her lyin' here, at the foot o' the cliff Carrigmōr. It was Mauriade.

Would ye not think they'd have laid her to rest beside her bhoy that she loved to the last? Och, no! but she had drownded herself, they said. She mightn't lie with the dead that God had called. And they buried her outside: alone, for ever on.

To my thinkin', the dead would have rested no worse for one poor misfortunate girl laid among them.

This was all the old woman's story. I have told it as she told it to me. MOIRA O'NEILL.

Note.—Founded on fact. Randal's grave may be seen to-day.

[1] Out of her mind.

THE WÖRISHOFEN WATER-CURE AND PFARRER KNEIPP.

"AQUÆ omnes . . . laudent nomen Domini!"[1]—such is the motto of a recent German book which treats of cold water; and though belonging to a somewhat different class of literature from that mostly reviewed in these pages, the surprising popularity of a work of which 70,000 copies were sold within a year, may warrant an exception in its favour. Such distinction, seldom achieved on the Continent save by some exceptionally immoral French novel, is unparalleled in the case of a harmless and virtuous work, more especially in one which, like the present, is written in such simple, not to say homely, language.

I refer to 'Meine Wasser-Kur,' by Sebastian Kneipp,[2] a parish priest residing at Wörishofen, a hitherto obscure Bavarian village; and no one who has taken the trouble to peruse a dozen pages will deny this to be a work which owes nothing to style or form, but everything to the spirit which has inspired it. It is, in fact, impossible to review the book without reviewing its author as well; and in these days when hypnotism, faith-healing, &c., are so much spoken of, it may interest some to hear of a mode of treatment which in so far resembles these that a strong personal individuality plays a prominent part. Let the author, therefore, here speak for himself in the introductory words which usher in the subject:—

"No one leaf on a tree is exactly and absolutely like a second one; still less does the fate of one human being precisely resemble another, and were each of us before death to write down our biography, there would be as many different histories as there are men. Crooked and involved are the paths which in thy life cross and recross each other—sometimes resembling an inextricable tangle, of which the various threads apparently lie over each other without plan or method. So it seems to us at least, but it never is so in reality. The beacon of faith throws its illuminating rays into this dark chaos, and shows us how all these crooked pathways have been designed from the outset by an all-wise Creator to lead us to a fixed and determined goal. Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence!

"When from the watch-tower of old age I look down upon the vanished years, and behold the intricate windings of my paths, I observe how these have sometimes run seemingly on the very edge of a precipice, only, however, to reissue thence, and conduct me against all hope to the sunny heights of my vocation; and I have every reason to extol the wise and loving dispensations of Providence, the more so as the road which seemed destined to lead me to a pernicious and certain death has proved to be a source of renewed life to myself as to countless others.

"I was over twenty-one years of age when, with my *Wanderbuch*[3] in my pocket, I left my home. The *Wanderbuch* described me as a weaver apprentice; but since my childhood's days another wish was engraved on the leaves of my heart. With indescribable pain and anxious longing for the realisation of my ideal, I had waited long, long years for this dis-

[1] Psalm cxlviii. 4.

[2] Meine Wasser-Kur durch mehr als 30 Jahre, erfrobt und geschrieben von Sebastian Kneipp. Joseph Kösel'schen, Büchhandlung, Kempten in Bayern, 20th Auflage: 1890. A bookseller tells me that up to the present date (October 1890) over 120,000 copies have been sold.

[3] Police-book, serving as passport to travelling journeymen.

charge. I wished to become a priest. So I went forth, not, as had been intended and desired, to wield the shuttle, but hastening from place to place in hopes of finding some one who would be willing to assist my studies. The now deceased chaplain, Mathias Merkle (+1881), it was who took up my cause; he gave me private instruction during two years, and prepared me with such assiduous zeal that at the end of two years I was able to enter the gymnasium. The work was not easy, and apparently fruitless. After five years of the greatest efforts and privations, I was morally and physically broken down. Once my father came to fetch me from the town, and there still ring in my ears the words spoken to him by the landlord of an inn where we had stopped to rest. 'Weaver,' he said, 'you are fetching the student for the last time!' Nor was the landlord the only man who shared this opinion. There was at that time a military doctor of considerable reputation, who passed for being a great philanthropist and friend of the indigent sick. In the year before last of my gymnasial studies he visited me no less than ninety times, in the last year full over a hundred. Gladly would he have helped me, but his medical knowledge and self-sacrificing charity were baffled by the steadily increasing disease. I had long since given up all hope, and looked forward to my end with mute resignation.

"I was fond of dipping into books to amuse and distract my thoughts. Chance—I employ this habitual but in reality vague and nonsensical word, for there is no such thing as chance—threw an insignificant little volume in my way. I opened it: it treated of cure by cold water. I turned over its leaves and read there incredible things. Who knows—shot through my brain—who knows if you will not find your own case here? I went on reading. Verily, everything coincided to a nicety—what joy, what consolation! New hope electrified the withered body and the yet more withered mind. This little book was the first straw to which I clung; soon it became the staff on which the patient could lean; to-day I regard it as the lifeboat sent by a merciful Providence in the hour of my greatest need.

"This little book, treating of the healing power of cold water, is written by a doctor; its prescriptions are mostly exceedingly violent and severe. I tried them for a quarter of a year, for half a year; I experienced no perceptible improvement, but also no bad effects. That gave me courage. Then came the winter of the year 1849. I was again at Dillingen. Two or three times a-week I sought out a solitary spot and bathed for some minutes in the Danube. Quickly I used to hurry to the bathing-spot—still quicker I hurried home back into the warm room. I never derived any harm from these cold exercises, but also, as I deemed, small advantage. In the year 1850 I came to the Georginium[1] at Munich. There I found a poor student whose plight was even worse than my own. The doctor of the establishment refused to give him the health certificate indispensable for his admission to holy orders, because—so ran the verdict—he had not much longer to live. I had now a dear companion. I initiated him into the mysteries of my little book, and we both set to practising its maxims with cheerful rivalry. Before long my friend received the coveted certificate, and is alive still to-day. I myself grew daily stronger, became priest, and have now practised my holy vocation over thirty years. My friends are good enough to flatter me by saying that even to-day, at the age of over sixty-eight, they admire the strength of my voice and the vigour of my body. Cold water remained always my best friend; who can blame me, therefore, if I on my side feel for it the truest friendship?

"He who has suffered want and misery himself, knows best how to appreciate the misery of others."

The author goes on to relate how gradually he reduced his own experiences with cold water to a

[1] A seminary for theological students.

settled system—the one by means of which he has cured and is daily curing thousands of patients. Not all at once did his knowledge come; for long he groped about in the dark, and as he himself confesses, had to remodel his system completely no less than three times. For thirty years he made of cold water his study, verifying each separate prescription on his own person over and over again, before he presumed to set himself up as a healer of men—and his actual system has now been proved and vindicated by full fifteen years' successful practice.

At first he only aspired to curing his own parishioners, but his fame grew apace, bringing him from far and wide patients of every description and rank of life, afflicted with every possible manner of disease. His name has become a household word throughout Germany and Austria: his photograph is displayed in every shop-window; and "Pfarrer Kneipp" bread, coffee, and linen are everywhere advertised by wide-awake speculators who seek to make capital out of his popularity.

From a literary point of view the book has many faults. Long-winded in the extreme, and full of needless repetitions, it might with advantage have been condensed to half its actual size, only adapted to the habits of the leisure-loving German public. His maxims and prescriptions are expressed with an almost childish simplicity, not to call it rusticity, of language, which is, however, the book's greatest charm. You cannot help feeling, as you read it, that this man owes nothing to the teachings of science, but everything to an inborn gift, so strongly developed as almost to deserve the name of inspiration. No technical terms, no learnedly incomprehensible medicinal phrases are here employed to illustrate his meaning; but a simple child of nature himself, he borrows his similes from "the common growth of mother earth" around him. Thus, when speaking of the symptoms which lead a physician to the recognition of disease, he says—

"By the tracks left in the snow the practised hunter recognises the nature of the game he follows. He pursues these tracks, would he hunt the stag, chamois, or fox. So the experienced doctor," &c.

Further on, in a dissertation upon the inexpediency of drinking much at a time, he says—

"The peasants do not care for violent sudden rains; they declare that it makes the land unfruitful, and destroys more than it avails. On the other hand, they affirm those heavy morning mists, which wet the peasant's hut till it drips with moisture, to be his best friends, because they cause and promote the best sort of fruitfulness."

Equally quaint and unconventional is the fashion in which he describes some of the cases which he has treated, of which a few specimens may here find place:

"Anthony comes into my room and relates: 'With difficulty I have mounted the stairs. My strength is broken, and twice I sank down. Also I have a terrible pain in the head and arms, and am alternately icy cold and burning hot. Sometimes I have a stabbing pain that feels like lightning within my body. These symptoms I have felt for some time, but since a week they have increased, and I know no more what to do.'"

"*Answer.*—'Go home, Anthony, and lie down in bed at once, and when you are quite warm, wash your whole body with cold water, and then without drying go back to bed,'" &c.

A father relates:

"I have a daughter who is now ten years old, and who since her birth has

never been quite healthy. During her teething we thought that she must die, and, moreover, one leg has become thinner than the other. Now the girl is suffering from St Vitus's dance; she cannot eat or sleep, and it is terrible to witness when the fits befall her. I have sought help from many doctors, but her state gets ever worse."

"Good man—boil *Grummet* [aftermath] for half an hour in water, take plenty that the water may be thick; put a coarse shirt into the water, wring it out and put it on the child, which wrap in a thick woollen blanket, and let her lie thus for two hours. Do this for eight days, and then bring me news of her."

Here another passage, taken from a chapter in which he treats of indigestion:—

"Poor stomach! What sins are not laid to thine account! After heart and nerves, 'tis thou that art the greatest scapegoat! Ask a hundred people if they be not stomach ailing? Very few indeed will answer with a decided negative, And yet in most cases the poor stomach is as innocent as the babe unborn, and as healthy as a cheerful gambolling boy. Let examples illustrate my assertion.

"For a whole year Amalie has been unable to retain what she eats. Whatever she takes she gives up again, save three or four spoonfuls daily of lukewarm milk. She has consulted many celebrated doctors. The apothecary has finally declared that he has no physic left in his shop which has not been already tried by her without success."

In like manner we are initiated into all the distressing symptoms of Josepha's fever, Andrew's right leg, Crescentia's big toe, Anna's thumb, and a host of equally thrilling cases, all detailed with the same *naïf* simplicity.

Having the advantage of being personally acquainted with the author of this quaint volume, and having derived much benefit from his treatment, some personal impressions of himself and his establishment may not be inappropriate. It is now several years ago since a friend accidentally mentioned to me that, somewhere in Bavaria, there lived an old country priest who had cured many people by a most simple mode of treatment, in which cold water was chiefly used, applied in a quite original manner —very different to the mode adopted by Priessnitz and his successors. Two or three years passed by without my further hearing of him. Meanwhile I had been a dreadful sufferer from that bane of the present century — nerves; and though I had consulted doctors innumerable, the result had always been that I was patched up for a time; and it was only latterly, at a moment when I was particularly depressed by an aggravated return of my old symptoms, that Pfarrer Kneipp's name was again brought before me. By this time it was evident either that the doctors had failed to discover the real evil, or that their remedies, strong as they were, could not help me. I first sent an account of my symptoms, and asked whether my case was one likely to be benefited by his treatment. I received no answer. This rather discouraged me, and I was nearly abandoning my newly formed project, when I heard that the Pfarrer had been obliged to give up even opening letters on account of the immense numbers which reached him. My curiosity was now powerfully roused, and I thought it worth while to go out of my way to see for myself. Accordingly, one hot July forenoon, after an hour and a half's journey from Munich, I found myself at Buchloe, one of the stations for Wörishofen, and I started off for the village in the lumbering old carriage which awaited me.

As I had been warned that it was very difficult to procure accommodation, I had prudently secured a room beforehand through the kindness of some friends who had been there. It was rather startling, however, to find two students already in possession, and I had yet to learn what a precious thing a room was in this little village of Wörishofen, where hundreds congregated, putting up cheerfully with every discomfort. In the meantime here I was in the street with my boxes, and as I watched the carriage disappearing in the distance, I could not help wishing I had followed my doctor's advice, and that I was now installed in the Baierischer Hof at Lindau, with the beautiful Lake of Constance before me.

Wörishofen, whose inhabitants number about 1400, and its houses 180, is neither beautiful nor picturesque: there are fine pine-woods with undergrowth of beech within twenty minutes' walk of the place; but otherwise the country round is flat and uninteresting, and the village itself exceedingly commonplace, exactly resembling a dozen other Bavarian villages I had previously seen. Yet no stranger can put foot in the village street without at once being aware that this place is not as other places, being animated throughout by some pervading spirit, which finds expression in every detail of indoor and outdoor life. The whole village appears to be decked out with a profusion of snowy pennons, which on a windy day flutter in the air as though a universal truce had been proclaimed by mankind; on the paling of each little garden that faces the street may be seen dripping sheets and towels hung there to dry; wet linen shirts and inexpressibles, suspended on ropes, dance gaily in the breeze like rows of cheerful spectres, and each open window-casement is stuck full to overflowing with bedding in every stage of moisture. Numerous town-clad people are sauntering about the roads, mostly without collar or necktie, and often without their boots, which they carry in the hand in as natural and matter-of-fact a manner as we are wont to carry our parasols and walking-sticks. Wörishofen is the feet's paradise, according to Pfarrer Kneipp, who says: "How must the poor feet rejoice to come out at last from their cage and feel the rays of the warm sunshine! Fain would they never go back to their dark prisons!"

Invalid priests and monks make up a large proportion of the guests at Wörishofen. Almost every variety of religious attire may be seen here, from the purple robe of the church dignitary to the coarse brown dress of the mendicant friar. They are afflicted with every manner of disease, and speak in every kind of strange tongue.

When I had taken stock of these immediate surroundings, my next step was naturally to seek an interview with the man on whose account I had come so far. In spite of all I had heard about the press of visitors, I was not prepared to find this so difficult a matter as it proved to be; and when I saw the numbers of people all waiting patiently around his house, I began for the first time to realise that here was something quite out of the common.

At last he made his appearance, a white-haired old man of imposing figure, and with a powerful face, to which specially dark bushy eyebrows gave peculiar character. Despite the excessive simplicity of his attire, there was something positively majestic about him. I

wish I could put him before my readers as he stands vividly before my mind's eye. I am almost at a loss to explain or account for the deep impression which he made upon me—and upon others as well, as I have frequently heard—but I think the secret of his power lies in the eyes, looking out at one as they do from the shadow of those prominent brows: above all, one is struck by the upward look they sometimes have. Instead of fixing his eyes straight on the patient as he speaks, they are slightly upraised, as though he beheld something unseen by us, and were drawing from above the inspiration which would dictate his answer. Now and again he will turn his gaze full on the patient in a manner calculated to render nervous any one who does not rejoice in a quiet conscience—for at such times his eye looks as though it could penetrate the inmost workings of the soul.

Quite remarkable too is the unerring rapidity with which he forms his conclusions. He asks few questions, and refuses to listen to any long-winded account of symptoms; but gives his instructions with a briefness and rapidity quite bewildering to the uninitiated. In some cases this seemed so striking that I felt that a total stranger stepping in, and being a witness of one of these semi-public consultations, would say, here must be a great charlatan or a great genius. One must, however, judge by results; and turn where you may, you hear of the marvellous cures effected by him. What seemed to me so marvellous and admirable was the perfect and fearless confidence which inspired every word he said, and at the same time the utter absence of all self-consciousness, as if he considered this wonderful power which lay in him to be something independent of himself, —something of which he was merely the keeper and dispenser.

He specially prides himself on the simplicity of his cure, which renders it accessible to the poorest —and here lies his true vocation, helping the poor. While he is kind to every one, it is easy to see that his whole heart goes out to meet those who are in want.

After a much varied experience of visits to celebrated doctors, and endless weary hours misspent in stereotyped waiting-rooms, turning over the pages of the inevitable illustrated newspapers and albums, *de rigueur* at such places, the surroundings here were refreshingly unconventional. The *Pfarrhof*[1] stands in the centre of the village, within a courtyard, whose gate leading on to the road is locked, as protection against the press of visitors, who were thus supposed to ring for admittance: few people, however, took the trouble to do so, having quickly discovered that it was far simpler to go round through the churchyard and garden, whence one could enter the house unchallenged. A large passage or lobby runs through the *Pfarrhof* from end to end. Here the patients used to assemble, even consultations often being held here with Arcadian simplicity and publicity — most of the simple-minded country people seeming to experience no embarrassment in relating their symptoms and receiving directions before the whole assembly of mixed sexes.

Though, as a rule, I preferred to take advantage of the privilege accorded me of going up to the Pfarrer's private sitting-room for my consultations, yet I liked to assist occasionally at these public

[1] Parsonage or rectory.

assemblies, which were often very entertaining. One day, for instance, when describing to a female patient the appearance of a certain flower to be used as remedy, provoked at her ignorance on the subject, he exclaimed: "You women have got your heads covered up with gaudy flowers; but when it is a question of recognising a useful one, you know nothing about it!" As this happened to be in summer, when straw hats, trimmed profusely with flowers, were growing rank on every head, there was of course a titter of amusement from the male portion of the audience.

Another time it was a showy bracelet composed of gold links which challenged his animosity. "Have you a dog?" he suddenly apostrophised the lady, whose misfortune it was to be thus decorated. Then receiving no answer but a bewildered stare, he proceeded, "If you have no dog, then why carry a chain about with you? —take it off at once."

The window-sills of this lobby were heaped with huge bundles of herbs, which shed a faint aromatic perfume throughout the atmosphere, while bottles containing liquid decoctions of the same, stood about promiscuously; and though I never saw a label or ticket upon either bundle or bottle, yet the Pfarrer did not seem to find the slightest difficulty in identifying his remedies. Likewise his *soutane* pockets seemed endless in their resources, apparently harbouring the contents of a whole apothecary's shop; for, frequently consulted by patients in the village street or the road, he invariably happened to have about his person the precise remedy demanded by their condition.

Strangers coming here were apt at first to be somewhat startled at the unconventionality of Pfarrer Kneipp's proceedings; as was the case with a young English friend of mine with whom I happened to be walking on the first evening of her arrival at Wörishofen. As we passed through the main street of the village, we chanced to meet the Pfarrer walking with another gentleman. Without checking his pace, and almost without glancing in our direction, he dived his hand into the pocket of his *soutane* and produced a small bottle, which he thrust into my hand as he passed, merely muttering as he did so, "Fifty drops in eight spoonfuls of water twice daily," and then walked on, resuming the conversation which had scarcely been interrupted by his action.

My friend was evidently much bewildered, till I explained that this must probably refer to a question I had put to the good Pfarrer at the very early hour of 6 A.M.; and considering the circumstance that he must have seen some hundred and fifty patients in the interval, and that I never saw him make a note or memorandum of any kind, it was astounding that he should have remembered my own trivial case at all.

Day after day went by, and still the stream of visitors continued to flow on; as fast as a room was vacated it was again occupied. The two village inns afforded but little accommodation for strangers, so all the peasant houses were called into requisition, and above six hundred people found room in that small place. The peasants do not venture to invest much money in furnishing their rooms more comfortably, for, as one of them said to me, "The moment our Herr Pfarrer dies all will come to an end. He ought only to be forty

years old. That would be the thing."

Some enterprising individual was willing to run the risk of building a large house in which to lodge strangers, but I am told that Pfarrer Kneipp laid his veto on the plan, saying that whatever money was brought into the place should benefit his parishioners. For in the midst of all this work, and his, I may say, daily growing European celebrity, the good Pfarrer does not for one moment lose sight of his real work, and he is indefatigable in all the branches of his ministry. How he finds time for everything is simply a marvel. I should say he sees at least two hundred patients' daily. He told me himself he was obliged to say his mass at a very early hour, as after daylight he was never safe from interruption, and he hardly knew when to find time to read his breviary. My conscience often smote me when, on coming into his room early in the morning, I would find him occupied with it; but, provoking as the interruption must have been, he never once accepted my offer of postponing my consultation. Soon after 7 A.M. the regular stream of patients arrived, and till 10, as a rule, there was not one moment's pause in the succession of people whom he saw. At that hour he would leave his house to go over to the neighbouring convent, an old community of Dominican nuns, which is entirely under his direction and care. Numbers of priests congregate in Wörishofen. Some of these whose health was very seriously impaired, lodged in this convent, and all of them, monks and others, would assemble there for their meals and social intercourse. To these the Pfarrer would now devote himself, and here he was supposed to be invisible to his other patients, except during two hours in the afternoon. His kind heart, however, cannot resist any appeal made to it, and more than one interview in the cloisters count amongst my most agreeable recollections of him. The priests dined at the primitive hour of half-past eleven, and the Pfarrer was supposed to share their meal, but even for this he barely allowed himself a quarter of an hour. A written notice was put up in the *Pfarrhof* that after three o'clock no more visitors were received. This was, however, merely an empty form, and till dusk one patient succeeded another, the only interruption being when he was called away to visit some sick parishioner, or when he went to administer with his own hands the douche or *Guss* to some patient whose case was particularly critical. His only recreation seemed to be his evening walk through the village, when he was usually accompanied by one or two doctors, with whom he would visit some of the most interesting cases. His tall commanding figure, easily recognisable at a distance, was like a landmark seen from far. A small white Pomeranian dog called Spitz was his inseparable companion — so devotedly attached to its master that it could with difficulty be restrained from following him into church, and taking active part in the service. Once or twice, during my stay at Wörishofen, the animal made its escape from the *Pfarrhof*, and came galloping up the aisle, with a ludicrous air of canine triumph, just as the Pfarrer was about to commence his sermon, to the considerable disturbance of the congregation.

Another companion, seen frequently by the Curé's side, was his little niece, to whom he is quite

devoted; a magnificently healthy child, always barefoot and bare-headed, and who, if such had been required, would have acted as a splendid advertisement of Pfarrer Kneipp's system.

There is a marked difference between the way in which Pfarrer Kneipp sets to work to attack illness and that to which one is accustomed from doctors in general. In the first place, his attention is principally directed to the state of the circulation, and then he seldom attacks the local evil, but sets to work to strengthen the whole system. In many cases he presses nature into his service, and forces the hitherto hidden evil to appear on the surface.

As I hope that before long the Pfarrer's book treating of the whole matter will have appeared in its English translation, I shall only touch upon the most salient points in the cure. These are the so-called *Güsse* or douches directed upon the patient from a watering-can in half-a-dozen different forms; and herein seems to lie *the* knotty point—viz., to decide what douches are most suitable to each individual case, and also in what succession and distribution they are to be administered. There are cold baths, in which however one is only allowed to remain for a few seconds, and there are various *Wickel* or cold-packings in which the patient is partially or entirely enveloped in coarse linen, either simply steeped in cold water or in a decoction of hay-seed or oat-straw, as the case may require.

Though eschewing medicines as a general rule, Pfarrer Kneipp puts faith in many simple old-fashioned herbs, such as, doubtless, our great-grandmothers were well acquainted with, but which have been displaced by all the fashionable tonics and narcotics of the present day. Rosemary, fennel, gentian, mullein, rue, shave-grass, cowslip, and sage are among his chief favourites, and of almost each he has something quaintly interesting to tell us. With his own hands he prepares of them decoctions to be used as internal or external remedies. He likewise lays great stress on linen underclothing, and strongly advocates a particular make of linen, of coarse yet porous fabric, as specially adapted to the requirements of the human body.

It is evident that in Germany, at least, Pfarrer Kneipp's cure is going to influence the present state of medicine to a great extent. The cures he has effected are too numerous and too striking to pass unnoticed. According to Bavarian law, nothing can be done to prevent him carrying on his treatment as long as he uses no secret remedies — *Geheim-mittel*; and this, indeed, he does not, for he is only too anxious that the public in general, and doctors in particular, should make themselves familiar with the whole matter. At first doctors seemed inclined to pooh-pooh the whole thing, and to smile compassionately when his name was mentioned. This era, however, is past, and their curiosity is evidently aroused. Some men with leading names have, I hear, been honest and sensible enough to send patients whom they could not cure to Wörishofen, whilst a good many, especially younger men, come to study the whole thing for themselves at headquarters. To these the Pfarrer is most courteous, and he gives them every opportunity of studying his system and profiting by his experience. Whilst I was there I frequently talked about the whole process with a very intelligent young doctor, who told me

frankly that he was quite dumfoundered during the first week of his stay at Wörishofen, as the good Pfarrer simply overthrew most existing theories; "but," said the doctor, "he gives a good reason for every step he takes, and after the cures I see, I am determined to go in for this system myself." He added, that in five weeks at Wörishofen he had learnt more than in his whole university career. The Pfarrer himself says —as he well may, being sixty-nine years of age—that he would only be too thankful to rest and to see others carry on his work. From all I have seen, I think the whole system of this treatment would be admirably in its place in England, where in country parts it is often a great difficulty and expense to find a good doctor. The putting together and dispensing of these simple remedies would also, it seems to me, be a most welcome and interesting occupation to numbers of ladies in the country who devote so great a part of their lives to looking after the poor.

Of course in serious cases it might be both advisable and important to consult the Pfarrer, for there is no doubt that he is one of the greatest *Diagnostiker* (diorists) of the present day; but in innumerable small complaints, people who know nothing of him beyond his book will derive infinite benefit from his directions, and I can speak from experience of many cases in my own family.

During the nine weeks which at two different intervals I spent there last summer, I took care to question many of the other patients about the cures effected, and certainly some which came under my notice were most striking. It was very evident that a great number of the patients who assembled there had sought in vain for help from doctors, and many, as I know, came, having had their death-warrant, so to say, signed. Far from being intimidated by such cases, the Pfarrer openly said he undertook these in preference to others; and if I were to describe all which came directly under my notice, I could write pages. Here, in the town from which I write, a monk was dying in one of the convents, and the doctor, declaring his case hopeless, advised the Superior to send him home so that he might end his days amongst his own people. Instead of following this advice, the Superior sent him to Wörishofen, and he was entirely restored to health. On the same day on which I reached the village, a lad of ten to twelve years was brought there suffering from some complaint of the knee, which, as the doctor declared, rendered amputation necessary. Before I left, at the end of a month, I saw this same boy able to play about with the village urchins, the healthy colour in his cheeks contrasting vividly with the striking pallor they had borne on his arrival. One patient, a Baron S——, suffering from disease of the spinal marrow and pronounced incurable, had to be wheeled in a bath-chair when he arrived at Wörishofen. The Pfarrer at once told him that by the end of a fortnight he would be on his feet again, and this actually came true. Naturally, however, as charity begins at home, I was most drawn to the whole thing by the marvellous effect it had upon myself. Not only was the root of the evil discovered, but the most distressing symptoms were removed; and I have every prospect of being entirely restored to health in the course of a few months—in fact, regenerated, as

the Pfarrer calls it. To return to other cases, I will only name a few to show how very varied they are. Just before I came, a child of eleven had been brought there, all cased in an iron frame, with a distorted hip, and utterly unable to walk. This child had been under the treatment of one of the most celebrated surgeons in Germany, who had failed to cure it. From the first moment the Pfarrer was certain of his success in the case. He is one of the most genial of men and thoroughly enjoys a little joke, so he laid a wager with a gentleman who was present when the child was brought, that in three weeks' time it would come on foot through the village to his house. Just as he had said, three weeks later the child actually walked through the village accompanied by a crowd of people. I repeatedly visited it myself and learnt the full details of this case. Another cure which took place whilst I was there, was one of a man who had completely lost his voice, and who could only speak in a hoarse whisper. He had quite recovered it before I left. In the railway carriage I entered into conversation with a priest, who told me that for a couple of years he had been such an invalid that he had had to give up his parish. All the doctors he consulted agreed that he was suffering from heart-disease, though they differed as to what name to give it. At the first glance the Pfarrer decreed it was not heart-disease, and at the end of a fortnight the patient was able to leave, feeling much better. One priest I heard of recovered his memory, which he had lost from overwork, in the course of three weeks. I must here lay especial stress upon the effect the treatment seems to have on the mental powers.

Whilst the cure itself lasts one is almost unfit for mental exertion. Even the simple writing of a letter was to me a thing to be dreaded; but a certain stage once past, and the cure reduced to a much lighter degree, as it always is for home use, then it is that one begins to feel its wonderful effects. I am perfectly sure that this cure, consistently carried out in surroundings so different from what he is accustomed to at home, might well mean a new lease of working capacity to many a man working hard and straining his mental powers to the utmost.

Pfarrer Kneipp—as he himself says—might be a very rich man by this time if he had chosen to accept what is offered to him, instead of which we find him living in the utmost simplicity of surroundings, deriving no personal benefit from the exercise of his powers. He regards the matter from a higher point of view, as even his enemies are forced to concede, considering his gift as one which he is bound to employ to his best ability for the relief of humanity. In business matters he is innocent as a child, the fees he accepts being barely sufficient to keep him from being an actual loser by his charity.

My own bill for his medical advice during a period of five weeks amounted to the gigantic sum of ten marks; while a gentleman of my acquaintance was charged only six marks for a course of treatment extending over two months.

It is now a year since I last visited Wörishofen, and even this short time has, I am told, wrought considerable changes there. The press of visitors has now become so great that Pfarrer Kneipp has been forced to introduce a certain amount of method into his ar-

rangements in place of the pleasant haphazard manner in which business was formerly conducted. At his mid-day consultations, which take place at the Dominican convent, numbered tickets are now distributed to establish the order of precedence, according to which people are then admitted to his presence in batches of from five to ten simultaneously. It is becoming more and more difficult, I hear, to secure a *tête-à-tête* interview.

Behind one of the bathing-houses, a little building has now been erected containing a low pulpit, which Pfarrer Kneipp frequently ascends for the purpose of delivering to a crowded audience one of his much-prized speeches, expressed, however, in such broad and homely language as not infrequently to disconcert persons of super-refinement.

A further innovation is the little recipe-books now sold at Wörishofen, containing accurate directions as to the rules and system of the establishment. Numerous selling booths are beginning to start up, in order to meet some of the requirements of the daily increasing visitors, bearing such signboards as the following: "Honey and swimming trousers," "Pfarrer Kneipp coffee and cigars," "Pfarrer Kneipp bread and linen."

Nor is now wanting at Wörishofen the inevitable photographer, never tardy in making his appearance upon the scene of any new *Curort*, and patients are thus now enabled to gratify their friends at a distance by a gift of their portrait taken in the fascinating attitude demanded by the *Oberguss*, or else walking barefoot in wet grass with a pair of boots held carelessly in the hand.

Miniature facsimiles of the humble tin watering-can with which the ablutions are mostly performed, are now fabricated in gold or silver to be worn as brooches or suspended as *breloques* to the watch-chain, an invention due to the genius of an enterprising goldsmith in the neighbouring town of N——, who not long since led to the altar a niece and former assistant of Pfarrer Kneipp.

Over a thousand strangers have been simultaneously at Wörishofen throughout this summer, many of them being forced to seek quarters at neighbouring villages. The trains bring likewise scores of daily visitors from Munich or elsewhere, come hither merely for the purpose of a few minutes' consultation, to depart as soon again.

The most remarkable of the guests who have visited Wörishofen this year is Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, who arrived there in the first week of October, accompanied by a cook, a secretary, and two servants. Not finding suitable quarters at Wörishofen, Baron Rothschild lived and slept in his own private saloon carriage at the railway station of Türkheim, about four English miles distant from Wörishofen. He daily repaired to the village for the purpose of taking his *Güsse*, administered by Pfarrer Kneipp himself, who surely must have reckoned among the proudest moments of his sacerdotal ministry these unprecedented opportunities of pouring water over such a distinguished son of Israel!

Barefooted and bareheaded, Baron Rothschild was seen promenading every evening in a meadow near the railway station, to the wondering admiration of the gaping crowd of *Curgäste* who daily enjoyed this quite abnormal spectacle of Crœsus *sans bottes!*

Another mark of progress is

the pickpockets, never slow to follow in the wake of millionaires; and numerous recent losses of purses and watches amply denote that they have found here a happy hunting-ground.

Such success, however, as all this implies, can never pass unchallenged; and if the friends and admirers of Pfarrer Kneipp have increased so prodigiously of late, so in equal measure almost have increased his enemies and detractors. Some German doctors, nervous at sight of the achievements of a man devoid of scientific education, have endeavoured to discredit and ridicule his system by classifying him as merely another of those notorious charlatans and quacksalvers who arise from time to time to hoodwink a credulous public by an assumption of omniscience; and while they are unable to deny the great and wonderful cures which have been effected by Pfarrer Kneipp, they pronounce his treatment to be purely negative, maintaining that equal results might in each case have been obtained by any other doctor with these simple auxiliaries of cold water, frugal diet, and rational exercise.

We are fully prepared to admit the truth of this last assertion, and are willing to prophesy like success to any physician who can induce his patients to believe in him with the same unerring faith, and obey him with the same blind confidence which characterise the disciples of Pfarrer Kneipp. Here, then, will (in my opinion) be found to lie the true secret of his fame. It is less a question of a particular system or mode of treatment than of direct personal influence—of a powerful individuality, which (unconsciously), imposing itself on thousands of suffering fellow-creatures, has won their confidence and compelled their submission.

Not to many—even among those standing on the highest rungs of the scientific ladder—is in like measure bestowed the gift of carrying conviction with their words when they say, "Take up thy bed and walk"; but this faith it is, this blind confidence of the patient in his physician, which constitutes more than half the cure. Some people may call it suggestion, and some hypnotism, according to the fashion of the day. We prefer to call it a direct gift of God, which, employed in the noblest and worthiest manner, has been felt and gratefully recognised by many.

Pfarrer Kneipp is neither a genius nor a magician, but a simple man of the people, whose natural capacities and shrewd insight into human nature have been developed and matured by the patient toil and observation of nearly half a century.

A. DE FERRO.

SOME RECENT AFRICAN BOOKS.

IT was inevitable. The continent so long unknown and for a while persistently neglected has asserted for itself a large place in the interest of Christendom—philanthropy, commerce, diplomacy, science send now an increasing number of men to the long untrodden deserts; public curiosity demands that these men shall write books, or have books written about them; and it is inevitable if a man would keep his place in intelligent society that he shall acquaint himself more or less with their contents. Some half-dozen of these books—none of them more than a few weeks, some only a few days, old—are on our table; but, mindful of the words, "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi," we have dipped afresh into some of the African literature now antiquated though dating not thirty years back, and we can advise the blend as yielding often interesting results.

The story of how Burton and Speke found Tanganika, which still awaits the development of beneficent commerce; how Speke pressed on alone with no great retinue, and suffering terrible hardships, for a time rendered nearly deaf and blind by the insects and climate, to touch, at the Jordan nullah, that great lake which is now the winning-post of an eager and exciting race between two great European nations; how he patiently travelled round its western shores, the certainty growing on him as the miles grew from tens to hundreds, that here at last was the fountain of the Nile; how Speke returned with Grant and saw, in the middle of 1862, the mystery of ages solved, the great river flowing out at Ripon Falls; how they lived at the court of King Mtesa, forming acquaintance with Uganda a dozen years before Stanley; how they forced a way through still inhospitable Unyoro, and met Sir Samuel Baker in the heart of what has since been so sadly known as the Soudan, and returned to civilisation at Cairo. All this story ought not to be forgotten in the midst of recent and exciting novelties. Those who refresh their memories about these older things will find not a few facts full of suggestion in connection with the most recent events that have taken place in these regions. Take these few sentences, for example, which afford the first hint of that hideous Arab and Moslem aggression that has cost us so many precious lives, and to-day renders the Nile route into Central Africa impassable; and also the first suggestion of that Christian mission to Uganda which has borne so remarkable fruits, both spiritual and political.

"By way of acknowledging his great obligations to the missionaries for the valuable aid they had given him, Speke wished to point out, from information and experience gained during this and his final journey, as the most favourable countries for missionary enterprise the kingdoms of Karagué, Uganda, and Unyoro. With magnificent natural conditions, these regions, being ruled by kings of the Abyssinian type, might even retain a latent germ of Christianity. He found these princes, on later personal acquaintance, extremely intelligent, and desirous of giving their children a good education. At first they objected to his passing through their territories to the Nile, but gave

way on his promising to do his best to open a communication with Europe by its channel. To do this it would be necessary to put the trade of the White Nile, which had fallen into bad hands, on a more legitimate footing."[1]

The first of these new books —first every way—brings the results of that mission before us in the noble story of Mackay of Uganda.[2] As Sir Robert Napier won by his conduct of the Abyssinian expedition the title Napier of Magdala, Alexander Mackay wears now, though in virtue of a different patent, Uganda as the title by which all men know him. Our readers will remember that, as soon as the tidings of Mackay's death reached this country (April 17, 1890), Colonel Grant hastened to lay a wreath on his grave—the first of many—in a notice full of the sympathy of one who had long known the people of Uganda, and of the intelligent appreciation of one who had closely followed every step of the young hero's career;[3] and now we have, from the pen of his sister, Mrs Harrison, a stirring memoir, told chiefly in his own vigorous words. Displaying early a genius for mechanics, Mr Mackay became a civil engineer, and was not hindered by this from devoting himself at an early age to a missionary's life as the form in which he would serve his fellow-men. Most men would have thought that a theological training was more likely to fit one for such a life as he had chosen, but it was highly characteristic of Mackay that he had the independence to think differently; and certainly the issue has proved him right. The theology he had imbibed in the manse where he was born—strong in quality and not scanty in quantity — was enough in that kind: he must carry to the heathen those industrial arts which would make men of them. With a strong clear brain, a will firm as his native granite, a heart full of goodwill and absolutely single, and a very plain-speaking tongue, he worked on in his profession until his way should be opened up. He was so good an engineer that a very tempting offer was made him in Germany of a valuable partnership, but he never thought of accepting it; and at length, when he was twenty-six years of age, the Church Missionary Society sent him as one of its first band of workers to Uganda. He went to spend a few last days with his relatives in Edinburgh, but they saw little of him: "three hours learning astronomy and the use of the sextant from one of the officers at Leith Fort, and three hours in the printing-office of Messrs Blackwood & Sons, would fill up one day," while the next was spent with a photographer, the next in learning to vaccinate, the next in examining a mill or a foundry. He must carry with him all the practical knowledge he could by any means acquire. According to custom, a meeting was held to take farewell of the directors; and Mr Mackay, as almost the youngest and a layman, spoke last.

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[1] Lake Victoria: A Narrative of Exploration in Search of the Source of the Nile, compiled from the Memoirs of Captains Speke and Grant. By George C. Swayne, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons.

[2] A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda. By his Sister. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

[3] 'Maga' for May 1890, p. 721.

"'There is one thing,' were his words in substance, 'which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead.' The words were startling, and there was a silence that might be felt. Then he went on—'Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa, and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that.' 'But,' he added, 'what I want to say is this: when that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place.'"

The prophecy came too sadly true: one died of fever and two were murdered, being mistaken for Arab slave-hunters, within a year; and the Society has never been at a loss for men to step into the front rank. Mr Mackay himself was the only one of the two pioneer bands who lived fourteen years in Africa. He was a first-rate engineer, and by the admission of all he equally excelled in the proper work of the missionary. He translated the Scriptures, and printed them; he taught children part of the day, and sank wells or worked at a turning-lathe another part of it; he mended Mtesa's guns, and told him to his face about his sins with the courage of Elijah. The union of the two functions gives to his short life a singular interest, and will, we trust, make it a fruitful example.

It has long been felt as something like a reproach that the greatest of the African lakes, with two exceptions the largest inland sea in the world, should have been so long known and yet not have steam on its waters. Speke's surviving companion, Colonel Grant, long ago urged—and was the first to urge — that a steamer should be placed on the Victoria Nyanza as a fitting memorial of his friend and fellow-traveller, and Mr Stanley has more recently caught up and appropriated the same idea. The missionaries entered Nyasa in a steamer which is still running after fifteen years' service; the same took place on the Congo eight years ago; Tanganika has had its steamer since 1886. Whoever may be to blame for this, the reproach certainly does not lie at the door of Alexander Mackay. He pleaded with his directors for it before going out, and got a grant of £300—thousands would have been fitter and really more economical for the purpose; got engine and boilers made according to his own plans; and with infinite toil fitted them together at the southern end of the lake, ready to be put into a wooden boat. But the boat was so damaged that he needed to subject it to extensive and toilsome repairs. He was utterly without help in sawing planks and driving nails, and when at length the boat was made moderately seaworthy, it was more than time to push on, under sail only, across the wide waters to join his brethren in the capital. Baffled in a hundred ways, he never relinquished the idea, and was patiently toiling for its accomplishment at the time of his death. We may not be the best judges, but it does seem that the policy which has left the Victoria Nyanza so long without steam is short-sighted and short-handed. What has been done elsewhere can be done there, and ought to be done promptly at whatever cost. There is the less excuse for delay now that something of a road has been made up from Mombasa so far as Machako's, fully half-way to Kavirondo,

through British territory. When the vessel is launched, men will be at no loss for a name to give it.

It is extremely pathetic to find that the noble fellow had often to turn his mechanical skill to account to get his daily bread. He says little about it, and only in letters to his father or sisters, but these sentences tell a long tale :—

"*Nov.* 1, 1879.—Food is very hard to get, and many a day I have had to work hard at the vice and lathe to get plantains, which you know stand to us instead of bread. This interferes very much with the time I might have at my disposal for teaching reading and religion; but somehow or other I get a good deal of that done also, and in a place like this, where the people are above doing any work, my example in the workshop may not be lost. Invariably, when at the bench, I have several people reading and spelling out their sheets all the time I work. Even while I am writing this, I have two chiefs in reading, with several of their slaves, who even beat their masters in sharpness. . . .

"*April* 1, 1882.—I am glad you did not take the glass off the pictures you sent me. Every bit of glass is valuable here. Before now I have had to drive the wolf from the door on a hungry day by taking the glass off lanterns, &c., silvering them, and selling them as mirrors to buy food with."

Mr Mackay was entirely fearless. Living so much longer beside Mtesa than Speke and Stanley lived, he saw more than they did of the bloodthirsty cruelty which accompanied his more amiable qualities, and like Speke, when he caught the arm of his sacred majesty and forbade him to murder his wife, Mackay many a time took his life in his hand to restrain some act of special iniquity. When Mtesa died, it was he who led his brethren in protesting against the hideous massacres that usually accompanied a change in the occupancy of the throne.

Mr Mackay, in the midst of all his various labours, and notwithstanding the frequent tossings of persecution, kept up a remarkably full and intelligent acquaintance with the literature and the political movements of home, while at the same time his large and acute mind took in the changes affecting Central Africa with a grasp which few if any in England could equal. Many besides intending missionaries may study this book with advantage; it has in it matter for diplomatists, philanthropists, and those engaged in commercial enterprises. He heard of the starting of Stanley for the relief of Emin, and kept his quick ears open for tidings of success or failure. He knew what none of us here knew, being dependent for our information on Emin's own letters and those of friends passing through his province, which if quite true in one sense, left, as we shall presently see, a serious part of the truth untold. Writing on the 24th of February 1888, he says—

"No news of Stanley yet," and adds: "I guess that he will have very much to do at Wadelai, setting things in order and quelling insubordination among the Egyptian officers, who hold many of Emin's chief forts on their own account and give little heed to his authority. Unless Stanley and Emin remove or hang some of these, the Soudan equatorial province will be worth little. No half-and-half measures do in Africa."

There is a fine wholesome ring about this suggestion of hanging persons fit for nothing else on earth. No wonder that when Mr Jephson met Mackay they were warm friends at once. The good missionary was of Carlyle's

opinion, who said once, when talking with Lord Tennyson and Colonel Davidson about modes of government, "If I had to govern a country, I would take the Bible as my rule, and if it involved the occasional cutting off of a head, I should not mind." Again, on the 5th of September 1888, Mackay wrote:—

"It seems not to be generally known that Stanley, after arriving at Wadelai, would have a most difficult task to perform — viz., to reduce Emin's province to allegiance. I know that *all* his Egyptian officers were in a state of all but mutiny, each one holding his own fort! Emin had to rely on his black soldiers only, as Gordon did. Otherwise he would have been either murdered or expelled long ago. But we must also remember that all the Egyptians there were sent there originally as criminals. The Equator was the Botany Bay of Egypt. Dr Junker knows this, but I am not aware that he has made the matter public."

It is worth while marking these words and the dates at which they were written before taking up Mr Jephson's book.

Mackay held very clear views about the means of civilising Africa, and expressed them with all courage and plainness. Of course, about the introduction of strong drink he was very decisive and loud in his remonstrances: none knew better that the natives had found, unaided, more than sufficient means of intoxication. When the scheme for suppressing the slave trade by placing a patrol of gunboats on the great lakes was brought forward by Cardinal Lavigerie and Commander Cameron —a scheme that appeared very plausible—he wrote at once to the 'Times' (January 1889), exposing its utter uselessness so long as there was not an effective embargo laid on the introduction of firearms. Ah, those firearms! Speke little thought, when in 1862 he gave Mtesa his first gun, and the tyrant, after loading and cocking it, sent a page out to try if he could kill the first man he met, that fair Uganda would be ravished and depopulated by these instruments in the hands of cruel men.

In his last letter to Mr Stanley (January 5, 1890), Mackay puts the first great step in healing the woes of Africa with all his wonted force:—

"I see in you the only hope for this region, in your getting Sir William Mackinnon to see the matter in its true light. I would not give sixpence for all the Company will do in half a century to come unless they join the lake with the coast by a line, be it at first ever so rough. When they have got that, they will have broken the back of native cantankerousness."

He did not live to hear that such a road is in hopeful progress, and thirty-five miles of railway from Mombasa begun.

We cannot close this imperfect notice of one of the most admirable of contemporary lives better than by quoting a letter sent by Mr Jephson to Mr Mackay's venerable father in May last. He tells Dr Mackay of his sorrow in getting a letter from his son after the telegraph had brought tidings of his death, and goes on to say:—

"He received us with the kindest welcome it is possible for a man to give. He seemed to understand all that we wanted, and with the utmost delicacy gave us all that we most needed. His kindness, his goodness, his cleverness, his gentle sincerity, and kindly cheerful ways endeared him to us all. We arrived a handful of broken-down embittered men at his station, and through his kindness we left for the coast, restored to health and with a fresh zest and love for our work. . . . His death will

cause a feeling of dismay to his African friends, by whom he was so trusted and beloved. For many days before we reached his mission we heard from the natives of Mackay—nothing but Mackay; they seemed to care for and know of no one else. I feel that all I am writing is such a wretched failure in expressing the almost sacred feeling I have about your son and his work."

Reading such words, one opens Mr Jephson's book [1] with the hope of finding it the work of a right-hearted English gentleman, and such it is. He confines himself rigidly to the period that he was parted from his chief, and tells his story simply, modestly, with some graphic force, and with a most scrupulous candour. At the same time, he is entirely frank about facts. At the very outset, in his preface, Mr Jephson states the strong belief which he and others had "in Emin's wisdom and capabilities as a governor," founded on his own letters, and on the "highly coloured description of Emin's province, of his work, and of the wonderful way in which he had been able to instil some of his own enthusiasm into the hearts of his devoted followers," which Dr Felkin published in the 'Graphic' of January 1887, and by which he excited the popular enthusiasm of England on the eve of the expedition setting forth, as explaining how hard it was for him to credit at first the evidence of his own ears and eyes.

"It was not until I had witnessed many deplorable examples of his weakness and vacillation that I began to lose faith in his judgment, and it was not until afterwards, when I had conversed frequently with the people and himself about things in his province and the repulse of the Madhi's forces four years before, that I found out that Emin had only told part of the story, only that part which was creditable to his people. It was perhaps natural that a man who professed to love his people should prefer to dwell rather on their good qualities than on their bad ones. Still, his story as related in his letters completely misled the people of Europe. Instead, therefore, of our being received with open arms by Emin's people, we were distrusted by them, and from the very first they conspired to rob us and turn us adrift."

Such is the indictment; the rest of the book is devoted to the giving of instances in proof, instances in which Mr Jephson was personally a sufferer, and which bring home the truth of the indictment too conclusively,—that is to say, if we have confidence in Mr Jephson's clearness of eye to observe and his honesty to record; and we shall be greatly surprised if any one calls these in question. Had the truth in all its fulness been known, had Emin or Felkin or Junker told us frankly that the governor of the Equator Province—an excellent, well-meaning, scientific gentleman—was surrounded by the offscourings of Cairo, officers and clerks who had every one been banished as criminals, whose mutinous truculence, whose shameless lying, whose utter blackguardism, he was quite unable to cope with, then probably no expedition would have been sent, or one of a quite different character. Had the expedition met Mackay on its way going instead of on its way returning, then certainly this brave young officer would not have been sent to visit the various districts of the province for the purpose of reading to the soldiers and officers the Khedive's letter and Stanley's

[1] Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. By A. J. Mounteney Jephson. London: Sampson, Low, & Co. P. 313.

message. Jephson generously refrains from blaming Emin for suggesting this course; none the less it was the weak expedient of a shifty, incompetent man, quite wanting in backbone. The reading of the letters was the merest farce, sweeping back the Atlantic with a housemaid's broom. If anything, it rather precipitated the rebellion, and brought on both Emin and Jephson months of degrading imprisonment. It is impossible, except by longer extracts than our space allows, to convey any idea of the hopelessly putrid moral condition of the province, thinly veiled by drill and uniforms. Here is the picture of Achmet Effendi Raif, "a scoundrelly clerk."

"He was a most contemptible little creature, and had been one of Emin's most bitter enemies in the council at Dufilé. Now neither the rebel officers nor any of the people liked him, he had sold all his things for drink, and was 'hounded about like a stray tyke,' and no one cared to help him. He was an Egyptian and almost a dwarf, and was always in the most tattered dirty state. He had a low cunning face, his legs were much bowed, and his feet were turned in. The pictures of Quilp always recurred to my mind whenever I saw him. He would have made a good subject for some artist who wished to paint an ideal of all that was low, vicious, vindictive, and contemptible, clothed in rags and dirt. He was one of the valuable people we eventually brought out to Egypt."

The rest were only not quite so bad as this; some were greater scoundrels as having stronger characters. Religion was quite out of the question: it is never mentioned as seen either in governor, officers, or people; the only persons in whom anything worthy of the name appeared were the three fanatical dervishes whom the rebels first tortured and then beat to death. As an example of the soldiers' character, one case out of many may be mentioned. When things were approaching a crisis (the dervishes pressing up from the north and the people getting tired of the government exercised by the drunken brutal rebel officers), the soldiers at Wadelai came to their ill-used governor and made the strongest protestations of penitence and reformation; they would henceforth obey him faithfully. Accordingly next day they were called out, marched to the magazine, and had ammunition served out to them with a view to proceeding southwards to meet Stanley. As soon as they had got the cartridges, they turned round and laughed in Emin's face; not a step would they move at his bidding.

We might convey a wrong impression if we did not say that it is only with lack of judgment and resolution that Mr Jephson charges Emin; there was nothing at all in the nature of maladministration or enriching himself at the expense of the Egyptian Government. The charges to this effect brought forward in the rebel council, though urged by the most unscrupulous witnesses, broke down altogether. But the governor's incapacity and vanity were, in the circumstances, bad enough.

"I told him, when the soldiers had assured him they would obey him promptly when he gave the order to move, that it was all nonsense, they would never stand by him when he needed them. He answered: 'Mr Jephson, I have known my people for thirteen years: you have only known them for seven months: allow me to know them best.' 'Very well, Pasha,' I replied, shrugging my shoulders, '*nous verrons*.' It was quite hopeless to make Emin understand that his people were not to be trusted; for if anything bad was done by them, and they afterwards came up to ex-

press their sorrow for having done so, and assure him of their devoted attachment to him, and promised implicit obedience for the future, he was always ready to forgive and believe in them again."

Such forgiveness as this has more to do with moral indolence than with righteousness and mercy.

There are many things in Mr Jephson's book besides the deplorable record of crime, disorder, and weakness. Descriptions of scenery, of the natives, of sporting adventures, and the like, occupy pages, sometimes chapters, and give a much-needed relief to the weary tale. About the beauty of certain views on the shores of the Albert Lake, and on the portion of the Nile over which he passed, the author grows enthusiastic. In quite a modest and natural way there come out traces of fine British pluck and grit. For the most part he needed to place severe restraint on himself; but when he was being badgered by the rebel council, he blazed out, though absolutely in their power, in a torrent of indignation which threw them into wild confusion, and compelled the president to declare, "By Allah! he has spoken truly, and he shall join his people." This was pretty well, considering that he had just told them never again to offer him their hands, for he knew their hearts to be full of treachery. "You are savages, and not soldiers." Here is one other instance. He had been allowed to go down to Wadelai, and was now returned to his prison in Dufilé:—

"As I reached Emin's compound, one of the sentries placed himself in front of the entrance, and told me that, by the rebels' orders, I was no longer to occupy the same compound as the Mudir. In a fit of indignation I seized the sentry by the collar and flung him on the ground. Curiously enough the other seven sentries merely stood staring at me in utter astonishment, and made no effort to move, and I passed in without farther opposition."

This reminds one how thankful Baker was that he had brought his fists with him to Africa; and how Speke, on the solitary occasion when his servant Bombay threatened insubordination, felt that the honour of Britain required him to punch Bombay's head.

This book was written, down to the conclusion,—which is a very sensible one, that we should go back to the Equator Province and found there a government, not resting on cruelty, robbery, and corruption, but on humanity, justice, and fair-trade,—before Emin threw away his character at Bagamoyo. Only then did Mr Jephson feel himself at liberty, and indeed called upon, to add a chapter, in which he gives instances of Emin's pride, smallness of temper, and want of regard for veracity in common things. Mr Jephson says he chooses to call these instances of "forgetfulness." The milder name does not mend the fact.

While they were in Ugogo, Major von Wissmann's letter reached Emin, containing the following passage:—

"It is true the English have sent you a relief expedition to bring you out, but I hope you will believe that your countrymen would have been just as ready to do what the English have done. [Eh?] I hope that when you reach Bagamoyo you will allow us to offer you the hospitality you deserve, and remember that whatever the English have done for you, we, the Germans, are your countrymen."

On hearing these remarkable words, one of the officers—a sen-

sible man, whoever he was—remarked that Wissmann obviously intended to get hold of the Pasha for the German Company. "All I can say is, that from what we have seen of Emin during the last few months, it is the best thing that could possibly happen for the English Company, for the Pasha is bound to make a mess of anything he puts his hand to."

We take leave of Mr Jephson with very sincere respect. He will now feel, we trust, that he is wedded to Africa, hard mistress though she be; and that in helping to set free her groaning millions he will take a noble revenge for all he has suffered there.

We next turn to a volume [1] for the publication of which Mr Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa' affords sufficient excuse and explanation. Though Major Barttelot's short life gave high promise of a distinguished and honourable career, his services had been too few to form the fitting material for a book, but the gloomy and tragic environments of the last year of his life, and still more the odious recriminations that have been levelled against his memory, made it incumbent upon his relatives to vindicate their dead. The task which Mr Walter G. Barttelot has set himself must command all sympathy. The public mind must naturally feel some prepossession in favour of a very young officer, who had already marked himself out by pluck, bravery, and endurance, and whose violent death in the midst of the African forest—the victim, as he himself believed, of desertion and treachery—appealed forcibly to the pity of his countrymen and fellow-soldiers. But when charges of a most serious character—charges aggravated by the manner in which they have been put forward—are fastened upon the dead who cannot refute them, pity must give place to indignation, and the truth must be told at all hazards. This is the position of Major Barttelot's family. They have published their view of the Major's conduct as commandant of Stanley's Rear-guard; and they have challenged his opponents to bring to the front all they have to say against the Major's memory; and upon the facts contained in this volume they ask for a verdict in favour of "a brave English officer and gentleman, who loved his profession, gloried in the work it gave him to do, and highly prized the only reward he coveted and sometimes gained—namely, the appreciation and the thanks of those under whom he served."

Let us see now how the case stands between Mr Stanley and Major Barttelot. In his 'Darkest Africa' Mr Stanley charged Major Barttelot and the officers of the Rear-guard — in reality, Major Barttelot alone, for he was the officer in command—with having ruined the Rear-guard and crippled his own expedition by delaying at Yambuya instead of pressing forward, with or without Tippoo Tip. In the face of Mr Stanley's own written instructions, and of the more valid facts, that Major Barttelot was left entirely dependent upon Tippoo Tip; that Mr Stanley had carried off the picked men of the expedition with him; that Major Barttelot's means of transport was not equal to an advance; and that Mr Stanley had held out hopes of an early return,—public

[1] The Life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot. From his Letters and Diary. By Walter George Barttelot. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

opinion has long ago made up its mind that Major Barttelot had no choice but to accept the inevitable. There is an equal consensus of unprejudiced opinion that Mr Stanley's suggestion that the Rear-guard should, as Mr Walter Barttelot puts it, have "advanced by marches of six miles four times over," through a country swarming with enemies anxious to fall upon the plunder of the convoy, was one quite beyond the bounds of reason. This is Mr Stanley's original complaint, and it practically amounts to little more than a reflection upon Major Barttelot's energy and capacity for holding his command —a heavy enough aspersion upon an officer holding her Majesty's commission. Had this been all, the matter would doubtless soon have been allowed to die down. Major Barttelot's friends would have had their grievance, but the public generally would have been contented with tacitly condemning Mr Stanley's want of generosity, and quietly taking its own view of the merits of the case. But Mr Stanley did not rest satisfied with his original charges. Dark hints were dropped that he had more behindhand, and that the friends of the deceased Major Barttelot and Mr Jameson would do well not to push their vindication to the length of compelling Mr Stanley to lay all the information in his possession before the public. To the many correspondents who questioned him, Mr Stanley indicated that the matter he had to reveal would be most damaging to the memory of the deceased; and the mystery and reticence in which the reserved charges were studiously enveloped left the public to imagine that they were of the worst and most compromising character. We have no wish to adopt any uncharitable conclusions that are not absolutely forced upon us; but we cannot be blind to the influence which Mr Stanley could thus exercise over Messrs Ward and Troup, who were known to be preparing their versions of the expedition. On the appearance of Mr Troup's book, Mr Stanley, who had by that time gone to America, unburdened his mind; and Mr Bonny, who was his chief authority, filled up the additional details. Briefly summarised, these damning charges were that Major Barttelot had been guilty of aggravated cruelty in enforcing discipline; that he had brought his death upon himself by striking the woman whose husband shot him; and that Mr Jameson had procured an act of cannibalism to be committed in his presence out of curiosity, and in order that he might make sketches of the diabolic rite. These charges were embellished by allegations unimportant in themselves, but calculated to prejudice those against whom they were launched, such as that Major Barttelot went about grinning like a fiend in the faces of the natives and prodding them with a spiked staff; and that Mr Jameson had sent home a negro head to be cured and preserved; besides a number of other petty charges, which are too insignificant to be repeated, but which, if believed, would go to swell the evil character of the Rear Column. It should, however, be noted that Mr Stanley's accusations fall into two classes—the more serious affecting Barttelot and Jameson, who are dead; the more venial ones being laid at the doors of Messrs Troup and Ward, who are alive and can answer for themselves. The significance of this distinction is suggestive.

Now as to the charges, what

have they to do with the real question at issue!—Was or was not Major Barttelot culpable in not having moved on to the relief of Stanley with his own party and without the assistance of Tippoo Tip? Does Mr Stanley expect us to believe that either Major Barttelot's cruelty to the natives or Mr Jameson's promotion of an act of cannibalism, supposing these to be substantiable, were the cause of Tippoo Tip not supplying carriers? Even if we admit these accusations, we cannot see how they could affect the question of the advance of the Rear-guard, which was ruined by Mr Stanley's own policy before they occurred; and the most that could be said was that Major Barttelot had paid the natural penalty of his harshness. Why then should these ugly stories, true or false, have been ripped up over the graves of two dead men? Frankly, we can see no other reason than that Stanley perceived that his theory of the failure of the Rear-guard would not obtain credence with the inquiring public, who with remarkable unanimity attributed it to his own error in employing and trusting to such a character as Tippoo Tip, and not to any *laches* on the part of Major Barttelot. It is to this theory, we fear, that it is now sought to sacrifice the memories of both Major Barttelot and Mr Jameson.

On what foundation does Mr Stanley rest these charges? We have the testimony of Manyuema cannibals and other natives, which Mr Stanley, we are sure, would be the last to vouch for were any case of his own concerned. We have also the evidence of the respectable Assad Farran, dismissed Armenian interpreter, who has told, retracted, and told again the cannibal story against Mr Jameson. We need scarcely say that a court of justice, considering this person's prevarications, would not be led by his evidence either to one conclusion or to another. It would, however, be interesting to know whether, when taking Assad Farran's evidence with a semi-judicial formality in Cairo, Mr Stanley was aware that the man had with similar solemnity already contradicted his own story to the Emin Pasha Committee. And, most preposterous of all, we have the reputable testimony of Saleh ben Osman, Mr Stanley's own servant, who gives a version of the cannibal story quite different from those of the others. Really we are inclined to think that Mr Stanley must have taken leave of his senses before he could have affronted public opinion by putting forward testimony of this kind on so grave a subject. Lastly, we have Mr Bonny, upon whose shoulders must rest the responsibility for the chief weight of these charges. We know nothing either for or against Mr Bonny's veracity; but it would be most desirable that it were corroborated before we allow it to influence our judgments. His position is a most unpleasant one, and we have no wish to aggravate it by pointing out the serious consequences which his statements are likely to have upon public opinion.

Leaving aside any question of Mr Bonny's credibility, his judgment seems to us to be a matter of some doubt. We have two versions of the cannibal story to compare, Mr Bonny's and Mr Jameson's own; and the whole balance of probability inclines to the latter. Mr Bonny adopts Assad Farran's story, making Mr Jameson knowingly purchase the victim for the cannibal feast and stand by sketching the diabolical scene that ensued.

Mr Bonny adds corroborative testimony of this from Mr Jameson's own mouth. On the other hand, we have Mr Jameson's own explanation, which divests the circumstance of its most atrocious feature, and bears that he was unthinkingly led into the purchase, with no exact comprehension as to what would be the result. We have also from Mr Bonny several accounts of Major Barttelot's murder, all varying somewhat essentially each from the other. We think that this incident affords evidence that Mr Bonny was predisposed to take sensational and somewhat uncharitable views of rumours which reached his ears; and that we must not lay too much stress upon his estimates—probably formed with perfect honesty—of the conduct of his superiors.

The charges of cruelty against Major Barttelot also rest upon the testimony of Assad Farran and Mr Bonny, but here they receive some corroboration from the evidence of Mr Troup. This gentleman states that Major Barttelot was harsh to the natives, and that his punishments were excessive. We may therefore assume that the Major's discipline was open to criticism on the score of severity. But we must remember also that the order and safety of the camp depended upon his maintenance; that the least relaxation of authority might have endangered the security of the whole; that in various specified instances the Major deferred to the opinion of the others; and that all the more serious sentences were passed by a court of the officers. Considering the composition of the camp at Yambuya, we need scarcely feel surprised that Major Barttelot did not regard the men as likely to be led by moral suasion; and the punishments inflicted readily find a parallel in Mr Stanley's own record. Giving the fullest weight to the charges of harshness, we can at the most consider them as an error of judgment; and it is an open question how far the safety of the camp at Yambuya was not due to the stern method in which discipline was enforced. To an officer in Major Barttelot's position considerable latitude of discretion has always been allowed, and as yet we see no reason why narrower limits than are ordinarily accorded should be set in his case.

We now come to a remarkable allegation, which rests entirely upon Mr Bonny's judgment. Major Barttelot's mind, he thinks, had yielded to the strain of his position, and he half implies that Mr Jameson also had lost his head. The situation in which these gentlemen were placed was indeed sufficient to unsettle strong nerves; but we find no trace in Major Barttelot's papers, published by his brother, of any intellectual weakness or wavering. But here an interesting question is raised. Mr Bonny, of course, communicated this impression to Mr Stanley on the latter's arrival at Banalya; and the fact was one that Mr Stanley ought to have taken into account in his 'Darkest Africa.' The reader will look in vain to that work for any indication that Mr Stanley credited this idea. His attacks upon Major Barttelot are directed upon the supposition that he was a perfectly sane and responsible subject. If the supposition of the contrary was to have any subsequent influence, it should either have been made then or should not have been put forward now. If Mr Stanley believed that Major Barttelot's mind had failed him—and

that the supposition to some extent influenced him explains his extraordinary complaint that his subordinates did not bind the Major with ropes—then his treatment of Major Barttelot is too ungenerous for us to directly characterise: if he did not accept the idea, it is not less ungenerous to put it forward at this date. There are ample proofs in the volume before us that Major Barttelot had full command of his senses down to the hour of his death; and the idea of attributing insanity either to him or to Mr Jameson is enough to shake faith in Mr Bonny's capacity as a competent observer, even while giving him full credit for honesty of purpose.

We have no wish to pursue further this unpleasant controversy at present, but it is impossible that it can be allowed to rest here. The reputations of Major Barttelot and Mr Jameson are in the hands of the Emin Pasha Committee, whose inertness is greatly to blame for having allowed the supporters of the Relief Expedition to be scandalised by a continuous stream of disagreeable disclosures, which the public have about equal difficulty in believing or rejecting. It is for the Committee to examine the evidence and decide upon its merits—with the highest legal assistance if necessary. Its failure to do so would be a failure of public justice and of its obligations to all connected with the expedition.

We have been carried away from the immediate consideration of Mr Walter Barttelot's work by questions which, however, directly spring out of his statements. We find in the private letters and diaries of the Major no reflection of any of those darker qualities which have been so unsparingly attributed to him, and nothing that would give colour to any imputations of harshness except an overwhelming sense of responsibility amid the difficulties in which he was placed, and a firm determination to carry out his instructions to the letter in the face of all eventualities. We can only hope, as the best solution of the controversy — and one we trust that Mr Stanley himself would heartily welcome—that a careful examination of the facts will clear the memories of Major Barttelot and Mr Jameson from the slurs which have been thrown upon them, and satisfy the leader of the expedition that he has allowed himself to be carried by rumour and hasty judgment beyond the limits of just criticism, to say nothing of human charity.

Mr Herbert Ward's volume,[1] sumptuously printed and illustrated, is a pleasantly written and useful account of the Congo populations. It will take a place in the drawing-rooms of the rich, and in the libraries frequented by those of moderate means, among the books supplying authentic information about a portion of Africa which commerce and missions will rapidly alter in coming years. Some may read the book also for sake of the stirring adventures here and there mentioned. Those who go to it for matter touching the unseemly quarrel which has arisen over Major Barttelot's grave will find, and that only in the preface, a succinct statement of his connection with the Relief Expedition, a clear expression of opinion that Tippoo Tip's failure to supply carriers was what ruined the Rear Column, and a quiet expression of

[1] Five Years with the Congo Cannibals. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

opinion that Mr Stanley "takes much too harsh a view of a portion of his expedition that endured great hardships while doing their best." We heartily admire the spirit which has prompted him to stand clear of the unsavoury ditch now being violently stirred. Many pages are devoted to Tippoo Tip, and Mr Ward proposes to show how he could be a faithful enough servant of the Congo Free State while continuing to tear out the vitals of Africa by his slave-raids. If this is meant seriously it is unintelligible, for we have nowhere read so full and damning an exposure of the great unhung. But probably it is to be taken as satire, in which case it is rather elephantine, and everybody may not see it. The pathetic story of Captain Walter Deane's gallant defence of Stanley Falls against the Arabs is well told.

Mr J. Rose Troup's volume has much in it that would have been highly interesting had it appeared some months ago, for the descriptions of the Congo and the extracts from his diary are well expressed; but by this time people have heard all they care to hear about these matters. In one thing he is to be praised: "I have excised from my diary reference to affairs of a purely personal nature, as well as others that I thought it best to omit." Mr Troup seems to have had differences with Barttelot; so that the precious fight takes the rather Hibernian form of a triangular duel, although the half of the book, and that for which it has been written, consists in an attack on Stanley. We have already expressed a clear opinion that the disaster which overtook the Rear Column was the result of Stanley's egregious blunder in bringing Tippoo Tip to the Falls and leaving them dependent on his faithfulness. We need not enter into the details of the controversy between Mr Troup and Mr Stanley, as found either here or in the newspapers. Mr Troup has the advantage over Major Barttelot that he is alive and can defend himself; and he is evidently not a man to put up with hasty judgments of his conduct. His narrative is a blunt and uncompromising record; and hitting all round as he does, we are disposed to give a considerable amount of credence to his views.

On one point Mr Troup falls into an error of judgment.

"As to Tippoo Tip being accused of treachery, taken in the light of all the events that are known, it is totally absurd. Had he been treacherous, what would have prevented him from making an end to our branch of the expedition? Why had he not instructed his men to attack us? . . . As to the wild stories of Salim-bin-Mohammed's intention to destroy our camp and obtain the much-coveted ammunition, that is simply answered by a query, Why, under the sun, did he not do it?"[1]

One would have thought Mr Troup would have had more experience of the class to which Tippoo belongs than to suppose treachery could only take one course, the quick and open one. Tippoo Tip waited till the time that seemed to him most effective. An open attack on the camp would have meant a final breach with the State, and ensured the vengeance of the white man sooner or later. As it is, he has succeeded.

We said at the outset that the

[1] With Stanley's Rear Column. By J. Rose Troup. London: Chapman & Hall, 1890. Pp. 261, 262.

books on our table were very recent, but that is hardly the case with the one next to be mentioned, Dr Junker's Travels.[1] The book is indeed quite lately issued in our language, but the story carries us no farther than 1878. As is well known, the distinguished traveller went back to Africa in 1879 and prosecuted his valuable researches till the outbreak of the Mahdi's revolt in the middle of 1883. He then took refuge with Emin in Lado, and ultimately pushed his way southward through Unyoro and Uganda, touching the Indian Ocean once more at the beginning of 1887. It was at this time he met Mr Mackay, and gave him that information about the mutinous condition of Emin's province to which we have referred, information which Europe did not then possess. These later travels would be of special interest, but what we have in this volume is of high value. He came very near, from the north, to the line of Stanley's journey through the Aruhwimi forest, and has filled up with reliable geographical results one hundred thousand square miles of the huge blank lying north and west of the Congo basin, away toward Lake Chad. His story is well told, and illustrated with rare felicity. Many interesting particulars are given about Gordon and others of the devoted men who found graves in the Soudan. It was at Junker's advice that Gordon, not without some hesitation, appointed Emin Governor at the Equator. He describes his friend as having become more Asiatic than German, even in appearance, and says that he worshipped regularly in the mosque at Khartoum as a Mohammedan. We shall look out eagerly for the sequel of his story.

As we began this paper with the story of a distinguished missionary, we may close it, not unfitly, with a word or two about a book which tells of many missionaries who have laboured on the Congo during these twelve years, and are still labouring.[2] The difference between Mrs Grattan Guinness's writing and that of an ordinary book is much like that between still and highly effervescing water: with copious, exact, and fresh information, this lady writes from first to last under the impulse of high spiritual enthusiasm. As the secretary of a missionary society, and one of the heads of a training institute in London, she has been in personal communication with nearly all the men and women—a large and still-increasing number—who have gone out to Christianise the natives of the Free State; and she makes out from the facts of twelve years a clear case as to the possibility of bringing the most degraded under the transforming influence of Christian love and our holy faith. Out of many striking things two have specially arrested our attention. The first is quite new to us.

"History proves that continents progress in a direct ratio to the length of their coast-lines as compared with

[1] Travels in Africa during the years 1875-1878. By Dr Wilhelm Junker. Translated from the German by A. H. Kane, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.

[2] The New World of Central Africa. With a History of the First Christian Mission on the Congo. By Mrs H. Grattan Guinness. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1890.

their superficial area. Europe, with its area of only three and a half millions of square miles, has a coast-line of 17,000 miles; while Africa, with fully eight times the superficial area, has a coast-line of only 14,000 miles in length. . . . Hence its backward condition and its late awakening to the civilised life of the human race."

The argument is that now the inland river and lake system is opened up—22,000 miles of populous shores on the Congo and its affluents alone—progress will be rapid. It is worth thinking about.

The other point is the decrease already begun in the distressing death-rate among Europeans on the Congo. This is traced to knowledge of the African diseases, to study of the laws of health in the new regions, and to self-restraint in observing these; and when the railway shall carry men swiftly over the low malarial coast to the higher and healthier interior, still farther diminution may be hoped for.

The enduring influence of the greatest of explorers and missionaries in Africa is a fact that brings cheer. When Mr Ward was leaving Stanley Falls to come home, an aged Arab, who had treated him with much kindness, took a specially warm farewell.

"I knew old Daod Lifeston at Tabora. He was a good old man. We all liked his kindly manner, How loose his teeth were from age! they rattled like the castanets our women play. But they boiled his meat soft. He was a great man among white men, was he not? We shall not meet again: so good-bye."

Thus is the good seed not wholly lost. The life of Alexander Mackay, and the lives of these workers on the Congo, show how true and great were Livingstone's last words, written with strange ink on a note-book made of old newspapers, "The Gospel of Christ requires constant propagation to attest its genuineness."

FRAUDS OF SPORT.

THE MENDACIOUS SPORTSMAN.

I SUPPOSE more l—— No, I will not call a spade a spade. I will confine myself to strictly parliamentary language,—though, alas! in these days even such courtesies of life are forgotten in what was *once* an assemblage of the first gentlemen in the land,—and substitute a word more pleasing to ears polite, and say—"more digressions from the strict paths of accuracy" are told about sport than any other subject. And yet those who indulge in this venial sin, often do so not only unconsciously, but unintentionally. We none of us *mean* to be untruthful, and would be very angry were the accusation hurled at us; but little doubt exists that, like all the human race, we are prone to err at times, and when self-laudation is the prime incentive, why, we yield to temptation and—fall!

A man may be, or fancies he is, as honest as the day; his standard of moral rectitude may be a high one, but when it comes to recounting stories of sport, whatever particle of veracity or shred of reality those stories may have originally contained, is swamped not only by a complicated process of multiplication, addition, and subtraction, but time also steps in, and so twists and contorts memory, that in the end the relater of the incident firmly believes he is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The *raconteur* of sporting stories does not like to be outdone; he decorates his subject with a most lavish hand, and he will change his theme, and colour it so artistically, to suit his audience, that it is at times difficult, nay, wellnigh impossible, to recognise an old friend under the assumed guise of novelty. We all know the delightful story of the man and the matchbox so cleverly versified in the "Lays of Ind," and the crushing reply of the hero. The reproof was dignified under the circumstances, and no doubt effectual; but how often does it occur that one who has to listen to some Munchausen-like tale of sport, has the ready wit and power of repartee possessed by "Aliph Cheem's" hero?

Doubtless there is much truth in the old adage, "When the wine is in, the wit is out," and to this latter might be added "truth" also; for, as a rule, stories told over the walnuts and the wine will not bear very strict investigation as to their accuracy,—and moreover, on such occasions the audience is apt to be lenient, and make allowances for "after dinner" stories; laugh good-humouredly, and overlook the element of falsity that clothes the whole.

A man tells a story of a big jump he once took, probably over water, say some ten feet of the element that possesses such unknown and inexplicable terrors for horse and man—with a low thorn fence on the take off side. Possibly the first time the tale is told the measurements are fairly accurate;—then time lapses,—some one relates how his old horse Cock Robin jumped twelve feet of water. This is too much for our friend: he immediately claps on another yard to his original water-jump, and the fence rises in height proportionately. On each repetition a slight addition is

made to the width and the height, until the jump finally reaches proportions that not even the celebrated "Chandler" could have encompassed in his stride, and one that would sorely tax even the saltatory powers of a "Pegasus"!

Of course the relater of the incident will meet with sceptics. Men will interrupt his narrative, and say they know every yard of the country, and that no such fence exists in it. But this does not abash our friend. He smiles blandly, suggests it was *before their day*,—"a good many years ago, my dear fellow, when the country was different to what it is now;" the fence has been since levelled, the brook's course diverted, &c.; in fact, he will always be ready with an answer. Constant repetition has not only enlarged the obstacle, but has added years to the date on which the feat was performed; and so he goes on and on, straying farther and farther from the path of truth, whilst those who at first were apt to resent his exaggerations, now only smile, and greet the tale either in silence or with a shrug of the shoulders.

Or maybe the narrator is of the genus *Indicum*, that fine old race now, alas! in its decadence, and here on the subject of Indian sport he has a fine field for displaying his talents. Listen to him now as he prattles on with senile garrulity, and tells how he and his old friend Sir Charles Chutney killed an enormous man-eater at Jhootlekebad. Hark now as he describes how the animal swept down a whole line of elephants in its mad and final charge; how, when it was skinned and cut open, its interior contained a king's ransom in golden bangles worn by its unfortunate victims, &c. &c. &c.! Listen to him when he gets on the subject of tiger-skins, and this individual one in particular. At the time the animal was slain it may have measured some 9 feet 6 inches or 9 feet 8 inches. But this is too mediocre for our hero. Time is supposed to be elastic, and with our friend this tiger's skin certainly is. By degrees, with each repetition of the oft-told tale, the stretching goes on apace, till finally the animal must have been about twenty feet in length, and Brobdingnagian in size.

Or maybe he will dilate on the charms of snipe and quail shooting, and somehow his bag of twenty-five or thirty couples will gradually develop by his own patent process into *one hundred and twenty-five couples!* How can a man do this? may be asked. A very simple process, believe me; and in its very simplicity, and the difficulty of detecting the fraud, lies the temptation. All you have to do is to take the bag made by *three* or *four* guns shooting with you, *imagine* that they have killed *nothing*, but that, like Coriolanus, "alone I did it," and there you are!

Perhaps our mendacious sportsman is an angler. What tales he will tell of an exciting struggle with a 40-lb. salmon! "Killed on my little ten-foot trout-rod, sir, with a small trout-fly and the finest of gut!"[1] Then the graphic description he will give you of how this leviathan rushed hither and thither when he first felt the cruel barbed hook in his jaws; how he bored down into unknown depths;

[1] This feat was, I believe, actually accomplished by a Mr Middleton on the river Suir during March 1890. The rod only weighed 20 ounces and the fish 40 lb. It was recorded in 'Land and Water' of 29th March 1890.

jumped *yards* out of the water (*N.B.*—The fish always displays "his silvery sides" on these occasions, and is always "fresh run." The mendacious sportsman is *very* particular on these two points, and lays great stress on them, thinking they will add zest to the tale and enhance his prowess), and then churned the brown peaty water into foam in his mad efforts to escape, till at last he is exhausted, and, like some great Spanish galleon of long ago which has been vanquished by a pigmy British privateer, he is towed safely into port! All this he will describe so graphically that he will make your hair stand on end with excitement, and you can almost view the various incidents of the great fight. Of course he lands his fish, in spite of having neither gaff nor net. In his story such vulgar chances as the gut giving way at the last moment, or the fly coming away from the fish's mouth, are ignored, and to clench his argument he will show you the *very fly* that brought the monster to his doom!

Hunting, shooting, fishing, these three are the pastures on which the mendacious sportsman feeds, and on which his heart, like that of Jeshurun, "waxes and grows fat." From these he will cull the choicest flowers of his rhetoric, not that such minor sports as curling, golf, billiards, cricket, &c., are ignored, but these do not offer such good opportunities for the display of his talents, and so generally they have to take a back seat, and sink into comparative obscurity. Daring is what gives the greatest colour to his achievements, and in these mere games he has not so many chances of laying on the colour thickly with broad dashing strokes as he has in actual sport, in moving accidents by flood and field.

He seems unaware that repetition is wearisome, and that the humour of a thing decreases and finally vanishes with age. He still has his stock stories, and trots them out religiously on every occasion, wearying and depressing though the infliction may be on those who have listened to the oft-told tale. Little recks he, however: once mounted on his hobby, he sits down in his saddle, crams in his spurs, and gallops the jaded animal to death.

That sweet hour of night, when men adjourn to the smoking-room, is the time when our friend shines most brilliantly, and is the period when he is seen at his greatest advantage. Here, surrounded by other sportsmen, he blazons forth his triumphs by flood and field with no niggard hand. Full of that omnipotent word *ego*, he is loath to give any one else a chance. It is a case of *aut Cæsar, aut nullus!* He brooks no rival; he must be *first*, or nowhere.

So, with a pachydermatous hide of self-conceit, with a memory obscured by the mists of time, and with no actual desire to be untruthful, he yet slides on by degrees into the path of mendacity,—a path like that into the dark realms of Avernus, *facile descensus!* but, like the Slough of Despond, how hard to extricate one's self from!

Poor mendacious sportsman! we all know him well. Maybe he deserves some pity, an we have in our composition but a little drop of the milk of human kindness; and though, like many another evil, he must be tolerated, yet nevertheless it must be confessed that he is to be shunned when circumstances permit. Amusement is one thing, but even amusement is apt to pall; and tales that, when first heard, have

a ring of fun and humour in them, when reiterated and exaggerated will in time fail to whet the appetite of even the greatest craver for the improbable, not to say impossible; and so, however charitably we may be inclined, once the mendacious sportsman appears on the scene, it is but natural that those who love *real* sport are inclined to shun his company and give him a wide berth.

THE COUNTERFEIT SPORTSMAN.

It is the fashion amongst a certain school to ridicule the sportsman of the present day, to accuse him of effeminacy and want of energy, and to compare him unfavourably with his predecessor of a past generation. And it has been said that the present system of "driving" and covert-shooting are responsible for the change—for nowadays game is brought to the guns, instead of the guns seeking their game with the aid of dogs; that hot luncheons, champagne, &c., have superseded the modest packet of sandwiches and nip from a flask, eaten under the shelter of a hedge—and so on. A moment's reflection, however, will show that men, dogs, and guns are as good as ever they were—ay, perhaps better, if results count for aught. With the improvements in firearms, and the greater facilities for travelling, men have more opportunities of excelling in sporting feats—and, moreover, for one man that indulged in sport fifty or sixty years ago, you now have twenty or more. Every year sees more men going into distant and unexplored countries in quest of sport, and encountering great risks and dangers in its pursuit.

Still, amongst the many really good sportsmen that exist in our land there is a spurious imitation of the class that is by no means rare—nay, he is to be met with nearly everywhere. I allude to the counterfeit sportsman. Now this man cares but little for, and knows even less of, the *art* of sport, if I may use such a term. He is entirely dependent on the exertions of others for his amusement. He recks little of the delights experienced by the man who works for his game. He votes it a bore to breast a steep heathery brae or plod through a field of knee-high turnips after a brace of good dogs. The subtilty of their scenting powers, the marvellous pitch of perfection in training to which they have attained, are wasted on him entirely. He looks upon the whole business as a matter of supererogation. In fact, it is the maximum of shooting (*i.e.*, letting off his gun) with the minimum of exertion that alone finds favour in his eyes.

It is at times amusing to hear such a man hold forth on matters connected with sport, and to listen to him as he promulgates his opinion. To say the least, his knowledge of the subject, regarding which he would pose as a past master, is decidedly limited, and is derived more from hearsay than from actual experience. And yet he fulfils to the letter the old saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." And not only will he talk, but rush into print on such abstruse and scientific questions as "swing," "cast off in guns," "loads," "velocity of shot," &c., all subjects about which he knows as much as the man in the moon!

That his knowledge is only

superficial matters not to him; he thinks by dilating on the subject that he impresses his hearers with a sense of his own importance and knowledge. But the imposture is sooner or later detected. Some day he gets hold of the wrong man, and then great is his fall!

The spurious sportsman is recruited mainly from the *parvenu* class—men who, by dint of hard work and strict attention to business, have amassed not only a competency, but wealth; and such individuals are entitled to all admiration for the position which they have attained, so long as they do not attempt to pose in a character for which their early habits, training, and associations scarcely befit them. They take to sport when they have passed the meridian of life, and we all know how much harder it is to acquire knowledge when once the vigour and heyday of youth are over. The arts of shooting and riding must be acquired whilst young—that is, if a man is to excel in them. Good shots and good riders must have good temper, patience, judgment, keen sight, and the power of observation, and such qualities only come with constant opportunities of practising them. A man who spends all the best years of his life at a desk in a counting-house has not the chances of exercising these qualities, at least with regard to sport. He may possess good temper, it is true, and also patience and judgment in concluding commercial bargains, but how will such experience aid him in riding a fidgety horse, watching hounds, successfully circumventing wild birds, or stalking the monarch of the glen? His physical training, too, is deficient from the very force of circumstances and the life he has led. You might as well expect a pampered, overfed lady's pug to run into a wild Dartmoor "Hector," as a typical London alderman to stalk and bring down, *unaided*, a "royal" stag!

A man may have the best of guns and the best of horses, and yet be unable to use the one or ride the other; and as long as a man frankly admits his inability, and is content to try and not to talk, no one will find fault with him. If his heart is in the individual pursuit, he will in time attain a certain amount of proficiency. But the spurious sportsman will not admit either his incompetency or his ignorance. He sails under false colours, and is then entitled to but scant mercy. Self-conceit and vainglory are the rocks on which he splits. Lured on by the siren voice of a longing for notoriety, his frail bark ere long founders, for the reason that the hand which guides the helm lacks experience and firmness.

As a shooter, the spurious sportsman leaves all details of arrangement to his keeper; it never enters into his imagination that sport has more delicate and hidden joys than the mere slaying of birds and beasts: of their habits, and the surroundings of nature, he professes a contemptuous ignorance. As long as his bag beats his neighbour's, he is satisfied, no matter how the result may have been accomplished; and if he misses his game, what matter, so long as some one else kills it, and so swells the list that not only goes to the poulterer's, but is recorded in the sporting papers? The spurious sportsman glows with pride when he sees in print that "Mr Shoddy's party of seven guns, shooting over his well-preserved ground at Calico Hall, obtained grand sport on the 20th inst., the bag amounting to

2023 head;" and he will gloat over having exceeded by treble the bag made by his aristocratic but poorer neighbour, Lord Sangreazul.

Nor does the spurious sportsman follow the Biblical command of not letting his right hand know what his left does. Modesty is no part of his composition. Any sporting feat he may have performed has no value in his eyes, gives him no inward satisfaction, unless it is blazoned abroad and published from the house-tops. Should he be a shooter, and for once in a way have made a decent shot, he will call the attention of every one who may be present to the fact, and say aloud with an air of assumed mock modesty, which he is far from feeling, "By Jove, that *was* a long shot!"

Or, maybe he takes his pleasure in the hunting-field, and here he is constantly drawing attention to the prowess of himself and his steed, bothering the life out of every one to know if they "saw him take that fence," and so on *ad infinitum*. Masters of hounds, and *sportsmen* in the true acceptation of the word, it is needless to say, do not take the sham sportsman at his own valuation, and look on him as a consummate nuisance, as one who, though he may have to be tolerated, is yet to be shunned. Of hounds he knows absolutely nothing, looking on them as mere superfluities, and thinks it fine to re-echo the remark of Lord Alvanley, "What fun we should have if it wasn't for these d——d hounds!"

It is true that amongst men who have risen from a comparatively low origin there are numbers of good fellows, real, unassuming, thorough gentlemen, in the truest sense of the word, who late in life have developed a taste for sport; but it is not of such men that I write, it is their sham imitation to which I would refer—men who fancy, and who would fain make others believe, that they are adepts in a form of sport of which they are really ignorant, even to the smallest detail. If such men would hold their tongues, and endeavour to learn, not only would no one find fault with them, but all would unite in being "to their virtues ever kind, to their faults a leetle blind." There is a vast difference between a sportsman and a sporting man; the former, as a rule, is quiet and unostentatious, the latter blatant and intrusive; and though the spurious sportsman can hardly ever aspire even to the doubtful dignity of being a "sporting man," still the latter is nearer what he is in reality—an animal that is held in holy horror by the true lover of sport in all its branches, a snare and a delusion.

THE SPORTING IMPOSTOR.

Perhaps even a greater fraud than the spurious sportsman, and his congener the mendacious sportsman, is one with whom we are all more or less acquainted. I allude to the sporting impostor. This individual is ubiquitous, and it is a matter of no great difficulty to detect him, for the thin veneer of reality with which his character is coated melts rapidly under the keen rays of criticism, and he stands revealed in all his nakedness.

It has been said that nearly every man believes he could, were

he put to it, write a leading article for a newspaper, and the vanity that prompts this belief also sways in no small degree the mind of the sporting impostor. He possesses unbounded self-confidence and "cheek"—both excellent qualities in their way, and which most men who have made their mark in life have not been deficient in; for does not Demosthenes preach the doctrine when he held that the three chief qualities necessary in an orator were, "Action—action—action"? Still there is a trite saying that "one may have too much of a good thing," and the sporting impostor is an example. He is brimful of self-confidence, or perhaps rather conceit. He bubbles over with it, it pervades his whole person. His thoughts, words, and actions all smack of the word *ego*, and even the most superficial observer becomes aware of the fact before he has been five minutes in his company.

The son of Sirach, who wrote those truest words of wisdom, the Book of Ecclesiasticus, more than two thousand years ago, says very appositely, "A man's attire . . . and gait show what he is." True words indeed; for never yet did a sporting impostor exist but that he showed his character by his dress and manner, both of which are loud and flashy. His garments are of the gaudiest and most *prononcé* patterns, smacking greatly of the particular sport which he patronises. If he poses as a horsey man, he seems to live in breeches and gaiters, and his whole get-up and conversation seems to point to the fact that his mind is bent stablewards. If shooting be his favourite pastime, he also dresses the character, and even influences you with the belief that he knows every trifling detail connected with that individual sport. He will prose by the yard about guns, dogs—he always breaks his own, he tells you, and no man ever had such dogs, marvels of sagacity and training—the habits of game, &c., until you *almost* believe in him! Or if he be an angler, he generally has his hat encircled by gut-casts, and stuck full of flies. that never imbedded their sharp barbed points in anything but the material on which they repose; and should he perchance use them for their legitimate purpose, the odds are that they will eventually find a resting-place in some broad-leaved flag, or adorn the branch of a tree that overhangs the stream — lasting monuments to their owner's incapacity.

The hunting impostor is too well known to need much description. He exists in every hunting country, and is not confined to any class high or low. He is generally estimated at his right value in his own country, where, like the prophet, he is but little honoured. But when he gets out of it, and away where his weaknesses are not known, *then* is his time. The opportunity is too good to be lost, and he will positively make your hair bristle at the feats he and "my old horse" have performed. Not only will you marvel at his courage and audacity, but you would fain believe that he belongs to that extinct class of sportsmen depicted by Alken, to whom the most blood-curdling obstacles—such as bottomless ravines and spiked park-railings—were but mere child's-play to surmount.

Nor is he content with mere self-laudation. This is generally accompanied with abuse of others, and derogatory remarks about their capabilities. "So-and-so a good

shot! Bah! My dear fellow, he can't hit a haystack. Why, when I was shooting with him at ——," &c.; and here follows a long yarn how So-and-so hardly touched fur or feather all day, whilst he, the narrator, never missed a shot! Or the conversation may devolve on matters equine. "So-and-so ride! Pooh! A great heavy-fisted fellow, with a wash-ball seat, that cannot ride a good horse when he has got him." Then follows a wondrous yarn, all tending to prove that So-and-so is a rank duffer; whilst the talker is possessed not only of a centaur-like seat, but hands that for lightness of touch and delicacy have been unrivalled in the annals of horsemanship.

He is full of "shop"; sport is the eternal theme on which he harps—and his addiction to this one staple subject of conversation generally manifests him most unmistakably. The sporting impostor believes only in himself, and his great aim and object is that others should share that belief with him, and bow down to and reverence him in the character of a sporting celebrity. Undeterred by the constant risk of exposure that he has to undergo, and which *must* come some day, he holds on the even tenor of his way. He obeys his strongest instinct, and in pursuance of this self-appointed task, has to act the part of a sportsman to some extent, and pose as a passive worshipper at the shrine of Diana—much as it often goes against his grain to do so.

Nor is he confined to the upper and middle classes—his prototype may be frequently found amid the humbler ranks of servitude. Are we not all familiar with the great Mr Bragg, that inimitable character in 'Sponge's Sporting Tour'—the huntsman who was so brimful of science that he could never kill a fox? Are not "Mr Winkles" of everyday occurrence? Do we not all know the stud-groom who, though he has lived in great places, and is, by his own account, a perfect walking edition of veterinary lore, yet never has a horse fit to go, and whose stable is always full of cripples? And does not the fraudulent gamekeeper, who knows all about rearing birds, dog-breaking, trapping vermin, &c., constantly tender us his services? Yes, it is the same through the whole race; always full of great professions and tall-talk, neither of which will stand actually being put to the test, and whose knowledge and experience are generally of a very limited order.

Yet the sporting impostor is often harmless. His self-delusion hurts no one but himself, and amuses many, except perhaps some trusting victim, who, led away by his tall-talk, either gets a dog shot or a horse lamed. Such men, however, have only themselves to thank if they suffer at his hands, by trusting him too implicitly. Held in contempt by those who know his true character, and abused by his victims, the impostor in sport lives perpetually on the crater of a volcano, which sooner or later is bound to erupt and bury him in the ashes of oblivion; and there he finds the only resting-place of which he is worthy.

"Dooker."

GENERAL SIR EDWARD HAMLEY ON THE WAR IN THE CRIMEA.

MR KINGLAKE has made the history of the Crimean war his own, and in the great work which has engaged him for the better part of a long life, he has raised an enduring monument to his own memory. And no man is better fitted to follow him over the ground than his friend General Sir Edward Hamley, who, with the knowledge of a skilled soldier and strategist, with vast stores of technical and miscellaneous reading, has as vivid a style and a pen as brilliant as the author of 'Eothen' himself. Mr Kinglake gave himself generous elbow-room, for his work was profoundly minute and exhaustive. Sir Edward undertook the difficult task of compressing a many-sided subject within a volume of very moderate size, and he has been singularly, and, in our opinion, unexpectedly successful. The subject presented itself in a variety of aspects, each demanding special notice; and the picturesque, the sensational, and the patriotic episodes must have had irresistible fascination for a writer with remarkable powers of description, and a sympathetic appreciation of the dramatic. Sir Edward deals as a politician with the relations of the European Powers, and the questions in which the war originated. As strategist and tactician he describes the general campaign, and follows the vicissitudes of the siege operations. As military critic he incidentally discusses the works of Mr Kinglake, General Todleben, and some of the French military writers; and it was an open secret that in articles in 'Maga' and the 'Edinburgh Review,' he had given expression to views somewhat at variance with those of Mr Kinglake. As for General Todleben, we may remark in passing that he pronounces and proves the great Russian engineer to be unreliable both in his statements and his views. Sir Edward touches on the defects of our antiquated military organisation, he gives graphic pictures of the misery which resulted from them, and he shows how the lingering but very effective reliefs had placed our army in a state of unprecedented efficiency when a far from satisfactory peace was somewhat precipitately concluded.

It must be remembered that he was an eyewitness of all he describes, from prologue to epilogue of the grand drama. He saw battalion after battalion steaming up the Bosphorus, or landing on the southern shore of the Black Sea, when unsophisticated Celts or stolid Saxon recruits gazed in wonder, under skies of unclouded blue, at the mosques and minarets of Stamboul and Scutari, with but faint forebodings of the possible horrors that awaited them on the storm-beaten plateaux of the Chersonese. He saw the embarkation at Balchick Bay, where merchant steamers and transports in stately procession headed for the unknown coast in the north-east, under the escort of the war-ships. He disembarked with them; and then from the battle of the Alma, at every engagement, he was a combatant or a spectator, and he

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The War in the Crimea. By Gen. Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B. With Portraits and Maps. Seeleys & Co. London: 1890.

shared in all the sufferings of that infernal winter, when the strain on flesh and blood became almost intolerable, until death became a matter of comparative indifference to the shivering and enfeebled soldiers. The older readers of 'Maga' will remember the story of the campaign, as it was told in a succession of articles written from the lines. But it would be a mistake to fancy that they have been merely republished or recast in the present volume. It takes a somewhat wider range, and they have merely served to refresh the writer's memory as to details of the scenes and events which must have been indelibly engraved on the mind.

The book begins with a concise and masterly sketch of the events which led to the war. The Czar, as Mr Kinglake has told us in one of his most picturesque passages, professed to take his stand as the champion of the orthodox Greek Church on the matter of the Holy Places. The subsequent course of Russian diplomacy showed that to be but a transparent pretext. His real reason was more practical, and we will add, being geographical, it was intelligible and natural. The emperors of the frost-bound regions of the north have always cast longing eyes on the open harbours of the Bosphorus. In truth, till Russia has a free outlet to the Mediterranean, the Eastern question can never be finally laid to rest. That, although far from reassuring for the future, we take to be an indisputable fact. It has been said that England drifted into the war, and so to a certain extent she did drift. But, as Sir Edward reminds us, the Czar had already shown his hand, and after the memorable interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour, there could be no mistaking his real objects. When his armies had challenged Turkey by crossing the Pruth, England must fight or let him have his way. The indirect danger to us became still more pressing when the pride of Nicholas was humbled by having to withdraw his troops from the Principalities. It was only natural he should take his revenge where the Prussian King and the Austrian Emperor, bound to him by blood or by deep personal obligations, need not necessarily interpose. Mr Kinglake is inclined to think that if we had been content to have patience, we might have carried Austria and Prussia along with us. That is not Sir Edward's opinion. He points out that the interests of both were fairly satisfied with the evacuation of the Danubian States Neither were naval Powers, and thenceforward they were in favour of a compromise which could not have satisfied England. Much had depended on the action of the French Emperor. Every one is familiar with Kinglake's brilliant picture of the conspirators of the *Elyseé*, with a chief who was bent upon foreign war that he might blot out the memories of the bloodshed on the Boulevards. Sir Edward takes a more lenient view of his action. The Emperor of the French was bound to take a side, and in the choice he could hardly hesitate. He was the recognised champion of the Latin Church. He had been gratuitously insulted by Nicholas; he had every reason to make friends with the great neighbouring sea-Power; and, moreover, he had pleasant and friendly recollections of his hospitable reception in England. But perhaps Mr Kinglake was unconsciously biassed to his prejudice against the Emperor by personal reasons, otherwise these cogent arguments would hardly have

failed to commend themselves to his clear judgment.

All that is the political prelude to the drama. The war was decided upon, and it was further determined that the Allied forces should descend on the Crimea. It was the vulnerable point of an undeveloped empire, which relied upon its vast distances as passive powers of defence. But perhaps our best excuse for defective preparations was our absolute ignorance as to the country in which the armies were to operate. We knew next to nothing of the strength of the fortress we proposed to take. "There was no thought of a protracted siege: a landing, a march, a battle, and, after some delay for a preliminary bombardment, an assault, were all that made part of the programme. These anticipations were by no means so ill-judged as, after the many contradictions by the event, they were judged to have been." Sir Edward remarks that the Tauric Chersonese was quite beyond the range of the ordinary tourist. *Apropos* to which we may recall one of the many reminiscences of the late Laurence Oliphant. He had found himself in St Petersburg, with the intention of making a tour in Siberia or in Poland, or somewhere else. The authorities refused to *viser* his passport, so he fell back upon a drive southward through the empire to Sebastopol; and ballasting his light carriage with biscuits and bottles of cognac, he started. Of course he wrote a book, and it had been published shortly before the revival of those Eastern troubles. He has told us how one fine morning he was surprised at his club with a pressing summons to the Foreign Office. He found the Foreign Secretary, the Secretary at War, and, we think, Sir John Burgoyne. None of them knew anything, for there was no military intelligence department in those days, and they listened so eagerly to Oliphant that he was tempted to put forward a plan of campaign of his own, and to suggest throwing a corps by Batoum into the Caucasus to co-operate with Schamyl and create a diversion. When in a vein of reminiscence, we may mention two other stories, equally suggestive. When the first detachments disembarked at Scutari, they had not a man among them with a word of Turkish or of Greek. It was their good luck to fall in with Dr Humphry Sandwith, who volunteered to act as interpreter, and whose services were heartily welcomed. On the eve of the expedition steaming for Balchick, it was found that the officers of the Commissariat had neglected to provide themselves with any Russian money. In this extremity they had recourse to Mr Delane of the 'Times,' who had gone out with Kinglake and Layard, and to the late Sir Edward Colebrooke, who happened to be in the Black Sea in his yacht. These gentlemen, sacrificing their convenience for their country's good, stripped themselves of all their Russian currency.

Our military machinery had rusted and gone out of gear, through false economy. Had it been otherwise, the Czar Nicholas might have been slower in concluding that England was altogether given over to money-getting. But in those days our naval supremacy was still undisputed. Sir Edward remembers with patriotic pride the imposing spectacle when the expedition from the Bay of Balchick got under way on the 7th of September:—

"Each great British merchant steamer wheeled round till in posi-

tion to attach a tow-rope to a sailing transport (most of them were East Indiamen of the largest class), and then again wheeled till the ship in rear attached itself to a second; then all wheeled into their destined positions for the voyage. . . . Few sights could be seen more beautiful than the advance and the manœuvres which preceded it of the orderly convoy of ships, all among the largest in existence, on the calm blue waters under the bright sky."

The French and the Turks used their war-ships for transports. Even then the cavalry was left behind, and guns, stores, and ammunition were shipped in small vessels chartered for the purpose, and despatched promiscuously. Now the Russian fleet was strong: it consisted of fifteen line-of-battle ships, with frigates and many powerful cruisers. It was lying under the well-supplied arsenals of Sebastopol, and the issue of the war might have been very different, had it gone out with unencumbered decks to attack the scattered squadrons of the Allies. The question was broached in the Russian war council, but timidity or prudence was in the ascendant; the voyage of the invaders was uninterrupted, and the landing left unopposed. Sir Edward gives a characteristically vivid description of the unexplored peninsula on which the descent was to be made, with its sunny Riviera, its bleak unsheltered uplands, and the trying vicissitudes of its climate.

"All the northern and middle portion is a flat and arid steppe, where are sprinkled, at wide intervals, villages inhabited by Tartars, whose possessions are flocks and herds; but the remaining and southern end of the Peninsula is different indeed in aspect and in climate. Here begins a mountain region, sheltering from the northern blasts the slopes and hollows, the lesser hills of which, covered with pine and oak, enclose valleys of bounteous fertility. Multitudes of wild flowers spring up amid the tall grass; the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and the orange flourish; and the vine is cultivated with success on the southern slopes."

The scene of the disembarkation was well chosen, but everything depended on the weather. Mentschikoff was not enterprising: he seems to have taken his measures on the traditional Russian system of offering passive rather than active resistance; and thus the Russians neglected another opportunity which must have dealt the Allies a heavy blow, if it did not actually result to them in irreparable disaster. For when a part of the troops had been landed, a violent ground-swell seriously embarrassed the operations. Many of the boats were swamped or stranded, and some of the hastily constructed rafts went to pieces. Necessarily the army was in the lightest marching order. Blankets were to be the substitutes for tents—even the knapsacks of the British were left on board the ships; and it would have been well, as we shall see, had the French received similar orders. The order of the march was decided by the naval efficiency of the English. We had been able to bring our weak force of cavalry along with us, but the cavalry of our allies had necessarily been left to follow. Hence the English, moving forward on the left, had the post of honour and of danger; and here we may give Sir Edward's guarded opinion of the two commanders-in-chief. Lord Raglan had seen no service since the Peninsular campaign and Waterloo. He was well acquainted with military business, but forty years of peace had been no adequate preparation for directing troops on active service. "But he was a courteous, dignified,

and amiable man, and his qualities and rank were such as might well be of service in preserving relations with our allies." Several of his subordinates had held responsible commands in India or the colonies; and the French generals had been trained against Arabs and Kabyles in the military school of Algeria. As to St Arnaud, Sir Edward generally confirms Mr Kinglake, though he speaks with more reserve. "He was a gallant man, experienced in the warfare of that country [Algeria], but frothy and vainglorious in a notable degree, and much too anxious to represent himself as taking the chief part to be a comfortable ally." That was of the less consequence that his career was well-nigh run. As Kinglake describes it, he had passed a *jeunesse orageuse*. He must have known himself to be the victim of a mortal disease; and in a very few days after the Alma he was a dead man.

We need hardly say that there is an excellent description of the battle of the Alma. With ample leisure and knowledge of the ground, Mentschikoff had pitched upon an admirable defensive position. But though he had qualities to which Sir Edward afterwards does justice, he was little of a general and no genius. In command of an inferior force, he neglected the conspicuous advantages of his position. And subsequently he made at least two serious blunders, which must have had important consequences. As for the Allies, it seems to have been fortunate that little generalship was required. Their business was simply to advance and carry the heights in front of them. There was much to be said for and against every refinement in that straightforward strategy. A Napoleon would probably have been ready to risk something for the sake of a great gain; yet even a Napoleon might have hesitated in the circumstances, had he only commanded one section of a coalition.

"The battle as fought showed a singular absence of skill on all sides. The Russian general showed great incompetency in leaving the issues of the cliffs unclosed, in keeping his reserves out of action, in introducing his artillery when it might have best served him, and in leaving absolutely unused his so greatly superior force of cavalry on ground very well adapted to its action. The part played by the French was not proportionate either to their force or to their military repute. . . . No favourable impression was left on the minds of the English by their allies' share in the action. The English divisional generals were left to themselves, except for the order given to two of them to attack. . . . But as there was no unity and no concerted plan, our troops suffered accordingly. The artillery, too, instead of being left to come into action according to the views of its different commanders, should have had its part in supporting the attack distinctly assigned to it. All, therefore, that we had to be proud of was the dash and valour of the regiments engaged."

Two points in the comments on the action are especially noteworthy. The one is the incident which has been told to Lord Raglan's credit, but as to which Sir Edward unhesitatingly condemns him. He had been scouting, and had himself discovered and surveyed the position to which he ordered up the couple of guns which certainly told with effect on the Russians. "He was thus," says Sir Edward, sarcastically, "in the singular position for a commander of occupying, with a few officers, a point well within the enemy's lines, and beyond the support, or even the knowledge, of any of the rest of his army." To the other matter we have already

alluded. Owing to circumstances and the formation of the ground, the French had suffered but slightly, and the Turks had hardly been under fire. When Mentschikoff retreated, Lord Raglan very naturally proposed to follow him up sharply with the untouched troops. But the French marshal objected, because the men he had sent up the heights had left their knapsacks at the bottom, so an advance was out of the question till they had again formed connections with their belongings. Had the Russians been hard pressed, there can be little doubt that they would either have lost heavily in men and guns, or at the least been thoroughly demoralised. But, contrary to what has been accepted as history, Sir Edward declares that there were no signs of panic. And he gives Mentschikoff credit for never losing his head. "Singularly inefficient as a tactician, he seems to have possessed both sagacity and decision in other fields of the military art." He decided at once that communication between Sebastopol and Russia must be kept open, and that access to the harbour must be sealed even at the sacrifice of the Russian fleet. Thence arises the important question whether the Allies, had they shown more dash and hazarded something, might not have occupied the northern side of Sebastopol offhand. Sir Edward effectually settles it. He shows that Sir John Burgoyne counselled wisely: that the undertaking would not merely have been rash, but wellnigh impracticable. It must in any case have been defeated by the prompt resolutions of Mentschikoff. It is true that Todleben threw his great authority into the other scale; but Sir Edward shows conclusive grounds for believing that Todleben exaggerated the weakness of the defence, that he might exalt the successes subsequently achieved by his own undeniable genius. Sir Edward expresses a doubt whether an immediate attack was ever seriously contemplated — Sir John Burgoyne said the same thing,— and we refer our readers to the book for the reasons. He adds, that even had he carried the north side, it would have only increased the difficulties of capturing the southern forts.

It may be said that Sebastopol would have been virtually impregnable, had it not been for the indentations in the rock-bound coast, formed by the bays of Kamiesh, Kazatch, and Balaclava. They became the natural bases of operations for attacking forces operating from the south; for absolute investment with the forces disembarked was at that time out of the question. And now—

"A question entailing momentous consequences arose. It was whether the English or the French should occupy, as a base, the harbour of Balaclava. Hitherto, on the mere evidence of the map, it had been counted on as available for both armies; but now that it lay before their eyes, a mere pool, already crowded, with one straggling row of poor houses for a street, it was seen that it would not bear division. The French had a strong ground of contention on their side, for the right of the allied line had hitherto been conceded to them, and whoever took the right must now hold Balaclava. General Canrobert took a course very considerate towards us. Seeing that we were already in possession, and that it would be difficult, in many ways, to move out, he gave Lord Raglan his choice. . . . Admiral Lyons counselled strongly for keeping Balaclava, as the place best adapted for securing a due communication between the army and its base on the sea. It was an occasion which a Greek poet would have represented, after the event, as one in which the

chooser, blinded by some angry god, had made choice of calamity. Lord Raglan took the right and Balaclava, and with them brought untold miseries on his army!"

In that, the French commander behaved with chivalrous generosity. If Lord Raglan made a mistaken choice, he had no one but himself to blame. Yet undoubtedly the French had the luck throughout. They moved upon the Alma between the sea and the English. In the battle they were protected by precipitous heights from the fire which thinned the ranks of the English as our people climbed comparatively gentle slopes. Throughout the siege they rested close upon the twin bays where stores could be disembarked within relatively easy reach; and in pushing their subsequent approaches, they were "scooping through a Stilton," so as to bring the trenches within some few yards of the formidable positions to be assailed; while the English, brought up by rock and flints, had to improvise flimsy superficial shelters with sand-bags, and dash at the enemy's batteries across plateaux swept by a concentrated fire. While the Allies were making their preliminary dispositions, it is interesting to note what was passing on the other side. Sir Edward says that Todleben habitually exaggerates. It seems to us that in the following illustrative sentences he puts the case in a nut-shell. "He" (Todleben) "took a view of the prospect which was entirely unreasonable. He considered the case of 60,000 men, protected from the attack of an equal number by fortifications and heavy artillery, as absolutely desperate. In his book, he blames the other 60,000 for not sweeping them off the face of the earth." But whatever Todleben may write or profess to have thought, Sir Edward has nothing but generous praise for the unsleeping energy and the ready fertility of resource of "the inspiring genius of the defence." The store of heavy guns in the place was practically unlimited; for when guns were dismounted everywhere towards the end by the destructive fire of the Allies, it was simply impossible to replace them under the withering tempest of projectiles. Todleben could command any number of sturdy labourers, protected by formidable bodies of the troops recruited at intervals from the interior. The fortifications were being extended or strengthened, while the Allies were raising and arming their batteries. After fire had opened, the damage of each day was quickly repaired under cover of the darkness; and new works arose in the night as by enchantment, to act as sally-ports and outposts to the old. Then Todleben devised that system of rifle-pits from which the sharpshooters harassed our overtasked soldiers, and which compelled us to more than one sanguinary assault. All the time, it must be remarked, those soldiers and labourers of his, who worked with untiring zeal and energy, had to stand up against a most deadly fire, with no more certain protection than the darkness, which was fitfully illuminated by the bursting shells. Writing afterwards of the sufferings of the defenders, Sir Edward quotes from the well-known 'Letters from Headquarters': "At the burial truce which followed the 18th June, a young Russian officer said to one of our staff, who had been speaking of the losses of the Allies, 'with great bitterness of manner and voice choked with emotion'—'Losses! You don't

know what the word means. You should see our batteries; the dead lie there in heaps and heaps. Troops cannot live under such a fire of hell as you poured upon us.'"

As Todleben was busy within, the relieving field-forces were bestirring themselves without. Had Russia been as Russia is now, with her enormous armaments and her partially developed strategical railways, the Crimean expedition could never have been undertaken. In a few weeks at the furthest, the Allies must have been swept, by overwhelming numbers, into the sea. But forty years ago, Southampton or Marseilles may have been said to have been far nearer to the fortress than Moscow. The miles of mud between Balaclava and the front represented in some measure the character of those imperial roads along which the supports and the supplies were painfully labouring. Sir Edward assumes that hundreds of thousands of her soldiers had perished on the southward march, and that her total losses did not fall far short of half a million; which explains how the Russian superiority of force at Balaclava and Inkerman was not even greater than it really was, and why, in the final effort against the French at the Tchernaya, militia were mingled with the regulars. We will not be tempted to follow Sir Edward in his spirited sketches of the two battles. But a passage or two we must extract, as specimens of brilliant and realistic military narrative. Serving with his battery at Balaclava, he had been looking down from the heights on the charge of the "Heavies," and so had seen the spectacle from the front boxes.

"All who had the good fortune to look down from the heights on that brilliant spectacle must carry with them through life a vivid remembrance of it. The plain and surrounding hills, all clad in sombre green, formed an excellent background for the colours of the opposing masses; the dark-grey Russian column sweeping down in multitudinous superiority of number—the red-clad squadrons that, hindered by the obstacles of the ground in which they were moving, advanced slowly to meet them. There was a clash and fusion, as of wave meeting wave, when the head of the column encountered the leading squadrons of our brigade, all those engaged being resolved into a crowd of individual horsemen, whose swords rose and fell and glanced: so for a minute or two they fought, the impetus of the enemy's column carrying it on, and pressing our combatants back for a short space, till the 4th Dragoon Guards coming clear of the wall of a vineyard which was between them and the enemy, and wheeling to the right by squadrons, charged the Russian flank, while the remaining regiments of our brigade went in support of those which had first attacked. Then—almost, as it seemed, in a moment and simultaneously—the whole Russian mass gave way and fled at speed and in disorder beyond the hill, vanishing behind the slope some four or five minutes after they had first swept over it."

As for Inkerman, we are told how the friendly fog fought for the English. The mists did not actually envelop the field, but they hung on the heights and in the background; so that the fancy of even the stolid Russians was impressed by the notion of non-existent battalions supporting those slender visible lines which so calmly opposed their heavy columns. And this was the result of the first act of the tragical drama.

"Fifteen thousand Russians had been repulsed by less than a fourth of this number. But in truth, to say they were repulsed very inadequately expresses what happened to them in the encounter. All the battalions

which did not retreat without fighting left the field so shattered and disorganised, and with the loss of so many officers, that they were not brought again into the fight. This was in great measure owing to the density of the formations in which the Russians moved, and the audacity with which our slender bodies attacked them."

In fact, it is only that fashion of massing their men which can explain the relatively tremendous carnage among the Russians in engagements where they stood their ground with stubborn tenacity, as our soldiers showed courage amounting to recklessness. Though we are reminded besides that the ordinary Russian rank and file were armed with the antiquated musket, while most of the allied troops had already been supplied with the Minié. The second stage of the battle was by far the most fiercely contested encounter of the war. It was broken at times into those Homeric personal combats which Mr Kinglake has described in elaborate detail, enumerating a long roll of heroes. Phantom forms, though formidably substantial and fully armed, seemed to emerge from the mists, or melt back into them again, when they did not strew the ground where they had been standing.

"The conflicts of the first stage of the battle had been child's-play compared with the bloody struggle of which the ground between the Fore Ridge and the edge of the cliffs east of it were now the scene. . . . Although the disparity of numbers was now diminished, the Russians, instead of shrinking from difficulties which their own imaginations rendered insurmountable, or accepting a repulse as final, swarmed again and again to the encounter, engaging by groups and individuals in the closest and most obstinate combats, till between the hostile lines rose a rampart of the fallen men of both sides.

"This extraordinary battle closed with no final charge or victorious advance on the one side, no desperate stand nor tumultuous fight on the other. The Russians, when hopeless of success, seemed to melt from the lost field: the English were too few and too exhausted, the French too little confident in the advantage gained, to convert the repulse into rout. . . . The gloom of the November evening seemed to overspread with its influence, not only the broken battalions which sought the shelter of the fortress, but the wearied occupants of the hardly contested ground, and descended on a field so laden with carnage that no aspect of the sky could deepen its horrors. Especially on the slopes between the Fore Ridge and the cliffs had death been busy: men lay in swathes there as if mown down, insomuch that it was often impossible to ride through the lines and mounds of the slain."

No wonder the battle had been fiercely and stubbornly contested, as if the generals on either side were alive to its momentous issues.

"The defeat of that slender division on the ridge would have carried with it consequences absolutely tremendous. The Russians arriving on the upland where the ground was bare, and the slopes no longer against them, would have interposed an army in order of battle between our trenches and Bosquet's corps. As they moved on, disposing by their mere impetus of any disjointed attempts to oppose them, they would have reached a hand to Gortchakoff on the one side, to the garrison of Sebastopol on the other, till the reunited Russian army, extended across the Chersonese, would have found on these wide plains a fair field for its great masses of cavalry and artillery. To the Allies, having behind them only the sea-cliffs, or the declivities leading to their narrow harbours, defeat would have been absolute and ruinous, and behind such defeat lay national degradation. On the other hand, when the long crisis of the day was passed, the fate of Sebastopol was already decided."

The fate of Sebastopol was decided; but much had still to be endured, and great was to be the further mortality, before the colours of the Allies flew over the fortress. We need not go in detail into the dismal and too familiar story of the winter horrors, nor seek to apportion the blame for sufferings no small part of which were doubtless unavoidable. The Slough of Despond between Balaclava and the camp could neither be bridged nor dried up by magic. But Sir Edward's remarks are eminently suggestive as to causes and their consequences. Deficiency of forage, he says, was virtually at the bottom of the whole. Could a sufficiency of baggage-animals have been kept in fair condition, the soldiers would have been spared unspeakable labour, and all would have gone comparatively well. As it was, "six weeks afterwards, most of the horses that charged at Balaclava were rotting in a sea of mud; most of the men who fought at Inkerman filling hospitals at Scutari or graves in the plains." One most striking and pathetic fact he relates to show the state to which the wretched chargers had been reduced:—

"Before the end of November the neighbouring artillery camps were invaded by ravenous cavalry horses, galloping madly in at the sound of the feeding trumpet, and snatching, undeterred by stick or stones, the hay and barley from the very muzzles of the right owners. Painful it was to see the frenzy of the creatures in their first pangs of hunger; more painful to see their quiet misery in the exhaustion that succeeded."

As for the men, it is less surprising to know that 8000 of them were invalided before the end of November, than to understand how any but the very strongest should have still answered to the roll-call. As the numbers dwindled week by week, the strain on the enfeebled survivors became more severe.

"The sick, the wounded, and the weary lay down in mud. The trenches were often deep in water, and when night put an end to the rifle-fire on both sides, the soldiers sat there cramped, with their backs against the cold, wet earth. A still worse evil was, that men seldom pulled off their wet boots, fearing they might not be able to draw them on again; their feet swelled in them, the circulation was impeded, and on cold nights, frost-bite ensued, ending at best in mutilation."

A want more directly and sensibly felt than the want of forage was the lack of fuel. The weary soldiers did not care to go in search of it. The consequence was, that the historical coffee-berries could not be roasted even had the camp been supplied with coffee-mills; and that the soldiers were actually reduced to devour the salt pork raw. The road to Balaclava was encumbered with melancholy trains of the sick and the wounded, passing downwards in endless procession. We may conceive the effect of these horrors and the sight of this misery on the comrades who made certain of sharing their fate. Nor can we refrain from a somewhat lengthy quotation, which forcibly illustrates the shady side of the soldier's life:—

"Lifted from the mud of the hospital-tent, and placed in their wet blankets, the sick were placed on horses—a dismal troop—some with closed eyes and livid cheeks, little other than mounted corpses; some moaning as they went, and almost ready in their weariness to release their hold on the pommel, and bury their troubles in the mire beneath; some fever-stricken, glaring with wide eyes, void of speculation; . . .—and on always, through deep mire, to the place of embarkation.

"New miseries lay in that last word. Lying amid crowds of other sick and wounded on the bare planks, in torture, lassitude, or lethargy, without proper food, medicine, or attendance, they were launched on the wintry sea. Their covering was scanty, the roll and plunge of the ship were agony to the fevered and the maimed; in the place of the hush, the cleanliness, the quiet, the silent step that should be around the sick, were sounds such as poets have figured for the regions of the damned — groans, screams, entreaties, curses, the straining of the timbers, the trampling of the crew, the weltering of the waves. Not infrequently the machinery of the ship, overladen, broke down, and they lay tossing for days, a hell upon the water.

"Scutari, the longed-for haven, was for weeks the very climax and headquarters of suffering—crammed with misery, overflowing with despair. In those large chambers and long corridors lay thousands of the bravest and most miserable of men. Standing at the end of any of the galleries, one looked down a deep perspective —a long, diminishing vista of woe. Ranged in two rows lay the patients, feet to feet: the tenant of each bed saw his pains reflected in the face of his comrade opposite; fronting each was another victim of war or cold, pestilence or starvation. Or frequently the sick man read in the face before him, not the progress of fever nor the leaden weight of exhaustion, but the tokens of the final rest to which he was himself hastening. . . . The sick flocked in faster than the dead were carried out, and still the dismal stream augmented till the hospitals overflowed, while still faster poured the misery-laden ships down the Black Sea, feeding as they went the fishes with the dead."

Scarcely Dante himself ever conceived anything more horrible, and we think the passages we have given almost at length will justify us in praising the brilliancy of Sir Edward's pen. But though tempted to linger everywhere, we must hasten on to the end. All through that time of suffering and trial, the work on the trenches went briskly on. There is an admirably succinct account of parallels pushed forward, of the works thrown up on the side of the enemy, of mining and countermining, of the digging of the clusters and rows of rifle-pits, of the sanguinary assaults, and of the exciting night-alarms. For "the fortress had been immensely augmenting its power of resistance, just when we found it most difficult to hold our ground." There is a striking description of the burial truce after the great sortie. There are picturesque accounts of the successive bombardments, at the first of which "spectators gathering from the camps in rear looked down upon the most tremendous conflict of artillery which up to that time the earth had ever witnessed." Perhaps, indeed, neither before nor since has there been a grander military spectacle. For though Paris, Metz, and Strasburg were begirt by rings of fire from guns and mortars of unprecedented weight, the enormous circuits of the batteries detracted from the effect; whereas at Sebastopol the converging fires were concentrated. During the ten days through which the second bombardment lasted, the Russians suffered even more terribly than before, and their constancy was more sorely tried. Expecting the assault at any moment, their supports were massed immediately behind the lines of defence, and "the hurricane of iron which, besides ruining works, dismounting guns, and exploding magazines, swept without intermission through the whole interior space of the fortress, . . . could not but tell heavily on uncovered troops." They lost some 6000 men: as they saw their guns being silenced, and their strongest works dismantled, they must have

been seriously demoralised. Yet, contrary to the eager expectation of the Allies, that expenditure of lives and ammunition led to nothing, from causes, political and otherwise, which Sir Edward discusses and explains. To these we cannot refer, but we must say a word in passing of Pelissier, who assumed the command on Canrobert's resignation. Undoubtedly, for good and evil, his masterful will and his commanding personality materially influenced the conclusion of the campaign. A stronger man or a man of more unflinching determination has seldom had such an opportunity of showing his characteristic qualities.

The Emperor, as is known, had his own plan of campaign, and he had it deeply at heart, for he hoped it might do much to persuade the French that his uncle's mantle had descended on himself. Naturally he counted upon the consent of the General, who had everything to expect from his approval and everything to dread from his displeasure. Pelissier, a practical soldier, and on the spot, and with a very definite purpose of his own, scarcely cared to conceal his contempt for the imperial theorist. He turned a cold shoulder to the Emperor's confidential envoy, and when he thought Niel was too plain-spoken and persistent, he brusquely, as his superior, bid him be silent. One special telegram which he sent to Paris is almost insulting in its soldierly bluntness. Still more aggravating was it to see him go his own way, deaf alike to remonstrances from Niel and to the urgent messages from his master transmitted through the War Minister. Temporarily suspended, he never faltered: he was suffered to resume his command, and the results justified his obstinacy. Possibly he was content to risk something in the belief that the Emperor, for his own sake, would not actually quarrel with the most capable commander in his service. Had he been the most subservient of courtiers, and high in favour, he could not have indulged his will, or, we might say, his caprices, more arbitrarily during Mr Kinglake's memorable "eight days." For the only plausible key to his conduct seems to be sheer caprice, when even his iron nerves may have been overstrained by the worry of his relations with the War Office and the anxieties of prolonged responsibility. It was almost suicidal in his own interests, seeing he desired a brilliant success, to replace the experienced Bosquet by St Jean d'Angély on the eve of the last critical assault. And it can hardly be doubted that he hastened the death of Lord Raglan by the monkey-like trick he played the English General, when he changed the hour of the assault at the last moment, and insisted on dispensing with a preliminary cannonade. For the most malignant ingenuity could hardly have devised a more embarrassing dilemma than that in which Lord Raglan was landed, with scant time for reflection. Choose as he might, he was almost sure to go wrong, or at least to have matter for lasting regret; and though he believed he had decided for the best, the slaughter at the Redan threw an intolerable burden of regrets on his sensitive nature.

It is somewhat melancholy to think he did not live to see the fall of the fortress. After the battle of the Tchernaya, Gortchakoff had come to the wise decision that Sebastopol was no longer tenable; or, at all events, that nothing commensurate with the sacrifices was to be gained by protracting

the defence. When he came on his visit of inspection in the middle of August, everything he saw should have confirmed him in that wise resolution. "There was no longer a city or a suburb to defend, for both were heaps of rubbish and cinders." Yet inexplicably he came to "the cruel determination to defend the south side to the last extremity, for it is the only honourable course which remains to us." That more than enough had been done for honour long before was evident enough when the Allies occupied the evacuated ruins, after the gratuitous slaughter in the culminating attacks. When they entered—

"Stronger testimony to the unhappy condition of the garrison was afforded by the provision made for sheltering the troops who occupied the works. Huge subterranean barracks had been dug under the ramparts, the earth being supported on the trunks of trees. These dismal chambers were entered by tunnels, and it was here that the troops destined to oppose assaults found all the repose that could be given to them when not immediately called on to face the everlasting iron storm which swept across the open space of the interior."

The houses had been wrecked and the works had been shattered by the sustained fires of the successive bombardments, which were accompanied and followed by the explosions of magazines. In one of the hospitals, 2000 desperately wounded men had been abandoned to the mercy of the enemy; they had lain there for two days untended, and almost without exception the contortions of the bodies showed they had expired in torments.

The war, so far as Russia was concerned, gave the world peace for a generation; and consequently, Sir Edward says, it was worth all it had cost. Yet the lavishing of life and treasure, with those terrible experiences of slow human suffering, seem a heavy price to have to pay for a feverish and fitful truce against the traditional ambition of a single Power. Russia has long since recruited her strength. Kars is become a Russian fortress. Batoum, which was to be a free port, is jealously guarded by heavy batteries. Sebastopol has risen from its ashes, and its massive ruins have been reconstructed with greater solidity and more science than before. The treaty stipulating for the neutrality of the Black Sea has been torn up. France is eager to court Russian friendship; and only the other day a formidable war-ship of the first class was launched from the restored dockyards, and christened with the sinister name of Sinope. And soon the only local memorials of the war in the Chersonese will be the graveyards in which so many gallant soldiers lie buried, with only here and there a name to mark some hero's resting-place.

AUTUMN POLITICS.

Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign of 1890 had been anticipated with some anxiety both by political friends and foes. The former, indeed, could have been anxious only as to the effect which the fervid oratory of their veteran leader might have upon the electoral mind of Scotland. Doubt or difficulty as to the opinions he might avow could have caused them little of either anxiety or even interest, since the mind of the Gladstonian party has long been made up to accept the *ipse dixit* of their political idol upon every subject without scruple or hesitation, no matter what reversal of past opinions or abnegation of well-defined Liberal principles may be involved in the acceptance. But to the political opponents of Mr Gladstone, and those other persons in the electoral body who still hold themselves free to exercise an independent judgment upon public matters, the visit of Mr Gladstone to Mid-Lothian was fraught with an unusual interest upon various and important grounds.

Apart from the general admiration with which such persons viewed the courage and vigour with which the octogenarian statesman undertook the arduous task of addressing three or four large public meetings within a week, and beyond the respect with which such physical and mental energy was regarded by all men, there was a deeper feeling of mingled hope and fear among all "independent" minds which watched the progress of the campaign. The hope was twofold. First, that upon several of the great questions which have recently occupied public attention, the weight and authority of Mr Gladstone's name would be clearly and unequivocally thrown upon one side or upon the other. Secondly, that the leader of the so-called Liberal party, speaking to the whole body of his fellow-subjects, and urging the desirability of an early dissolution of Parliament, would take the golden opportunity of assuring the people of Great Britain and Ireland of his loyalty to the constitution of the country, and repudiating alike the obstruction which is rapidly undermining to its destruction our system of parliamentary government, and the disobedience to, and defiance of, the law, which unhappily exist in one part at least of her Majesty's dominions.

Both hopes, alas! were doomed to disappointment, whilst the fear which had been entertained was proved to have had only too much foundation. For it must be allowed by every impartial critic that the tendency of Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speeches has been in no degree whatever to support constitutional action, or to strengthen the hands of those who advocate the maintenance of law and order in all parts of the empire. On the contrary, his praise and support have been abundantly bestowed upon those who have violated the constitution, and set law and order at defiance: his disapproval and denunciation have been for the officers of the law, and he has even gone so far as to tell the inhabitants of that part of the Queen's territories where the law has been broken and defied, that it is their duty to "hate" the law. No such speeches have

ever before been addressed by a British statesman to British audiences, and the first impulse of an honest man after reading them is to ask himself the question whether it is possible that they can have been spoken by a loyal subject of Queen Victoria in the full possession of his senses. Unhappily, however much we may entertain this doubt, and in however great a degree it appears to be warranted by the circumstances of the case, the fact remains that Mr Gladstone has still a following who will accept his recent utterances as those of an oracle, and be prepared to indorse them by their votes. Therefore it becomes necessary to wade carefully through the mass of misstatements, exaggerations, and perversions, alike of facts and arguments, with which Mr Gladstone's speeches abound, and to place the truth before our readers in a simple and practical form.

There is, it must be confessed, a great and initial difficulty which lies in the way of the satisfactory performance of such a task. Mr Gladstone is an opponent of no ordinary character as regards his own statements and speeches. He appears to be possessed of the idea that when once he has said a thing it becomes *ipso facto* true, and that no amount of argument or proof can render it otherwise. It is true that in the celebrated Dopping incident the threat of legal proceedings produced something like a confession of error from the Liberal chief; but his general method of dealing with the most conclusive refutation of his statements is to ignore altogether the refutation, and to repeat the statement upon the first opportunity when it may serve his purpose. No more notable instance of this singular conduct of a controversy can be found than in the second speech of the recent campaign, delivered by Mr Gladstone to his constituents at West Calder. "Before the Act of Union," he said, "Ireland was a sovereign country, and the Parliament of England and Scotland had no more power or title to constrain or trespass upon the Parliament of Ireland than it had to trample upon the Congress of America. Now that is a matter of fact. Ireland was before the Union an independent kingdom. To that independence the Union put an end." In these words Mr Gladstone repeated that which is not only historically untrue, but which had been conclusively proved, again and again, to be untrue.

The importance of the point will be at once recognised. If Ireland was "an independent kingdom," possessed of "an independent Parliament" before the Union, of course it would be true in a sense to say that the Union "robbed" her of the independence. But the statement is absolutely untrue. In the month of June 1886 Mr Gladstone made the same statement in Edinburgh, speaking of "the old original National Parliament of Ireland," which he declared in another speech to have been "not a gift to Ireland; it had sprung from the soil," adding that "when it was extinguished it was five hundred years old." In the following October[1] and November[2] numbers of this Magazine there appeared two articles from the pen of Lord Bra-

[1] "Facts and Fictions in Irish History"—'Maga,' October 1886.

[2] "Mr Gladstone and Lord Brabourne on Irish History"—'Maga,' November 1886.

bourne, which utterly and absolutely disproved and disposed of these statements of Mr Gladstone. Lord Brabourne conclusively proved from authentic documents that the so-called National Parliament was in its origin and conception not national at all, but the Parliament of the English settlers, principally occupied in suppressing the wild "Irishry" of the period. Subsequently, and up to the Treaty of Limerick, the Irish Parliament, as to its constitution, its numbers, and its time and place of meeting, was entirely under the power of the sovereign of Great Britain; and from that time it was so little national that those who professed the national religion were excluded from it, and the Catholic people of Ireland had an exclusively Protestant Parliament. The increased powers given by the Parliament of Great Britain to the Irish Parliament in 1782 shows the folly of the assertion that the recipients of those powers could have been previously independent of the legislative body which conferred them. The exercise of those powers during the period 1782-1801 showed something more—namely, the enormous difficulty of carrying on the business of the country with two Parliaments; but so far as the independence of the Irish Parliament is concerned, the conclusive fact against it is that the assent of the sovereign under the Great Seal of England (not of Ireland) was still required to any Act passed by both Houses of the Irish Parliament, and that no Parliament could be held without licence under the Great Seal of Great Britain. The Act of Union may have been right or wrong, wise or unwise, but one thing is beyond all doubt—namely, that it did not and could not destroy an independence which had never existed. Yet in the teeth of the utter demolition of the very foundation of his statement in 1886, Mr Gladstone deliberately repeats it in 1890, and possibly believes that the fact of his having once made it, has imparted to it a reality and a truth which it certainly does not otherwise possess.

It is a lamentable feature in Mr Gladstone's mental organisation that when he has once made up his mind to take a certain view upon any question, great or small, he is utterly unable to see the force of any fact or argument which may tell against that particular view. Everything must be turned or twisted to its support, and nothing admitted which has a contrary tendency. This strange condition of mind is discernible throughout the whole of the recent Mid-Lothian speeches. Having repeated the gross misstatement with reference to the position of Ireland before the Act of Union, one cannot be surprised to find that the same spirit of inaccuracy pervades Mr Gladstone's allusions to more modern incidents. Take for instance his description of the Mitchelstown affair; of the state of Tipperary; and of the murder of Inspector Martin. Mr Gladstone's account—if unexposed and uncontradicted—would lead an impartial mind to the belief that unjust laws, a tyrannical Government, and a rash and violent force of constabulary, were responsible for all the mischief which *has* arisen in connection with those three incidents. Yet what is the truth? In the Mitchelstown riot, a number of persons—Mr Gladstone says from 3000 to 4000—assembled in what he is pleased to call a legal meeting. The meeting, not having been proclaimed, may

have been technically legal, but it was one notoriously intended to denounce the law and to influence legal proceedings, and the peaceful and orderly persons who attended it came for the most part armed with their blackthorn bludgeons. It may or may not be the fact that the police acted with indiscretion—no body of men can claim to be perfect, and mistakes may be made by the Irish constabulary as well as by anybody else. But surely any loyal supporter of law and order would say that the persons really and primarily responsible for the riot at Mitchelstown were not the police, even if they made the mistakes alleged against them, but the leaders who called a meeting for the purpose of exciting the people against the law, and the people who attended, armed with bludgeons, rendering necessary the presence and vigilance of the police. Yet Mr Gladstone has nothing but excuses for the people —nothing but condemnation for the officers of the law.

Take again the case of Tipperary. Mr Smith-Barry was, and is, the owner of a large part of the town of Tipperary. He had the reputation of being an excellent landlord—had been praised as such by no less a person than Sir Charles Russell, during his speeches before the Parnell Commission—and had a happy and contented tenantry. But Mr Smith-Barry happened to offend the National League by his conduct in quite another part of Ireland. That conduct may have been right, or may have been wrong, but there is one thing which should be remembered. The Plan of Campaign had been put in force upon a certain property—that of Mr Ponsonby. Mr Smith-Barry did, on the side of Mr Ponsonby, exactly that which the defaulting tenants of the latter claimed the right to do—namely, to combine with others to prevent that which he considered wrong from being done. If tenants may combine in order to prevent unjust rents from being exacted from them, it would appear to an ordinary mind that landowners should be allowed a similar privilege to prevent their property from being unduly depreciated below its market value. Yet this was the head and front of Mr Smith-Barry's offence. What was the sequel? Mr W. O'Brien and other Nationalists went down to Tipperary, with which they had nothing whatever to do, and declared war upon Mr Smith-Barry. His tenantry were urged, driven—it is not too much to say compelled —first of all to make a totally illegal and preposterous demand upon him to abandon his proceedings with regard to Mr Ponsonby's estate; then to demand reductions of rent of which they had never before dreamed; and upon his refusal, to decline to pay their rents, to quit his houses, and to enforce a system of rigid boycotting upon all those who were honest enough to desire to fulfil their legal obligations and pay the rents which they had contracted to pay, and of which they had made no complaint. The National League proceeded to build a New Tipperary, and to expend large sums of money with the avowed object of conquering and crushing Mr Smith-Barry.

It is hardly possible to conceive that such things can be done in a civilised country, and it is still more difficult to imagine that a political party can be found sufficiently unpatriotic to defend such proceedings, and even to seek to make political capital out of a state of things against which every honest man should indignantly protest. Yet not only is this the case, but the leader of

that party conspicuously enrols himself among the upholders and defenders of the semi-barbarous system of warfare which has been introduced into unhappy Ireland by those who claim to be a specially Nationalist party. What has Mr Gladstone to say about Tipperary? Is there to be found in his speeches any sympathy for the tenants who have suffered for their honest desire to discharge their lawful obligations—any condemnation of the interference of strangers to prevent that discharge, and the deliberate attempt to disturb and destroy the peaceful relations between landlord and tenant which had undoubtedly existed before the interposition of the National League? By no means. It was not Mr Gladstone's cue to tell the plain simple truth to his constituents, and to point out, as he might well have done, that even if Mr Smith-Barry had been wrong in his action with regard to the Ponsonby estate, it was an utterly indefensible thing that his Tipperary property should be attacked and his tenants forbidden to pay their rents by an irresponsible and lawless set of dictators in Dublin. Mr Gladstone had only this to say—that Mr Smith-Barry's name had "acquired an unfortunate notoriety in connection with the relations between the body of Irish landlords and the body of Irish tenants; and so determined were THE IRISH PEOPLE to resent his action, and to resist it, that, he being the proprietor of Tipperary, THEY MOVED boldly out of the town, and built a new town of wood in which to carry on business." "The Irish people" forsooth! Who would guess the real truth from Mr Gladstone's description? Who would suppose the real facts to be, first, that Mr Smith-Barry's offence was in resisting the action of that illegal Plan of Campaign to which Mr Gladstone has given direct encouragement by his recent language in Scotland, and which he has not had the courage or honesty to condemn, as he well knows it should be condemned by all law-abiding citizens? secondly, that the attack upon Tipperary was not by the "Irish people," nor did it arise from the spontaneous action of the tenants themselves, but was the deliberate act of the National League, first threatened and then put in force, and that the funds of that body have been lavishly expended upon the attempt to "crush" Mr Smith-Barry by means of the "New Tipperary" to which Mr Gladstone refers?

It is painful to see a man in Mr Gladstone's position declining to condemn this illegal and oppressive manner of enforcing political views, and refusing or perhaps being unable to recognise the fact that if oppression and illegality are to be justified in one instance, and in the interest of one political party, nothing but mischief and confusion can follow. With regard to the murder of Inspector Martin, Mr Gladstone again takes a line which is creditable neither to his good taste nor veracity. He speaks of a "very cruel act in the arrest of a priest—namely, Father M'Fadden, upon the charge of murder." This is the same transaction of which Mr J. Morley spoke at Scarborough as a "sham charge of murder," and reminded the audience of the remark of the judge upon "the folly of going to arrest a popular priest in the midst of his congregation." But neither Mr Gladstone nor Mr Morley had the candour and fairness to tell their audiences that the same judge addressed grave words of censure to Father M'Fadden, re-

minding him that had it not been for his defiance and evasion of the law, the attempt to arrest him at his chapel would have been unnecessary, and the life of Inspector Martin would not have been sacrificed. No fair-minded man can doubt, that although there was not legal evidence sufficient to justify a jury in finding Father M'Fadden guilty of complicity with murder, yet there was so grave a moral responsibility resting upon his shoulders as to make it discreditable in the extreme for any statesman to speak of "the sham charge of murder" in this connection, or to attack the Government or the police on account of proceedings which entirely originated in the refusal of Father M'Fadden to submit to the law.

But how can Irishmen—priests or laymen—be expected to respect or obey the law in the face of Mr Gladstone's language and teaching? This great statesman, this former Prime Minister,—who hopes again to hold the same office, and upon the utterances of whose lips his followers hang with a devotion and enthusiasm perfectly marvellous to those who are not under the spell,—this author and enforcer of coercion bills far more severe than any introduced by the present Government, directly encourages disobedience to the law in Ireland. He deliberately says that "the administration of the law is such that it causes the law to be hated by the Irish; yes, and causes such a state of things that *the Irish ought to hate the law.* I will not say that even under these circumstances they ought to break the law. No, I *will not say that.* If they have the smallest self-respect, the smallest love of country, the smallest love for their wives and children, *these laws,* and, above all, the system under which they are administered, *ought to be hateful* in their sight; and I go further and say this, that the conduct of the administrators of the law is in many respects such as to amount to *a continual provocation to the breaches of the law,* and to *make it perfectly wonderful that these breaches of the law are not in Ireland infinitely more frequent* than they are." We all remember the well-known remark, "There is a pump; there is a bailiff: *don't* nail his ears to it." And what are Mr Gladstone's words but this advice in more eloquent phraseology? To tell an Irishman that he is right in hating the law,—that he ought to hate it if he has the smallest self-respect or the smallest love for wife, children, and country,—is to lead his mind into such a law-breaking condition that the pharisaical addition, "I will not say you *ought* to break the law," will be likely to have little effect; and when the further addition is made that the speaker thinks it "perfectly wonderful" that Irishmen do not break the law to an "infinitely" larger extent, it is impossible not to "read between the lines," and to come to the conclusion that Mr Gladstone would view with complacency, if not with satisfaction, such an increase of "breaches of the law" as shall prove that his advice to "hate" the law had sunk into the hearts of the Irish people.

But what are the laws against which the mind of this great moral and political teacher so revolts? If the present Government had been responsible—as Mr Gladstone has himself been responsible—for a law which permitted the arrest and imprisonment of men without trial at the will of the Chief Secretary, one could have imagined that indignation might have been felt,

or at least successfully simulated. But if we analyse closely the condemnation, vague and general, with which Mr Gladstone regards the law, we shall find that his anger is apparently directed against two things—the constitution of the courts and the conduct of the police. With regard to the latter, time and space alike forbid any further discussion in detail of the various instances in which they are alleged to have exceeded their duty. It may suffice to say that if such excesses have taken place, they have been comparatively rare; and we may be sure that, with the Nationalist orators and Nationalist press with which Ireland is blessed (?) we have heard of every one of them, and that without any softening down or extenuation of the conduct of the police. We must also bear in mind that whatever the action of the police in general, or in any individual case, it has been caused by those who have advised the people to resist and defy the law, and who must bear the responsibility for the state of things which has brought the police into action at all. Moreover, although we hear some abuse of the police, and that too from quarters whence it had hardly been expected, we must bear in mind that, after all, this abuse relates but to a few cases, and any hostility between police and people is of a very limited character. There is no doubt that, as a general rule, the people of Ireland are proud of the Irish constabulary, who are essentially an Irish body, recruited from and eagerly joined by Irishmen, and, save in the isolated instances in which political rancour and the evil teaching of irresponsible and self-seeking statesmen has succeeded in sowing ill-blood, on the best possible terms with the people.

The constitution of the courts is of course another matter altogether. So far as it is possible to gather Mr Gladstone's meaning, he appears to object to the magistrates, whom he terms "removable," and he deems it right, proper, and decent to object to individual members of a court actually sitting at the time when he made his objection in language more forcible than polite. We may pass by the obvious remark that some if not the majority of the magistrates to whom Mr Gladstone objects were appointed by his own Government. His objection seems to be the trial of certain offences by any magistrate at all. If, indeed, he objects to individual magistrates because they have at one time or other come into contact with, or been attacked by, those members of the Nationalist party who have recently been or may shortly be tried before them, the obvious answer is that this objection would render it difficult to find any magistrate at all whom Mr Gladstone would deem fit to be employed. The licence of language which orators of the Nationalist party allow themselves is considerable, and magistrates, police officers, and police are among the favourite objects of their attack. According to this theory, these gentlemen would only have to conduct an all-round attack in order to exclude every available magistrate from being concerned in their trial. But if, as it would seem probable, Mr Gladstone means that the cases to which he alludes should be tried by juries and not by magistrates, we are upon entirely different ground. Here is one of the points which Englishmen and Scotchmen should carefully consider when they are urged to become Home Rulers. It is a melancholy fact—but it is a fact

nevertheless—that in parts at least of Ireland the inhabitants are not fit for trial by jury. It is not our purpose to inquire here into the causes or reasons why this should be so; but it is a fact beyond all doubt or controversy, that in the teeth of the most direct evidence no verdict of guilty can be obtained from Irish juries in a certain class of cases. The juries appear to be alike oblivious of their oaths and of the fact that they are called upon to decide, not whether the law is a good or bad law, but whether the alleged offence against that law has or has not been committed. It therefore comes to this, either that trial by jury should be suspended, or that impunity should be allowed to crime. Mr Gladstone apparently would have preferred the latter; but it is more than probable that the responsibility of office would bring about a material change in his views upon this point as well as upon coercion generally. Indeed, one of the chief difficulties in the way of Mr Gladstone's return to office has been created by himself upon this very question of coercion, as the authors and advocates of which he has so vehemently denounced the present Government. Supposing that Mr Gladstone obtained a majority at the next general election, and carried a Home Rule Bill for Ireland which only satisfied a portion of the Irish people. This is no impossibility, because it is even probable that some of the orators who have so loudly declared their desire to "make Ireland a nation" and "independent," may not be satisfied with the limitation of power which Mr Gladstone proposed in 1886 to give to the "statutory Parliament" in Dublin, and may agitate for that equality of Parliaments which Ireland, if recognised as a separate nation, would have some right to claim. In such a case, Mr Gladstone's unjust and unwise denunciation of the present Government for enforcing the law will rise in judgment against him, and he will find himself in a dilemma from which it will be difficult to escape.

It will be seen that, in his dealings with Irish subjects during the recent campaign, Mr Gladstone has told us nothing that was new, and has certainly contributed nothing towards that rest from agitation, and return to law-abiding tranquillity, which is so much desired by Irishmen who really love their country. His allusions to Home Rule for Scotland require only passing mention, because this is not really a matter of controversy between the great political parties in the state. If Scotland wants any alteration in the existing system, she knows well enough that she has only to decide upon and to formulate such demands in order to obtain them from the Imperial Parliament. But these demands must be well considered and understood before they are made, and must emanate, not from a small agitating clique of political self-seekers, but from the elected and authorised exponents of Scotch opinion throughout the whole of Scotland. The bond of affection between Scotchmen and Englishmen is too strong, and too firmly based upon considerations of mutual respect and mutual self-interest, to be weakened by the intrigues of busybodies and schemers, or to be made the cause of battle between contending politicians. We may therefore regard with indifference the folly which strives to invent causes of complaint on one side or the other, and remain well assured that the good sense which prevails on either side the Tweed will be exercised

in the common interest to prevent mischief being effected by the cackling of irresponsible agitators. One point, however, is worthy of notice. Mr Gladstone complains of the majority of Scotch members in the House of Commons being overborne and outvoted by English members voting with the Scotch minority. He has made a similar complaint with regard to Ireland. A general answer to such a complaint may be made by reference to the fact that, if it be a disadvantage, it is a very small one compared with the advantages which the union of the Parliaments has brought with it; and that, whilst we are a united empire, the principles of legislation, save in matters of strictly local application, should be as nearly as may be the same, and the representatives of every part of the kingdom have an equal right to vote, and must be held to do so with a due regard to that which they believe to be for the general interest.

But if a more particular answer be required, it may be found in the fact that, in the particular matter of this complaint, England has far more to complain of in the past than either Scotland or Ireland. From 1835 to 1841 the Conservative party had a considerable majority in England and Wales, but a majority of Irish and Scotch members (mainly Irish) kept a Liberal administration in office during the whole of that period. In the Parliaments of 1852 and 1859 it will also be found that Liberal majorities in one or other of the two sister countries constantly turned the scale against an English majority of Conservatives, and yet England, recognising the mutual advantage of a united Parliament, has never raised a murmur, or complained of a grievance. If, however, separate Parliaments for Ireland, Scotland, and even for Wales are contemplated by the Liberal party under Mr Gladstone's tuition, questions will infallibly arise of a complicated and difficult character as to the relations which are to exist between the different Parliaments, the matters which are to be respectively deemed imperial or local, and the relative number of members who are to sit in the Imperial Parliament — a number which must be largely revised and altered in favour of that part of the empire which exceeds the others so much in population as well as in contributions to the revenue. It is easy enough to theorise upon such subjects at a distance; but when they have to be grappled with at close quarters, and disposed of by practical legislation, it will be found that Home Rule, meaning as it must mean the disuniting of things which have hitherto been united, cannot be carried out without the sacrifice of advantages which have been attained by union, and that it is little likely that the weaker and less wealthy members of the formerly united body will be the chief gainers from the disunion which will throw all the members back upon their own resources. The question, however, of Home Rule for Scotland may, for the present at least, be left to the calm and full consideration which will be bestowed upon it, alike by Scotchmen and Englishmen, before it assumes any practical shape.

With reference, however, to the alleged neglect or delay of Scotch business in the Imperial Parliament, it will be well for the Scottish electoral body to consider whether some of those who are the loudest in their complaints of the present system are not them-

selves to no inconsiderable extent responsible for its defects. There are certain Scotch members to whom this remark especially applies, and who have grievously sinned in the matter of unnecessary and tedious verbosity upon many subjects which had nothing to do with Scotland, but the lengthy discussions upon which delayed Scotch business and wasted the public time. It can hardly be said that Sir George Campbell (with his 172 speeches) or Dr Clark confined themselves to Scotch subjects during the last session; and other names might be mentioned, the bearers of which have by no means promoted the despatch of Scotch business by restraining their loquacity upon other matters. It is possible that England may have something to complain of in this respect, and if we are to expect a more satisfactory discussion and speedier settlement of Scotch questions, it will be well for the electors to impress upon those who represent them that an undue interference on their parts in non-Scottish questions, and the consequent waste of public time, will not recommend them to those who desire practical legislation and the efficient working of the parliamentary machinery by which it is to be obtained.

But if Mr Gladstone has been altogether unsound and unsatisfactory in his utterances upon Home Rule, he has sinned still more against his constituents and his country in the course which he has taken upon other questions. The Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, the Eight Hours Bill, and the Plan of Campaign, with its accompanying system of boycotting and outrage, were three subjects upon which the country expected, and had a right to expect, clear and decided expressions of opinion from the leader of the Gladstonian Liberals. What could be more pitiful than his speeches upon each of these important topics? The miserable equivocations respecting the Plan of Campaign are sufficient to disgust any man of ordinary honesty. Mr Gladstone stated that the Plan of Campaign had "been declared by sufficient legal authority not to be legal." "*If that be so*, I justify nothing that is not legal,"—and then he goes on to say that "Mr Parnell has never given a distinct approval of the Plan of Campaign," well knowing that Mr Parnell's expression of *dis*approval would have at once put an end to the nefarious system. "But," says Mr Gladstone, "the Plan of Campaign has something to say for itself." He then proceeded to invent "a great failure in the Irish crops" in 1886, of which nobody else ever heard, and to declare that the Plan of Campaign "was started to prevent the people starving"; that the authorship of the Plan of Campaign was in those who created the necessity by absolute and contemptuous refusal to make a provision while there was yet time to make it; "and that therefore," if there be blame and criminality in the Plan of Campaign, nineteen-twentieths of that blame and criminality belonged to the Government, and not to Messrs Dillon, O'Brien, and their friends.

It is difficult to imagine a more gross and wicked perversion of the truth than is contained in these words of Mr Gladstone. In the first place, there was no failure of crops at the time he mentions; and in the second place, it is a matter beyond all doubt that the Plan of Campaign was introduced, *not* to "prevent the people starving," but as a political weapon

which only too often had the result of bringing starvation and misery upon the people. But even could Mr Gladstone be justified in these mischievous misstatements, how can he be forgiven for his method of dealing with the boycotting which has followed and accompaned the Plan of Campaign? Here was an opportunity seldom vouchsafed to a statesman who loved his country more than his party or himself. An outspoken, honest denunciation of the boycotting and outrage which have disgraced Ireland would have won golden opinions for Mr Gladstone among honest and patriotic men. Alas! those are not the men whom Mr Gladstone seeks to conciliate. How does he deal with the matter? He says that "boycotting means exclusive dealing;" that "this exclusive dealing *used to be associated* with the habitual exercise of violence;" and that though he laments that association, he "does not wonder at it;" and though he "must in *principle* condemn it," he does "not condemn it one-tenth as much as he condemns the system of Government that produces it." Thus spoke Mr Gladstone, with a full knowledge of the encouragement to lawless practices which would be afforded by his faint condemnation—by his apology, we may say; and almost as he spoke the outrage was committed which robbed poor Bridget Flanigan of her life, whose sole offence was that her father had been boycotted by the wicked and lawless men whom Mr Gladstone deems "less to be condemned" than the British Government, and who lost no time in proving that "habitual violence" not only "used to be associated" with the boycotting which he is so ready to condone, but is still part and parcel of their vile system.

And what, after all, is the "system of Government" which Mr Gladstone so loudly condemns? It is the system for which he has himself been responsible in past years; a system which, if in any respect faulty or unjust, he has had the power many times during the last quarter of a century of revising and improving; and, above all, a system against which definite charges have never yet been fairly sustained. It is of course impossible to pin Mr Gladstone to any definition of the system of Government upon which he is so ready to cast the blame of Irish suffering, Irish discontent, and Nationalist outrage. If he only means the system which does not admit of the sitting of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, that is of course a piece of political claptrap to which it would be idle to allude further: if he means the system by which the executive is directed from Dublin Castle, one recognises the cuckoo cry which has been continually in the mouths of disaffected and disloyal Irishmen, but there has never been a practical suggestion of improvement; if he means the system by which the law is enforced in spite of the opposition of law-defiers and law-breakers, one is tempted to ask in sober seriousness whether Mr Gladstone really believes that the prospects of peace, happiness, and contentment in Ireland would be greater if the law was not enforced, or if its administration was placed in the hands of those Nationalist leaders who have spent their lives in breaking it? But Mr Gladstone is as vague and hazy in this condemnation of the system of Government in Ireland as he is when he says that Irishmen ought to "hate the law." What law? Here we cannot answer the question, or pretend to decide whether

Mr Gladstone intends to denounce the law which punishes moonlighters and midnight assassins, the law which allows a landowner to resume possession of his property when his tenants refuse to pay rents, or the law which is directed against the mutilation of cattle, boycotting, and outrage.

But it is much more to the purpose to think how Irishmen will answer the question to themselves, and there can be no doubt whatever that moonlighters, boycotters, and rascals of every kind in Ireland will receive direct encouragement from Mr Gladstone's words, and will one and all believe that the particular law against which each may have offended is the law denounced by Mr Gladstone as one that ought to be hated, and the system of government which he condemns is condemned because it restrains and represses their criminal proceedings. The friends of law and order can derive no comfort whatever from Mr Gladstone's words upon Irish subjects save the feeling that if common-sense and common prudence have not deserted our country, they may have a different effect from that desired by the speaker. The intelligent audiences to whom those words were addressed, however they may have been pleased with his oratorical skill at the moment, must have realised in their calmer hours the weakness of his arguments, and the utter impossibility of governing any country upon those principles of law—abandonment and concession to violence and outrage—which are the only principles of Government that, veiled under an avalanche of dubious if eloquent phrases, Mr Gladstone proposes to substitute for the plain old-fashioned principle of maintaining the Queen's authority and enforcing the law with a firm and impartial hand.

It is rather in sorrow than in anger that we write in this strain upon the speeches of Mr Gladstone, and the feeling is unchanged when we read his allusions to other matters. It is hardly necessary to discuss the details either of the position of Scotch Church Disestablishment or the proposed Eight Hours Bill. Each question is one of great importance and great interest, but our concern to-day is not so much with the merits of the questions themselves as with the manner in which Mr Gladstone deemed it right to treat them. We venture to say that if this manner is approved as right and proper, and if it is to be adopted and followed by British statesmen generally, then the prospects of British statesmanship, or, indeed, of British good government in the future, are melancholy in the extreme. Mr Gladstone's age and experience give much weight to his opinions, diminished though that weight must necessarily be by the constant variations and changes of opinion which have taken place during his public career; therefore, upon great questions which occupy the public mind, men yet look with interest and with respect to the line which the veteran statesman may adopt as his own. But one is altogether staggered when we find that he takes no line at all—that is to say, that he professes no opinion of his own, but desires simply to adopt the views of the majority. Is there, then, no right and no wrong in these matters? Mr J. Morley and Mr Bradlaugh oppose the Eight Hours Bill as an unnecessary restriction of the rights of labour: other men support the same bill as desirable in the interests of la-

bour and of humanity. Again, upon well-understood and well-defined principles, men are ranged on one side or the other, for and against the system of Established Churches, and the subject is one of enormous interest to Scotchmen at the present moment. We do not care to ask whether Mr Gladstone has been consistent or not consistent in his treatment of this question, although it may be noted that he is as usual inaccurate in his statement of its history up to the present time, inasmuch as he credits the advocates of Disestablishment with greater parliamentary success than they have in reality achieved. But apart from the consistency or inconsistency of Mr Gladstone, or the particular merits of the question on one side or the other, we protest against any man who assumes the position of a leader in the British Parliament so debasing and degrading British statesmanship as does Mr Gladstone when he ignores the right or wrong in great political questions, and only asks to be assured of the opinion of the majority. It may serve the purpose of a political leader in Mr Gladstone's present condition to pose as an opportunist in this manner, and to shrink from committing himself upon inconvenient questions; but this has not hitherto been the habit of British politicians, and we are much mistaken if it is a habit which will commend itself to the honest and practical mind of the people of Great Britain. The masses of our people do not require the servility and flattery which is implied in the desire of statesmen to wait and see what is the opinion of the majority. The people expect to be advised, guided, and directed by those who have devoted their lives to the study of public business and the direction of political affairs. The deliberate statement that he waits for and depends upon the opinion of the majority has a demoralising effect upon the public mind, inasmuch as it cannot but diminish and lower the value which they put upon the statesmen who have so little self-assertion and self-reliance, whilst at the same time it leads them directly to the mischievous belief that politics may and ought to be conducted according to the expediency of the moment, and are not susceptible of the application of those principles of right and wrong by which the affairs and lives of individuals are regulated for good or evil. Mr Gladstone's visit to Scotland, therefore, cannot be said to have raised his character as a statesman, or strengthened his position as a parliamentary chief. On the contrary, the more his recent speeches are read and studied, the more it will become apparent that they abound in grave misstatements of fact, gross exaggerations, unjust censure of opponents, and deliberate attempts to deceive, delude, and mystify his countrymen, with the sole object of obtaining a parliamentary majority at the next general election.

It is refreshing to turn from the champion of lawlessness and the professor of opportunism to the spectacle of an honest and upright British statesman. It is not too much to say that the two speeches of Lord Hartington, at Edinburgh and at Greenock, went far to destroy the whole effect of Mr Gladstone's elaborate orations. It must be admitted that the Unionist leader has one great advantage over his opponent. Everybody believes Lord Hartington, because they know by experience

his straightforwardness and honesty, and are well satisfied, moreover, that he has no desire for place or power. There is a remarkable contrast between Mr Gladstone's speeches and the open and clear expressions of Lord Hartington. Compare his statements, for instance, upon Scotch Disestablishment with those of Mr Gladstone. The latter, by the way, had imputed to Lord Hartington, and more than once quoted against him, the statement that "when the people of Scotland declare for Disestablishment, not till then, but then, the Church should be disestablished." What Lord Hartington really did say was: "All I can say is, whenever Scotch opinion, or even Scotch Liberal opinion, is fully formed on the subject, I think I may venture to say, on behalf of . the Liberal party as a whole, that they will be prepared to deal with the question on its merits, and without any reference to any other consideration." In the spirit of that declaration, when the public opinion of Scotland has, to say the least of it, not been "fully formed" or fully ascertained, Lord Hartington has declined to take any step in the matter; whilst Mr Gladstone has prejudiced the case of the Scotch Church, by accepting the chance verdict of a majority of Scotch members returned to Parliament at a time when Disestablishment was certainly not the main question before the electors, and has brought matters to the point that at the next election every elector who votes for a Gladstonian must know that he is voting to strengthen the political leader who is pledged to Disestablishment.

Lord Hartington's speeches placed the true position of the Unionist party before the country, which it was all the more necessary to do, because their opponents never weary of misrepresenting that position. It is the desire of the Unionist party to ameliorate the condition of the Irish people by every legitimate means, but they will never yield to violence or allow the law to be set at naught. Their constructive legislation for the benefit of Ireland has been delayed by the continual attacks upon the authority of the Queen and the supremacy of the law which they have had to encounter and repel. Some constructive work they have already done, and we trust that it will hereafter not be forgotten that the opponents of the Light Railways Construction Bill, which promises to be of such service to the Irish poor in certain "congested districts," were not Tories or Unionists, but some of the Nationalist patriots themselves, aided by Mr Storey, the Radical member for Sunderland, and the sapient Mr Labouchere. In connection with this subject, we must not forget to call attention to the visit of Mr Balfour to some of the congested districts, undertaken from the best and most benevolent motives, and likely to be productive of most excellent results. Mr Balfour's reception by the inhabitants of the different districts to which his visits were paid, must have been as gratifying to him as it was creditable to the people. The contrast between the good feeling expressed in that reception, and the pitiful and insolent abuse with which Mr Balfour's visit has been treated by the Home Rule press, is not only remarkable but instructive. It is a mistake to regard the Irish people as a whole as either disloyal, dishonest, or ungrateful. This is, unfortunately, the conclusion

to which the Nationalist leaders have been rapidly driving the public mind, by their constant teaching of ingratitude, disloyalty, and dishonesty, but it is a conclusion most unwelcome to us all. The cordial and appreciative reception of Mr Balfour gives us at once a hope that if the teachers of evil can be kept from the people, or if the latter can be made to see that such teachers are their worst enemies, there may yet be happiness and contentment in store for Ireland. The impertinent intrusion of Mr Swift MacNeill upon Mr Balfour, and the well-deserved rebuke administered to that officious M.P. by a more genuine Nationalist in the person of Mr Sweeney, serve as an example from which we may see how the poor people have suffered from pernicious advisers, and at the same time how much reason there is to hope that their eyes may even yet be opened. Mr Balfour has already won for himself golden opinions by his unflinching determination to uphold and enforce the law. He will do still more. His energies can and will be as strenuously, and much more cheerfully, employed in alleviating Irish distress, and in assisting Irishmen to emancipate themselves at once from the woes of physical poverty, and the still greater evils of pernicious moral and political teaching. Let Irishmen note his practical work and steady determination to encounter and overcome the spectres of famine and starvation with which Ireland has been threatened, then let them regard on the other side the empty words of Mr Gladstone,—his palliation of crime and outrage—his vague promises and idle denunciations of a system of government which he has never tried to reform,—and let them ask themselves in sober earnestness which of the two men is most to be trusted, which is the real and practical friend of Ireland?

It is impossible to leave this subject without one more reference to Mr Gladstone's version, or rather perversion, of the present condition of Irish affairs. Mr Gladstone charges the Government with lawlessness, with being "the greatest master, the most perfect pattern, of illegality." In proof of this he quotes and denounces the system of shadowing, the disturbance at Tipperary at the commencement of the trial of Messrs Dillon, O'Brien, & Co., and various cases of alleged police misconduct. Mr Gladstone entirely ignores the fact that all the occurrences from which arise his complaints have taken place entirely in consequence of the state into which the country has been brought by his Nationalist allies. The shadowing is no doubt very disagreeable to those who are subjected to the process; but it was one introduced by the National League in order the more effectually to carry out their abominable system of boycotting, and they have no right to complain if their own weapons have been used against themselves. The police would never have to "invade domiciles," disturb meetings, or "fire upon the people," if the teaching of the Nationalists, and the illegal violence of their followers, had not brought certain localities into such a state that the public safety has been frequently endangered, and the action of the police rendered necessary. As regards Tipperary, we have not heard the last; but Mr Gladstone is of course ready to accept Mr John Morley's statements, and, as usual, to denounce the officers of the law. Something might be

said on the other side. These were men accused of a grave offence against the law—the attempt to ruin and crush an individual by means of the Plan of Campaign, which Mr Gladstone and Mr Morley both know to be illegal. It is not for us to say whether the men accused were guilty or not guilty; but that some of them have paraded and gloried in the facts alleged against them is beyond a doubt. Upon the spot where these things have been done—with knowledge that the town of Tipperary was in an excited state—Mr John Morley thought it right to visit the place at that particular moment, and to walk side by side with the accused persons, whom he calls his "political friends." Who will believe after this that Mr John Morley condemns the Plan of Campaign, or views the boycotting and outrage which is its direct consequence with the abhorrence with which an honest man should regard it?

As to the sequel, Colonel Caddell was probably better able to judge of the character of a Tipperary mob than Mr John Morley, and those who know Ireland and Irishmen will smile at the mountain which Gladstonians have on this occasion manufactured out of a molehill. The truth is, that they have brought themselves into such a strange state of mental bewilderment that an utter confusion of ideas and things has arisen in their minds. We have all heard of magistrates who appear to consider a prisoner as their natural enemy, and regard an unfortunate person brought before them as guilty until he is proved to be innocent. This is a deplorable state of mind, as far as the ends of justice are concerned, but the Gladstonian mind is even in a more deplorable state. For it appears to regard the Irish executive, and especially the Irish police, not as guardians of the public peace and protectors of law and liberty, but as the declared enemies of both, closely to be watched, and to be credited with the blame of every collision between themselves and any portion of "the people." Gladstonians appear entirely to forget the legal status, the position and the duties of the police, and seem to be inspired with the feelings and opinions of the ruffian in the old 'Punch' cartoon, who is represented as saying confidentially to his fellow-ruffian—"Bill, I thinks them police is a bad lot; they'd ought to be done away with altogether." It never seems to occur to Mr Morley, for instance, that the police were present at Tipperary under orders from their superior officers and in the discharge of their duty, whilst he himself was present with no other motive than to gratify his own curiosity, or, according to his own statement, to gloat over what he believed to be a great mistake of his political opponents. Moreover, we must remember that both with regard to Tipperary and those other places at which there have been collisions between the police and the people, we hear full and exaggerated accounts in every instance, and no incident occurs which can possibly be twisted to the disadvantage and discredit of the officers of the law which is not used in every available manner for these unworthy purposes. What we do *not* hear of so widely and so fully is that which has nevertheless undoubtedly occurred under the administration of Mr Balfour. Slowly but surely the Irish people are beginning to understand that the law can no longer be defied with impunity. If it be broken, it will

be steadily enforced in spite of the hysterical shrieks of political partisans who can see with unconcern the crimes and outrages which "dog the footsteps" of their political allies, and reserve their sympathy and pity for the detected ruffians and law-breakers. Slowly and surely, therefore, respect for the law has returned and revived throughout Ireland: public confidence has been restored, rents are being better paid, and conviction is forcing itself upon the minds of the people that there is a stronger power than those illegal and dangerous societies who have threatened the very foundations of law and order. Obedience to the law, and support of the Government which is determined to enforce it, will continue to be rendered by all Irishmen who understand the real interests of their country; and when the forces of discontent, disloyalty, and self-seeking agitation shall have been finally subdued, all of Ireland's sons who are real and not merely professional patriots will cheerfully recognise the attempts of the Unionist Government to promote the material prosperity of their country.

Meanwhile, as regards the general aspect of political affairs, there is little more to say. At home, in spite of the crowing of Gladstonian bantams over casual bye-elections (which Lord Salisbury has aptly compared with the exultation of the Boulangist party at the electoral successes which preceded their crushing defeat), the feeling of Unionists is strong and confident that when the general election places, as the first and main issue before the country, the question of Home Rule or Imperial Union, the answer will be given as in 1886, and with no uncertain voice. It will be so given all the more certainly because, in other respects and upon other questions, the sober voice of the people is with the present Government. In his speech at the Mansion House dinner, Lord Salisbury was able to point with justifiable pride to the peaceful and satisfactory condition of our relations with foreign Powers; and throughout the whole country there is deep and sincere satisfaction that the conduct of those relations rests in the strong and able hands of the present Prime Minister. So long as he remains at the head of affairs, we may rest assured that British interests and British honour will be secure both at home and abroad, and that the supremacy of the law will be vindicated and maintained in every part of the empire. The restless spirit which pervades the speeches of Mr Gladstone and his lieutenants indicates with sufficient clearness the career of experimental legislation and capricious change into which we should be plunged in the event of the return to power of the Opportunist chief. The present Government has shown itself by no means averse to progressive legislation, or unwilling to listen to the advocates of reform alike in matters of Church and State. But in Lord Salisbury's hands we are safe from the hasty adoption of fads, or the acceptance of schemes which may for the moment gain popularity for their authors, but which are opposed to the permanent interests of the country. By Lord Salisbury's Government legislative proposals will be considered and dealt with, not according to the amount of support which they may secure for the Government, but with regard to their effect upon the whole body politic, and the public ad-

vantage or disadvantage of their adoption. It is upon such principles alone that legislation can be usefully conducted; and, from this point of view, it is more than ever necessary to rally round and support the constitutional and Unionist Government. In so doing, no man, whether the highest Tory or the most extreme Radical, need in the smallest degree sacrifice his political views upon general subjects. The question which binds the supporters of the Government together is one far above any ordinary question of party politics. It is one of the highest importance to the whole empire and to every part of it. From this point of view it is most gratifying to observe the continued harmony with which Liberal and Conservative Unionists are working together for the common cause. Mr Goschen expressed some surprise at the numbers who attended the Liberal Unionist meeting which he recently addressed at Dundee, and declared his satisfaction that the "masses" as well as the "classes" were well represented at that meeting. The truth is, that the unity of the empire and the strength of the Imperial Parliament are matters of intense interest to "masses" as well as "classes," and the more these subjects are brought before them, and pressed upon them, the sooner will their eyes be opened to the fallacies of Home Rule in theory, and the enormous difficulties of its application to practical government.

In his speeches at Dundee, Mr Goschen did good service to the constitutional cause, alike in his exposure of Gladstonian misrepresentations, and his explanation of the readiness of the Unionists to extend "local government in Ireland," and the reasons for the delay of that extension. After pointing out the fact that the Gladstonian Government in 1881 promised a measure in this direction which they never managed to introduce during their four years' tenure of office, he went on to show that two things were essential before a satisfactory measure could be introduced—namely, the tranquillity of the country to which it would apply, and some proof that it would be loyally and properly used. The instance of wide and general misapplication by Irish local authorities of relief funds to which Sir Michael Hicks Beach recently alluded, and the gross misuse of their powers which brought the Cork guardians to condign suspension last year, conclusively show that any extension of local government in Ireland must be carefully and jealously guarded, in the interests of the ratepayers themselves, so that dishonest and disloyal men may not prostitute to political purposes the powers given under any such extension. Mr Goschen was singularly happy in holding up to deserved contempt the Separatist tactics of denouncing the Irish police, and forcibly pressed for an answer as to whether they really wished the police to stand by and see crime committed with impunity.

Neither Mr Goschen's eloquence nor Lord Hartington's unanswerable speeches in Scotland are likely to have the smallest effect upon the Gladstonian policy and tactics. Following the example of their leader, Gladstonian orators will continue to exaggerate and misrepresent, and to uphold as the purest patriots the men who violate their solemn engagements by absconding from trial when accused of law-breaking, and who emphatically beg that the dollars gathered from American liberality

should be given, not to their starving fellow-countrymen, but in aid of themselves and their illegal conspiracy. But these things cannot long remain misunderstood by hard-headed and clear-sighted Scotchmen. Already the note has sounded which teaches us that the follies and fallacies of Gladstonianism are beginning to be recognised. The election of Mr Balfour and Mr Goschen as Lord Rectors respectively of Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities must not, of course, be taken for more than it is worth, but it decidedly indicates the existence of a healthy Unionist feeling among the youth of Scotland. It is satisfactory to find that in Edinburgh, the somewhat intrusive recommendation of Sir Charles Russell by Lord Rosebery met with a well-deserved rebuff in the election of Mr Goschen by a larger majority than that of any former contest, and that Mr Balfour, by a majority of more than 200, was preferred to a nobleman so deservedly esteemed as Lord Aberdeen.

We must not, however, forget that although these victories are indications of the feelings and opinions of our educated youth, much remains to be done before the more important contests at the parliamentary elections. We have to gain the hearts and the suffrages of the great body of the people, and this we can only do by constantly and assiduously placing before them the true issues which will have to be decided at the next dissolution. The work may be hard, but it is work which must be done. We must inculcate, far and wide, the great truth that we Unionists are not a reactionary party, but that such a title more properly belongs to our opponents, whose policy leads directly to the splitting up into different provinces, with different Parliaments, the empire which the care, labour, and courage of our forefathers has welded into a whole. The Gladstonians may deny that this is "separation," but if there is meaning in words, it can be nothing else. Against this return to a wretched and long-forgotten past, we, as a progressive party, heartily protest. And we confidently appeal to the masses of our fellow-countrymen to consider and understand the true policy of our party —namely, loyalty to the Crown, and earnest support of the continued union of these Islands under a form of government which ensures to the inhabitants of each that privilege of united citizenship which is greater than either could have separately obtained, but which all now share alike, and which is equally the pride and glory of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

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The WHOLE PROFITS go to the Policyholders, on a system at once safe and equitable,—no share being given to those by whose early death there is a loss. Large additions have thus been, and will be, made to the policies of those who participate, notwithstanding the lowness of the premiums.

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N.B.—*It is to be borne in mind that had the higher premiums usually charged been paid, not only would the original assurances have been greater, but the amount of bonus additions would have been correspondingly larger.*

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age.	25	30*	35	40†	45	50	55
During Life, .	£1 18 0	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7	£5 1
21 Payments, .	2 12 6	2 15 4	3 0 2	3 7 5	3 17 6	4 12 1	5 10

* A person of 30 may secure £1000 at death by a yearly payment, during life, of £28, 15s., which is generally secure (with profits) £800 only. Or he may secure £1000 by 21 payments of £37, 15s. 4d.

† At age 40 the Premium ceasing at 65 is, for £1000, £45, 14s. 2d., being almost the same as that (£45, 17s. 6d.) required during life. *Before these Premiums ceased the Policy would share in at least one distribution of Profits.*

ACCUMULATED FUNDS exceed 7½ MILLIONS.

Their INCREASE in last Septennium was greater than in any other Office in the Kingdom, and is in large measure to systematic economy of management, the *ratio* of expenses over the whole period having been under 10 per cent of premiums.

Arrangements as to SURRENDER, NON-FORFEITURE, LOANS on POLICIES (within their value), EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS, &c., are specially liberal. POLICIES, as a rule, are WORLD-WIDE after five years—provided the Assured has attained the age of 20.

REPORTS *with full information may be had on application.*

Nov. 1890. JAMES GRAHAM WATSON, *Manager.*

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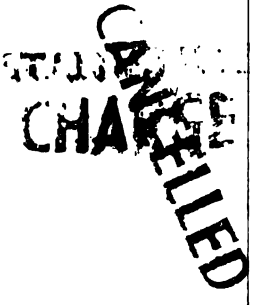

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